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THE

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Literature, Science, Art, and Politics.

VOLUME XIX.



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THE
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*A Magazine of Literature, Science, Art,
and Politics.*

VOL. XIX.—JANUARY, 1867.—NO. CXI.

THE GUARDIAN ANGEL.

CHAPTER I.

AN ADVERTISEMENT.

ON Saturday, the 18th day of June, 1859, the "State Banner and Delphian Oracle," published weekly at Oxbow Village, one of the settlements in a thriving river-town of New England, contained an advertisement which involved the story of a young life, and startled the emotions of a small community. Such faces of dismay, such shaking of heads, such gatherings at corners, such halts of complaining, rheumatic wagons, and dried-up, chirruping chaises, for colloquy of their still-faced tenants, had not been known since the rainy November Friday, when old Malachi Withers was found hanging in his garret up there at the lonely house behind the poplars.

The number of the "Banner and Oracle" which contained this advertisement was a fair specimen enough of the kind of newspaper to which it belonged. Some extracts from a stray copy of the issue of the date referred to will show the reader what kind of entertainment the paper was

accustomed to furnish its patrons, and also serve some incidental purposes of the writer in bringing into notice a few personages who are to figure in this narrative.

The copy in question was addressed to one of its regular subscribers,—"B. Gridley, Esq." The sarcastic annotations at various points, enclosed in brackets *and italicised* that they may be distinguished from any other comments, were taken from the pencilled remarks of that gentleman, intended for the improvement of a member of the family in which he resided, and are by no means to be attributed to the harmless pen which reproduces them.

Byles Gridley, A. M., as he would have been styled by persons acquainted with scholarly dignities, was a bachelor, who had been a schoolmaster, a college tutor, and afterwards for many years professor,—a man of learning, of habits, of whims and crotchets, such as are hardly to be found, except in old, unmarried students,—the double flowers of college culture, their stamina all turned to petals, their stock in the life of the race all funded in the individual. Being a man of letters, Byles Gridley

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naturally rather undervalued the literary acquirements of the good people of the rural district where he resided, and, having known much of college and something of city life, was apt to smile at the importance they attached to their little local concerns. He was, of course, quite as much an object of rough satire to the natural observers and humorists, who are never wanting in a New England village,—perhaps not in any village where a score or two of families are brought together,—enough of them, at any rate, to furnish the ordinary characters of a real-life stock company.

The old Master of Arts was a permanent boarder in the house of a very worthy woman, relict of the late Ammi Hopkins, by courtesy Esquire, whose handsome monument—in a finished and carefully colored lithograph, representing a finely shaped urn under a very nicely groomed willow—hung in her small, well-darkened, and, as it were, monumental parlor. Her household consisted of herself, her son, nineteen years of age, of whom more hereafter, and of two small children, twins, left up on her door-step when little more than mere marsupial possibilities, taken in for the night, kept for a week, and always thereafter cherished by the good soul as her own; also of Miss Susan Posey, aged eighteen, at school at the "Academy" in another part of the same town, a distant relative, boarding with her.

What the old scholar took the village paper for it would be hard to guess, unless for a reason like that which carried him very regularly to hear the preaching of the Rev. Joseph Bellamy Stoker, colleague of the old minister of the village parish; namely, because he did not believe a word of his favorite doctrines, and liked to go there so as to growl to himself through the sermon, and go home scolding all the way about it.

The leading article of the "Banner and Oracle" for June 18th must have been of superior excellence, for, as Mr. Gridley remarked, several of the "metropolitan" journals of the

date of June 15th and thereabout had evidently conversed with the writer and borrowed some of his ideas before he gave them to the public. The Foreign News by the Europa at Halifax, 15th, was spread out in the amplest dimensions the type of the office could supply. More battles! The Allies victorious! The King and General Cialdini beat the Austrians at Palestro! 400 Austrians drowned in a canal! Anti-French feeling in Germany! Allgermine Zeitturg talks of conquest of Alsatia and Loraine and the occupation of Paris! [Vicious digs with a pencil through the above proper names.] Race for the Derby won by Sir Joseph Hawley's Musjid! [*That's what England cares for! Hooray for the Darby! Italy be deedeed!*] Visit of Prince Alfred to the Holy Land. Letter from our own Correspondent. [*Oh! Oh! At West Minkville?*] Cotton advanced. Breadstuffs declining.—Deacon Rumrill's barn burned down on Saturday night. A pig missing; supposed to have "fallen a prey to the devouring element." [*Got roasted.*] A yellow mineral had been discovered on the Doolittle Farm, which, by the report of those who had seen it, bore a strong resemblance to California gold ore. Much excitement in the neighborhood in consequence. [*Idiots! Iron pyrites!*] A hen at Four Corners had just laid an egg measuring 7 by 8 inches. Fetch on your biddies! [*Editorial wit!*] A man had shot an eagle measuring six feet and a half from tip to tip of his wings.—Crops suffering for want of rain. [*Always just so. "Dry times, Father Noah!"*] The editors had received a liberal portion of cake from the happy couple whose matrimonial union was recorded in the column dedicated to Hymen. Also a superior article of [*article of! bah!*] steel pen from the enterprising merchant [*shop-keeper*] whose advertisement was to be found on the third page of this paper.—An interesting Surprise Party [*cheap theatricals*] had transpired [*bah!*] on Thursday evening last at the house of the Rev. Mr. Stoker. The parishioners

had donated [*donated! GIVE is a good word enough for the Lord's Prayer. DONATE our daily bread!*] a bag of meal, a bushel of beans, a keg of pickles, and a quintal of salt-fish. The worthy pastor was much affected, etc., etc. [*Of course. Call 'em SENSATION parties and done with it!*] The Rev. Dr. Pember-ton and the venerable Dr. Hurlbut honored the occasion with their presence. — We learn that the Rev. Ambrose Eveleth, rector of St. Bartholomew's Chapel, has returned from his journey, and will officiate to-morrow.

Then came strings of advertisements, with a luxuriant vegetation of capitals and notes of admiration. More of those PRIME GOODS! Full Assortments of every Article in our line! [*Except the one thing you want!*] Auction Sale. Old furniture, feather-beds, bed-spreads [*spreads! ugh!*], setts [*setts!*] crockery-ware, odd vols., ullage bbls. of this and that, with other household goods, etc., etc., etc., — the etceteras meaning all sorts of insane movables, such as come out of their bedlam-holes when an antiquated domestic establishment disintegrates itself at a country "voodoo." — Several announcements of "Feed," whatever that may be, — not restaurant dinners, anyhow; — also of "Shorts," — terms mysterious to city ears as *jule* and *cudbear* and *ginnybags* to such as drive oxen in the remote interior districts. — Then the marriage column above alluded to, by the fortunate recipients of the cake. — Right opposite, as if for matrimonial ground-bait, a Notice that Whereas my wife, Lucretia Babb, has left my bed and board, I will not be responsible, etc., etc., from this date. — Jacob Penhallow (of the late firm Wibird and Penhallow) had taken Mr. William Murray Bradshaw into partnership, and the business of the office would be carried on as usual under the title Penhallow and Bradshaw, Attorneys at Law. — Then came the standing professional card of Dr. Lemuel Hurlbut and Dr. Fordyce Hurlbut, the medical patriarch of the town and his son. Following this, hideous quack advertisements, some of them

with the certificates of Honorables, Esquires, and Clergymen. — Then a cow, strayed or stolen from the subscriber. — Then the advertisement referred to in our first paragraph: —

MYRTLE HAZARD has been missing from her home in this place since Thursday morning, June 16th. She is fifteen years old, tall and womanly for her age, has dark hair and eyes, fresh complexion, regular features, pleasant smile and voice, but shy with strangers. Her common dress was a black and white gingham check, straw hat, trimmed with green ribbon. It is feared she may have come to harm in some way, or be wandering at large in a state of temporary mental alienation. Any information relating to the missing child will be gratefully received and properly rewarded by her afflicted aunt,

MISS SILENCE WITHERS,

Residing at the Withers Homestead, otherwise known as "The Poplars," in this village. je 18ist

CHAPTER II.

GREAT EXCITEMENT.

THE publication of the advertisement in the paper brought the village fever of the last two days to its height. Myrtle Hazard's disappearance had been pretty well talked round through the immediate neighborhood, but now that forty-eight hours of search and inquiry had not found her, and the alarm was so great that the young girl's friends were willing to advertise her in a public journal, it was clear that the gravest apprehensions were felt and justified. The paper carried the tidings to many who had not heard it. Some of the farmers, who had been busy all the week with their fields, came into the village in their wagons on Saturday, and there first learned the news, and saw the paper, and the placards which were posted up, and listened, open-mouthed, to the whole story.

Saturday was therefore a day of much agitation in Oxbow Village, and some stir in the neighboring settlements. Of course there was a great variety of comment, its character depending very much on the sense, knowledge, and disposition of the citizens, gossips, and young people who talked over the painful and mysterious occurrence.

The Withers Homestead was naturally the chief centre of interest. Nurse Byloe, an ancient and volumi-

nous woman, who had known the girl when she was a little bright-eyed child, handed over "the baby" she was holding to another attendant, and got on her things to go straight up to The Poplars. She had been holding "the baby" these forty years and more, but somehow it never got to be more than a month or six weeks old. She reached The Poplars after much toil and travail. Mistress Fagan, Irish, house-servant, opened the door, at which Nurse Byloe knocked softly, as she was in the habit of doing at the doors of those who sent for her.

"Have you heerd anything yet, Kitty Fagan?" asked Nurse Byloe.

"Niver a blissed word," said she. "Miss Withers is up stairs with Miss Bathsheby, a cryin' and a lam-entin'. Miss Badlam's in the parlor. The men has been draggin' the pond. They have n't found not one thing, but only jest two, and that was the old coffee-pot and the gray cat, — it's them nigger boys hanged her with a string they tied round her neck and then drowned her." [P. Fagan, Jr., *Æt.* 14, had a snarl of similar string in his pocket.]

Mistress Fagan opened the door of the best parlor. A woman was sitting there alone, rocking back and forward, and fanning herself with the blackest of black fans.

"Nuss Byloe, is that you? Well, to be sure, I'm glad to see you, though we're all in trouble. Set right down, Nuss, do. O, its dreadful times!"

A handkerchief which was in readiness for any emotional overflow was here called on for its function.

Nurse Byloe let herself drop into a flaccid squab chair with one of those soft cushions, filled with slippery feathers, which feel so fearfully like a very young infant, or a nest of little kittens, as they flatten under the subsiding person.

The woman in the rocking-chair was Miss Cynthia Badlam, second-cousin of Miss Silence Withers, with whom she had been living as a companion at intervals for some years. She appeared to be thirty-five years old, more

or less, and looked not badly for that stage of youth, though of course she might have been handsomer at twenty, as is often the case with women. She wore a not unbecoming cap; frequent headaches had thinned her locks somewhat of late years. Features a little too sharp, a keen, gray eye, a quick and restless glance, which rather avoided being met, gave the impression that she was a wide-awake, cautious, suspicious, and, very possibly, crafty person.

"I could n't help comin'," said Nurse Byloe, "we do so love our babies, — how can we help it, Miss Badlam?"

The spinster colored up at the nurse's odd way of using the possessive pronoun, and dropped her eyes, as was natural on hearing such a speech.

"I never tended children as you have, Nuss," she said. "But I've known Myrtle Hazard ever since she was three years old, and to think she should have come to such an end, — 'The heart is deceitful above all things and desperately wicked,' — and she wept.

"Why, Cynthia Badlam, what *do* y' mean?" said Nurse Byloe. "Y' don't think anything dreadful has come o' that child's wild nater, do ye?"

"Child!" said Cynthia Badlam, — "child enough to wear this very gown I have got on, and not find it too big for her neither." [It would have pinched Myrtle here and there pretty shrewdly.]

The two women looked each other in the eyes with subtle interchange of intelligence, such as belongs to their sex in virtue of its speciality. Talk without words is half their conversation, just as it is all the conversation of the lower animals. Only the dull senses of men are dead to it as to the music of the spheres.

Their minds travelled along, as if they had been yoked together, through whole fields of suggestive speculation, until the dumb growths of thought ripened in both their souls into articulate speech, — consentingly, as the

movement comes after the long stillness of a Quaker meeting.

Their lips opened at the same moment. "You don't mean"—began Nurse Byloe, but stopped as she heard Miss Badlam also speaking.

"They need n't drag the pond," she said. "They need n't go beating the woods as if they were hunting a partridge,—though for that matter Myrtle Hazard was always more like a partridge than she was like a pullet. Nothing ever took hold of that girl,—not catechising, nor advising, nor punishing. It's that dreadful will of hers never was broke. I've always been afraid that she would turn out a child of wrath. Did y' ever watch her at meetin' playing with posies and looking round all the time of the long prayer? That's what I've seen her do many and many a time. I'm afraid—O dear! Miss Byloe, I'm afraid to say what I'm afraid of. Men are so wicked, and young girls are full of deceit and so ready to listen to all sorts of artful creturs that take advantage of their ignorance and tender years." She wept once more, this time with sobs that seemed irrepressible.

"Dear suz!" said the nurse, "I won't believe no sech thing as wickedness about Myrtle Hazard. You mean she's gone an' run off with some good-for-nothin' man or other? If that ain't what y' mean, what do y' mean? It can't be so, Miss Badlam: she's one o' my babies. At any rate, I handled her when she fust come to this village,—and none o' my babies never did sech a thing. Fifteen year old, and be bringin' a whole family into disgrace! If she was thirty year old, or five-an'-thirty or more, and never'd had a chance to be married, and if one o' them artful creturs you was talkin' of got hold of her,—then, to be sure,—why,—dear me!—law! I never thought, Miss Badlam!—but then of course you could have had your pickin' and choosin' in the time of it; and I don't mean to say it's too late now if you felt called that way, for you're better lookin' now than some that's

younger, and there's no accountin' for tastes."

A sort of hysteric twitching that went through the frame of Cynthia Badlam dimly suggested to the old nurse that she was not making her slightly indiscreet personality much better by her explanations. She stopped short, and surveyed the not uncomely person of the maiden lady sitting before her with her handkerchief pressed to her eyes, and one hand clenching the arm of the rocking-chair, as if some spasm had clamped it there. The nurse looked at her with a certain growing interest she had never felt before. It was the first time for some years that she had had such a chance, partly because Miss Cynthia had often been away for long periods,—partly because she herself had been busy professionally. There was no occasion for her services, of course, in the family at The Poplars; and she was always following round from place to place after that everlasting migratory six-weeks or less old baby.

There was not a more knowing pair of eyes, in their way, in a circle of fifty miles, than those kindly tranquil orbs that Nurse Byloe fixed on Cynthia Badlam. The silver threads in the side fold of hair, the delicate lines at the corner of the eye, the slight drawing down at the angle of the mouth,—almost imperceptible, but the nurse dwelt upon it,—a certain moulding of the features as of an artist's clay model worked by delicate touches with the fingers, showing that time or pain or grief had had a hand in shaping them, the contours, the adjustment of every fold of the dress, the attitude, the very way of breathing, were all passed through the searching inspection of the ancient expert, trained to know all the changes wrought by time and circumstance. It took not so long as it takes to describe it, but it was an analysis of imponderables, equal to any of Bunsen's with the spectroscope.

Miss Badlam removed her handkerchief and looked in a furtive, questioning way, in her turn, upon the nurse.

"It 's dreadful close here, — I 'm 'most smothered," Nurse Byloe said; and, putting her hand to her throat, unclasped the catch of the necklace of gold beads she had worn since she was a baby, — a bead having been added from time to time as she thickened. It lay in a deep groove of her large neck, and had not troubled her in breathing before, since the day when her husband was run over by an ox-team.

At this moment Miss Silence Withers entered, followed by Bathsheba Stoker, daughter of Rev. Joseph Belamy Stoker.

She was the friend of Myrtle, and had come to comfort Miss Silence, and consult with her as to what further search they should institute. The two, Myrtle's aunt and her friend, were as unlike as they could well be. Silence Withers was something more than forty years old, a shadowy, pinched, sallow, dispirited, bloodless woman, with the habitual look of the people in the funeral carriage which follows next to the hearse, and the tone in speaking that may be noticed in a household where one of its members is lying white and still in a cool, darkened chamber overhead. Bathsheba Stoker was not called handsome; but she had her mother's youthful smile, which was so fresh and full of sweetness that she seemed like a beauty while she was speaking or listening; and she could never be plain so long as any expression gave life to her features. In perfect repose, her face, a little prematurely touched by sad experiences, — for she was but seventeen years old, — had the character and decision stamped in its outlines which any young man who wanted a companion to warn, to comfort, and command him, might have depended on as warranting the courage, the sympathy, and the sense demanded for such a responsibility. She had been trying her powers of consolation on Miss Silence. It was a sudden freak of Myrtle's. She had gone off on some foolish but innocent excursion. Besides, she was a girl that would

take care of herself; for she was afraid of nothing, and nimbler than any boy of her age, and almost as strong as any. As for thinking any bad thoughts about her, that was a shame; she cared for none of the young fellows that were round her. Cyprian Eveleth was the one she thought most of; but Cyprian was as true as his sister Olive, — and who else was there?

To all this Miss Silence answered only by sighing and moaning. For two whole days she had been kept in constant fear and worry, afraid every minute of some tragical message, perplexed by the conflicting advice of all manner of officious friends, sleepless of course through the two nights, and now utterly broken down and collapsed.

Bathsheba had said all she could in the way of consolation, and hastened back to her mother's bedside, which she hardly left, except for the briefest of visits.

"It's a great trial, Miss Withers, that's laid on you," said Nurse Byloe.

"If I only knew that she was dead, and had died in the Lord," Miss Silence answered, — "if I only knew that; but if she is living in sin, or dead in wrong-doing, what is to become of me? — O, what is to become of me when 'He maketh inquisition for blood'?"

"Cousin Silence," said Miss Cynthia, "it is n't your fault, if that young girl has taken to evil ways. If going to meeting three times every Sabbath day, and knowing the catechism by heart, and reading of good books, and the best of daily advice, and all needful discipline, could have corrected her sinful nature, she would never have run away from a home where she enjoyed all these privileges. It's that Indian blood, Cousin Silence. It's a great mercy you and I have n't got any of it in our veins! What can you expect of children that come from heathens and savages? You can't lay it to yourself, Cousin Silence, if Myrtle Hazard goes wrong —"

"The Lord will lay it to me, — the Lord will lay it to me," she moaned.

"Did n't he say to Cain, 'Where is Abel, thy brother?'"

Nurse Byloe was getting very red in the face. She had had about enough of this talk between the two women. "I hope the Lord 'll take care of Myrtle Hazard fust, if she 's in trouble, 'n' wants help," she said; "'n' *then* look out for them that comes next. Y're too suspicious, Miss Badlam; y're too easy to believe stories. Myrtle Hazard was as pretty a child and as good a child as ever I see, if you did n't rile her; 'n' d'd y' ever see one o' them hearty, lively children, that had n't a sperrit of its own? For my part, I'd rather handle one of 'em than a dozen o' them little waxy, weak-eyed, slim-necked creturs that always do what they tell 'em to, and die afore they're a dozen year old; and never was the time when I've seen Myrtle Hazard, sence she was my baby, but what it's always been, 'Good mornin', Miss Byloe,' and, 'How 'do you do, Miss Byloe? I'm so glad to see you.' The handsomest young woman, too, as all the old folks' will agree in tellin' you, sence the time o' Judith Pride that was,—the Pride of the County they used to call her, for her beauty. Her great-grandma, y' know, Miss Cynthia, married old King David Withers. What I want to know is, whether anything has been heerd, and jest what's been done about findin' the poor thing. How d' ye know she has n't fell into the river? Have they fired cannon? They say that busts the gall of drowned folks, and makes the corpse rise. Have they looked in the woods everywhere? Don't believe no wrong of nobody, not till y' *must*,—least of all of them that come o' the same folks, partly, and has lived with ye all their days. I tell y', Myrtle Hazard 's jest as innocent of all what y' 've been thinkin' about,—bless the poor child; she's got a soul that 's as clean and sweet—well, as a pond-lily when it fust opens of a mornin', without a speck on it no more than on the fust pond-lily God Almighty ever made!"

That gave a turn to the two women's

thoughts, and their handkerchiefs went up to their faces. Nurse Byloe turned her eyes quickly on Cynthia Badlam; and repeated her close inspection of every outline and every light and shadow in her figure. She did not announce any opinion as to the age or good looks or general aspect or special points of Miss Cynthia; but she made a sound which the books write *humph*! but which real folks make with closed lips, thus: *m'*!—a sort of half-suppressed labio-palato-nasal utterance, implying that there is a good deal which might be said, and all the vocal organs want to have a chance at it, if there is to be any talking.

Friends and neighbors were coming in and out; and the next person that came was the old minister, of whom, and of his colleague, the Rev. Joseph Bellamy Stoker, some account may here be introduced.

The Rev. Eliphalet Pemberton—Father Pemberton as brother ministers' called him, Priest Pemberton as he was commonly styled by the country people—would have seemed very old, if the medical patriarch of the village had not been so much older. A man over ninety is a great comfort to all his elderly neighbors: he is a picket-guard at the extreme outpost; and the young folks of sixty and seventy feel that the enemy must get by him before he can come near their camp. Dr. Hurlbut, at ninety-two, made Priest Pemberton seem comparatively little advanced; but the college catalogue showed that he must be seventy-five years old, if, as we may suppose, he was twenty at the time of his graduation.

He was a man of noble presence always; and now, in the grandeur of his flowing silver hair and with the gray shaggy brows overhanging his serene and solemn eyes, with the slow gravity of motion and the measured dignity of speech which gave him the air of an old pontiff, he was an imposing personage to look upon, and could be awful, if the occasion demanded it. His creed was of the sternest: he was

looked up to as a bulwark against all the laxities which threatened New England theology. But it was a creed rather of the study and of the pulpit than of every-day application among his neighbors. He dealt too much in the lofty abstractions which had always such fascinations for the higher class of New England divines, to busy himself as much as he might have done with the spiritual condition of individuals. He had also a good deal in him of what he used to call the Old Man, which, as he confessed, he had never succeeded in putting off,—meaning thereby certain qualities belonging to humanity, as much as the natural gifts of the dumb creatures belong to them, and tending to make a man beloved by his weak and erring fellow-mortals.

In the olden time he would have lived and died king of his parish, monarch, by Divine right, as the noblest, grandest, wisest of all that made up the little nation within hearing of his meeting-house bell. But Young Calvinism has less reverence and more love of novelty than its forefathers. It wants change, and it loves young blood. Polyandry is getting to be the normal condition of the Church; and about the time a man is becoming a little over-ripe for the livelier human sentiments, he may be pretty sure the women are looking round to find him a colleague. In this way it was that the Rev. Joseph Bellamy Stoker became the colleague of the Rev. Eliphaz Pemberton.

If one could have dived deep below all the Christian graces—the charity, the sweetness of disposition, the humility—of Father Pemberton, he would have found a small remnant of the “Old Man,” as the good clergyman would have called it, which was never in harmony with the Rev. Mr. Stoker. The younger divine felt his importance, and made his venerable colleague feel that he felt it. Father Pemberton had a fair chance at rainy Sundays and hot summer-afternoon services; but the junior pushed him aside without cere-

mony whenever he thought there was a chance for him to have a good show in the pews. As for those courtesies which the old need, to soften the sense of declining faculties and failing attractions, the younger pastor bestowed them in public, but was negligent of them, to say the least, when not on exhibition.

Good old Father Pemberton could not love this man; but he would not hate him, and he never complained to him or of him. It would have been of no use if he had: the women of the parish had taken up the Rev. Mr. Stoker; and when the women run after a minister or a doctor, what do the men signify?

Why the women ran after him, some thought it was not hard to guess. He was not ill-looking, according to the village standard, parted his hair smoothly, tied his white cravat carefully, was fluent, plausible, had a gift in prayer, was considered eloquent, was fond of listening to their spiritual experiences, and had a sickly wife. This is what Byles Gridley said; but he was apt to be caustic at times.

Father Pemberton visited his people but rarely. Like Jonathan Edwards, like David Osgood, he felt his call to be to study-work, and was impatient of the egotisms and spiritual megrims, in listening to which, especially from the younger females of his flock, his colleague had won the hearts of so many of his parishioners. His presence had a wonderful effect in restoring the despondent Miss Silence to her equanimity; for not all the hard divinity he had preached for half a century had spoiled his kindly nature; and not the gentle Melancthon himself, ready to welcome death as a refuge from the rage and bitterness of theologians, was more in contrast with the disputants with whom he mingled, than the old minister in the hour of trial with the stern dogmatist in his study, forging thunderbolts to smite down sinners.

It was well that there were no tithingmen about on that next day, Sun-

day; for it shone no Sabbath day for the young men within half a dozen miles of the village. They were out on Bear Hill the whole day, beating up the bushes as if for game, scaring old crows out of their ragged nests, and in one dark glen startling a fierce-eyed, growling, bob-tailed catamount, who sat spitting and looking all ready to spring at them, on the tall tree where he clung with his claws all unsheathed, until a young fellow came up with a gun and shot him dead. They went through and through the swamp at Musquash Hollow; but found nothing better than a wicked old snapping-turtle, evil to behold, with his snaky head and alligator tail, but worse to meddle with, if his horny jaws were near enough to spring their man-trap on the curious experimenter. At Wood-End there were some Indians, ill-conditioned savages in a dirty tent, making baskets, the miracle of which was that they were so clean. They had seen a young lady answering the description, about a week ago. She had bought a basket. — Asked them if they had a canoe they wanted to sell. — Eyes like hers (pointing to a squaw with a man's hat on).

At Pocasset the young men explored all the thick woods, — some who ought to have known better taking their guns, which made a talk, as one might well suppose. Hunting on a Sabbath day! They did n't meant to *shoot* Myrtle Hazard, did they? it was keenly asked. A good many said it was all nonsense, and a mere excuse to get away from meeting and have a sort of frolic on pretence that it was a work of necessity and mercy, one or both.

While they were scattering themselves about in this way, some in earnest, some rejoicing in the unwonted license, lifting off for a little while that enormous Sabbath-day pressure which weighs like forty atmospheres on every true-born Puritan, two young men had been since Friday in search of the lost girl, each following a clew of his own, and determined to find her if she was among the living.

Cyprian Eveleth made for the village of Mapleton, where his sister Olive was staying, trusting that, with her aid, he might get a clew to the mystery of Myrtle's disappearance.

William Murray Bradshaw struck for a railroad train going to the great seaport, at a station where it stops for wood and water.

In the mean time, a third young man, Gifted Hopkins by name, son of the good woman already mentioned, sat down, with tears in his eyes, and wrote those touching stanzas, "The Lost Myrtle," which were printed in the next "Banner and Oracle," and much admired by many who read them.

CHAPTER III.

ANTECEDENTS.

THE Withers Homestead was the oldest mansion in town. It was built on the east bank of the river, a little above the curve which gave the name to Oxbow Village. It stood on an elevation, its west gable close to the river's edge, an old orchard and a small pond at the foot of the slope behind it, woods at the east, open to the south, with a great row of Lombardy poplars standing guard in front of the house. The Hon. Selah Withers, Esq., a descendant of one of the first colonists, built it for his own residence, in the early part of the last century. Deeply impressed with his importance in the order of things, he had chosen to place it a little removed from the cluster of smaller dwellings about the Oxbow; and with some vague fancy in his mind of the castles that overlook the Rhine and the Danube, he had selected this eminence on which to place his substantial gambrel-roofed dwelling-house. Long afterwards a bay-window, almost a little room of itself, had been thrown out of the second story on the west side, so that it looked directly down on the river running beneath it. The chamber, thus half suspended in the air, had been for years the special apartment of Myrtle Hazard; and as the boys paddling

about on the river would often catch glimpses, through the window, of the little girl dressed in the scarlet jacket she fancied in those days, one of them, Cyprian Eveleth, had given it a name which became current among the young people, and indeed furnished the subject of one of his earliest poems to Gifted Hopkins, to wit, "The Fire-hang-bird's Nest."

If we would know anything about the persons now living at the Withers Homestead, or The Poplars, as it was more commonly called of late years, we must take a brief inventory of some of their vital antecedents. It is by no means certain that our individual personality is the single inhabitant of these our corporeal frames. Nay, there is recorded an experience of one of the living persons mentioned in this narrative, — to be given in full in its proper place, — which, so far as it is received in evidence, tends to show that some, at least, who have long been dead, may enjoy a kind of secondary and imperfect, yet self-conscious life, in these bodily tenements which we are in the habit of considering exclusively our own. There are many circumstances, familiar to common observers, which favor this belief to a certain extent. Thus, at one moment we detect the look, at another the tone of voice, at another some characteristic movement of this or that ancestor, in our relations or others. There are times when our friends do not act like themselves, but apparently in obedience to some other law than that of their own proper nature. We all do things both awake and asleep which surprise us. Perhaps we have cotenants in this house we live in. No less than eight distinct personalities are said to have coexisted in a single female mentioned by an ancient physician of unimpeachable authority. In this light we may perhaps see the meaning of a sentence, from a work which will be repeatedly referred to in this narrative, viz.: "*This body in which we journey across the isthmus between the two oceans is not a private carriage, but an omnibus.*"

The ancestry of the Withers family had counted a martyr to their faith before they were known as Puritans. The record was obscure in some points; but the portrait, marked "Ann Holyoake, burned by ye bloudy Papists, año 15 . . ." (figures illegible), was still hanging against the panel over the fireplace in the west parlor at The Poplars. The following words were yet legible on the canvas: —

"Thou hast made a covenant O Lord with mee and my children forever."

The story had come down, that Ann Holyoake spoke these words in a prayer she offered up at the stake, after the fagots were kindled. There had always been a secret feeling in the family, that none of her descendants could finally fall from grace, in virtue of this solemn "covenant."

There had been also a legend in the family, that the martyred woman's spirit exercised a kind of supervision over her descendants; that she either manifested herself to them, or in some way impressed them, from time to time; as in the case of the first pilgrim before he cast his lot with the emigrants, — of one Mrs. Winslowe, a descendant in the third generation, when the Indians were about to attack the settlement where she lived, — and of another, just before he was killed at Quebec.

There was a remarkable resemblance between the features of Ann Holyoake, as shown in the portrait, and the miniature likeness of Myrtle's mother. Myrtle adopted the nearly obsolete superstition more readily on this account, and loved to cherish the fancy that the guardian spirit which had watched over her ancestors was often near her, and would be with her in her time of need.

The wife of Selah Withers was accused of sorcery in the evil days of 1718. A careless expression in one of her letters, that "ye Parson was as lyke to bee in league with ye Divell as anie of 'em," had got abroad, and given great offence to godly people. There was no doubt that some odd "manifestations," as they would be called nowadays, had taken place in the house-

hold when she was a girl, and that she presented many of the conditions belonging to what are at the present day called mediums.

Major Gideon Withers, her son, was of the very common type of hearty, loud, portly men, who like to show themselves at militia trainings, and to hear themselves shout orders at musters, or declaim patriotic sentiments at town-meetings and in the General Court. He loved to wear a crimson sash and a military cap with a large red feather, in which the village folk used to say he looked as "hahnsome as a piny," — meaning a favorite flower of his, which is better spelt peony, and to which it was not unnatural that his admirers should compare him.

If he had married a wife like himself, there might probably enough have sprung from the alliance a family of moon-faced children, who would have dropped into their places like posts into their holes, asking no questions of life, contented, like so many other honest folks, with the part of supernumeraries in the drama of being, their wardrobe of flesh and bones being furnished them *gratis*, and nothing to do but to walk across the stage wearing it. But Major Gideon Withers, for some reason or other, married a slender, sensitive, nervous, romantic woman, which accounted for the fact that his son David, "King David," as he was called in his time, had a very different set of tastes from his father, showing a turn for literature and sentiment in his youth, reading Young's "Night Thoughts," and Thomson's "Seasons," and sometimes in those early days writing verses himself to Celia or to Chloe, which sounded just as fine to him as Effie and Minnie sound to young people now, as Musidora, as Saccharissa, as Lesbia, as Helena, as Adah and Zillah, have all sounded to young people in their time, — ashes of roses as they are to us now, and as our endearing Scotch diminutives will be to others by and by.

King David Withers, who got his royal prefix partly because he was rich, and partly because he wrote hymns oc-

casionaly, when he grew too old to write love-poems, married the famous beauty before mentioned, Miss Judith Pride, and the race came up again in vigor. Their son, Jeremy, took for his first wife a delicate, melancholic girl, who matured into a sad-eyed woman, and bore him two children, Malachi and Silence, both of whom inherited her temperament. When she died, he mourned for her bitterly almost a year, and then put on a ruffled shirt and went across the river to tell his grief to Miss Virginia Wild, there residing. This lady was said to have a few drops of genuine aboriginal blood in her veins; and it is certain that her cheek had a little of the russet tinge which a Seckel pear shows on its warmest cheek when it blushes. — Love shuts itself up in sympathy like a knife-blade in its handle, and opens as easily. — All the rest followed in due order according to Nature's kindly programme.

Captain Charles Hazard, of the ship Orient Pearl, fell desperately in love with their daughter Candace, married her, and carried her with him to India, where their first and only child was born, and received the name of Myrtle, as fitting her cradle in the tropics. So her earliest impressions, — it would not be exact to call them recollections, — besides the smiles of her father and mother, were of dusky faces, of loose white raiment, of waving fans, of breezes perfumed with the sweet exhalations of sandal-wood, of gorgeous flowers and glowing fruit, of shady verandas, of gliding palanquins, and all the languid luxury of the South. The pestilence which has its natural home in India, but has journeyed so far from its birth-place in these later years, took her father and mother away, suddenly, in the very freshness of their early maturity. A relation of Myrtle's father, wife of another captain, was returning to America on a visit, and the child was sent back, under her care, while still a mere infant, to her relatives at the old homestead. During the long voyage, the strange mystery of the ocean was wrought into her conscious-

ness so deeply, that it seemed to belong to her being. The waves rocked her, as if the sea had been her mother; and, looking over the vessel's side from the arms that held her with tender care, she used to watch the play of the waters, until the rhythm of their movement became a part of her, almost as much as her own pulse and breath.

The instincts and qualities belonging to the ancestral traits which predominated in the conflict of mingled lives lay in this child in embryo, waiting to come to maturity. It was as when several grafts, bearing fruit that ripens at different times, are growing upon the same stock. Her earlier impulses may have been derived directly from her father and mother, but all the ancestors who have been mentioned, and more or less obscurely many others, came uppermost in their time, before the absolute and total result of their several forces had found its equilibrium in the character by which she was to be known as an individual. These inherited impulses were therefore many, conflicting, some of them dangerous. The World, the Flesh, and the Devil held mortgages on her life before its deed was put in her hands; but sweet and gracious influences were also born with her; and the battle of life was to be fought between them, God helping her in her need, and her own free choice siding with one or the other. The formal statement of this succession of ripening characteristics need not be repeated, but the fact must be borne in mind.

This was the child who was delivered into the hands of Miss Silence Withers, her aunt on the father's side, keeping house with her brother Malachi, a bachelor, already called Old Malachi, though hardly entitled by his years to such a venerable prefix. Both these persons had inherited the predominant traits of their sad-eyed mother. Malachi, the chief heir of the family property, was rich, but felt very poor. He owned this fine old estate of some hundreds of acres. He had moneys in the bank, shares in various companies,

wood-lots in the town, and a large tract of Western land, the subject of a lawsuit which seemed as if it would never be settled, and kept him always uneasy. Some said he hoarded gold somewhere about the old house, but nobody knew this for a certainty. In spite of his abundant means, he talked much of poverty, and kept the household on the narrowest footing of economy. One Irishwoman, with a little aid from her husband now and then, did all their work; and the only company they saw was Miss Cynthia Badlam, who, as a relative, claimed a home with them whenever she was so disposed.

The "little Indian," as Malachi called her, was an awkward accession to the family. Silence Withers knew no more about children and their ways and wants than if she had been a female ostrich. Thus it was that she found it necessary to send for a woman well known in the place as the first friend whose acquaintance many of the little people of the town had made in this vale of tears.

Forty years of practice had taught Nurse Byloe the art of handling the young of her species with the soft firmness which one may notice in cats with their kittens,—more grandly in a tawny lioness mouthing her cubs. Myrtle did not know she was held; she only felt she was lifted, and borne up, as a cherub may feel upon a white-woolly cloud, and smiled accordingly at the nurse, as if quite at home in her arms.

"As fine a child as ever breathed the breath of life. But where did them black eyes come from? Born in Injy, — that 's it, ain't it? No, its her poor mother's eyes to be sure. Does n't it seem as if there was a kind of Injin look to 'em? She 'll be a lively one to manage, if I know anything about childun. See her clinchin' them little fists!"

This was when Miss Silence came near her and brought her rather severe countenance close to the child for inspection of its features. The ungracious aspect of the woman and the de-

fiant attitude of the child prefigured in one brief instant the history of many long coming years.

It was not a great while before the two parties in that wearing conflict of alien lives, which is often called education, began to measure their strength against each other. The child was bright, observing, of restless activity, inquisitively curious, very hard to frighten, and with a will which seemed made for mastery, not submission.

The stern spinster to whose care this vigorous life was committed was disposed to discharge her duty to the girl faithfully and conscientiously; but there were two points in her character and belief which had a most important bearing on the manner in which she carried out her laudable intentions. First, she was one of that class of human beings whose one single engrossing thought is their own welfare, — in the next world, it is true, but still their own personal welfare. The Roman Church recognizes this class, and provides every form of specific to meet their spiritual condition. But in so far as Protestantism has thrown out works as a means of insuring future safety, these unfortunates are as badly off as nervous patients who have no drops, pills, potions, no doctors' rules, to follow. Only tell a poor creature what to *do*, and he or she will do it, and be made easy, were it a pilgrimage of a thousand miles, with shoes full of split peas instead of boiled ones; but if once assured that *doing* does no good, the drooping Littlefaiths are left at leisure to worry about their souls, as the other class of weaklings worry about their bodies. The effect on character does not seem to be very different in the two classes. Metaphysicians may discuss the nature of selfishness at their leisure; if to have all her thoughts centring on the one point of her own well-being by and by was selfishness, then Silence Withers was supremely selfish; and if we are offended with that form of egotism, it is no more than ten of the twelve Apostles were, as the reader may see by turning

to the Gospel of St. Matthew, the twentieth chapter and the twenty-fourth verse.

The next practical difficulty was, that she attempted to carry out a theory which, whatever might be its success in other cases, did not work kindly in the case of Myrtle Hazard, but, on the contrary, developed a mighty spirit of antagonism in her nature, which threatened to end in utter lawlessness. Miss Silence started from the approved doctrine, that all children are radically and utterly wrong in all their motives, feelings, thoughts, and deeds, so long as they remain subject to their natural instincts. It was by the eradication, and not the education, of these instincts, that the character of the human being she was moulding was to be determined. The first great preliminary process, so soon as the child manifested any evidence of intelligent and persistent self-determination, was *to break her will*.

There is no doubt that this was a legitimate conclusion from the teaching of Priest Pemberton, but it required a colder and harder nature than his own to carry out many of his dogmas to their practical application. He wrought in the pure mathematics, so to speak, of theology, and left the working rules to the good sense and good feeling of his people.

Miss Silence had been waiting for her opportunity to apply the great doctrine, and it came at last in a very trivial way.

"Myrtle does n't want brown bread. Myrtle won't have brown bread. Myrtle will have white bread."

"Myrtle is a wicked child. She will have what Aunt Silence says she shall have. She won't have anything but brown bread."

Thereupon the bright red lip protruded, the hot blood mounted to her face, the child untied her little "tire," got down from the table, took up her one forlorn, featureless doll, and went to bed without her supper. The next morning the worthy woman thought that hunger and reflection would have subdued the rebellious spirit. So there stood yester-

day's untouched supper waiting for her breakfast. She would not taste it, and it became necessary to enforce that extreme penalty of the law which had been threatened, but never yet put in execution. Miss Silence, in obedience to what she felt to be a painful duty, without any passion, but filled with high, inexorable purpose, carried the child up to the garret, and, fastening her so that she could not wander about and hurt herself, left her to her repentant thoughts, awaiting the moment when a plaintive entreaty for liberty and food should announce that the evil nature had yielded and the obdurate will was broken.

The garret was an awful place. All the skeleton-like ribs of the roof showed in the dim light, naked overhead, and the only floor to be trusted consisted of the few boards which bridged the lath and plaster. A great, mysterious brick tower climbed up through it, — it was the chimney, but it looked like a horrible cell to put criminals into. The whole place was festooned with cobwebs, — not light films, such as the housewife's broom sweeps away before they have become a permanent residence, but vast gray draperies, loaded with dust, sprinkled with yellow powder from the beams where the worms were gnawing day and night, the home of old, hairy spiders who had lived there since they were eggs and would leave it for unborn spiders who would grow old and huge like themselves in it, long after the human tenants had left the mansion for a narrower home. Here this little criminal was imprisoned, six, twelve, — tell it not to mothers, — eighteen dreadful hours, hungry until she was ready to gnaw her hands, a prey to all childish imaginations; and here at her stern guardian's last visit she sat, pallid, chilled, almost fainting, but sullen and unsubdued. The Irishwoman, poor stupid Kitty Fagan, who had no theory of human nature, saw her over the lean shoulders of the spinster, and, forgetting all differences of condition and questions of authority, rushed to her with a cry of maternal tenderness, and,

with a tempest of passionate tears and kisses bore her off to her own humble realm, where the little victorious martyr was fed from her best stores, until there was as much danger from repletion as there had been from famine. How the experiment might have ended but for this empirical and most unphilosophical interference, there is no saying; but it settled the point that the rebellious nature was not to be subjugated in a brief conflict.

The untamed disposition manifested itself in greater enormities as she grew older. At the age of four years she was detected in making a cat's-cradle at meeting, during sermon-time, and, on being reprimanded for so doing, laughed out loud, so as to be heard by Father Pemberton, who thereupon bent his threatening, shaggy brows upon the child, and, to his shame be it spoken, had such a sudden uprising of weak, foolish, grandfatherly feelings, that a mist came over his eyes, and he left out his "ninthly" altogether, thereby spoiling the logical sequence of propositions which had kept his large forehead knotty for a week.

At eight years old she fell in love with the high-colored picture of Major Gideon Withers in the red sash and the red feather of his exalted military office. It was then for the first time that her Aunt Silence remarked a shade of resemblance between the child and the portrait. She had always, up to this time, been dressed in sad colors, as was fitting, doubtless, for a forlorn orphan; but happening one day to see a small negro girl peacocking round in a flaming scarlet petticoat, she struck for bright colors in her own apparel, and carried her point at last. It was as if a ground-sparrow had changed her gray feathers for the burning plumage of some tropical wanderer; and it was natural enough that Cyprian Eveleth should have called her the fire-hang-bird, and her little chamber the fire-hang-bird's-nest, — using the country boy's synonyme for the Baltimore oriole.

At ten years old she had one of those

great experiences which give new meaning to the life of a child.

Her Uncle Malachi had seemed to have a strong liking for her at one time, but of late years his delusions had gained upon him, and under their influence he seemed to regard her as an encumbrance and an extravagance. He was growing more and more solitary in his habits, more and more negligent of his appearance. He was up late at night, wandering about the house from the cellar to the garret, so that, his light being seen flitting from window to window, the story got about that the old house was haunted.

One dreary, rainy Friday in November, Myrtle was left alone in the house. Her uncle had been gone since the day before. The two women were both away at the village. At such times the child took a strange delight in exploring all the hiding-places of the old mansion. She had the mysterious dwelling-place of so many of the dead and the living all to herself. What a fearful kind of pleasure in its silence and loneliness! The old clock that Marmaduke Storr made in London more than a hundred years ago was clicking the steady pulse-beats of its second century. The featured moon on its dial had lifted one eye, as if to watch the child, as it had watched so many generations of children, while the swinging pendulum ticked them along into youth, maturity, gray hairs, death-beds,—ticking through the prayer at the funeral,—ticking without grief through all the still or noisy woe of mourning,—ticking without joy when the smiles and gayety of comforted heirs had come back again. She looked at herself in the tall, bevelled mirror in the best chamber. She pulled aside the curtains of the stately bedstead whereon the heads of the house had slept until they died and were stretched out upon it, and the sheet shaped itself to them in vague, awful breadth of outline, like a block of monumental marble the sculptor leaves just hinted by the chisel.

She groped her way up to the dim garret, the scene of her memorable

punishment. A rusty hook projected from one of the joists a little higher than a man's head. Something was hanging from it,—an old garment, was it? She went bravely up and touched—a cold hand. She did what most children of that age would do,—uttered a cry, and ran down stairs with all her might. She rushed out of the door and called to the man Patrick, who was doing some work about the place. What could be done was done, but it was too late.

Uncle Malachi had made away with himself. That was plain on the face of things. In due time the coroner's verdict settled it. It was not so strange as it seemed; but it made a great talk in the village and all the country round about. Everybody knew he had money enough, and yet he had hanged himself for fear of starving to death.

For all that, he was found to have left a will, dated some years before, leaving his property to his sister Silence, with the exception of a certain moderate legacy to be paid in money to Myrtle Hazard when she should arrive at the age of twenty years.

The household seemed more chilly than ever after this tragical event. Its depressing influence followed the child to school, where she learned the common branches of knowledge. It followed her to the Sabbath-day catechisings, where she repeated the answers about the federal headship of Adam, and her consequent personal responsibilities, and other technicalities which are hardly milk for babes, perhaps as well as other children, but without any very profound remorse for what she could not help, so far as she understood the matter, any more than her sex or stature, and with no very clear comprehension of the phrases which the New England followers of the Westminster divines made a part of the elementary instruction of young people.

At twelve years old she had grown tall and womanly enough to attract the eyes of the youth and older boys, several of whom made advances towards her acquaintance. But the dreary discipline of the household had sunk into

her soul, and she had been shaping an internal life for herself which it was hard for friendship to penetrate. Bathsheba Stoker was chained to the bedside of an invalid mother. Olive Eveleth, a kind, true-hearted girl, belonged to another religious communion; and this tended to render their meetings less frequent, though Olive was still her nearest friend. Cyprian was himself a little shy, and rather held to Myrtle through his sister than by any true intimacy directly with herself. Of the other young men of the village Gifted Hopkins was perhaps the most fervent of her admirers, as he had repeatedly shown by effusions in verse, of which, under the thinnest of disguises, she was the object.

Murray Bradshaw, ten years older than herself, a young man of striking aspect and claims to exceptional ability, had kept his eye on her of late; but it was generally supposed that he would find a wife in the city, where he was in the habit of going to visit a fashionable relative, Mrs. Clymer Ketchum, of 24 Carat Place. *She*, at any rate, understood very well that he meant, to use his own phrase, "to go in for a corner lot,"—understanding thereby a young lady with possessions and without encumbrances. If the old man had only given his money to Myrtle, Murray Bradshaw would have made sure of her; but she was not likely ever to get much of it. Miss Silence Withers, it was understood, would probably leave her money as the Rev. Mr. Stoker, her spiritual director, should indicate, and it seemed likely that most of it would go to a rising educational institution where certain given doctrines were to be taught through all time, whether disproved or not, and whetlier those who taught them believed them or not, provided only they would say they believed them.

Nobody had promised to say masses for her soul if she made this disposition of her property, or pledged the word of the Church that she should have plenary absolution. But she felt that she would be making friends in Influential Quarters by thus laying up

her treasure, and that she would be safe if she had the good-will of the ministers of her sect.

Myrtle Hazard had nearly reached the age of fourteen, and, though not like to inherit much of the family property, was fast growing into a large dowry of hereditary beauty. Always handsome, her features shaped themselves in a finer symmetry, her color grew richer, her figure promised a perfect womanly development, and her movements had the grace which high-breeding gives the daughter of a queen, and which Nature now and then teaches the humblest of village maidens. She could not long escape the notice of the lovers and flatterers of beauty, and the time of danger was drawing near.

At this period of her life she made two discoveries which changed the whole course of her thoughts, and opened for her a new world of ideas and possibilities.

Ever since the dreadful event of November, 1854, the garret had been a fearful place to think of, and still more to visit. The stories that the house was haunted gained in frequency of repetition and detail of circumstance. But Myrtle was bold and inquisitive, and explored its recesses at such times as she could creep among them undisturbed. Hid away close under the eaves she found an old trunk covered with dust and cobwebs. The mice had gnawed through its leather hinges, and, as it had been hastily stuffed full, the cover had risen, and two or three volumes had fallen to the floor. This trunk held the papers and books which her great-grandmother, the famous beauty, had left behind her, records of the romantic days when she was the belle of the county,—story-books, memoirs, novels, and poems, and not a few love-letters,—a strange collection, which, as so often happens with such deposits in old families, nobody had cared to meddle with, and nobody had been willing to destroy, until at last they had passed out of mind, and waited for a new generation to bring them into light again.

The other discovery was of a small

hoard of coin. Under one of the boards which formed the imperfect flooring of the garret was hidden an old leather mitten. Instead of a hand, it had a fat fist of silver dollars, and a thumb of gold half-eagles.

Thus knowledge and power found their way to the simple and secluded maiden. The books were hers to read

as much as any other's; the gold and silver were only a part of that small provision which would be hers by and by, and if she borrowed it, it was borrowing of herself. The tree of the knowledge of good and evil had shaken its fruit into her lap, and, without any serpent to tempt her, she took thereof and did eat.

FITZ ADAM'S STORY.*

THE next whose fortune 't was a tale to tell
 Was one whom men, before they thought, loved well,
 And after thinking wondered why they did,
 For half he seemed to let them, half forbid,
 And wrapped him so in humors, sheath on sheath,
 'T was hard to guess the mellow soul beneath;
 But, once divined, you took him to your heart,
 While he appeared to bear with you as part
 Of life's impertinence, and once a year
 Betrayed his true self by a smile or tear,
 Or rather something sweetly-shy and loath,
 Withdrawn ere fully shown, and mixed of both.
 A cynic? Not precisely: one who thrust
 Against a heart too prone to love and trust,
 Who so despised false sentiment he knew
 Scarce in himself to part the false and true,
 And strove to hide, by roughening-o'er the skin,
 Those cobweb nerves he could not dull within.
 Gentle by birth, but of a stem decayed,
 He shunned life's rivalries and hated trade;
 On a small patrimony and larger pride,
 He lived uneasy on the Other Side
 (So he called Europe), only coming West
 To give his old-world appetite new zest.
 A radical in thought, he puffed away
 With shrewd contempt the dust of usage gray,
 Yet loathed democracy as one who saw,
 In what he longed to love, some vulgar flaw,
 And, shocked through all his delicate reserves,
 Remained a Tory by his taste and nerves.
 His fancy's thrall, he drew all ergos thence,
 And thought himself the type of common sense,
 Misliking women, not from cross or whim,
 But that his mother shared too much in him,

* The greater part of this poem was written many years ago, to form part of a larger one to be called "The Nooning," made up of tales in verse, some of them grave, some comic.

And he half felt that what in them was grace
 Made the unlucky weakness of his race.
 What powers he had he hardly cared to know,
 But sauntered through the world as through a show,
 A critic fine in his haphazard way,
 A sort of mild La Bruyère on half-pay.
 For comic weaknesses he had an eye
 Keen as an acid for an alkali,
 Yet you could feel, through his sardonic tone,
 He loved them all, unless they were his own.
 You might have called him, with his humorous twist,
 A kind of human entomologist:
 As these bring home, from every walk they take,
 Their hat-crowns stuck with bugs of curious make,
 So he filled all the lining of his head
 With characters impaled and ticketed,
 And had a cabinet behind his eyes
 For all they caught of mortal oddities.
 He might have been a poet, — many worse, —
 But that he had, or feigned, contempt of verse,
 Called it tattooing language, and held rhymes
 The young world's lullaby of ruder times.
 Bitter in words, too indolent for gall,
 He satirized himself the first of all,
 In men and their affairs could find no law,
 And was the ill logic that he thought he saw.

Scratching a match to light his pipe anew,
 With eyes half shut some musing whiffs he drew,
 And thus began: — "I give you all my word,
 I think this mock-Decameron absurd;
 Boccaccio's garden! how bring that to pass
 In our bleak clime save under double glass?
 The moral east-wind of New-England life
 Would snip its gay luxuriance like a knife;
 These foreign plants are but half-hardy still,
 Die on a south, and on a north wall chill;
 Had we stayed Puritans! *They* had some heat,
 (Though whence derived, I have my own conceit,)
 But you have long ago raked up their fires;
 Where they had faith, you've ten sham-Gothic spires.
 Why more exotics? Try your native vines,
 And in some thousand years you *may* have wines;
 Your present grapes are harsh, all pulps and skins,
 And want traditions of ancestral bins
 That saved for evenings round the polished board
 Old lava-fires, the sun-steeped hillside's hoard;
 Without a Past, you lack that southern wall
 O'er which the vines of Poesy should crawl;
 Still they're your only hope; no midnight oil
 Makes up for virtue wanting in the soil;
 Manure them well and prune them; 't won't be France,
 Nor Spain, nor Italy, but there's your chance.

You have one story-teller worth a score
Of dead Boccaccios, nay, add twenty more,
A hawthorn asking spring's most southern breath,
And him you're freezing pretty well to death.
However, since you say so, I will tease
My memory to a story by degrees,
Though you will cry, 'Enough!' I'm wellnigh sure,
Ere I have dreamed through half my overture.
Stories were good for men who had no books,
(Fortunate race!) and built their nests like rooks
In lonely towers, to which the Jongleur brought
His pedler's-box of cheap and tawdry thought,
With here and there a fancy fit to see
Wrought to quaint grace in golden filagree;
The morning newspaper has spoilt his trade,
(For better or for worse, I leave unsaid,)
And stories now, to suit a public nice,
Must be half epigram, half pleasant vice.

"All tourists know Shebagog County; there
The summer idlers take their yearly stare,
Dress to see Nature in a well-bred way,
As 't were Italian opera, or play,
Encore the sunrise (if they're out of bed),
And pat the Mighty Mother on the head:
These have I seen,—all things are good to see,—
And wondered much at their complacency;
This world's great show, that took in getting up
Millions of years, they finish ere they sup;
Sights that God gleams through with soul-tingling force
They glance approvingly as things of course,
Say, 'That's a grand rock,' 'This a pretty fall,'
Not thinking, 'Are we worthy?' What if all
The scornful landscape should turn round and say,
'This is a fool, and that a popinjay'?
I often wonder what the Mountain thinks
Of French boots creaking o'er his breathless brinks,
Or how the Sun would scare the chattering crowd,
If some fine day he chanced to think aloud.

"I, who love Nature much as sinners can,
Love her where she most grandeur shows,—in man;
Here find I mountain, forest, cloud, and sun,
River and sea, and glows when day is done;
Nay, where she makes grotesques, and moulds in jest
The clown's cheap clay, I find unfading zest.
The natural instincts year by year retire,
As deer shrink northward from the settler's fire,
And he who loves the wild game-flavor more
Than city-feasts, where every man's a bore
To every other man, must seek it where
The steamer's throb and railway's iron blare
Have not yet startled with their punctual stir

The shy, wood-wandering brood of Character.
 There is a village, once the county town,
 Through which the weekly mail rolled dustily down,
 Where the courts sat, it may be, twice a year,
 And the one tavern reeked with rustic cheer;
 Cheshogquesumscot erst, now Jethro hight,
 Red-man and pale-face bore it equal spite.
 The 'railway ruined it, the natives say,
 That passed unwisely fifteen miles away,
 And made a drain to which, with steady ooze,
 Filtered away law, stage-coach, trade, and news.
 The railway saved it, so at least think those
 Who love old ways, old houses, old repose.
 Of course the Tavern stayed: its genial host
 Thought not of flitting more than did the post
 On which high-hung the fading signboard creaks,
 Inscribed, 'The Eagle Inn, by Ezra Weeks.'

"If in life's journey you should ever find
 An inn medicinal for body and mind,
 'T is sure to be some drowsy-looking house
 Whose easy landlord has a bustling spouse:
 He, if he like you, will not long forego
 Some bottle deep in cobwebbed dust laid low,
 That, since the War we used to call the 'Last,'
 Has dozed and held its lang-syne memories fast;
 From him exhales that Indian-summer air
 Of hazy, lazy welcome everywhere,
 While with her toil the napery is white,
 The china dustless, the keen knife-blades bright,
 Salt dry as sand, and bread that seems as though
 'T were rather sea-foam baked than vulgar dough.

"In our swift country, houses trim and white
 Are pitched like tents, the lodging of a night;
 Each on its bank of baked turf mounted high
 Perches impatient o'er the roadside dry,
 While the wronged landscape coldly stands aloof,
 Refusing friendship with the upstart roof.
 Not so the Eagle; on a grass-green swell
 That toward the south with sweet concessions fell,
 It dwelt retired, and half had grown to be
 As aboriginal as rock or tree.
 It nestled close to earth, and seemed to brood
 O'er homely thoughts in a half-conscious mood,
 As by the peat that rather fades than burns
 The smouldering grandam nods and knits by turns,
 Happy, although her newest news were old
 Ere the first hostile drum at Concord rolled;
 If paint it e'er had known, it knew no more
 Than yellow lichens spattered thickly o'er
 That soft lead-gray, less dark beneath the eaves,
 Which the slow brush of wind and weather leaves.

The ample roof sloped backward to the ground,
 And vassal lean-tos gathered thickly round,
 Patched on, as sire or son had felt the need,
 Like chance growths sprouting from the old roof's seed,
 Just as about a yellow-pine-tree spring
 Its rough-barked darlings in a filial ring.
 But the great chimney was the central thought
 Whose gravitation through the cluster wrought,
 For 't is not styles far-fetched from Greece or Rome,
 But just the Fireside, that can make a home;
 None of your spindling things of modern style,
 Like pins stuck through to stay the card-built pile,
 It rose broad-shouldered, kindly, debonair,
 Its warm breath whitening in the October air,
 While on its front a heart in outline showed
 The place it filled in that serene abode.

"When first I chanced the Eagle to explore,
 Ezra sat listless by the open door;
 One chair careened him at an angle meet,
 Another nursed his hugely-slippered feet;
 Upon a third reposed a shirt-sleeved arm,
 And the whole man diffused tobacco's charm.
 'Are you the landlord?' 'Wahl, I guess I be,'
 Watching the smöke, he answered leisurely.
 He was a stoutish man, and through the breast
 Of his loose shirt there showed a brambly chest;
 Streaked redly as a wind-foreboding morn,
 His tanned cheeks curved to temples closely shorn;
 Clean-shaved he was, save where a hedge of gray
 Upon his brawny throat leaned every way
 About an Adam's-apple that beneath
 Bulged like a bowlder from a furzy heath.
 'Can I have lodging here?' once more I said.
 He blew a whiff, and, leaning back his head,
 'You come a piece through Bailey's woods, I s'pose,
 Acrost a bridge where a 'big swamp-oak grows?
 It don't grow neither; it's ben dead ten year,
 Nor th' ain't a livin' creetur, fur nor near,
 Can tell wut killed it; but I some misdoubt
 'T was borers, there's sech heaps on 'em about;
 You did n' chance to run ag'inst my son,
 A long, slab-sided youngster with a gun?
 He 'd oughto ben back more 'n an hour ago
 An' brought some birds to dress for supper — Sho!
 There he comes now. 'Say, Obed, wut ye got?
 (He 'll hev some upland plover like as not.)
 Wal, them's real nice uns an' 'll eat A 1,
 Ef I can stop their bein' over-done;
 Nothin' riles *me*, (I pledge my fastin' word,)
 Like cookin' out the natur' of a bird;
 (Obed, you pick 'em out o' sight an' sound,
 Your ma'am don't love no feathers cluttrin' round;)

Jes' scare 'em with the coals; thet's *my* idee.'
 Then, turning suddenly about on me,
 'Wal, Square, I guess so. Callilate to stay?
 I'll ask Miss Weeks; 'bout *thet* it 's hern to say.'

"Well, there I lingered all October through,
 In that sweet atmosphere of hazy blue,
 So leisurely, so soothing, so forgiving,
 That sometimes makes New England fit for living;
 I watched the landscape, erst so granite glum,
 Bloom like the south side of a ripening plum,
 And each rock-maple on the hillside make
 His ten days' sunset doubled in the lake;
 The very stone walls draggling up the hills
 Seemed touched, and wavered in their roundhead wills.
 Ah! there's a deal of sugar in the sun!
 Tap me in Indian-summer, I should run
 A juice to make rock-candy of,—but then
 We get such weather scarce one year in ten.

"There was a parlor in the house, a room
 To make you shudder with its prudish gloom.
 The furniture stood round with such an air,
 There seemed an old maid's ghost in every chair;
 Each looked as it had scuttled to its place
 And pulled extempore a Sunday face,
 Too smugly proper for a world of sin,
 Like boys on whom the minister comes in.
 The table, fronting you with icy stare,
 Strove to look witless that its legs were bare,
 While the black sofa with its horse-hair pall
 Gloomed like the bier for Comfort's funeral.
 Two portraits graced the wall in grimmest truth,
 Mister and Mistress W. in their youth,—
 New England youth, that seems a sort of pill,
 Half wish-I-dared, half Edwards on the Will,
 Bitter to swallow, and which leaves a trace
 Of Calvinistic cholic on the face.
 Between them, o'er the mantel, hung in state
 Solomon's temple, done in copperplate;
 Invention pure, but meant, we may presume,
 To give some Scripture sanction to the room.
 Facing this last, two samplers you might see,
 Each, with its urn and stiffly-weeping tree,
 Devoted to some memory long ago
 More faded than their lines of worsted woe;
 Cut paper decked the frames against the flies,
 Though none e'er dared an entrance who were wise,
 And bushed asparagus in fading green
 Added its shiver to the franklin clean.

"When first arrived, I chilled a half-hour there,
 Nor dared deflower with use a single chair;

I caught no cold, yet flying pains could find
 For weeks in me, — a rheumatism of mind.
 One thing alone imprisoned there had power
 To hold me in the place that one half-hour, —
 A scutcheon this, a helm-surmounted shield,
 Three griffins argent on a sable field;
 A relic of the shipwrecked past was here,
 And Ezra held some old-world lumber dear;
 Nay, do not smile, I love this kind of thing,
 These cooped traditions with a broken wing,
 This real estate in Fancy's pipe-blown ball,
 This less than nothing that is more than all!
 Have I not seen sweet natures kept alive
 Amid the humdrum of your business hive,
 Undowered spinsters shielded from all harms,
 By force imagined of a coat of arms?"

He paused a moment, and his features took
 The flitting sweetness of that inward look
 I hinted at before; but, scarcely seen,
 It shrank for shelter 'neath his harder mien,
 And, rapping his black pipe of ashes clear,
 He went on with a self-derisive sneer: —
 "No doubt we make a part of God's design,
 And break the forest-path for feet divine;
 To furnish foothold for this grand prevision
 Is good, — and yet to be the mere transition, —
 That, you will say, is also good, though I
 Scarce like to feed the ogre By-and-by;
 My skull has somehow never closed the suture
 That seems to bind yours firmly with the future,
 So you 'll excuse me if I 'm sometimes fain
 To tie the past's warm nightcap o'er my brain;
 I 'm quite aware 't is not in fashion here,
 But then your northeast winds are *so* severe!

"But to my story: though 't is truly naught
 But a few hints in Memory's sketchbook caught,
 And which may claim a value on the score
 Of calling back some scenery now no more.
 Shall I confess? The tavern's only Lar
 Seemed (be not shocked!) its homely-featured bar.
 Here snapped a fire of beechen logs, that bred
 Strange fancies in its embers golden-red,
 And nursed the loggerhead whose hissing dip,
 Timed by nice instinct, creamed the mug of flip
 Which made from mouth to mouth its genial round,
 Nor left one nature wholly winter-bound;
 Hence dropt the tinkling coal all mellow-ripe
 For Uncle Reuben's talk-extinguished pipe;
 Hence rayed the heat, as from an in-door sun,
 That wooed forth many a shoot of rustic fun.
 Here Ezra ruled as king by right divine;

No other face had such a wholesome shine,
 No laugh like his so full of honest cheer;
 Above the rest it crowed like Chanticleer;
 No eye like his to value horse or cow,
 Or gauge the contents of a stack or mow.
 He could foretell the weather at a word,
 He knew the haunt of every beast and bird,
 Or where a two-pound trout was sure to lie
 Waiting the flutter of his home-made fly;
 Nay, once in autumns five, he had the luck
 To drop at fair-play range a ten-tined buck.
 Of sportsmen true he favored every whim,
 But never cockney found a guide in him.
 A natural man, with all his instincts fresh,
 Not buzzing helpless in Reflection's mesh,
 Firm on its feet stood his broad-shouldered mind,
 As bluffly honest as a northwest wind;
 Hard-headed and soft-hearted, you 'd scarce meet
 A kinder mixture of the shrewd and sweet;
 Generous by birth, and ill at saying "No,"
 Yet in a bargain he was all men's foe,
 Would yield no inch of vantage in a trade,
 And give away ere nightfall all he made.

"In this one room his dame you never saw,
 Where reigned by custom old a salic law;
 Here coatless lolled he on his throne of oak,
 And every tongue was muffled if he spoke;
 Due mirth he loved, yet was his sway severe;
 No blear-eyed driveller got his stagger here;
 'Measure was happiness; who wanted more,
 Must buy his ruin at the Deacon's store';
 None but his lodgers after ten could stay,
 Nor after nine on eves of Sabbath-day.
 He had his favorites and his pensioners,
 The same that gypsy Nature owns for hers,—
 Loose-ended souls, whose skills bring scanty gold,
 And whom the poor-house catches when they're old;
 Rude country-minstrels, men who doctor kine,
 Or graft, and, out of scions ten, save nine;
 Creatures of genius they, but never meant
 To keep step with the civic regiment.
 These Ezra welcomed, feeling in his mind
 Perhaps some motions of the vagrant kind;
 These paid no money, yet for them he drew
 Special Jamaica from a tap they knew,
 And, for their feelings, chalked behind the door
 With solemn face a visionary score.
 This warmed the one-eyed fiddler to his task,
 Perched in the corner on an empty cask,
 By whose shrill art rapt suddenly, some boor
 Rattled a double-shuffle on the floor;
 This thawed to life in Uncle Reuben's throat

A torpid shoal of jest and anecdote,
Like those queer fish that doze the droughts away,
And wait for moisture, wrapt in sun-baked clay.

“’T was there I caught from Uncle Reuben’s lips,
In dribbling monologue ’twixt whiffs and sips,
The story I so long have tried to tell ;
The humor coarse, the persons common, — well,
From Nature only do I love to paint,
Whether she send a satyr or a saint ;
To me Sincerity’s the one thing good,
Soiled though she be and lost to maidenhood.
Quompegan is a town some ten miles south
From Jethro, at Nagumscot river-mouth, —
A seaport town, and makes its title good
With lumber and dried fish and eastern wood.
Here Deacon Bitters dwelt and kept the Store,
The richest man for many a mile of shore ;
In little less than everything dealt he,
From meeting-houses to a chest of tea,
So dextrous therewithal a flint to skin,
He could make profit on a single pin ;
In business strict, to bring the balance true,
He had been known to cut a fig in two
And change a board-nail for a shingle-nail.
All that he had he ready held for sale, —
His house, his tomb, whate’er the law allows,
And he had gladly parted with his spouse.
His one ambition still to get and get,
He would arrest your very ghost for debt.
His store looked righteous, should the Parson come,
But in a dark back-room he peddled rum,
And eased Ma’am Conscience, if she e’er would scold,
By christening it with water ere he sold.
A small, dry man he was, who wore a queue,
And one white neckcloth all the week-days through,
On Monday white, by Saturday as dun
As that worn homeward by the prodigal son ;
His earlocks gray, striped with a foxy brown,
Were braided up to hide a desert crown ;
His coat was brownish, black perhaps of yore ;
In summer-time a banyan loose he wore ;
His trousers short, through many a season true,
Made no pretence to hide his stockings blue ;
A waistcoat buff his chief adornment was,
Its porcelain buttons rimmed with dusky brass.
A deacon he, you saw it in each limb,
And well he knew to deacon-off a hymn,
Or lead the choir through all its wandering woes
With voice that gathered unction in his nose,
Wherein a constant snuffle you might hear,
As if with him ’t were winter all the year.
At his pew-head he sat with decorous pains,

In sermon-time could foot his weekly gains,
Or, with closed eyes and heaven-abstracted air,
Could plan a new investment in long-prayer;
A pious man and thrifty too, he made
The psalms and prophets partners in his trade,
And in his orthodoxy straitened more
As it enlarged the business at his store;
He honored Moses, but, when gain he planned,
Had his own notion of the Promised Land.

"Soon as the winter made the sledding good,
From far around the farmers hauled him wood,
For all the trade had gathered 'neath his thumb;
He paid in groceries and New England rum,
Making two profits with a conscience clear,
Cheap all he bought, and all he paid with dear;
With his own mete-wand measuring every load,
Each somehow had diminished on the road;
An honest cord in Jethro still would fail
By a good foot upon the Deacon's scale,
And, more to abate the price, his gimlet eye
Would pierce to catsticks that none else could spy;
Yet none dared grumble, for no farmer yet
But New Year found him in the Deacon's debt.

"While the first snow was mealy under feet
A team drawled creaking down Quompegan street;
Two cords of oak weighed down the grinding sled,
And cornstalk fodder rustled overhead;
The oxen's muzzles, as they shouldered through,
Were silver-fringed; the driver's own was blue
As the coarse frock that swung below his knee.
Behind his load for shelter waded he;
His mittened hands now on his chest he beat,
Now stamped the stiffened cowhides of his feet
Hushed as a ghost's; his armpit scarce could hold
The walnut whipstock slippery-bright with cold.
What wonder if, the tavern as he past,
He looked and longed and stayed his beasts at last,
Who patient stood and veiled themselves in steam
While he explored the bar-room's ruddy gleam?

"Before the fire, in want of thought profound,
There sat a brother-townsman weather-bound;
A sturdy churl, crisp-headed, bristly-eared,
Red as a pepper; 'twixt coarse brows and beard,
His eyes lay ambushed on the watch for fools,
Clear, gray, and glittering like two bay-edged pools;
A shifty creature, with a turn for fun,
Could swap a poor horse for a better one, —
He'd a high-stepper always in his stall;
Liked far and near, and dreaded therewithal.
To him the in-comer, 'Perez, how d' ye do?'

'Jest as I'm mind to, Obed; how do you?'
 Then, his eyes twinkling such swift gleams as run
 Along the levelled barrel of a gun
 Brought to his shoulder by a man you know
 Will bring his game down, he continued, 'So,
 I s'pose you're hauling wood? But you're too late;
 The Deacon's off; Old Splitfoot could n't wait;
 He made a bee-line last night in the storm
 To where he won't need wood to keep him warm.
 'Fore this he's treasurer of a fund to train
 Young imps as missionaries; hopes to gain
 That way a contract that he has in view
 For fireproof pitchforks of a pattern new.
 It must have tickled him, all drawbacks weighed,
 To think he stuck the Old One in a trade;
 His soul, to start with, was n't worth a carrot,
 And all he'd left would hardly serve to swear at.'

"By this time Obed had his wits thawed out,
 And, looking, at the other half in doubt,
 Took off his fox-skin cap to scratch his head,
 Donned it again, and drawled forth, 'Mean he's dead?'
 'Jes' so; he's dead and tother & that follers
 With folks that never love a thing but dollars;
 He pulled up stakes last evening, fair and square,
 And ever since there's been a row Down There;
 The minute the old chap arrived, you see,
 Comes the Boss-devil to him, and says he,
 "What are you good at? Little enough, I fear;
 We calculate to make folks useful here."
 "Well," says old Bitters, "I expect I can
 Scale a fair load of wood with e'er a man."
 "Wood we don't deal in; but perhaps you'll suit,
 Because we buy our brimstone by the foot:
 Here, take this measuring-rod as smooth as sin,
 And keep a reckoning of what loads come in;
 You'll not want business, for we need a lot
 To keep the Yankees that you send us hot;
 At firing up they're barely half as spry
 As Spaniards or Italians, though they're dry;
 At first we have to let the draught on stronger,
 But, heat 'em through, they seem to hold it longer."

"Bitters he took the rod, and pretty soon
 A teamster comes, whistling an ex-psalm tune.
 A likelier chap you would n't ask to see,
 No different, but his limp, from you or me—'
 'No different, Perez! Don't your memory fail?
 Why where in thunder were his horns and tail?'
 'They're only worn by some old-fashioned pokes;
 They mostly aim at looking just like folks.
 Such things are scarce as queues and topboots here;
 'T would spoil their usefulness to look too queer.'

If you could always know 'em when they come,
 They 'd get no purchase on you: now be mum.
 On came the teamster, smart as Davy Crockett,
 Jingling the red-hot coppers in his pocket,
 And close behind, ('t was gold-dust, you 'd ha' sworn,)
 A load of sulphur yellower than seed-corn,—
 To see it wasted as it is Down There,
 Would make a Friction Match Co. tear its hair! —
 "Hold on!" says Bitters, "stop right where you be;
 You can't go in without a pass from me."
 "All right," says t' other, "only step round smart,
 I must be home by noon-time with the cart."
 Bitters goes round it sharp-eyed as a rat,
 Then with a scrap of paper on his hat
 Pretends to cipher. "By the public staff
 That load scarce rises twelve foot and a half."
 "There 's fourteen foot and over," says the driver,
 "Worth twenty dollars, if it 's worth a stiver, —
 Good fourth-proof brimstone, that 'll make 'em squirm,
 I leave it to the Headman of the Firm;
 After we measure it, we always lay
 Some on to allow for settling on the way;
 Imp and full-grown, I 've carted sulphur here,
 And given fair satisfaction, thirty year."
 With that they fell to quarrelling so loud
 That in five minutes they had drawn a crowd,
 And before long the Boss, who heard the row,
 Comes elbowing in with "What 's to pay here now?"
 Both parties heard, the measuring-rod he takes,
 And of the load a careful survey makes.
 "Since I have bossed the business here," says he,
 "No fairer load was ever seen by me";
 Then, turning to the Deacon, "You mean cus,
 None of your old Quompegan tricks with us!
 They won't do here: we 're plain old-fashioned folks,
 And don't quite understand that kind of jokes.
 I know this teamster, and his pa before him,
 And the hard-working Mrs. D. that bore him;
 He would not soil his conscience with a lie,
 Though he might get the custom-house thereby.
 Here, constable, take Bitters by the queue
 And clap him into furnace ninety-two,
 And try this brimstone on him; if he 's bright,
 He 'll find the measure honest before night.
 He is n't worth his fuel, and I 'll bet
 The parish poor-house has to take him yet!"

"This is my tale, heard twenty years ago
 From Uncle Reuben, as the logs burned low,
 Touching the walls and ceiling with that bloom
 That make's a rose's calyx of a room.
 I could not give his language, wherethrough ran
 The gamy flavor of the bookless man

Who shapes a word before the fancy cools,
 As lonely Crusoe had to forge his tools.
 I liked the tale, 't was like so many told
 By Rutebeuf and his brother Trouvères bold ;
 Nor were the hearers much unlike to theirs,
 Men unsophisticate, rude-nerved as bears.
 Ezra is gone and his large-hearted kind,
 The landlords of the hospitable mind ;
 Good Warriner of Springfield was the last.
 An inn is now a vision of the past ;
 One yet-surviving host my mind recalls, —
 You 'll find him if you go to Trenton Falls."

A PLEA FOR CULTURE.

THEODORE PARKER somewhere says that in America every one gets a mouthful of education, but scarcely any one a full meal. It seems the defect of some of our recent debates on this subject, that, instead of remedying the starvation, the reformers propose to deduct from the dinner. The disputants appear to agree in assuming that an average Senior Sophister is a plethoric monster of learning, and that something must be done to take him down. For this end, some plan to remove his Greek and Latin, others his German, others again his mathematics, — all assuming it as a thing not to be tolerated, that one small head should carry all he knows.

Yet surely it needs but little actual observation of our college boys, in their more unguarded moments, — at the annual regatta, for instance, or among the young ladies on Class Day, — to mitigate the intensity of these fears. The Class Orator does not always impress us with any bewildering accumulation of mental attainments ; nor does the head of the Lazy Club appear to possess more of any branch of letters than he can hope, by reasonable non-industry, to forget within a single year. Because the standard of acquirement has been raised within a quarter of a century, it does not follow that it is

now very high, for our so-called universities were once but high-schools, and it was no uncommon thing for boys to graduate with honor at seventeen. I can easily recall three successive Harvard classes in which this happened. In one class, the first and second scholars were of this unripe age ; in another class, the second scholar ; while in the intermediate class a student obtained very respectable rank, though graduating at sixteen. Honors thus obtained were the honors of school-boys, and showed a boyish standard of attainment ; they gave no guaranty of real merit ; they implied nothing which it was not a disgrace to our culture to call scholarship. Yet academic laurels like these, with a year or two of professional study superadded, were all that America had then to give. He who wished for more must exile himself to find it, or must supply, as he best could, by solitary effort and with little encouragement, what should have been urged and pressed upon him by the full force of some great institution. To say that later years have amended these things a little, is to say something ; but the mass of our colleges are now where the highest then were. The advance in the means of education thus afforded in America bears no comparison with the advance in material wealth.

And how has it been with the other instrumentalities of American culture, during the last twenty-five years? Schools have been improved, periodical publications multiplied, libraries quadrupled, music and pictures made more accessible, at least in our larger cities. These are gains, to be balanced by a few losses. For instance, an institution which was once more potent than all of these for the intellectual training of the adult American has almost ceased to exist in its original form. The engrossing excitement of public affairs has nearly abolished the old "Lyceum," and put a political orator in the lecturer's place. Science and art have almost ceased to be subjects available for a popular lecture. Agassiz and Bayard Taylor, by dint of exceedingly rapid and continuous travelling, can still find a few regions which Americans will consent to hear described, outside of America; and a few wandering lecturers on geology still haunt the field, their discourses being almost coeval with their specimens. Emerson still makes his stately tour, through wondering Western towns, where an enterprising public spirit sometimes, it is said, plans a dance for the same evening in the same hall, — "Tickets to lecture and ball one dollar." Yet the fact remains, that nine addresses out of ten in every popular course are simply stump-speeches, more or less eloquent; and though an enlightened moral sentiment is doubtless the result of this change of diet, yet to science and art it is almost a total loss. Take away the Lowell and the Cooper Institutes, and all our progress in wealth has secured for the public no increased means of intellectual culture through lectures.

Now there are two aspects to all material successes. They are sublime or base only as they prepare the way for higher triumphs, or displace them. Horace Mann lamented that in European exhibitions the fine arts were always assigned a more conspicuous place than the useful arts. Theodore Parker complained that in Rome

the studios were better than the carpenters' shops. Both exulted in the thought that in America these things were better ordered; and both therein approached the verge of concessions which would sacrifice the noblest aims of man. For carpentry and upholstery, good as a beginning, are despicable as an ending. What cultivated person would not prefer poorer lodgings and better galleries? I remember that, many years since, in a crowded country-house, I slept one night on the floor beneath Retzsch's copy of the Sistine Madonna, — then perhaps the loveliest work of art on this continent. As I lay and watched the silent moonbeams enter and rest upon the canvas, I felt that my share of the hospitality was after all the best. The couch might be comfortable, but the dreams were divine. It is such a hospitality that one wishes, after all, from the age in which he lives.

Culture is the training and finishing of the whole man, until he sees physical demands to be merely secondary, and pursues science and art as objects of intrinsic worth. It undoubtedly places the fine arts above the useful arts, in a certain sense, and is willingly impoverished in material comforts, if it can thereby obtain nobler living. When this impulse takes the form of a reactionary distrust of the whole spirit of the age, it is unhealthy and morbid. In its healthy form, it simply keeps alive the conviction that the life is more than meat; and so supplies that counterpoise to mere wealth which Europe vainly seeks to secure by aristocracies of birth.

So far as our colleges go, what is needed seems tolerably plain. Our educational system requires a process of addition, not of subtraction; not to save our children from the painful necessity of studying this or that, but to gain for them the opportunity of studying that and more, in their own way. The demand for high culture outruns the supply. This is proved by the palpable fact, that more and more pupils are sent to Europe for instruction, every year; and more from the West-

ern States than from the Eastern. There are more and more young men of fortune whose parents will not stint them in education, at least; more and more poor young men, who will live on bread and water, if need be, to gain knowledge. What we need is the opportunity of high culture somewhere,—that there should be some place in America where a young man may go and study anything that kindles his enthusiasm, and find there instrumentalities to help the flame. As it is now, the maximum range of study in most of our colleges leaves a young man simply with a good preparation for Germany, while the minimum leaves him very ill prepared for America. What we need is a university. Whether this is to be a new creation, or something reared on the foundations now laid at Cambridge, or New Haven, or Ann Arbor, is unimportant. Until we have it somewhere, our means of culture are still provincial.

Grant this one assumption, that we need a university, and then almost all the recent discussions on the subject seem to be merely questions of detail. There is small difficulty about discipline or selection of studies, when an institution undertakes to deal with men, not children, and assumes that they have come to learn, and not to be feruled. Give young men the opportunity to study anything which anybody in the land knows, and then the various departments will rest upon their own merits, and students will direct their course as parents direct, example influences, or genius guides. But compel them to give their time to something which neither they nor their parents desire, and the result will be ignorance, broken windows, and the torturing of Freshmen.

A more difficult point of detail, perhaps, will be to determine how much account should be made, in organizing such a university, of our present undergraduate system. My own impression is, that the true basis of the future university must be the professional schools, and that what is now called distinctive-

ly the College must shrink into a preparatory department, instead of being accepted, as now, for the full sum of a liberal education. Even the professional schools are not yet liberal enough, and their very name indicates that they are founded with a view to certain avocations, and not with a view to culture. It was a misfortune, in this respect, when the Scientific School at Cambridge abandoned its projected departments of Latin and Greek; for these might have led the way (as at New Haven) to Philology, History, and Metaphysics, and would have helped to save science from being confounded with mere technological training. On the other hand, the recent organization of an Academical Senate at Cambridge for the general government of all departments, and the introduction of University Lectures, are a great step towards giving us the larger system which the nation needs.

The error committed in our colleges of making Latin and Greek compulsory, and therefore unattractive, should not make us forget that this is, after all, an error in the direction of high culture, and one more pardonable in America than anywhere else. These languages are a perpetual protest against the strong tendency to make all American education hasty and superficial. They stand for a learning which makes no money, but helps to make men. Astronomy, metaphysics, the higher mathematics, and the critical or literary study of the modern languages, have the same advantage; but the Latin and Greek tongues represent this culture best. For they remain still synonymous with accurate linguistic training, and with the study of *form* in literature. Compared with these, all modern languages are undeniably loose in structure, deficient in models, and destitute of the apparatus of critical study. It is certainly unfortunate that it is so, but there is the fact. To suppose the modern languages used in education as we now use the ancient, would imply the complete transformation of the former, — their structure, their literary models,

their text-books, and their teachers. I know of no institution in America where this change is even attempted, of none where they are taught except as accomplishments. Nor is it apparent how they could be so taught with any existing instrumentalities. A man may speak a dozen dialects as fluently as a European courier, and yet know as little as the courier knows of the principles of language. Whereas it is impossible for any boy to have faithfully learned the simplest manual of Latin or Greek grammar without having laid some foundation for systematic philology.

And as for the literary value of these languages, I will go still further, and with especial reference to that which there is most disposition to banish from use, the Greek. It certainly is not a hasty or boyish judgment on my part, nor yet one in which pedantry or servility can have much to do, when I deliberately avow the belief that the Greek literature is still so entirely unequalled among the accumulated memorials of the world, that it seems to differ from all others in kind rather than in degree, and that even a very superficial knowledge of it is worth much. In writing this, I am thinking less of Plato than of Homer, and not more of Homer than of the dramatic and lyric poets. So far from the knowledge of other literatures tending to depreciate the Greek, it seems to me that no one can adequately value this who has not come back to it after long study of the others. Ampère, that master of French prose, has hardly overstated the truth when he says that the man best versed in all other books must say, after all, in returning to a volume of Homer or Sophocles, — "Here is beauty, true and sovereign; its like was never written among men, — *Voilà la beauté véritable et souveraine; jamais il ne s'est écrit rien de pareil chez les hommes.*" I do not see how there could possibly be a list of the dozen masterpieces of the world's literature, of which at least one half should not be Greek. And,

indeed, when one considers the mere vehicle, the language itself, one must remember that there is no more possibility of arbitrary choice in languages than in stones; and Greek, the native tongue of sculptors, is the only tongue that has the texture of marble.

Perhaps every man of studious habits, growing occasionally impatient of the healthful practical duties which American life involves, has his own whim as to his imaginary employments in case illness or other interference should deny him even the action of the pen, and throw him entirely upon books. I can remember a time, for one, when the State prison would have looked rather alluring to me, if it had guaranteed a copy of the *Mécanique Céleste*, with full leisure to read it. But foremost among such fantastic attractions are those which obtained actual control over that English clergyman, described in Hogg's *Life of Shelley*, who had for his one sole aim in existence the reiterated perusal of a three years' course of Greek books. He had no family, scarcely any professional duties, a moderate income, and perfect health. He took his three meals a day and his two short walks; and all the rest of his waking hours, for thirty years, he gave to Greek. No; he read a newspaper once a week, and two or three times a year he read a few pages of Virgil and Cicero, just to satisfy himself that it was a waste of time for a man who could read Greek to read their writings. On Sunday he read the Septuagint and the New Testament. From his three years' course of authors he never deviated; when they were ended, he began again. The only exception was Homer, whose works were read every year during a summer vacation of a month at the sea-shore, — "the proper place to read Homer," he said. "I read a book of the *Iliad* every day before dinner, and a book of the *Odyssey* daily after dinner. In a month there are twenty-four week-days; there being twenty-four books in each poem, it just does it. . . . I throw in the Hymns, — there are commonly two or

three rainy days in the four weeks when I cannot take a walk."

It is hard to imagine a life which would seem to most Americans more utterly misspent than this. Misspent it was, but how harmlessly and how happily! What pure delight, what freedom from perturbation and care, when a dictionary and a dozen books furnished luxury for a lifetime! What were wealth and fame, peerages and palaces, to him who had all *Æschylus* for a winter residence, and *Homer* for the seaside! And a culture which seems remotest from practical ends may not only thus furnish exhaustless intellectual enjoyment, but may educate one's æsthetic perceptions to the very highest point.

But I repeat, that all preference as to department of study is a secondary and incidental matter, and the special student of any pursuit will have sympathies with the devotees of all others. The essential thing is, that we should recognize, as a nation, the value of all culture, and resolutely organize it into our institutions. As a stimulus to this we must constantly bear in mind, and cheerfully acknowledge, that American literature is not yet copious, American scholarship not profound, American society not highly intellectual, and the American style of execution, in all high arts, yet hasty and superficial. It is not true, as our plain-speaking friend Von Humboldt said, that "the United States are a dead level of mediocrities"; but it is undoubtedly true that our brains as yet lie chiefly in our machine-shops. Make what apology we please for the defect, it still remains; while what the world asks of us is not excuses for failure, but facts of success. When Europe comes to America for culture, instead of America's thronging to Europe, the fact will publish itself, and the discussion cease. There is no debate about our reapers and sewing-machines.

No candid person can compare the trade-lists of American publishers with those received from England, France, and Germany, without admitting that

we are hardly yet to be ranked among the productive nations in literature. There are single works, and there are individual authors; but the readiness with which their names suggest themselves shows how exceptional they are. They represent no considerable literary class, scarcely even a cultivated class. Till Emerson came, we were essentially provincial in the tone of our thought; provincial in attainments we still are. One rarely sees in America, outside the professions, a man who gives any large portion of his life to study; and the professions themselves are with us mainly branches of practical activity, not intellectual pursuits. This is true even of the clergy, and of lawyers and physicians still more. They are absorbed, perhaps inevitably, in the practical side of their professions. I was a member, for some time, of a flourishing local Natural History Society, which counted among its active members but one of the numerous physicians of the city where it was formed. A college president, who had been long officially connected with the leading lawyers of Boston, once stated it to me as an axiom, "No eminent lawyer ever reads a book."

The chief discouragement of American literature does not seem to me to lie in the want of an international copyright law, as some think, nor in the fact that other pursuits bid higher prices. These are subordinate things, for there will always be men like Palissy, who will starve self and wife and children, if need be, for the sake of their dream. Nor is it from the want of libraries and collections; for these are beginning to exist, and nature exists always. The true, great want is of an atmosphere of sympathy in intellectual aims. An artist can afford to be poor, but not to be companionless. It is not well that he should feel pressing on him, in addition to his own doubt whether he can achieve a certain work, the weight of the public doubt whether it be worth achieving. No one can live entirely on his own ideal. The man who is compelled by his constitution to view literature as

an art is more lonely in America than even the painter or the sculptor; and he has no Italy for a refuge. His practical life may be developed by the activity around him; his aims may be ennobled by the great ideas of his nation; and so far all is well. It is only his artistic inspiration that lies dormant, and his power of execution that misses its full training. A man of healthy nature can, indeed, find a certain tonic in this cool atmosphere; it is only a question whether more perfect works of art may not one day be produced, amid more genial surroundings. Firm must be the will, patient the heart, passionate the aspiration, to secure the fulfilment of some high and lonely purpose, when reverie spreads always its beds of roses on the one side, and practical work summons to its treadmill on the other.

Whatever may have been the case in De Tocqueville's day, — and his report of us, thirty-five years old, seems to be almost the latest intelligence that has reached Europe, — there is certainly now no danger that public life will not have sufficient attractions for cultivated Americans. There is more danger that it will absorb them too much. Why should we insist, like Nick Bottom the weaver, on playing all the parts? The proper paths of the statesman and the artist may often touch, but will rarely coincide. It is not that politics are so unworthy, but that no one man can do everything. There are a thousand rough-hewn brains which can well perform the plain work which American statesmanship now demands, without calling on the artist to cut blocks with his razor. His shrinking is not cowardice; this relief from glaring publicity is the natural condition under which works of art mature. The crystal forms by its own laws, and the granite by its own. Yet moments constantly occur to the American student, when he has to bind himself to the mast, like Farragut, to resist the dazzling temptations of paths alien to his own. What is art, what is beauty, (he is tempted to say,) beside the magnificent utilities of Amer-

ican life, — the work of distributing over a continent the varied treasures already gained? Why hold against the current, when even one's prospects of immediate usefulness lie with the current, and even conscience joins, half shrinking, to lure him from his plighted faith? In Europe art is a career, the greatest and most permanent career. History lies around us, a perpetual incentive, since art has everywhere survived all else, and proved itself alone immortal. But here art is still an alien, tolerated, protected, respected even, but without a vote.

What we thus miss in literary culture may be best explained by showing the result of the universal political culture which we possess. It is often noticed that, while the leaders of public affairs in America are usually what are called self-made men, this is not the case with our literary leaders. Among first-class American writers, culture is usually in the second generation; they have usually "tumbled about in a library," as Holmes says, in childhood; at all events, they are usually college-bred men. It has been remarked, for instance, that our eight foremost historians — assuming that this list comprises Prescott, Motley, Bancroft, Hildreth, Sparks, Ticknor, Palfrey, Parkman — were all college graduates, and indeed graduated at a single college. The choice of names may be open to question, but the general fact is undoubted.

Now if it be true that there are fewer among us who rise from the ranks in literature than in politics, it seems not merely to indicate that literature, as being a finer product than statesmanship, implies more elaborate training; but also that our institutions guarantee such training in the one case, and not in the other. Every American boy imbibes political knowledge through the pores of his skin; every newspaper, every caucus, contributes to his instruction; and he is expected to have mature convictions before he is fourteen. In the height of the last Presidential contest, a little boy was hung out of a school window by his heels,

within my knowledge, because his small comrades disapproved his political sentiments. For higher intellectual pursuits there are not only no such penalties among us, but there are no such opportunities. Yet in Athens—with its twenty thousand statues, with the tragedies of *Æschylus* enacted for civic prizes, and the histories of *Herodotus* read at the public games—a boy could no more grow up ignorant of art than he could here remain untrained in politics.

When we are once convinced that this result is desirable, we shall begin to feel the worth of our accumulated wealth. That is true of wealth which *Talleyrand* said of wisdom, — *everybody* is richer than *anybody*. The richest man in the world cannot afford the parks, the edifices, the galleries, the libraries, which this community can have for itself, whenever it chooses to create them. The Central Park in New York, the Public Library at Boston, the Museum of Comparative Zoölogy at Cambridge,—these are steps towards a more than Athenian culture. These institutions open their vast privileges, free from that sting of selfishness which the private monopolizer feels. Public enthusiasm is roused to sustain them, gifts flow in upon them, and they ennoble the common life around. It was claimed for Athens, that wealth could buy few facilities for culture which poverty did not also share. I take it, we aim at least to secure for the poorest American opportunities such as no wealth could buy in Europe. It may take centuries to accomplish it, but it can be done.

And it will not take so long as one might imagine. Although the great intellectual institutions of Europe are often nominally ancient, yet their effective life has been chiefly in the last few centuries. A hundred years ago, the British Museum and the Bodleian Library had each but about ten thousand volumes. The Imperial Library at Paris had then but fifty thousand, and the present century has added the most valuable half of its seven hundred thou-

sand books. At the time of our Revolution, there were but three public galleries of art in Europe; and the Louvre, "the chief attraction of the most attractive city of the world," is of later origin. One half of the leading German universities are younger than Harvard College. With the immense wealth accumulating in America, and the impulse inherent in democracies to identify one's own name and successes with the common weal, such institutions will rise among us like *Aladdin's* palace, when public spirit is once thoroughly turned that way.

For we must carefully distinguish between a want of cultivated sympathy with the higher intellectual pursuits, and a want of popular respect for them. It is this distinction which relieves the American people from the imputation of materialism. I solemnly believe that no race of practical laborers since the world began was ever so ready to feel respect for those higher pursuits to which it could as yet give no time. The test of a people is not in its occupations, but in its heroes. Whose photographs are for sale in the shop-windows? I remember to have observed with delight, in a trade-list of photographic likenesses which reached me while in camp, that even in the very height of the war the civilians outnumbered the soldiers. Who are these civilians? There is not a millionaire among them; scarcely a man eminent in mere business pursuits; scarcely a man whose fame is based on his income. They are statesmen, preachers, lecturers, poets,—men who stand low on the income-lists, and high only on the scale of intangible services,—heroes whose popularity is often exaggerated in quantity, no doubt, but in its quality always honorable. The community seeks wealth, but it knows how to respect its public men who are poor through honesty, or its scholars who are poor for the sake of knowledge. *Agassiz* never said anything which more endeared him to the mass of his adopted fellow-countrymen, than when he declined a profitable lecturing en-

gement on the ground that he had no time to make money.

Such a community is at least building the nursery whence artists may be born. All that institutions can do is to saturate the mass with culture, and give a career to genius when it comes. Great men are rarely isolated mountain peaks; they are the summits of ranges. The thought of a century seems to posterity to have been intrusted to very few minds, but those minds have always been fed by a myriad minds unseen. Why ask whether there was one Homer or a hundred? The hundred contributed their lives, their hopes, their passions, their despairs, to enrich the one. Genius is lonely without the surrounding presence of a people to inspire it. How sad seems the intellectual isolation of Voltaire with his "*Le peuple n'est rien.*" To have loved America is a liberal education. Let the student think with reverence of the value of this great race to him, and of his possible worth to it, though his very name be forgotten. Every act of his may be a solid contribution towards a nation's training.

But as the value of a nation to the human race does not depend upon its wealth or numbers, so it does not depend even upon the distribution of elementary knowledge, but upon the high-water mark of its highest mind. Before the permanent tribunal, copyists and popularizers count for nothing, and even the statistics of common schools are of secondary value. So long as the sources of art and science are still Transatlantic, we are still a province, not a nation. For these are the highest pursuits of man, — higher than trades or professions, higher than statesmanship, far higher than war. Jean Paul said: "Schiller and Herder were both destined for physicians, but Providence said, No, there are deeper wounds than those of the body, — and so they both became authors." "After all," said Rufus Choate, at the zenith of his professional success, "a book is the only immortality."

It is observable that in English books and magazines everything seems written for some limited circle, — tales for those who can speak French, essays for those who can understand a Latin quotation. But every American writer must address himself to a vast audience, possessing the greatest quickness and common-sense, with but little culture; and he must command their attention as he may. This has some admirable results: one must put some life into what he writes, or his thirty million auditors will go to sleep; he must write clearly, or they will cease to follow him; must keep clear of pedantry and unknown tongues, or they will turn to some one who can address them in English. On the other hand, these same conditions tempt one to accept a low standard of execution, to substitute artifice for art, and to disregard the more permanent verdict of more select tribunals. The richest thought and the finest literary handling which America has yet produced — as of Emerson, Hawthorne, and Thoreau — reached at first but a small audience, and are but very gradually attaining a wider hold. Rénan has said that every man's work is superficial, until he has learned to content himself with the approbation of a few. This is only one half the truth; but it is the half which Americans find hardest to remember.

But American literature, though its full harvest be postponed for another hundred years, is sure to come to ripeness at last. Our national development in this direction, though slow, is perfectly healthy. There are many influences to retard, but none to distort. Even if the more ideal aims of the artist are treated with indifference, it is a frank indifference; there is no contempt, no jealousy, no call for petty manœuvres. No man is asked to flatter this vast audience; no man can succeed by flattering; it simply reserves its attention, and lets one obtain its ear if he can. When won, it is worth the winning, — generous in its confidence, noble in its rewards. There is abun-

dant cause for strenuous effort among those who give their lives to the intellectual service of America, but there is no cause for fear. If we can only avoid incorporating superficiality into our institutions, literature will come when all is ready, and when it comes will be of the best. It is not enough to make England or France our standard. There is something in the present atmosphere of England which seems fatal to genius: its fruits do not mature and mellow, but grow more and more acid until they drop. Give Ruskin space enough, and he grows frantic and beats the air like Carlyle; and Browning's last volume is scarcely better. Thackeray was tinged with the same bitterness, but he was the last Englishman who could be said, in any artistic sense, to have a style; as Heine was the last German. The French seems the only prose literature of the present day in which the element of form has any prominent place; and literature in France is after all but a favored slave. This surely leaves a clear field for America.

But it is peculiarly important for us to remember that we can make no progress through affectation or spasm, only by accepting the essential laws of art, which are the same for the whole human race. Any misconceived patronage—to call anything art merely because it interests us as American—must react against us in the end. A certain point of culture once reached, we become citizens of the world. Art is higher than nations, older than many centuries; its code includes no local or partial provisions. No Paris Exposition is truly universal, compared with that vast gallery of Time to which nations and ages are but contributors. So far as circumstances excuse America from being yet amenable before this high tribunal, she is safe; but if she enters its jurisdiction, she must own its laws. Neither man nor nation can develop by defying traditions, but by first mastering and then remoulding them. That genius is feeble which

cannot hold its own before the masterpieces of the world.

Above all other races and all other times, we should be full of hearty faith. It is but a few years since we heard it said that the age was dull and mean, and inspiration gone. A single gunshot turned meanness to self-sacrifice, mercenary toil to the vigils of the camp and the transports of battle. It linked boyish and girlish life to new opportunities, sweeter self-devotions, more heroic endings; tied and loosed the threads of existence in profounder complications. That is all past now; but its results can never pass. The nation has found its true grandeur by war, but must retain it in peace.

Peace too has its infinite resources, after a nation has once become conscious of itself. It is impossible that human life should ever be utterly impoverished, and all the currents of American civilization now tend to its enrichment. This vast development of rudimentary intellect, this mingling of nationalities, these opportunities of books and travel, educate in this new race a thousand new susceptibilities. Then comes Passion, a hand straying freely through all the chords, and thrilling all with magic. We cannot exclude it, a forbidden guest. It re-creates itself in each generation, and bids art live. *Rouge gagne*. If the romance of life does not assert itself in safe and innocent ways, it finds its outlet with fatal certainty in guilt; as we see colorless Puritanism touched with scarlet glory through the glass of Hawthorne. Every form of human life is romantic; every age may become classic. Lamentations, doubts, discouragements, all are wasted things. Everything is here, between these Atlantic and Pacific shores, save only the perfected utterance that comes with years. Between Shakespeare in his cradle and Shakespeare in Hamlet there was needed but an interval of time, and the same sublime condition is all that lies between the America of toil and the America of art.

HENRY WARD BEECHER'S CHURCH.

IS there anything in America more peculiar to America, or more curious in itself, than one of our "fashionable" Protestant churches, — such as we see in New York, on the Fifth Avenue and in the adjacent streets? The lion and the lamb in the Millennium will not lie down together more lovingly than the Church and the World have blended in these singular establishments. We are far from objecting to the coalition, but note it only as something curious, new, and interesting.

We enter an edifice, upon the interior of which the upholsterer and the cabinet-maker have exhausted the resources of their trades. The word "subdued" describes the effect at which those artists have aimed. The woods employed are costly and rich, but usually of a sombre hue, and, though elaborately carved, are frequently unpolished. The light which comes through the stained windows, or through the small diamond panes, is of that description which Mr. Verplanck, in an unfortunate moment, styled "dim, religious." Every part of the floor is thickly carpeted. The pews differ little from sofas, except in being more comfortable, and the cushions for the feet or the knees are as soft as hair and cloth can make them. It is a fashion, at present, to put the organ out of sight, and to have a clock so unobtrusive as not to be observed. Galleries are now viewed with an unfriendly eye by the projectors of churches, and they are going out of use. Everything in the way of conspicuous lighting apparatus, such as the gorgeous and dazzling chandeliers of fifteen years ago, and the translucent globes of later date, is discarded, and an attempt is sometimes made to hide the vulgar fact that the church is ever open in the evening. In a word, the design of the fashionable church-builder of the present moment is to produce a richly furnished, quietly adorned, dimly illuminated, eccle-

siastical parlor, in which a few hundred ladies and gentlemen, attired in kindred taste, may sit perfectly at their ease, and see no object not in harmony with the scene around them.

To say that the object of these costly and elegant arrangements is to repel poor people would be a calumny. On the contrary, persons who show by their dress and air that they exercise the less remunerative vocations are as politely shown to seats as those who roll up to the door in carriages, and the presence of such persons is desired, and, in many instances, systematically sought. Nevertheless, the poor are repelled. They know they cannot pay their proportion of the expense of maintaining such establishments, and they do not wish to enjoy what others pay for. Everything in and around the church seems to proclaim it a kind of exclusive ecclesiastical club, designed for the accommodation of persons of ten thousand dollars a year, and upward. Or it is as though the carriages on the Road to Heaven were divided into first-class, second-class, and third-class, and a man either takes the one that accords with his means, or denies himself the advantage of travelling that road, or prefers to trudge along on foot, an independent wayfarer.

It is Sunday morning, and the doors of this beautiful drawing-room are thrown open. Ladies dressed with subdued magnificence glide in, along with some who have not been able to leave at home the showier articles of their wardrobe. Black silk, black velvet, black lace, relieved by intimations of brighter colors, and by gleams from half-hidden jewelry, are the materials most employed. Gentlemen in uniform of black cloth and white linen announce their coming by the creaking of their boots, quenched in the padded carpeting. It cannot be said of these churches, as Mr. Carlyle remarked of certain London ones, that a pistol could be

fired into a window across the church without much danger of hitting a Christian. The attendance is not generally very large; but as the audience is evenly distributed over the whole surface, it looks larger than it is. In a commercial city everything is apt to be measured by the commercial standard, and accordingly a church numerically weak, but financially strong, ranks, in the estimation of the town, not according to its number of souls, but its number of dollars. We heard a fine young fellow, last summer, full of zeal for everything high and good, conclude a glowing account of a sermon by saying that it was the direct means of adding to the church a capital of one hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars. He meant nothing low or mercenary: he honestly exulted in the fact that the power and influence attached to the possession of one hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars were thenceforward to be exerted on behalf of objects which he esteemed the highest. If therefore the church before our view cannot boast of a numerous attendance, it more than consoles itself by the reflection, that there are a dozen names of talismanic power in Wall Street on its list of members.

"But suppose the Doctor should leave you?" objected a friend of ours to a trustee, who had been urging him to buy a pew in a fashionable church.

"Well, my dear sir," was the business-like reply; "suppose he should. We should immediately engage the very first talent which money can command."

We can hardly help taking this simple view of things in rich commercial cities. Our worthy trustee merely put the thing on the correct basis. He frankly *said* what every church *does*, ought to do, and must do. He stated a universal fact in the plain and sensible language to which he was accustomed. In the same way, these business-like Christians have borrowed the language of the Church, and speak of men who are "good" for a million.

The congregation is assembled. The low mumble of the organ ceases. A female voice rises melodiously above the rustle of dry-goods and the whispers of those who wear them. So sweet and powerful is it, that a stranger might almost suppose it borrowed from the choir of heaven; but the inhabitants of the town recognize it as one they have often heard at concerts or at the opera; and they listen critically, as to a professional performance, which it is. It is well that highly artificial singing prevents the hearer from catching the words of the song; for it *would* have rather an odd effect to hear rendered, in the modern Italian style, such plain, straightforward words as these:—

"Can sinners hope for heaven
Who love this world so well?
Or dream of future happiness
While on the road to hell?"

The performance, however, is so exquisite that we do not think of these things, but listen in rapture to the voice alone. When the lady has finished her stanza, a noble barytone, also recognized as professional, takes up the strain, and performs a stanza, solo; at the conclusion of which, four voices, in enchanting accord, breathe out a third. It is evident that the "first talent that money can command" has been "engaged" for the entertainment of the congregation; and we are not surprised when the information is proudly communicated that the music costs a hundred and twenty dollars per Sunday.

What is very surprising and well worthy of consideration is, that this beautiful music does not "draw." In our roving about among the noted churches of New York,—of the kind which "engage the first talent that money can command,"—we could never see that the audience was much increased by expensive professional music. On the contrary, we can lay it down as a general rule, that the costlier the music, the smaller is the average attendance. The afternoon service at Trinity Church, for example, is little more than a delightful gratuitous concert of boys, men, and organ; and the

spectacle of the altar brilliantly lighted by candles is novel and highly picturesque. The sermon also is of the fashionable length, — twenty minutes; and yet the usual afternoon congregation is about two hundred persons. Those celestial strains of music, — well, they enchant the ear, if the ear happens to be within hearing of them; but somehow they do not furnish a continuous attraction.

When this fine prelude is ended, the minister's part begins; and, unless he is a man of extraordinary bearing and talents, every one present is conscious of a kind of lapse in the tone of the occasion. Genius composed the music; the "first talent" executed it; the performance has thrilled the soul, and exalted expectation; but the voice now heard may be ordinary, and the words uttered may be homely, or even common. No one unaccustomed to the place can help feeling a certain incongruity between the language heard and the scene witnessed. Everything we see is modern; the words we hear are ancient. The preacher speaks of "humble believers," and we look around and ask, Where are they? Are these costly and elegant persons humble believers? Far be it from us to intimate that they are not; we are speaking only of their appearance, and its effect upon a casual beholder. The clergyman reads,

"Come, let *us* join in sweet accord,"

and straightway four hired performers execute a piece of difficult music, to an audience sitting passive. He discourses upon the "pleasures of the world," as being at war with the interests of the soul; and, while a severe sentence to this effect is coming from his lips, down the aisle marches the sexton, showing some stranger to a seat, who is a professional master of the revels. He expresses, perchance, a fervent desire that the heathen may be converted to Christianity, and we catch ourselves saying, "Does he mean *this* sort of thing?" When we pronounce the word Christianity, it calls up recol-

lections and associations that do not exactly harmonize with the scene around us. We think rather of the fishermen of Palestine, on the lonely sea-shore; of the hunted fugitives of Italy and Scotland; we think of it as something lowly, and suited to the lowly, — a refuge for the forsaken and the defeated, not the luxury of the rich and the ornament of the strong. It may be an infirmity of our mind; but we experience a certain difficulty in realizing that the sumptuous and costly apparatus around us has anything in common with what we have been accustomed to think of as Christianity.

Sometimes, the incongruity reaches the point of the ludicrous. We recently heard a very able and well-intentioned preacher, near the Fifth Avenue, ask the ladies before him whether they were in the habit of speaking to their female attendants about their souls' salvation, — particularly those who dressed their hair. He especially mentioned the hair-dressers; because, as he truly remarked, ladies are accustomed to converse with those *artistes*, during the operation of hair-dressing, on a variety of topics; and the opportunity was excellent to say a word on the one most important. This incident perfectly illustrates what we mean by the seeming incongruity between the ancient cast of doctrine and the modernized people to whom it is preached. We have heard sermons in fashionable churches in New York, laboriously prepared and earnestly read, which had nothing in them of the modern spirit, contained not the most distant allusion to modern modes of living and sinning, had no suitability whatever to the people or the time, and from which everything that could rouse or interest a human soul living on Manhattan Island in the year 1867 seemed to have been purposely pruned away. And perhaps, if a clergyman really has no message to deliver, his best course is to utter a jargon of nothings.

Upon the whole, the impression left upon the mind of the visitor to the

fashionable church is, that he has been looking, not upon a living body, but a decorated image.

It may be, however, that the old conception of a Christian church, as the one place where all sorts and conditions of men came together to dwell upon considerations interesting to all equally, is not adapted to modern society, wherein one man differs from another in knowledge even more than a king once differed from a peasant in rank. When all were ignorant, a mass chanted in an unknown tongue, and a short address warning against the only vices known to ignorant people, sufficed for the whole community. But what form of service can be even imagined, that could satisfy Bridget, who cannot read, and her mistress, who comes to church cloyed with the dainties of half a dozen literatures? Who could preach a sermon that would hold attentive the man saturated with Buckle, Mill, Spencer, Thackeray, Emerson, Humboldt, and Agassiz, and the man whose only literary recreation is the dime novel? In the good old times, when terror was latent in every soul, and the preacher had only to deliver a very simple message, pointing out the one way to escape endless torture, a very ordinary mortal could arrest and retain attention. But this resource is gone forever, and the modern preacher is thrown upon the resources of his own mind and talent. There is great difficulty here, and it does not seem likely to diminish. It may be, that never again, as long as time shall endure, will ignorant and learned, masters and servants, poor and rich, feel themselves at home in the same church.

At present we are impressed, and often oppressed, with the too evident fact, that neither the intelligent nor the uninstructed souls are so well ministered to, in things spiritual, as we could imagine they might be. The fashionable world of New York goes to church every Sunday morning with tolerable punctuality, and yet it seems to drift rapidly toward Paris. What it usually hears at church does not ap-

pear to exercise controlling influence over its conduct or its character.

Among the churches about New York to which nothing we have said applies, the one that presents the strongest contrast to the fashionable church is Henry Ward Beecher's. Some of the difficulties resulting from the altered state of opinion in recent times have been overcome there, and an institution has been created which appears to be adapted to the needs, as well as to the tastes, of the people frequenting it. We can at least say of it, that it is a living body, and *not* a decorated image.

For many years, this church upon Brooklyn Heights has been, to the best of the visitors to the metropolis, the most interesting object in or near it. Of Brooklyn itself,—a great assemblage of residences, without much business or stir,—it seems the animating soul. We have a fancy, that we can tell by the manner and bearing of an inhabitant of the place whether he attends this church or not; for there is a certain joyousness, candor, and democratic simplicity about the members of that congregation, which might be styled Beecherian, if there were not a better word. This church is simply the most characteristic thing of America. If we had a foreigner in charge to whom we wished to reveal this country, we should like to push him in, hand him over to one of the brethren who perform the arduous duty of providing seats for visitors, and say to him: "There, stranger, you have arrived; *this* is the United States, the New Testament, Plymouth Rock, and the Fourth of July,—*this* is what they have brought us to. What the next issue will be, no one can tell; but this is about what we are at present."

We cannot imagine what the brethren could have been thinking about when they ordered the new bell that hangs in the tower of Plymouth Church. It is the most superfluous article in the known world. The New-Yorker who steps on board the Fulton ferry-boat about ten o'clock on Sunday morning

finds himself accompanied by a large crowd of people who bear the visible stamp of strangers, who are going to Henry Ward Beecher's church. You can pick them out with perfect certainty. You see the fact in their countenances, in their dress, in their demeanor, as well as hear it in words of eager expectation. They are the kind of people who regard wearing-apparel somewhat in the light of its utility, and are not crushed by their clothes. They are the sort of people who take the "Tribune," and get up courses of lectures in the country towns. From every quarter of Brooklyn, in street cars and on foot, streams of people are converging toward the same place. Every Sunday morning and evening, rain or shine, there is the same concourse, the same crowd at the gates before they are open, and the same long, laborious effort to get thirty-five hundred people into a building that will seat but twenty-seven hundred. Besides the ten or twelve members of the church who volunteer to assist in this labor, there is employed a force of six policemen at the doors, to prevent the multitude from choking all ingress. Seats are retained for their proprietors until ten minutes before the time of beginning; after that the strangers are admitted. Mr. Buckle, if he were with us still, would be pleased to know that his doctrine of averages holds good in this instance; since every Sunday about a churchful of persons come to this church, so that not many who come fail to get in.

There is nothing of the ecclesiastical drawing-room in the arrangements of this edifice. It is a very plain brick building, in a narrow street of small, pleasant houses, and the interior is only striking from its extent and convenience. The simple, old-fashioned design of the builder was to provide seats for as many people as the space would hold; and in executing this design, he constructed one of the finest interiors in the country, since the most pleasing and inspiring spectacle that human eyes ever behold in this world is such an assembly as fills this church. The

audience is grandly displayed in those wide, rounded galleries, surging up high against the white walls, and scooped out deep in the slanting floor, leaving the carpeted platform the vortex of an arrested whirlpool. Often it happens that two or three little children get lodged upon the edge of the platform, and sit there on the carpet among the flowers during the service, giving to the picture a singularly pleasing relief, as though they and the bouquets had been arranged by the same skilful hand, and for the same purpose. And it seems quite natural and proper that children should form part of so bright and joyous an occasion. Behind the platform rises to the ceiling the huge organ, of dark wood and silvered pipes, with fans of trumpets pointing heavenward from the top. This enormous toy occupies much space that could be better filled, and is only less superfluous than the bell; but we must pardon and indulge a foible. We could never see that Mr. Forrest walked any better for having such thick legs; yet they have their admirers. Blind old Handel played on an instrument very different from this, but the sexton had to eat a cold Sunday dinner; for not a Christian would stir as long as the old man touched the keys after service. But not old Handel nor older Gabriel could make such music as swells and roars from three thousand human voices,—the regular choir of Plymouth Church. It is a decisive proof of the excellence and heartiness of this choir, that the great organ has not lessened its effectiveness.

It is not clear to the distant spectator by what aperture Mr. Beecher enters the church. He is suddenly discovered to be present, seated in his place on the platform,—an under-sized gentleman in a black stock. His hair combed behind his ears, and worn a little longer than usual, imparts to his appearance something of the Puritan, and calls to mind his father, the champion of orthodoxy in heretical Boston. In conducting the opening exercises, and, indeed, on all occasions of ceremony, Mr.

Beecher shows himself an artist, — both his language and his demeanor being marked by the most refined decorum. An elegant, finished simplicity characterizes all he does and says: not a word too much, nor a word misused, nor a word waited for, nor an unharmonious movement, mars the satisfaction of the auditor. The habit of living for thirty years in the view of a multitude, together with a natural sense of the becoming, and a quick sympathy with men and circumstances, has wrought up his public demeanor to a point near perfection. A candidate for public honors could not study a better model. This is the more remarkable, because it is a purely spiritual triumph. Mr. Beecher's person is not imposing, nor his natural manner graceful. It is his complete extirpation of the desire of producing an illegitimate effect; it is his sincerity and genuineness as a human being; it is the dignity of his character, and his command of his powers, — which give him this easy mastery over every situation in which he finds himself.

Extempore prayers are not, perhaps, a proper subject for comment. The grand feature of the preliminary services of this church is the singing, which is not executed by the first talent that money can command. When the prelude upon the organ is finished, the whole congregation, almost every individual in it, as if by a spontaneous and irresistible impulse, stands up and sings. We are not aware that anything has ever been done or said to bring about this result; nor does the minister of the church set the example, for he usually remains sitting and silent. It seems as if every one in the congregation was so full of something that he felt impelled to get up and sing it out. In other churches where congregational singing is attempted, there are usually a number of languid Christians who remain seated, and a large number of others who remain silent; but here there is a strange unanimity about the performance. A sailor might as well try not to join in the chorus of a fore-castle song as a member of this joyous

host not to sing. When the last preliminary singing is concluded, the audience is in an excellent condition to sit and listen, their whole corporeal system having been pleasantly exercised.

The sermon which follows is new wine in an old bottle. Up to the moment when the text has been announced and briefly explained, the service has all been conducted upon the ancient model, and chiefly in the ancient phraseology; but from the moment when Mr. Beecher swings free from the moorings of his text and gets fairly under way, his sermon is modern. No matter how fervently he may have been praying supernaturalism, he preaches pure cause and effect. His text may savor of old Palestine, but his sermon is inspired by New York and Brooklyn; and nearly all that he says, when he is most himself, finds an approving response in the mind of every well-disposed person, whether orthodox or heterodox in his creed.

What is religion? That, of course, is the great question. Mr. Beecher says: Religion is the slow, laborious, self-conducted EDUCATION of the whole man, from grossness to refinement, from sickness to health, from ignorance to knowledge, from selfishness to justice, from justice to nobleness, from cowardice to valor. In treating this topic, whatever he may pray or read or assent to, he *preaches* cause and effect, and nothing else. Regeneration he does not represent to be some mysterious, miraculous influence exerted upon a man from without, but the man's own act, wholly and always, and in every stage of its progress. His general way of discoursing upon this subject would satisfy the most rationalized mind; and yet it does not appear to offend the most orthodox.

This apparent contradiction between the spirit of his preaching and the facts of his position is a severe puzzle to some of our thorough-going friends. They ask, How can a man demonstrate that the fall of rain is so governed by unchanging laws that the shower of yesterday dates back in its

causes to the origin of things, and, having proved this to the comprehension of every soul present, finish by *praying* for an immediate outpouring upon the thirsty fields? We confess that, to our modern way of thinking, there is a contradiction here, but there is none at all to an heir of the Puritans. We reply to our impatient young friends, that Henry Ward Beecher at once represents and assists the American Christian of the present time, just because of this seeming contradiction. He is a bridge over which we are passing from the creed-enlaved past to the perfect freedom of the future. Mr. Lecky, in his "History of the Spirit of Rationalism," has shown the process by which truth is advanced. Old errors, he says, do not die because they are refuted, but *fade out* because they are neglected. One hundred and fifty years ago, our ancestors were perplexed, and even distressed, by something they called the doctrine of Original Sin. No one now concerns himself either to refute or assert the doctrine; few people know what it is; we all simply let it alone, and it fades out. John Wesley not merely believed in witchcraft, but maintained that a belief in witchcraft was essential to salvation. All the world, except here and there an enlightened and fearless person, believed in witchcraft as late as the year 1750. That belief has not perished because its folly was demonstrated, but because the average human mind grew past it, and let it alone until it faded out in the distance. Or we might compare the great body of beliefs to a banquet, in which every one takes what he likes best; and the master of the feast, observing what is most in demand, keeps an abundant supply of such viands, but gradually withdraws those which are neglected. Mr. Beecher has helped himself to such beliefs as are congenial to him, and shows an exquisite tact in passing by those which interest him not, and which have lost regenerating power. There *are* minds which cannot be content with anything like vagueness or inconsistency in their opinions. They must know to a cer-

tainty whether the sun and moon stood still or not. His is not a mind of that cast; he can "hover on the confines of truth," and leave the less inviting parts of the landscape veiled in mist unexplored. Indeed, the great aim of his preaching is to show the insignificance of opinion compared with right feeling and noble living, and he prepares the way for the time when every conceivable latitude of mere opinion shall be allowed and encouraged.

One remarkable thing about his preaching is, that he has not, like so many men of liberal tendencies, fallen into milk-and-waterism. He often gives a foretaste of the terrific power which preachers will wield when they draw inspiration from science and life. Without ever frightening people with horrid pictures of the future, he has a sense of the perils which beset human life here, upon this bank and shoal of time. How needless to draw upon the imagination, in depicting the consequences of violating natural law! Suppose a preacher should give a plain, cold, scientific exhibition of the penalty which Nature exacts for the crime, so common among church-going ladies and others, of murdering their unborn offspring! It would appall the Devil. Scarcely less terrible are the consequences of the most common vices and meannesses when they get the mastery. Mr. Beecher has frequently shown, by powerful delineations of this kind, how large a part legitimate terror must ever play in the services of a true church, when the terrors of superstition have wholly faded out. It cannot be said of his preaching, that he preaches "Christianity with the bones taken out." He does not give "twenty minutes of tepid exhortation," nor amuse his auditors with elegant and melodious essays upon virtue.

We need not say that his power as a public teacher is due, in a great degree, to his fertility in illustrative similes. Three or four volumes, chiefly filled with these, as they have been caught from his lips, are before the public, and are admired on both continents. Many

of them are most strikingly happy, and flood his subject with light. The smiles that break out upon the sea of upturned faces, and the laughter that whispers round the assembly, are often due as much to the aptness as to the humor of the illustration: the mind receives an agreeable shock of surprise at finding a resemblance where only the widest dissimilarity had before been perceived.

Of late years, Mr. Beecher never sends an audience away half satisfied; for he has constantly grown with the growth of his splendid opportunity. How attentive the great assembly, and how quickly responsive to the points he makes! That occasional ripple of laughter,—it is not from any want of seriousness in the speaker, in the subject, or in the congregation, nor is it a Rowland Hill eccentricity. It is simply that it has pleased Heaven to endow this genial soul with a quick perception of the likeness there is between things unlike; and, in the heat and torrent of his speech, the suddenly discovered similarity amuses while it instructs. Philosophers and purists may cavil at parts of these sermons, and, of course, they are not perfect; but who can deny that their general effect is civilizing, humanizing, elevating, and regenerating, and that this master of preaching is the true brother of all those high and bright spirits, on both sides of the ocean, who are striving to make the soul of this age fit to inhabit and nobly impel its new body?

The sermon over, a livelier song brings the service to a happy conclusion; and slowly, to the thunder of the new organ, the great assembly dissolves and oozes away.

The Sunday services are not the whole of this remarkable church. It has not yet adopted Mrs. Stowe's suggestion of providing billiard-rooms, bowling-alleys, and gymnastic apparatus for the development of Christian muscle, though these may come in time. The building at present contains eleven apartments, among which are two large parlors, wherein, twice a

month, there is a social gathering of the church and congregation, for conversation with the pastor and with one another. Perhaps, by and by, these will be always open, so as to furnish club conveniences to young men who have no home. Doubtless, this fine social organization is destined to development in many directions not yet contemplated.

Among the ancient customs of New England and its colonies (of which Brooklyn is one) is the Friday-evening prayer-meeting. Some of our readers, perhaps, have dismal recollections of their early compelled attendance on those occasions, when, with their hands firmly held in the maternal grasp, lest at the last moment they should bolt under cover of the darkness, they glided round into the back parts of the church, lighted by one smoky lantern hung over the door of the lecture-room, itself dimly lighted, and as silent as the adjacent chambers of the dead. Female figures, demure in dress and eyes cast down, flitted noiselessly in, and the awful stillness was only broken by the heavy boots of the few elders and deacons who constituted the male portion of the exceedingly slender audience. With difficulty, and sometimes only after two or three failures, a hymn was raised, which, when in fullest tide, was only a dreary wail,—how unmelodious to the ears of unreverential youth, gifted with a sense of the ludicrous! How long, how sad, how pointless the prayers! How easy to believe, down in that dreary cellar, that this world was but a wilderness, and man "a feeble piece"! Deacon Jones could speak up briskly enough when he was selling two yards of shilling calico to a farmer's wife sharp at a bargain; but in that apartment, contiguous to the tombs, it seemed natural that he should utter dismal views of life in bad grammar through his nose. Mrs. Jones was cheerful when she gave her little tea-party the evening before; but now she appeared to assent, without surprise, to the statement that she was a pilgrim travelling through a vale of

tears. Veritable pilgrims, who do actually meet in an oasis of the desert, have a merry time of it, travellers tell us. It was not so with these good souls, inhabitants of a pleasant place, and anticipating an eternal abode in an inconceivably delightful paradise. But then there was the awful chance of missing it! And the reluctant youth, dragged to this melancholy scene, who avenged themselves by giving select imitations of deaconian eloquence for the amusement of young friends,—what was to become of *them*? It was such thoughts, doubtless, that gave to those excellent people their gloomy habit of mind; and if their creed expressed the literal truth respecting man's destiny, character, and duty, terror alone was rational, and laughter was hideous and defiant mockery. What room in a benevolent heart for joy, when a point of time, a moment's space, removed us to that heavenly place, or shut us up in hell?

From the time when we were accustomed to attend such meetings, long ago, we never saw a Friday-evening meeting till the other night, when we found ourselves in the lecture-room of Plymouth Church.

The room is large, very lofty, brilliantly lighted by reflectors affixed to the ceiling, and, except the scarlet cushions on the settees, void of upholstery. It was filled full with a cheerful company, not one of whom seemed to have on more or richer clothes than she had the moral strength to wear. Content and pleasant expectation sat on every countenance, as when people have come to a festival, and await the summons to the banquet. No pulpit, or anything like a pulpit, cast a shadow over the scene; but in its stead there was a rather large platform, raised two steps, covered with dark green canvas, and having upon it a very small table and one chair. The red-cushioned settees were so arranged as to enclose the green platform all about, except on one side; so that he who should sit upon it would appear to be in the midst of the people, raised above them that

all might see him, yet still among them and one of them. At one side of the platform, but on the floor of the room, among the settees, there was a piano open. Mr. Beecher sat near by, reading what appeared to be a letter of three or four sheets. The whole scene was so little like what we commonly understand by the word "meeting," the people there were so little in a "meeting" state of mind, and the subsequent proceedings were so informal, unstudied, and social, that, in attempting to give this account of them, we almost feel as if we were reporting for print the conversation of a private evening party. Anything more unlike an old-fashioned prayer-meeting it is not possible to conceive.

Mr. Beecher took his seat upon the platform, and, after a short pause, began the exercises by saying, in a low tone, these words: "Six twenty-two."

A rustling of the leaves of hymn-books interpreted the meaning of this mystical utterance, which otherwise might have been taken as announcing a discourse upon the prophetic numbers. The piano confirmed the interpretation; and then the company burst into one of those joyous and unanimous singings which are so enchanting a feature of the services of this church. Loud rose the beautiful harmony of voices, constraining every one to join in the song, even those most unused to sing. When it was ended, the pastor, in the same low tone, pronounced a name; upon which one of the brethren rose to his feet, and the rest of the assembly slightly inclined their heads. It would not, as we have remarked, be becoming in us to say anything upon this portion of the proceedings, except to note that the prayers were all brief, perfectly quiet and simple, and free from the routine or regulation expressions. There were but two or three of them, alternating with singing; and when that part of the exercises was concluded, Mr. Beecher had scarcely spoken. The meeting ran alone, in the most spontaneous and pleasant manner; and, with all its heartiness and simplicity,

there was a certain refined decorum pervading all that was done and said. There was a pause after the last hymn died away, and then Mr. Beecher, still seated, began, in the tone of conversation, to speak, somewhat after this manner.

"When," said he, "I first began to walk as a Christian, in my youthful zeal I made many resolutions that were well meant, but indiscreet. Among others, I remember I resolved to pray, at least once, in some way, every hour that I was awake. I tried faithfully to keep this resolution, but never having succeeded a single day, I suffered the pangs of self-reproach, until reflection satisfied me that the only wisdom possible, with regard to such a resolve, was to break it. I remember, too, that I made a resolution to speak upon religion to every person with whom I conversed, — on steamboats, in the streets, anywhere. In this, also, I failed, as I ought; and I soon learned that, in the sowing of such seed, as in other sowings, times and seasons and methods must be considered and selected, or a man may defeat his own object, and make religion loathsome."

In language like this he introduced the topic of the evening's conversation, which was, How far, and on what occasions, and in what manner, one person may invade, so to speak, the personality of another, and speak to him upon his moral condition. The pastor expressed his own opinion, always in the conversational tone, in a talk of ten minutes' duration; in the course of which he applauded, not censured, the delicacy which causes most people to shrink from doing it. He said that a man's personality was not a macadamized road for every vehicle to drive upon at will; but rather a sacred enclosure, to be entered, if at all, with the consent of the owner, and with deference to his feelings and tastes. He maintained, however, that there *were* times and modes in which this might properly be done, and that every one *had* a duty to perform of this nature. When he had finished his observations,

he said the subject was open to the remarks of others; whereupon a brother instantly rose and made a very honest confession.

He said that he had never attempted to perform the duty in question without having a palpitation of the heart, and a complete "turning over" of his inner man. He had often reflected upon this curious fact, but was not able to account for it. He had not allowed this repugnance to prevent his doing the duty; but he always had to rush at it and perform it by a sort of *coup de main*; for if he allowed himself to think about the matter, he could not do it at all. He concluded by saying that he should be very much obliged to any one if he could explain this mystery.

The pastor said: "May it not be the natural delicacy we feel, and ought to feel, in approaching the interior consciousness of another person?"

Another brother rose. There was no hanging back at this meeting; there were no awkward pauses; every one seemed full of matter. The new speaker was not inclined to admit the explanation suggested by the pastor. "Suppose," said he, "we were to see a man in imminent danger of immediate destruction, and there was one way of escape, and but one, which *we* saw and he did not, should we feel any delicacy in running up to him and urging him to fly for his life? Is it not a want of faith on our part that causes the reluctance and hesitation we all feel in urging others to avoid a peril so much more momentous?"

Mr. Beecher said the cases were not parallel. Irreligious persons, he remarked, were not in imminent danger of immediate death; they might die to-morrow; but in all probability they would not, and an ill-timed or injudicious admonition might forever repel them. We must accept the doctrine of probabilities, and act in accordance with it in this particular, as in all others.

Another brother had a puzzle to present for solution. He said that he too had experienced the repugnance to

which allusion had been made; but what surprised him most was, that the more he loved a person, and the nearer he was related to him, the more difficult he found it to converse with him upon his spiritual state. Why is this? "I should like to have this question answered," said he, "if there *is* an answer to it."

Mr. Beecher observed that this was the universal experience, and he was conscious himself of a peculiar reluctance and embarrassment in approaching one of his own household on the subject in question. He thought it was due to the fact that we respect more the personal rights of those near to us than we do those of others, and it was more difficult to break in upon the routine of our ordinary familiarity with them. We are accustomed to a certain tone, which it is highly embarrassing to jar upon.

Captain Duncan related two amusing anecdotes to illustrate the right way and the wrong way of introducing religious conversation. In his office there was sitting one day a sort of lay preacher, who was noted for lugging in his favorite topic in the most forbidding and abrupt manner. A sea-captain came in, who was introduced to this individual.

"Captain Porter," said he, with awful solemnity, "are you a captain in Israel?"

The honest sailor was so abashed and confounded at this novel salutation, that he could only stammer out an incoherent reply; and he was evidently much disposed to give the tactless zealot a piece of his mind expressed in the language of the quarter-deck. When the solemn man took his leave, the disgusted captain said, "If ever I should be coming to your office again, and that man should be here, I wish you would send me word, and I 'll stay away."

A few days after, another clergyman chanced to be in the office, no other than Mr. Beecher himself, and another captain came in, a roystering, swearing, good-hearted fellow. The conversation

fell upon sea-sickness, a malady to which Mr. Beecher is peculiarly liable. This captain also was one of the few sailors who are always sea-sick in going to sea, and gave a moving account of his sufferings from that cause. Mr. Beecher, after listening attentively to his tale, said, "Captain Duncan, if I was a preacher to such sailors as your friend here, I should represent hell as an eternal voyage, with every man on board in the agonies of sea-sickness, the crisis always imminent, but never coming."

This ludicrous and most unprofessional picture amused the old salt exceedingly, and won his entire good-will toward the author of it; so that, after Mr. Beecher left, he said, "That 's a good fellow, Captain Duncan. I like *him*, and I 'd like to hear him talk more."

Captain Duncan contended that this free-and-easy way of address was just the thing for such characters. Mr. Beecher had shown him, to his great surprise, that a man could be a decent and comfortable human being, although he was a minister, and had so gained his confidence and good-will that he could say *anything* to him at their next interview. Captain Duncan finished his remarks by a decided expression of his disapproval of the canting regulation phrases so frequently employed by religious people, which are perfectly nauseous to men of the world.

This interesting conversation lasted about three quarters of an hour, and ended, not because the theme seemed exhausted, but because the time was up. We have only given enough of it to convey some little idea of its spirit. The company again broke into one of their cheerful hymns, and the meeting was dismissed in the usual manner.

During the whole evening not a canting word nor a false tone had been uttered. Some words were used, it is true, and some forms practised, which are not congenial to "men of the world," and some doctrines were assumed to be true which have become incredible to many of us. These, however, were not

conspicuous nor much dwelt upon. The subject, too, of the conversation was less suitable to our purpose than most of the topics discussed at these meetings, which usually have a more direct bearing upon the conduct of life. Nevertheless, is it not apparent that such meetings as this, conducted by a man of tact, good sense, and experience, must be an aid to good living? Here were a number of people, — parents, businessmen, and others, — most of them heavily burdened with responsibility, having notes and rents to pay, customers to get and keep, children to rear, — busy people, anxious people, of extremely diverse characters, but united by a common desire to live nobly. The difficulties of noble living are very great, — never so great, perhaps, as now and here, — and these people assemble every week to converse upon them. What more rational thing could they do? If they came together to snivel and cant, and to support one another in a miserable conceit of being the elect of the human species, we might object. But no description can show how far from that, how opposite to that, is the tone, the spirit, the object, of the Friday-evening meeting at Plymouth Church.

Have we "Liberals" — as we presume to call ourselves — ever devised anything so well adapted as this to the needs of average mortals, struggling with the ordinary troubles of life? We know of nothing. Philosophical treatises, and arithmetical computations respecting the number of people who inhabited Palestine, may have their use, but they cannot fill the aching void in the heart of a lone widow, or teach an anxious father how to manage a troublesome boy. There was an old lady near us at this meeting, — a good soul in a bonnet four fashions old, — who sat and cried for joy, as the brethren carried on their talk. She had come in alone from her solitary room, and enjoyed all the evening long a blended moral and literary rapture. It was a banquet of delight to her, the recollection of which would brighten all her

week, and it cost her no more than air and sunlight. To the happy, the strong, the victorious, Shakespeare and the Musical Glasses may appear to suffice; but the world is full of the weak, the wretched, and the vanquished.

There was an infuriate heretic in Boston once, whose antipathy to what he called "superstition" was something that bordered upon lunacy. But the time came when he had a child, his only child, and the sole joy of his life, dead in the house. It had to be buried. The broken-hearted father could not endure the thought of his child's being carried out and placed in its grave without *some* outward mark of respect, *some* ceremonial which should recognize the difference between a dead child and a dead kitten; and he was fain, at last, to go out and bring to his house a poor lame cobbler, who was a kind of Methodist preacher, to say and read a few words that should break the fall of the darling object into the tomb. The occurrence made no change in his opinions, but it revolutionized his feelings. He is as untheological as ever; but he would subscribe money to build a church, and he esteems no man more than an honest clergyman.

If anything can be predicated of the future with certainty, it is, that the American people will never give up that portion of their heritage from the past which we call Sunday, but will always devote its hours to resting the body and improving the soul. All our theologies will pass away, but this will remain. Nor less certain is it, that there will always be a class of men who will do, professionally and as their settled vocation, the work now done by the clergy. That work can never be dispensed with, either in civilized or in barbarous communities. The great problem of civilization is, how to bring the higher intelligence of the community, and its better moral feeling, to bear upon the mass of people, so that the lowest grade of intelligence and morals shall be always approaching the higher, and the higher still rising. A church purified of superstition solves part of

this problem, and a good school system does the rest.

All things improve in this world very much in the same way. The improvement originates in one man's mind, and, being carried into effect with evident good results, it is copied by others. We are all apt lazily to run in the groove in which we find ourselves; we are creatures of habit, and slaves of tradition. Now and then, however, in every profession and sphere, if they are untrammelled by law, an individual appears who is discontented with the ancient methods, or sceptical of the old traditions, or both, and he invents better ways, or arrives at more rational opinions. Other men look on and approve the improved process, or listen and imbibe the advanced belief.

Now, there appears to be a man upon Brooklyn Heights who has found out a more excellent way of conducting a church than has been previously known. He does not waste the best hours of every day in writing sermons, but employs those hours in absorbing the knowledge and experience which should be the matter of sermons. He does not fritter away the time of a public instructor in "pastoral visits," and other useless visitations. His mode of conducting a public ceremonial reaches the finish of high art, which it resembles also in its sincerity and simplicity. He has known how to banish from his church everything that savors of cant and sanctimoniousness, — so loathsome to honest minds. Without formally rejecting time-honored forms and usages, he has infused into his teachings more and more of the modern spirit, drawn more and more from science and life, less and less from tradition, until he has acquired the power of preaching sermons which Edwards and Voltaire, Whitefield and Tom Paine, would heartily and equally enjoy. Surely, there is something in all this which could be imitated. The great talents with which he is endowed cannot be imparted, but we do not believe that his power is wholly derived from his

talent. A man of only respectable abilities, who should catch his spirit, practise some of his methods, and spend his strength in getting knowledge, and not in coining sentences, would be able anywhere to gather round him a concourse of hearers. The great secret is, to let orthodoxy slide, as something which is neither to be maintained nor refuted, — insisting only on the spirit of Christianity, and applying it to the life of the present day in this land.

There are some reasons for thinking that the men and the organizations that have had in charge the moral interests of the people of the United States for the last fifty years have not been quite equal to their trust. What are we to think of such results of New England culture as Douglas, Cass, Webster, and many other men of great ability, but strangely wanting in moral power? What are we to think of the great numbers of Southern Yankees who were, and are, the bitterest foes of all that New England represents? What are we to think of the Rings that seem now-a-days to form themselves, as it were, spontaneously in every great corporation? What of the club-houses that spring up at every corner, for the accommodation of husbands and fathers who find more attractions in wine, supper, and equivocal stories than in the society of their wives and children? What are we to think of the fact, that among the people who can afford to advertise at the rate of a dollar and a half a line are those who provide women with the means of killing their unborn children, — a double crime, murder and suicide? What are we to think of the moral impotence of almost all women to resist the tyranny of fashion, and the *necessity* that appears to rest upon them to copy every disfiguration invented by the harlots of Paris? What are we to think of the want both of masculine and moral force in men, which makes them helpless against the extravagance of their households, to support which they do fifty years' work in twenty, and then die? What are we to think of the fact, that

all the creatures living in the United States enjoy good health, except the human beings, who are nearly all ill?

When we consider such things as these, we cannot help calling in question a kind of public teaching which leaves the people in ignorance of so much that they most need to know. Henry Ward Beecher is the only clergyman we ever heard who habitually promulgates the truth, that to be ill is generally a sin, and always a shame. We never heard him utter the demoralizing falsehood, that this present life is short and of small account, and that nothing is worthy of much consideration except the life to come. He dwells much on the enormous length of this life, and the prodigious revenue of happiness it may yield to those who comply with the conditions of happiness. It is his habit, also, to preach the duty which devolves upon every person, to labor for the increase of his knowledge and the general improvement of his mind. We have heard him say on the platform of his church, that it was disgraceful to any mechanic or clerk to let such a picture as the Heart of the Andes be

exhibited for twenty-five cents, and not go and see it. Probably there is not one honest clergyman in the country who does not fairly earn his livelihood by the good he does, or by the evil he prevents. But not enough good is done, and not enough evil prevented. The sudden wealth that has come upon the world since the improvement of the steam-engine adds a new difficulty to the life of millions. So far, the world does not appear to have made the best use of its too rapidly increased surplus. "We cannot sell a twelve-dollar book in this country," said a bookseller to us the other day. But how easy to sell two-hundred-dollar garments! There seems great need of something that shall have power to spiritualize mankind, and make head against the reinforced influence of material things. It may be that the true method of dealing with the souls of modern men has been, in part, discovered by Mr. Beecher, and that it would be well for persons aspiring to the same vocation to *begin* their preparation by making a pilgrimage to Brooklyn Heights.

THE PALATINE.

LEAGUES north, as fly the gull and auk,
Point Judith watches with eye of hawk;
Leagues south, thy beacon flames, Montauk!

Lonely and wind-shorn, wood-forsaken,
With never a tree for Spring to waken,
For tryst of lovers or farewells taken,

Circled by waters that never freeze,
Beaten by billow and swept by breeze,
Lieth the island of Manisees,

Set at the mouth of the Sound to hold
The coast lights up on its turret old,
Yellow with moss and sea-fog mould.

Dreary the land when gust and sleet
At its doors and windows howl and beat,
And Winter laughs at its fires of peat!

But in summer time, when pool and pond,
Held in the laps of valleys fond,
Are blue as the glimpses of sea beyond;

When the hills are sweet with the brier-rose,
And, hid in the warm, soft dells, unclose
Flowers the mainland rarely knows;

When boats to their morning fishing go,
And, held to the wind and slanting low,
Whitening and darkening the small sails show, —

Then is that lonely island fair;
And the pale health-seeker findeth there
The wine of life in its pleasant air.

No greener valleys the sun invite,
On smoother beaches no sea-birds light,
No blue waves shatter to foam more white!

There, circling ever their narrow range,
Quaint tradition and legend strange
Live on unchallenged, and know no change.

Old wives spinning their webs of tow
Or rocking weirdly to and fro
In and out of the peat's dull glow,

And old men mending their nets of twine,
Talk together of dream and sign,
Talk of the lost ship *Palatine*, —

The ship that, a hundred years before,
Freighted deep with its goodly store,
In the gales of the equinox went ashore.

The eager islanders one by one
Counted the shots of her signal gun,
And heard the crash when she drove right on!

Into the teeth of death she sped:
(May God forgive the hands that fed
The false lights over the rocky Head!)

O men and brothers! what sights were there!
White up-turned faces, hands stretched in prayer!
Where waves had pity, could ye not spare?

Down swooped the wreckers, like birds of prey
Tearing the heart of the ship away,
And the dead had never a word to say.

And then, with ghastly shimmer and shine
Over the rocks and the seething brine,
They burned the wreck of the Palatine.

In their cruel hearts, as they homeward sped,
"The sea and the rocks are dumb," they said:
"There 'll be no reckoning with the dead."

But the year went round, and when once more
Along their foam-white curves of shore
They heard the line-storm rave and roar,

Behold! again, with shimmer and shine,
Over the rocks and the seething brine,
The flaming wreck of the Palatine!

So, haply in fitter words than these,
Mending their nets on their patient knees
They tell the legend of Manisees.

Nor looks nor tones a doubt betray;
"It is known to us all," they quietly say;
"We too have seen it in our day."

Is there, then, no death for a word once spoken?
Was never a deed but left its token
Written on tables never broken?

Do the elements subtle reflections give?
Do pictures of all the ages live
On Nature's infinite negative,

Whence, half in sport, in malice half,
She shows at times, with shudder or laugh,
Phantom and shadow in photograph?

For still, on many a moonless night,
From Kingston Head and from Montauk light
The spectre kindles and burns in sight.

Now low and dim, now clear and higher,
Leaps up the terrible Ghost of Fire,
Then, slowly sinking, the flames expire.

And the wise Sound skippers, though skies be fine,
Reef their sails when they see the sign
Of the blazing Ghost of the Palatine!

THE STRANGE FRIEND.

IT would have required an intimate familiarity with the habitual demeanor of the people of Londongrove to detect in them an access of interest, (we dare not say excitement,) of whatever kind. Expression, with them, was pitched to so low a key, that its changes might be compared to the slight variations in the drabs and grays in which they were clothed. Yet that there was a moderate, decorously subdued curiosity present in the minds of many of them on one of the First-days of the Ninth-month, in the year 1815, was as clearly apparent to a resident of the neighborhood as are the indications of a fire or a riot to the member of a city mob.

The agitations of the war which had so recently come to an end had hardly touched this quiet and peaceful community. They had stoutly "borne their testimony," and faced the question where it could not be evaded; and although the dashing Philadelphia militia had been stationed at Camp Bloomfield, within four miles of them, the previous year, these good people simply ignored the fact. If their sons ever listened to the trumpets at a distance, or stole nearer to have a peep at the uniforms, no report of what they had seen or heard was likely to be made at home. Peace brought to them a relief, like the awakening from an uncomfortable dream: their lives at once reverted to the calm which they had breathed for thirty years preceding the national disturbance. In their ways they had not materially changed for a hundred years. The surplus produce of their farms more than sufficed for the very few needs which those farms did not supply, and they seldom touched the world outside of their sect except in matters of business. They were satisfied with themselves and with their lot; they lived to a ripe and beautiful age, rarely "borrowed trouble," and were patient to endure that which came

in the fixed course of things. If the spirit of curiosity, the yearning for an active, joyous grasp of life, sometimes pierced through this placid temper, and stirred the blood of the adolescent members, they were persuaded by grave voices, of almost prophetic authority, to turn their hearts towards "the Stillness and the Quietness."

It was the pleasant custom of the community to arrive at the meeting-house some fifteen or twenty minutes before the usual time of meeting, and exchange quiet and kindly greetings before taking their places on the plain benches inside. As most of the families had lived during the week on the solitude of their farms, they liked to see their neighbors' faces, and resolve, as it were, their sense of isolation into the common atmosphere, before yielding to the assumed abstraction of their worship. In this preliminary meeting, also, the sexes were divided, but rather from habit than any prescribed rule. They were already in the vestibule of the sanctuary; their voices were subdued and their manner touched with a kind of reverence.

If the Londongrove Friends gathered together a few minutes earlier on that September First-day; if the younger members looked more frequently towards one of the gates leading into the meeting-house yard than towards the other; and if Abraham Bradbury was the centre of a larger circle of neighbors than Simon Pennock (although both sat side by side on the highest seat of the gallery), — the cause of these slight deviations from the ordinary behavior of the gathering was generally known. Abraham's son had died the previous Sixth-month, leaving a widow incapable of taking charge of his farm on the Street Road, which was therefore offered for rent. It was not always easy to obtain a satisfactory tenant in those days, and Abraham was not more relieved than surprised on

receiving an application from an unexpected quarter. A strange Friend, of stately appearance, called upon him, bearing a letter from William Warner, in Adams County, together with a certificate from a Monthly Meeting on Long Island. After inspecting the farm and making close inquiries in regard to the people of the neighborhood, he accepted the terms of rent, and had now, with his family, been three or four days in possession.

In this circumstance, it is true, there was nothing strange, and the interest of the people sprang from some other particulars which had transpired. The new-comer, Henry Donnelly by name, had offered, in place of the usual security, to pay the rent annually in advance; his speech and manner were not, in all respects, those of Friends, and he acknowledged that he was of Irish birth; and moreover, some who had passed the wagons bearing his household goods had been struck by the peculiar patterns of the furniture piled upon them. Abraham Bradbury had of course been present at the arrival, and the Friends upon the adjoining farms had kindly given their assistance, although it was a busy time of the year. While, therefore, no one suspected that the former could possibly accept a tenant of doubtful character, a general sentiment of curious expectancy went forth to meet the Donnelly family.

Even the venerable Simon Pennock, who lived in the opposite part of the township, was not wholly free from the prevalent feeling. "Abraham," he said, approaching his colleague, "I suppose thee has satisfied thyself that the strange Friend is of good repute."

Abraham was assuredly satisfied of one thing, — that the three hundred silver dollars in his antiquated secretary at home were good and lawful coin. We will not say that this fact disposed him to charity, but will only testify that he answered thus: —

"I don't think we have any right to question the certificate from Islip, Simon; and William Warner's word

(whom thee knows by hearsay) is that of a good and honest man. Henry himself will stand ready to satisfy thee, if it is needful."

Here he turned to greet a tall, fresh-faced youth, who had quietly joined the group at the men's end of the meeting-house. He was nineteen, blue-eyed, and rosy, and a little embarrassed by the grave, scrutinizing, yet not unfriendly eyes fixed upon him.

"Simon, this is Henry's oldest son, De Courcy," said Abraham.

Simon took the youth's hand, saying, "Where did thee get thy outlandish name?"

The young man colored, hesitated, and then said, in a low, firm voice, "It was my grandfather's name."

One of the heavy carriages of the place and period, new and shiny, in spite of its sober colors, rolled into the yard. Abraham Bradbury and De Courcy Donnelly set forth, side by side, to meet it. Out of it descended a tall, broad-shouldered figure, — a man in the prime of life, whose ripe, aggressive vitality gave his rigid Quaker garb the air of a military undress. His blue eyes seemed to laugh above the measured accents of his plain speech, and the close crop of his hair could not hide its tendency to curl. A bearing expressive of energy and the habit of command was not unusual in the sect, strengthening, but not changing, its habitual mask; yet in Henry Donnelly this bearing suggested — one could scarcely explain why — a different experience. Dress and speech, in him, expressed condescension rather than fraternal equality.

He carefully assisted his wife to alight, and De Courcy led the horse to the hitching-shed. Susan Donnelly was a still blooming woman of forty; her dress, of the plainest color, was yet of the richest texture; and her round, gentle, almost timid face looked forth like a girl's from the shadow of her scoop bonnet. While she was greeting Abraham Bradbury, the two daughters, Sylvia and Alice, who had been standing shyly by themselves on the

edge of the group of women, came forward. The latter was a model of the demure Quaker maiden; but Abraham experienced as much surprise as was possible to his nature on observing Sylvia's costume. A light-blue dress, a dark-blue cloak, a hat with ribbons, and hair in curls,—what Friend of good standing ever allowed his daughter thus to array herself in the fashion of the world?

Henry read the question in Abraham's face, and preferred not to answer it at that moment. Saying, "Thee must make me acquainted with the rest of our brethren," he led the way back to the men's end. When he had been presented to the older members, it was time for them to assemble in meeting.

The people were again quietly startled when Henry Donnelly deliberately mounted to the third and highest bench facing them, and sat down beside Abraham and Simon. These two retained, possibly with some little inward exertion, the composure of their faces, and the strange Friend became like unto them. His hands were clasped firmly in his lap; his full, decided lips were set together, and his eyes gazed into vacancy from under the broad brim. De Courcy had removed his hat on entering the house, but, meeting his father's eyes, replaced it suddenly, with a slight blush.

When Simon Pennock and Ruth Treadwell had spoken the thoughts which had come to them in the stillness, the strange Friend arose. Slowly, with frequent pauses, as if waiting for the guidance of the Spirit, and with that *inward* voice which falls so naturally into the measure of a chant, he urged upon his hearers the necessity of seeking the Light and walking therein. He did not always employ the customary phrases, but neither did he seem to speak the lower language of logic and reason; while his tones were so full and mellow that they gave, with every slowly modulated sentence, a fresh satisfaction to the ear. Even his broad *a*'s and the strong roll of his *r*'s, which verified the rumor of his foreign

birth, did not detract from the authority of his words. The doubts which had preceded him somehow melted away in his presence, and he came forth, after the meeting had been dissolved by the shaking of hands, an accepted tenant of the high seat.

That evening, the family were alone in their new home. The plain rush-bottomed chairs and sober carpet, in contrast with the dark, solid mahogany table, and the silver branched candlestick which stood upon it, hinted of former wealth and present loss; and something of the same contrast was reflected in the habits of the inmates. While the father, seated in a stately arm-chair, read aloud to his wife and children, Sylvia's eyes rested on a guitar-case in the corner, and her fingers absently adjusted themselves to the imaginary frets. De Courcy twisted his neck as if the straight collar of his coat were a bad fit; and Henry, the youngest boy, nodded drowsily from time to time.

"There, my lads and lasses!" said Henry Donnelly, as he closed the book, "now we're plain farmers at last,—and the plainer the better, since it must be. There's only one thing wanting—"

He paused; and Sylvia, looking up with a bright, arch determination, answered: "It's too late now, father,—they have seen me as one of the world's people, as I meant they should. When it is once settled as something not to be helped, it will give us no trouble."

"Faith, Sylvia!" exclaimed De Courcy, "I almost wish I had kept you company."

"Don't be impatient, my boy," said the mother, gently. "Think of the vexations we have had, and what a rest this life will be!"

"Think, also," the father added, "that I have the heaviest work to do, and that thou'lt reap the most of what may come of it. Don't carry the old life to a land where it's out of place. We must be what we seem to be, every one of us!"

"So we will!" said Sylvia, rising from her seat,—"I, as well as the rest.

It was what I said in the beginning, you—no, *thee* knows, father. Somebody must be interpreter when the time comes; somebody must remember while the rest of you are forgetting. O, I shall be talked about, and set upon, and called hard names; it won't be so easy. Stay where you are, De Courcy; that coat will fit sooner than you think."

Her brother lifted his shoulders and made a grimace. "I've an unlucky name, it seems," said he. "The old fellow—I mean Friend Simon—pronounced it outlandish. Could n't I change it to Ezra or Adonijah?"

"Boy, boy—"

"Don't be alarmed, father. It will soon be as Sylvia says; *thee's* right, and mother is right. I'll let Sylvia keep my memory, and start fresh from here. We must into the field to-morrow, Hal and I. There's no need of a collar at the plough-tail."

They went to rest, and on the morrow not only the boys, but their father, were in the field. Shrewd, quick, and strong, they made available what they knew of farming operations, and disguised much of their ignorance while they learned. Henry Donnelly's first public appearance had made a strong impression in his favor, which the voice of the older Friends soon stamped as a settled opinion. His sons did their share, by the amiable, yielding temper they exhibited, in accommodating themselves to the manners and ways of the people. The graces which came from a better education, and, possibly, more refined associations, gave them an attraction, which was none the less felt because it was not understood, to the simple-minded young men who worked with the hired hands in their fathers' fields. If the Donnelly family had not been accustomed, in former days, to sit at the same table with laborers in shirt-sleeves, and be addressed by the latter in fraternal phrase, no little awkwardnesses or hesitations betrayed the fact. They were anxious to make their naturalization complete, and it soon became so.

The "strange Friend" was now known in Londongrove by the familiar name of "Henry." He was a constant attendant at meeting, not only on First-days, but also on Fourth-days, and whenever he spoke his words were listened to with the reverence due to one who was truly led towards the Light. This respect kept at bay the curiosity that might still have lingered in some minds concerning his antecedent life. It was known that he answered Simon Pennock, who had ventured to approach him with a direct question, in these words:—

"*Thee* knows, Friend Simon, that sometimes a seal is put upon our mouths for a wise purpose. I have learned not to value the outer life except in so far as it is made the manifestation of the inner life, and I only date my own from the time when I was brought to a knowledge of the truth. It is not pleasant to me to look upon what went before; but a season may come when it shall be lawful for me to declare all things,—nay, when it shall be put upon me as a duty. *Thee* must suffer me to wait the call."

After this there was nothing more to be said. The family was on terms of quiet intimacy with the neighbors; and even Sylvia, in spite of her defiant eyes and worldly ways, became popular among the young men and maidens. She touched her beloved guitar with a skill which seemed marvellous to the latter; and when it was known that her refusal to enter the sect arose from her fondness for the prohibited instrument, she found many apologists among them. She was not set upon, and called hard names, as she had anticipated. It is true that her father, when appealed to by the elders, shook his head, and said, "It is a cross to us!"—but he had been known to remain in the room while she sang "Full high in Killbride," and the keen light which arose in his eyes was neither that of sorrow nor anger.

At the end of their first year of residence the farm presented evidences of much more orderly and intelligent management than at first, although the ad-

joining neighbors were of the opinion that the Donnelly's had hardly made their living out of it. Friend Henry, nevertheless, was ready with the advance rent, and his bills were promptly paid. He was close at a bargain, — which was considered rather a merit than otherwise, — and almost painfully exact in observing the strict letter of it, when made.

As time passed by, and the family became a permanent part and parcel of the remote community, wearing its peaceful color and breathing its untroubled atmosphere, nothing occurred to disturb the esteem and respect which its members enjoyed. From time to time the postmaster at the corner delivered to Henry Donnelly a letter from New York, always addressed in the same hand. The first which arrived had an "Esq." added to the name, but this "compliment" (as the Friends termed it) soon ceased. Perhaps the official may have vaguely wondered whether there was any connection between the occasional absence of Friend Henry — not at Yearly-Meeting time — and these letters. If he had been a visitor at the farm-house he might have noticed variations in the moods of its inmates, which must have arisen from some other cause than the price of stock or the condition of the crops. Outside of the family circle, however, they were serenely reticent.

In five or six years, when De Courcy had grown to be a hale, handsome man of twenty-four, and as capable of conducting a farm as any to the township born, certain aberrations from the strict line of discipline began to be rumored. He rode a gallant horse, dressed a little more elegantly than his membership prescribed, and his unusually high, straight collar took a knack of falling over. Moreover, he was frequently seen to ride up the Street Road, in the direction of Fagg's Manor, towards those valleys where the brick Presbyterian church displaces the whitewashed Quaker meeting-house. Had Henry Donnelly not occupied so high a seat, and exercised such an acknowledged author-

ity in the sect, he might sooner have received counsel, or proffers of sympathy, as the case might be; but he heard nothing until the rumors of De Courcy's excursions took a more definite form.

But one day Abraham Bradbury, after discussing some Monthly-Meeting matters, suddenly asked: "Is this true that I hear, Henry, — that thy son De Courcy keeps company with one of the Alison girls?"

"Who says that?" Henry asked, in a sharp voice.

"Why, it's the common talk! Surely, thee's heard of it before?"

"No!"

Henry set his lips together in a manner which Abraham understood. Considering that he had fully performed his duty, he said no more.

That evening, Sylvia, who had been gently thrumming to herself at the window, began singing "Bonnie Peggy Alison." Her father looked at De Courcy, who caught his glance, then lowered his eyes and turned to leave the room.

"Stop, De Courcy," said the former; "I've heard a piece of news about thee to-day, which I want thee to make clear."

"Shall I go, father?" asked Sylvia.

"No; thee may stay to give De Courcy his memory. I think he is beginning to need it. I've learned which way he rides, on Seventh-day evenings."

"Father, I am old enough to choose my way," said De Courcy.

"But no such ways *now*, boy! Has thee clean forgotten? This was among the things upon which we agreed, and you all promised to keep watch and guard over yourselves. I had my misgivings then, but for five years I've trusted you, and now, when the time of probation is so nearly over —"

He hesitated, and De Courcy, plucking up courage, spoke again. With a strong effort the young man threw off the yoke of a self-taught restraint, and asserted his true nature. "Has O'Neil written?" he asked.

"Not yet."

"Then, father," he continued, "I

prefer the certainty of my present life to the uncertainty of the old. I will not dissolve my connection with the Friends by a shock which might give thee trouble; but I will slowly work away from them. Notice will be taken of my ways; there will be family visitations, warnings, and the usual routine of discipline, so that when I marry Margaret Alison, nobody will be surprised at my being read out of meeting. I shall soon be twenty-five, father, and this thing has gone on about as long as I can bear it. I must decide to be either a man or a milksoy."

The color rose to Henry Donnelly's cheeks, and his eyes flashed, but he showed no signs of anger. He moved to De Courcy's side and laid his hand upon his shoulder.

"Patience, my boy!" he said. "It's the old blood, and I might have known it would proclaim itself. Suppose I were to shut my eyes to thy ridings, and thy merry-makings, and thy worldly company. So far I might go; but the girl is no mate for thee. If O'Neil is alive, we are sure to hear from him soon; and in three years, at the utmost, if the Lord favors us, the end will come. How far has it gone with thy courting? Surely, surely, not too far to withdraw, at least under the plea of my prohibition?"

De Courcy blushed, but firmly met his father's eyes. "I have spoken to her," he replied, "and it is not the custom of our family to break plighted faith."

"Thou art our cross, not Sylvia. Go thy ways now. I will endeavor to seek for guidance."

"Sylvia," said the father, when De Courcy had left the room, "what is to be the end of this?"

"Unless we hear from O'Neil, father, I am afraid it cannot be prevented. De Courcy has been changing for a year past; I am only surprised that you did not sooner notice it. What I said in jest has become serious truth: he has already half forgotten. We might have expected, in the beginning, that one of two things would happen: either he would become a plodding

Quaker farmer or take to his present courses. Which would be worse, when this life is over, — if that time ever comes?"

Sylvia sighed, and there was a weariness in her voice which did not escape her father's ear. He walked up and down the room with a troubled air. She sat down, took the guitar upon her lap, and began to sing the verse, commencing, "Erin, my country, though sad and forsaken," when — perhaps opportunely — Susan Donnelly entered the room.

"Eh, lass!" said Henry, slipping his arm around his wife's waist, "art thou tired yet? Have I been trying thy patience, as I have that of the children? Have there been longings kept from me, little rebellions crushed, battles fought that I supposed were over?"

"Not by me, Henry," was her cheerful answer. "I have never been happier than in these quiet ways with thee. I've been thinking, what if something has happened, and the letters cease to come? And it has seemed to me — now that the boys are as good farmers as any, and Alice is such a tidy housekeeper — that we could manage very well without help. Only for thy sake, Henry: I fear it would be a terrible disappointment to thee. Or is thee as accustomed to the high seat as I to my place on the women's side?"

"No!" he answered, emphatically. "The talk with De Courcy has set my quiet Quaker blood in motion. The boy is more than half right; I am sure Sylvia thinks so too. What could I expect? He has no birthright, and did n't begin his task, as I did, after the bravery of youth was over. It took six generations to establish the serenity and content of our brethren here, and the dress we wear don't give us the nature. De Courcy is tired of the masquerade, and Sylvia is tired of seeing it. Thou, my little Susan, who wert so timid at first, puttest us all to shame now!"

"I think I was meant for it, — Alice, and Henry, and I," said she.

No outward change in Henry Don-

nelly's demeanor betrayed this or any other disturbance at home. There were repeated consultations between the father and son, but they led to no satisfactory conclusion. De Courcy was sincerely attached to the pretty Presbyterian maiden, and found livelier society in her brothers and cousins than among the grave, awkward Quaker youths of Londongrove. With the occasional freedom from restraint there awoke in him a desire for independence,—a thirst for the suppressed license of youth. His new acquaintances were accustomed to a rigid domestic *régime*, but of a different character, and they met on a common ground of rebellion. Their aberrations, it is true, were not of a very formidable character, and need not have been guarded but for the severe conventionalities of both sects. An occasional fox-chase, horse-race, or a "stag party" at some outlying tavern, formed the sum of their dissipation; they sang, danced reels, and sometimes ran into little excesses through the stimulating sense of the trespass they were committing.

By and by reports of certain of these performances were brought to the notice of the Londongrove Friends, and, with the consent of Henry Donnelly himself, De Courcy received a visit of warning and remonstrance. He had foreseen the probability of such a visit and was prepared. He denied none of the charges brought against him, and accepted the grave counsel offered, simply stating that his nature was not yet purified and chastened; he was aware he was not walking in the Light; he believed it to be a troubled season through which he must needs pass. His frankness, as he was shrewd enough to guess, was a source of perplexity to the elders; it prevented them from excommunicating him without further probation, while it left him free to indulge in further recreations.

Some months passed away, and the absence from which Henry Donnelly always returned with a good supply of ready money did not take place. The knowledge of farming which his sons had acquired now came into play. It

was necessary to exercise both skill and thrift in order to keep up the liberal footing upon which the family had lived; for each member of it was too proud to allow the community to suspect the change in their circumstances. De Courcy, retained more than ever at home, and bound to steady labor, was man enough to subdue his impatient spirit for the time; but he secretly determined that with the first change for the better he would follow the fate he had chosen for himself.

Late in the fall came the opportunity for which he had longed. One evening he brought home a letter, in the well-known handwriting. His father opened and read it in silence.

"Well, father?" he said.

"A former letter was lost, it seems. This should have come in the spring; it is only the missing sum."

"Does O'Neil fix any time?"

"No; but he hopes to make a better report next year."

"Then, father," said De Courcy, "it is useless for me to wait longer; I am satisfied as it is. I should not have given up Margaret in any case; but now, since thee can live with Henry's help, I shall claim her."

"Must it be, De Courcy?"

"It must."

But it was not to be. A day or two afterwards the young man, on his mettled horse, set off up the Street Road, feeling at last that the fortune and the freedom of his life were approaching. He had become, in habits and in feelings, one of the people, and the relinquishment of the hope in which his father still indulged brought him a firmer courage, a more settled content. His sweetheart's family was in good circumstances; but, had she been poor, he felt confident of his power to make and secure for her a farmer's home. To the past—whatever it might have been—he said farewell, and went carolling some cheerful ditty, to look upon the face of his future.

That night, a country wagon slowly drove up to Henry Donnelly's door. The three men who accompanied it hesitated

before they knocked, and, when the door was opened, looked at each other with pale, sad faces, before either spoke. No cries followed the few words that were said, but silently, swiftly, a room was made ready, while the men lifted from the straw and carried up stairs an unconscious figure, the arms of which hung down with a horrible significance as they moved. He was not dead, for the heart beat feebly and slowly; but all efforts to restore his consciousness were in vain. There was concussion of the brain, the physician said. He had been thrown from his horse, probably alighting upon his head, as there were neither fractures nor external wounds. All that night and next day, the tenderest, the most unwearied care was exerted, to call back the flickering gleam of life. The shock had been too great; his deadly torpor deepened into death.

In their time of trial and sorrow the family received the fullest sympathy, the kindest help, from the whole neighborhood. They had never before so fully appreciated the fraternal character of the society whereof they were members. The plain, plodding people living on the adjoining farms became virtually their relatives and fellow-mourners. All the external offices demanded by the sad occasion were performed for them, and other eyes than their own shed tears of honest grief over De Courcy's coffin. All came to the funeral, and even Simon Pennock, in the plain, yet touching words which he spoke beside the grave, forgot the young man's wandering from the Light, in the recollection of his frank, generous, truthful nature.

If the Donnellys had sometimes found the practical equality of life in London-grove a little repellent, they were now gratefully moved by the delicate and refined ways in which the sympathy of the people sought to express itself. The better qualities of human nature always develop a temporary good-breeding. Wherever any of the family went, they saw the reflection of their own sorrow; and a new spirit informed to their eyes the quiet pastoral landscapes.

In their life at home there was little change. Abraham Bradbury had insisted on sending his favorite grandson, Joel, a youth of twenty-two, to take De Courcy's place for a few months. He was a shy, quiet creature, with large brown eyes like a fawn's, and young Henry Donnelly and he became friends at once. It was believed that he would inherit the farm at his grandfather's death; but he was as subservient to Friend Donnelly's wishes in regard to the farming operations, as if the latter held the fee of the property. His coming did not fill the terrible gap which De Courcy's death had made, but seemed to make it less constantly and painfully evident.

Susan Donnelly soon remarked a change, which she could neither clearly define nor explain to herself, both in her husband and in their daughter Sylvia. The former, although in public he preserved the same grave, stately face, — its lines, perhaps, a little more deeply marked, — seemed to be devoured by an internal unrest. His dreams were of the old times: words and names long unused came from his lips as he slept by her side. Although he bore his grief with more strength than she had hoped, he grew nervous and excitable, — sometimes unreasonably petulant, sometimes gay to a pitch which impressed her with pain. When the spring came around and the mysterious correspondence again failed, as in the previous year, his uneasiness increased. He took his place on the high seat on First-days, as usual, but spoke no more.

Sylvia, on the other hand, seemed to have wholly lost her proud, impatient character. She went to meeting much more frequently than formerly, busied herself more actively about household matters, and ceased to speak of the uncertain contingency which had been so constantly present to her thoughts. In fact, she and her father had changed places. She was now the one who preached patience, who held before them all the bright side of their lot, who brought Margaret Alison to the

house and justified her dead brother's heart to his father's, and who repeated to the latter, in his restless moods, "De Courcy foresaw the truth, and we must all, in the end, decide as he did."

"Can *thee* do it, Sylvia?" her father would ask.

"I believe I have done it already," she said. "If it seems difficult, pray consider how much later I begin my work. I have had all your memories in charge, and now I must not only forget for myself, but for you as well."

Indeed, as the spring and summer months came and went, Sylvia evidently grew stronger in her determination. The fret of her idle force was allayed, and her content increased as she saw and performed the possible duties of her life. Perhaps her father might have caught something of her spirit, but for his anxiety in regard to the suspended correspondence. He wearied himself in guesses, which all ended in the simple fact, that, to escape embarrassment, the rent must again be saved from the earnings of the farm.

The harvests that year were bountiful: wheat, barley, and oats stood thick and heavy in the fields. No one showed more careful thrift or more cheerful industry than young Joel Bradbury, and the family felt that much of the fortune of their harvest was owing to him.

On the first day after the crops had been securely housed, all went to meeting, except Sylvia. In the walled graveyard the sod was already green over De Courcy's unmarked mound, but Alice had planted a little rose-tree at the head, and she and her mother always visited the spot before taking their seats on the women's side. The meeting-house was very full that day, as the busy season of the summer was over, and the horses of those who lived at a distance had no longer such need of rest.

It was a sultry forenoon, and the windows and doors of the building were open. The humming of insects was heard in the silence, and broken lights and shadows of the poplar-leaves were

sprinkled upon the steps and sills. Outside, there were glimpses of quiet groves and orchards, and blue fragments of sky, — no more semblance of life in the external landscape than there was in the silent meeting within. Some quarter of an hour before the shaking of hands took place, the hoofs of a horse were heard in the meeting-house yard, — the noise of a smart trot on the turf, suddenly arrested.

The boys pricked up their ears at this unusual sound, and stole glances at each other when they imagined themselves unseen by the awful faces in the gallery. Presently those nearest the door saw a broader shadow fall over those flickering upon the stone. A red face appeared for a moment, and was then drawn back out of sight. The shadow advanced and receded, in a state of curious restlessness. Sometimes the end of a riding-whip was visible, sometimes the corner of a coarse gray coat. The boys who noticed these apparitions were burning with impatience, but they dared not leave their seats until Abraham Bradbury had reached his hand to Henry Donnelly.

Then they rushed out. The mysterious personage was still beside the door, leaning against the wall. He was a short, thick-set man of fifty, with red hair, round gray eyes, a broad pug nose, and projecting mouth. He wore a heavy gray coat, despite the heat, and a waistcoat with many brass buttons; also corduroy breeches and riding boots. When they appeared, he started forward with open mouth and eyes, and stared wildly in their faces. They gathered around the poplar-trunks, and waited with some uneasiness to see what would follow.

Slowly and gravely, with the half-broken ban of silence still hanging over them, the people issued from the house. The strange man stood, leaning forward, and seemed to devour each, in turn, with his eager eyes. After the young men came the fathers of families, and lastly the old men from the gallery seats. Last of these came Henry Donnelly. In the mean time,

all had seen and wondered at the waiting figure: its attitude was too intense and self-forgetting to be misinterpreted. The greetings and remarks were suspended until the people had seen for whom the man waited, and why.

Henry Donnelly had no sooner set his foot upon the door-step than, with something between a shout and a howl, the stranger darted forward, seized his hand, and fell upon one knee, crying: "O my lord! my lord! Glory be to God that I've found ye at last!"

If these words burst like a bomb on the ears of the people, what was their consternation when Henry Donnelly exclaimed, "The Divel! Jack O'Neil, can that be you?"

"It's me, meself, my lord! When we heard the letters went wrong last year, I said, 'I'll trust no such good news to their blasted mail-posts: I'll go meself and carry it to his lordship, — if it is t'other side o' the say. Him and my lady and all the children went, and sure I can go too.' And as I was the one that went with you from Dunleigh Castle, I'll go back with you to that same, for it stands awaitin', and blessed be the day that sees you back in your ould place!"

"All clear, Jack? All mine again?"

"You may believe it, my lord! And money in the chest beside. But where's my lady, bless her sweet face! Among yon women, belike, and you'll help me to find her, for it's herself must have the news next, and then the young master —"

With that word Henry Donnelly awoke to a sense of time and place. He found himself within a ring of staring, wondering, scandalized eyes. He met them boldly, with a proud, though rather grim smile, took hold of O'Neil's arm and led him towards the women's end of the house, where the sight of Susan in her scoop bonnet so moved the servant's heart that he melted into tears. Both husband and wife were eager to get home and hear O'Neil's news in private; so they set out at once in their plain carriage, followed by the latter on horseback. As

for the Friends, they went home in a state of bewilderment.

Alice Donnelly, with her brother Henry and Joel Bradbury, returned on foot. The two former remembered O'Neil, and, although they had not witnessed his first interview with their father, they knew enough of the family history to surmise his errand. Joel was silent and troubled.

"Alice, I hope it does n't mean that we are going back, don't you?" said Henry.

"Yes," she answered, and said no more.

They took a foot-path across the fields, and reached the farm-house at the same time with the first party. As they opened the door Sylvia descended the staircase dressed in a rich shimmering brocade, with a necklace of amethysts around her throat. To their eyes, so long accustomed to the absence of positive color, she was completely dazzling. There was a new color on her cheeks, and her eyes seemed larger and brighter. She made a stately courtesy and held open the parlor door.

"Welcome, Lord Henry Dunleigh, of Dunleigh Castle!" she cried; "welcome, Lady Dunleigh!"

Her father kissed her on the forehead. "Now give us back our memories, Sylvia!" he said, exultingly.

Susan Donnelly sank into a chair, overcome by the mixed emotions of the moment.

"Come in, my faithful Jack! Unpack thy portmanteau of news, for I see thou art bursting to show it; let us have everything from the beginning. Wife, it's a little too much for thee, coming so unexpectedly. Set out the wine, Alice!"

The decanter was placed upon the table. O'Neil filled a tumbler to the brim, lifted it high, made two or three hoarse efforts to speak, and then walked away to the window, where he drank in silence. This little incident touched the family more than the announcement of their good fortune. Henry Donnelly's feverish exultation subsided:

he sat down with a grave, thoughtful face, while his wife wept quietly beside him. Sylvia stood waiting with an abstracted air; Alice removed her mother's bonnet and shawl; and Henry and Joel, seated together at the farther end of the room, looked on in silent anticipation.

O'Neil's story was long, and frequently interrupted. He had been Lord Dunleigh's steward in better days, as, his father had been to the old lord, and was bound to the family by the closest ties of interest and affection. When the estates became so encumbered that either an immediate change or a catastrophe was inevitable, he had been taken into his master's confidence concerning the plan which had first been proposed in jest, and afterwards adopted in earnest. The family must leave Dunleigh Castle for a period of probably eight or ten years, and seek some part of the world where their expenses could be reduced to the lowest possible figure. In Germany or Italy there would be the annoyance of a foreign race and language, of meeting with tourists belonging to the circle in which they had moved, a dangerous idleness for their sons, and embarrassing restrictions for their daughters. On the other hand, the suggestion to emigrate to America and become Quakers during their exile offered more advantages the more they considered it. It was original in character; it offered them economy, seclusion, entire liberty of action inside the limits of the sect, the best moral atmosphere for their children, and an occupation which would not deteriorate what was best in their blood and breeding.

How Lord Dunleigh obtained admission into the sect as plain Henry Donnelly is a matter of conjecture with the Londongrove Friends. The deception which had been practised upon them — although it was perhaps less complete than they imagined — left a soreness of feeling behind it. The matter was hushed up after the departure of the family, and one might now live for years in the neighbor-

hood without hearing the story. How the shrewd plan was carried out by Lord Dunleigh and his family, we have already learned. O'Neil, left on the estate, in the north of Ireland, did his part with equal fidelity. He not only filled up the gaps made by his master's early profuseness, but found means to move the sympathies of a cousin of the latter, — a rich, eccentric old bachelor, who had long been estranged by a family quarrel. To this cousin he finally confided the character of the exile, and at a lucky time; for the cousin's will was altered in Lord Dunleigh's favor, and he died before his mood of reconciliation passed away. Now, the estate was not only unencumbered, but there was a handsome surplus in the hands of the Dublin bankers. The family might return whenever they chose, and there would be a festival to welcome them, O'Neil said, such as Dunleigh Castle had never known since its foundations were laid.

"Let us go at once!" said Sylvia, when he had concluded his tale. "No more masquerading: I never knew, until to-day, how much I have hated it! I will not say that your plan was not a sensible one, father; but I wish it might have been carried out with more honor to ourselves. Since De Courcy's death I have begun to appreciate our neighbors: I was resigned to become one of these people, had our luck gone the other way. Will they give us any credit for goodness and truth, I wonder? Yes, in mother's case, and Alice's; and I believe both of them would give up Dunleigh Castle for this little farm."

"Then," her father exclaimed, "it is time that we should return, and without delay. But thee wrongs us somewhat, Sylvia: it has not all been masquerading. We have become the servants, rather than the masters, of our own parts, and shall live a painful and divided life until we get back in our old place. I fear me it will always be divided for thee, wife, and Alice and Henry. If I am subdued by the element which I only meant to assume,

how much more deeply must it have wrought in your natures ! Yes, Sylvia is right, we must get away at once. To-morrow we must leave London-grove forever !”

He had scarcely spoken, when a new surprise fell upon the family. Joel Bradbury arose and walked forward, as if thrust by an emotion so powerful that it transformed his whole being. He seemed to forget everything but Alice Donnelly's presence. His soft brown eyes were fixed on her face with an expression of unutterable tenderness and longing. He caught her by the hands. “Alice, O Alice !” burst from his lips ; “you are not going to leave me ?”

The flush in the girl's sweet face faded into a deadly paleness. A moan came from her lips ; her head dropped, and she would have fallen, swooning, from the chair, had not Joel knelt at her feet and caught her upon his breast.

For a moment there was silence in the room.

Presently, Sylvia, all her haughtiness gone, knelt beside the young man, and took her sister from his arms. “Joel, my poor, dear friend,” she said, “I am sorry that the last, worst mischief we have done must fall upon you.”

Joel covered his face with his hands, and convulsively uttered the words, “*Must* she go ?”

Then Henry Donnelly—or, rather, Lord Dunleigh, as we must now call him—took the young man's hand. He was profoundly moved ; his strong voice trembled, and his words came slowly. “I will not appeal to thy heart, Joel,” he said, “for it would not hear me now. But thou hast heard all our story, and knowest that we must leave these parts, never to return. We belong to another station and another mode of life than yours, and it must come to us as a good fortune that our time of probation is at an end. Be-think thee, could we leave our darling Alice behind us, parted as if by the grave ? Nay, could we rob her of the life to which she is born,—of her share in our lives ? On the other hand, could we take thee with us, into relations

where thee would always be a stranger, and in which a nature like thine has no place ? This is a case where duty speaks clearly, though so hard, so very hard, to follow.”

He spoke tenderly, but inflexibly, and Joel felt that his fate was pronounced. When Alice had somewhat revived, and was taken to another room, he stumbled blindly out of the house, made his way to the barn, and there flung himself upon the harvest-sheaves which, three days before, he had bound with such a timid, delicious hope working in his arm.

The day which brought such great fortune had thus a sad and troubled termination. It was proposed that the family should start for Philadelphia on the morrow, leaving O'Neil to pack up and remove such furniture as they wished to retain ; but Susan, Lady Dunleigh, could not forsake the neighborhood without a parting visit to the good friends who had mourned with her over her first-born ; and Sylvia was with her in this wish. So two more days elapsed, and then the Dunleighs passed down the Street Road, and the plain farmhouse was gone from their eyes forever. Two grieved over the loss of their happy home ; one was almost broken-hearted ; and the remaining two felt that the trouble of the present clouded all their happiness in the return to rank and fortune.

They went, and they never came again. An account of the great festival at Dunleigh Castle reached Londongrove two years later, through an Irish laborer, who brought to Joel Bradbury a letter of recommendation signed “Dunleigh.” Joel kept the man upon his farm, and the two preserved the memory of the family long after the neighborhood had ceased to speak of it. Joel never married ; he still lives in the house where the great sorrow of his life befell. His head is gray, and his face deeply wrinkled ; but when he lifts the shy lids of his soft brown eyes, I fancy I can see in their tremulous depths the lingering memory of his love for Alice Dunleigh.

CAPILLARY FREAKS.

IT would be a serious undertaking to glean from the pages of history and mythology all the narrations that are associated with that beautiful, but perishable material, human hair. Tresses were to blame when the young man Absalom was hoisted aloft by the skeleton hand of the tree, and the welkin rang to the *vox populi* when Delilah took down the strong man of his time by shearing off the locks in which it was supposed that his strength lay. *Delirium tremens* must have been epidemic in the days when the Gorgonian female, whose curls were the curling of snakes, made stone sculptures of men by revealing herself to their gaze. From all time death and fury, as well as love and glory, have leaped out with the sparks that flash from a lock of woman's hair. It is well to say that the story of Jason, and how he sailed the good ship "Argos," with a princely crew, in search of a golden fleece, is nothing but a romance and a myth. Some girl with golden hair was at the bottom of that fiction, you may depend. It might have been Medea, and it might not; but as I conjure up a vision of a tree with a golden fleece hanging upon it, and a dragon at the foot of it keeping guard over the treasure, the scene changes like a dissolving view, and I see nothing but a lovely woman tressed in golden glory, watched by an elderly person who might pass for a very good dragon *ex machina* indeed. Look at home, now, and see the legions of Browns and Smiths who have pricked each other with rapiers, or riddled each other with lead, on account of a ringlet accorded to one or the other of them by some damsel false as fair. But the romance of hair is too prolific a subject to be lightly handled, and I pass on to its history.

The caprices of fashion with regard to woman's hair furnish a good deal of material for satire at the present day; but the most extravagant of them now

are tame compared with the capillary freaks of women in the olden times. Among the Roman women, at one period, there was a morbid ambition to grow beards, and they used to shave their faces and smear them with unguents to produce those inappropriate appendages. Cicero tells us that there was a law passed against this practice, which is a proof that it must have been carried to a great extent. Among the Greeks, too, a similar fancy appears at one time to have existed; for they represented their Cyprian Venus with a beard, and Suidas asserts that false beards were more than once in vogue with the Athenian women. The Lombard lasses, also, had the same notion, but with more purpose in it; for we learn from old writers that the amazons of that nation, when levying war upon their neighbors, used to improvise beards by arranging their hair upon their cheeks, so that they might look, at a little distance, like warriors of the rougher sex, and so strike the more terror to their male foes.

It appears from various records, that the present passion for the different shades of red hair — golden, auburn, and bronze-red — has raged very fiercely in different periods, and from very early times. The great Italian painters, Titian, Paul Veronese, Giorgione, and others, had gold-red hair "on the brain." Their beauties were nearly all crowned with a glory of the fascinating tint. In "beautiful Venice," about the days of Titian, a glorious sight to see must have been the house-tops, from a bird's-eye view, when the belles of noble rank sat out upon them, catching the golden flashes of the sun with their damp tresses. Vecelli states that they used to procure the desired tint by the following process. They would soak their hair thoroughly with a wash made up of black sulphur, alum, and honey. Then they would repair to the flat house-tops, and, hanging the wet

masses of their hair over the wide brims of crownless straw hats, would sit there for hours, until even the darkest-eyed brunette of them all would have her raven tresses alchemized into burning gold. That must have been a wondrous and beautiful sight, out there on the flat roofs of Venice, the morning before some great Carnival ball. Will observers who dwell much in attics inform us whether our American belles recline out upon the house-tops, and lay traps with their tresses to catch the audacious radiance of the sun? I look out from my window now, — a back window commanding an extensive view of house-tops, — flat, some of them, and others of sufficiently gentle slope. I strain my eyes to behold some such beatific vision as might have dazzled Titian when he emerged from the roof-scuttle of his house, and singled out for a Madonna some fair and fulvous one of the bleachers that were spreading their tresses on the leads below. But, alas! I see no such gorgeous sight. I see nothing more lovely, in fact, than tom-cats and chimneys, the sooty tops of the latter of which certainly do not absorb any glory from the gilding rays of the warm October sun.

But the rage for golden hair was nothing of a new one in the days of olden Venice. The Greek women had a touch of it, — though it was considered meretricious, if we are to believe Menander, who in one of his comedies makes a man bundle his wife out of doors because she came home one day with her hair stained yellow. And the fashion prevailed among the Roman ladies too, by whom it was adopted soon after the conquests of Gaul and Germany, when the tawny hair of the natives of those countries became quite the thing in the capital of the Empire. To imitate this the dark-haired belles of Rome had recourse to a pomade, — the *spuma caustica*, — with which, as Martial tells us, they used to render their locks Teutonic. It seems, too, that yellow hair — whether natural or otherwise — was notable

in the time of Horace, since he inquires, tauntingly, of the fascinating Pyrrha, —

“Cui flavam religas comam
Simplex munditiis?”

Again, so lately as the time of the first Empire, golden or flaxen hair was a folly of the day, and prevailed much in France. A late writer mentions a very old lady of his acquaintance who told him that, when in Paris many years ago, she was acquainted with a lady of great age who used laughingly to say, “Only imagine that I used to be silly enough, when I was a girl, to wear a light flaxen wig!” The lady who told this about herself was a *brunette* of the darkest shade; and she further stated, that in her young days it was a common fashion for *blondes* to hide their fair locks under dark-colored wigs. Envy was clearly at work then, and nature at a discount. Red hair, rather than flaxen, seems to have touched the fancy at many periods, both long ago and of later years. In Ireland locks of the most fiery hue have long been regarded by the peasantry as a lovely attribute of beauty. “She’s an iligant lady, — good luck to her,” some ragged loiterer near a carriage-window will say. “She’s a mighty fine woman intirely; only it’s a pity but she had red hair.” And then there is an old ditty that I remember often to have heard trolled by grooms and ploughmen of the Celtic race, a stave of which runs thus: —

“Heigh for the apple, and ho for the pear;
But give me the pretty girl with the red hair.”

Truly the hair of woman is a mysterious and wonderful thing, and one about which hardly anything has been left unwritten, unsaid, or unsung. It seems impossible that any fashion of wearing it can be new. In pictures painted centuries ago we see women with their hair made up in nets, precisely in a fashion that is very general at the present day. From the peat-bogs of Ireland coils of female hair have been dug, rolled upon great wooden pins, not unlike the gilt dumb-bells passed sometimes through the *chignons*

worn by women of our period. Hair has been padded, in many ages of the world, just as it is padded now. The Roman women had "rats"; and the "Grecian curls" now so often worn by the loveliest of their age and sex were sported in ancient Greece, not only by the women, but by the men. And in this fashion, too, did other nations of olden times dress their hair. Old French writers record that Theodoric le Jeune, king of the Goths, wore his in long, heavy tresses, — *toupets à la Grecque*. It was crimped in front, and combed back, and it is easy to guess that the *coiffeur royal* had no easy time of it while he was making a guy of that young Goth. The Lombards also wore tresses falling over their ears and down upon their shoulders behind; and, *à propos* of this, here is a legend recorded by some German writer.

Once there was a king of the Lombards, whose name I have forgotten; but, as I remember the story, he was a man of noble stature, and took much pride in the heavy side-locks of his luxuriant hair. His immediate body-guard consisted of fifty noblemen, each of them selected for his resemblance to the king in stature and general appearance, and they too wore their hair in tresses like those of their royal master. The queen's apartments were at a little distance from the palace, and when, after the fatigues of the chase, the king would resort there at even, he usually wore a white mantle wrapped so as partially to conceal his features, and gave a particular countersign to the sentry at the queen's gate. Now one of the tall body-guard was an enterprising young noble, and he bethought himself of a stratagem by which he might obtain an interview with the queen, who lived in great seclusion, but was reputed as being very beautiful in person, though in intellect rather the reverse of bright. Ascertaining that the king would return at least an hour later than usual from the chase, on a particular day, the young guardsman, who bore a remarkable personal re-

semblance to his master, wrapped himself at evening in a white mantle, and, having possessed himself in some way of the countersign, passed the sentry at the queen's gate, and entered the royal apartments. A favoring twilight prevailed there. The air was languid with the odor of essences and mellow fruits, and the audacious guardsman could see that the queen was very beautiful indeed, as she reclined among velvet cushions and sipped the beverage most in fashion among the Lombard ladies of the day, whatever that might have been. On a table before her there was a toothsome spread, — supper for two, — and of this the ambitious young warrior partook. Then he made himself quite at home for an hour or so, till he thought that it might not be safe for him to remain there any longer; so he kissed her most gracious Majesty the queen, — only think of *that*! — and, quietly withdrawing from the premises, returned to his own quarters.

He had not been gone five minutes when the king, wrapped in his white mantle, strode past the astonished sentry and entered the queen's apartments.

"Your Majesty does me great honor this evening," said the partner of his royal bosom. "It is not often that you return so quickly after having kissed me good-night."

"Ha! ha!" exclaimed the quick-witted monarch, carrying his hand to his dagger; "have we rats here? I think I smell one, and so here goes to ferret him out of his retreat!"

Hastening to the dormitory in which his fifty guardsmen slept, the king entered softly, armed with his dagger and a dark lantern. There, on fifty campbeds, all in a row, lay his fifty doubles, wrapped, apparently, in deep slumber, and looking as like each other as a row of peas upon the half-shell. The king threw the light of his lantern upon the first bed, and, approaching it, laid his hand lightly over the sleeper's heart. "He sleeps well," thought he; "the culprit's heart will scarce beat so lightly as that." And on he went, along the

row of beds, trying each sleeper's heart as he went, but finding no flutter until he came to the last. The sleep of that stalwart young nobleman was so calm and deep, apparently, that it might have been taken for death, had it not been accompanied by a sonorous and healthy snore; but when the king came to lay his hand over the snorer's heart, he found it beating like a drum.

"This is my man," muttered he, between his teeth. "His life's blood is up in evidence against him, and I will have it." Then, raising his dagger, he was about to plunge it into the noble young snorer's heart, when another idea arrested him. "I will not kill him now," thought he. "Justice before all; and he shall have a fair trial on the morrow. But meantime, here goes to mark him; for I can hardly tell one of these fellows of mine from the other, nor from myself, for the matter of that." And with these words he gathered together the flowing tresses on the left side of the warrior's head, and, having cut them off with the sharp edge of his dagger, walked out from the dormitory as softly as he had come.

Morning had hardly dawned when the king, fuming with rage, and bent on vengeance, ordered his fifty pet guardsmen to be paraded before him, while he chuckled inwardly at his own sagacity in detecting and putting a mark on the delinquent the night before. But lo and behold! when the parade was formed, not a man of the whole fifty had locks on the left side of his head; for the gay young guardsman, who was wide awake when the king came to his bedside, had arisen quietly in the night and docked them of their tresses all round. And so the king of the Lombards was balked of his vengeance; for his fifty noble warriors all looked so like each other, and so innocent, there in the gray light of morning, that he could neither point out the man who had the palpitant heart, nor find it in his own to order his body-guard for execution in the bulk.

In the sixteenth century a curious circumstance threw tresses out of fash-

ion in France, — amongst men, at least. Francis I., who wore his hair in that style, met with an accident while engaged in a sham fight with snowballs. He was attacking a position which the Count de St. Pol was defending, each accompanied by his band of followers, when a firebrand, thrown by mistake, (a rather queer mistake that, by the by, not to know a firebrand from a snowball!) caught the king upon the head and burnt off his hair; and so the barbers had plenty to do in clipping away the tresses of the courtiers and young men about town, who of course could not think of wearing their hair differently from the king.

A few artists affect the Greek tresses in our time; but for men the style is considered decidedly eccentric, and it must be rather inconvenient to the wearer, under many circumstances to which men are liable in active life. Cork-screw curls have always wriggled themselves into fashion with men, as well as with women, from time to time. At present they are wholly provincial, and, even in the rural districts, are looked upon as a sign hung out by desperate maiden ladies of uncertain years, alone; but we shall see them in the market again, by and by, when the "waterfall" shall have dried up, and the "rats" deserted the tottering castle that now beetles upon the summit of my lady's brow. Only a few years ago it was a common fashion for ladies to train a small curl on each temple, to which it was affixed with bandoline or gum. These appendages were called *accroche-cœurs* by the French; and heart-hooks indeed they were, suggesting the idea of the barbed steel belonging to the salmon-fly of the angler; while the rest of the lady might have been compared, not unaptly, to the gay combination of silk and feathers with which that deceptive and artificial insect is usually made up.

And to think that red hair should be a coveted distinction, now, and of the obloquy that used to be heaped upon the red-head a few short years ago! "Aunt," says the *enfant terrible* of

some caricature, addressing a lady of rufuse temperament, "is it true that you dress your hair with tomato ketchup?" Few of us but have reminiscences of some hapless schoolfellow who led a dog's life on account of his red hair. Well I remember one such, whose young days were embittered by the odium thrown upon the volcanic summit with which nature had marked him for ridicule. Philology ran riot in the school for epithets wherewith to assail that unfortunate youth. We would tell him that he "must be the work of an incendiary." "Did his mother take out an additional policy of insurance upon the premises when he went home in vacations?" "Used they to put ginger in his pap when he was a baby, or brickbats, or red peppers, or what?" One day the leading humorist of the school came rushing across the play-ground with a pail of water, crying, "Fire! fire!" with all his might; and, before the boys could collect themselves to ask "Where?" he extinguished the unlucky Rufulus by dashing the contents of the pail over his devoted head.

It seems that, even when red heads were least in favor, the color was not considered so objectionable as applying to the beard. In modern times, generally, a man with a beard like a brick might go through life unchaffed. Old Butler does not seem to be absolutely disparaging his hero when he describes him as a man

"With beard so like a tile,
A sudden view it might beguile."

But it has not been so in all times and countries. In Mr. Edwards's "Reminiscences of a Bengal Civilian," it is related how Delhi came to be sacked by Nadir Shah. Some time previous to that event, it seems, an Affghan officer employed in the Deccan came to Delhi to pay his respects to the Emperor. He happened to have a long red beard, and the courtiers, on his entering the hall of audience, jeered him, saying, "What next?—here we have now a red-haired baboon come to court!" To this the officer retorted, "I will tell

you what next,—that before a year is over I will fill Delhi itself, as well as the palaces, with red-bearded baboons like me." Then he went away in a great rage, and sent off a messenger to Nadir Shah with a letter, saying, "You are wanted here, for all are old women now in Delhi." Nadir answered the summons; and, on his arrival, plundered the city and put its inhabitants to the sword. But there was a time when, in France at least, red beards were much in vogue. This was toward the close of the sixteenth century, when dyes and various other preparations were used for procuring the desired tint, and the height of the *mode* then was to have the head black and the beard red. There must have been a *furor* about the thing, in fact, for Pierre le Guillard, a bard of the time, published a poem called *Eloge des Barbes Rousses*.

Few things, adopted with intention to deceive, are less deceptive than wigs. Many a man has worn a wig for years, quite satisfied in his own mind that the secret rests between himself and his "artist in hair"; but that is all a delusion. The blanched hair will crop out at the nape of the neck, or the unnatural luxuriance of the head-gear in juxtaposition with crows' feet and pendulous cheeks will tell the tale. I can recall but two instances within my own observation in which there was an entire absence on the part of wig-wearers of any attempt to deceive. One was the case of a young man of very dark complexion, who, having had his head shaved after an attack of illness, borrowed the flaxen wig of a friend who had left off wearing it,—and a very funny contrast it made with the raven whiskers of that honest young man. The other case which recurs to me was of a still more praiseworthy and honorable kind. Years ago I was acquainted with a gentleman very much of the old school,—an elderly gentleman, who wore a thick cravat, and whose starched shirt-collars threatened continually to saw off his ears. In the morning this old gentleman would usu-

ally make his appearance in a glossy brown wig, having a stiff roll, or tube, to it, extending across the nape of the neck from ear to ear. Observe him in his afternoon trim, and his wig would be a white one instead of a brown, — a sort of sunny white peruke, that accorded much better with his years than the gay and juvenile one of his morning style. There was something typical in this, — each day being, with that fine old gentleman, an epitome of the morning and evening of life. Among the ancient Romans, the yellow hair of the Germans was in much request for wigs; and the Egyptians of old wore wigs very generally, though more on the principle of cleanliness than from any foppish conceit. By far the greatest absurdity, however, that has ever been perpetrated in the way of a wig, is the pert little grizzly horse-hair one worn by the British barrister while in court. It sits upon the top of the head like a cat upon a town-pump, and the contrast frequently made by it with whiskers that are very red or very black is often ludicrous in the extreme. In the last century, and until toward the close of it, I believe, a curious fashion prevailed among the Irish peasantry of wearing a small red scratch wig over the natural hair. These were called "bay wigs," a term which was fastened as a nickname on the wearers; and it was a common thing then for an Irish peasant to whip off his wig when a distinguished visitor entered his cabin, and, having dusted a chair with it for the arrival, to replace it upon his head. I remember, when a boy, how we had a tradition among us of a certain parrot then long passed away, who had been taught to pronounce the word "bay-wig" in a very loud and distinct voice, and whose delight it was to vociferate it from his cage near some high window, to the great discomfiture and scandal of the honest farmers as they passed to and fro on their business in the old market-town.

Throughout the past centuries, France appears to have set the fashion in beards for the neighboring nations, gen-

erally. Frequent changes took place in the form of the beard, sometimes mustaches only being worn, and sometimes clean shaving being the order of the day; while, anon, conceits the most fantastic were devised with all the hair that could be grown upon the cheeks and chin. Perhaps it will be interesting to the ladies to know that, eight centuries ago, the "waterfall" was absolutely a masculine appendage, and quite the thing among men of fashion in France. The mode was known as *le visage en cascade*, and the hair, mustache, and beard were combined to produce the effect. To represent the upper fall, the hair was cut evenly all round the head. The mustaches, worn very heavy and drooping, formed the second fall, and the third was ably simulated by the long, pointed beard. It was in this wonderful guise that Hugues, Count of Chalons, appeared when conquered by Richard of Normandy, before whom he went on all-fours with a saddle on his back, in token of submission. Even the grave old chronicler who relates this appears to have been touched by the ludicrous points of the scene, for he dryly remarks that Hugues, in spite of the saddle, might better have passed for a goat than for a horse, bearded *en cascade* as he was. About this time, too, the beard was so highly honored that epithets were taken from it. There was Geoffroi le Barbu, for instance, and Baudoin à la belle Barbe. Likewise the atrocious Gilles de Laval, Maréchal de Retz, who was called Barbe-Bleu, and was undoubtedly the original Bluebeard of the old nursery tale. The history of this diabolical wretch and his crimes has been written in compendious form by Paul Lacroix (*Bibliophile Jacob*). His beard is described as having been of a light color, shot with tinges of blue when seen in certain lights. Whether this be true or otherwise, there is no doubt attaching to the records of his horrible crimes, which he expiated by being hanged on a gallows, after which his body was burnt to ashes, and the ashes scattered to the four winds.

Toward the close of the fourteenth century, a very remarkable beard made its appearance in France. It was worn by an impostor calling himself the Patriarch of Constantinople, who came to Paris in 1392. There was much excitement about it at the time, and some of the chroniclers hint that it might have been an artificial beard; for these appendages had then been lately invented by a Spaniard, whose name has not survived him, and it is said that they came into very general fashion in Spain,—so much so, indeed, that nearly every person who had any beard used to shave it off and replace it with a false one. These sham beards were as various in form and color as are the *chignons* and “coils” now worn by women; and it was customary to change the beard two or three times a day, just as the old gentleman already introduced to the reader used to change his wig. So absurd was the excess to which this whim was pushed, that Don Pedro, king of Aragon, issued an edict in the year 1351 against wearing false beards.

It seems to have been easy, in the old times, to get up a fashion for beards in France. We read that, in 1599, as the Maréchal de Beaumanoir was hunting in the forests of Maine, some of his *chasseurs* brought to him a man whom they had found sleeping in a thicket. This singular being had two horns like those of a ram growing upon his forehead. His head was quite destitute of hair, but he had a large red beard, which grew in tufts or flakes, like that of a satyr; and the Parisians, who were much excited by the accounts that came in about him, immediately took to dressing their beards *en flocons*, a mode which prevailed for some time.

At various periods beards were regulated by law. In 1533, Francis I. issued an edict ordaining that Bohemians, Egyptians, and other persons of that sort should be arrested, *shaved*, and committed to the galleys. It is said that the Parliament of Toulouse forbade the wearing of beards, and that, when a certain gentleman, furnished with a

very long one, brought some claims before that body, he was told that they could not be entertained until he had shaven his face clean. Indeed, so much controversy took place at this time regarding the beard, that the learned doctor Gentien Hervet wrote a discourse upon the subject, which was printed at Orleans in 1536. He divided his discourse into three sections. The first maintained that all men ought to allow their beards to grow; the second, that all men ought to shave their beards off; and the third, that every man should do just as he pleases about his beard. Twenty years later, beards were again much in vogue. They were worn in the swallow-tail cut now, and there were fan-tail beards to be seen also, as well as many other strange and grotesque devices in the arrangement of the facial hair. A great variety of unguents for the beard were also brought into use at this time, all of different colors and perfumes. The beard, at this period, was generally made up at night, and placed in a bag to prevent it from getting out of form. It became the proper thing now, in France, to carry a small brush for the purpose of arranging the mustache, an office which ladies would sometimes perform for their beaux, and great value was attached to a mustache that had been put in form for the wearer by some fair hand.

In those periods in which the mustache alone was worn, it varied in form at least as much as it does at the present day. Charlemagne, who was opposed to full beards, restored mustaches to favor; and the style then was to wear them very long, twisted to a point at either end, and drooping down to the chest. Charles le Chauve is represented with mustaches of this cut, and his reign has sometimes been called the reign of *Moustaches à la Charloise*. Later still, the inconvenience of the long mustache gave rise to the fashion of cutting it short and trimming it to a square form; and in the reign of Louis le Jeune, about the year 1149, it began to be worn short and bristly,

somewhat like a brush. Thus it was that the Normans, at the beginning of the tenth century, used to dress their upper lips, the stubbly, brush-like mustache being considered by them a symbol of courage, as it also seems to be by the "roughs" of modern times.

At last, as the centuries rolled on, beards went out of fashion altogether in France. The extreme youth of Louis XIII., when he came to the throne, was a staggering blow to them; and even when his beard did begin to grow, he always had it shaved clean off. When Sully, who wore a flowing beard, came to the court of Louis, he was an object for the sneers and derision of the young courtiers, nettled at which, the old man said to the king, "When your father did me the honor to consult me upon important affairs of state, he always used to dismiss the merry-andrews and jack-puddings from the chamber." But, to make amends for the loss of beards in this reign, fashion ordained that wonderful structures should be erected upon the human head. Hair-powder came into use now, and numerous top-dressings arose in the way of periwigs and perukes of extravagant size. Thackeray, in his "Paris Sketch-Book," I think, had a caricature showing the make-up of little Louis in one of these awful hair towers, which he wore to give him height. By and by, when Louis XIV. mounted the throne, beards fell into disrepute, the introduction of snuff tending to hasten their decline; and so, when the eighteenth century dawned, very few persons were to be seen with beards, — the last to wear them being the Capuchin friars.

Then a new era beamed out for the fashions in human hair. All through this century, and well on into the present one, hair-powder continued to be used by both sexes, its origin being traceable, probably, to the desire for concealing gray hair. Queues became the fashion among men. Sometimes these were made up in the form called "clubs," which bore some resemblance to the *chignons* of to-day. There was a vast deal of time and trouble wasted

upon these absurd appendages. Soldiers, in particular, had a hard time of it with their queues, which they were obliged to arrange with the greatest accuracy for every parade; and there still exists a reminiscence of the barbarism in one of the English fusileer regiments, the officers of which, when in full uniform, wear between their shoulders the broad black ribbon on which the queue of bygone days was wont to rest. Early in the present century all these fashions went gradually out of vogue. Women began to wear their hair in a simple coil behind, confining it with a high tortoise-shell comb, such as the "Yankee female" of the stage wears at the present day. Corkscrew ringlets were also in favor now. Men took to wearing their hair closely cropped, except on the top of the forehead, from which it was brushed up into a high peak called a "topping," — a style which would be rather inconvenient with the low hats now so generally worn. The beard was tolerated on the cheeks only. In England, especially, the whiskers were trimmed to a form not unaptly likened to that of a mutton-chop; and there was a military regulation in force within a few years past, that the soldier, in shaving, was to draw his razor on an imaginary line running from the corner of the mouth to the but of the ear, and so downwards over the maxillary tracts to the chin and throat. In some of the armies of Continental Europe, at this period, cavalry soldiers wore heavy mustaches; but it was not until after the close of the Peninsular war that the style was adopted by English hus-sars. Among the peasantry, mustaches were then looked upon with an awe that almost verged on superstition. It is related of the eldest son of Sir Walter Scott, then a gallant dragoon officer quartered with his regiment in Ireland, that the mail-coach, on the top of which he once happened to be travelling, was beset, in some small town, by a ragged host of beggars. One old harridan was so importunate for alms that Major Scott at last threw her

a half-crown, a donation so unusually liberal for those parts that the beggar-woman exclaimed with effusion, "Ya, th'n, may Heaven bless yer honer, for it's betther to us ye are nor the Christians!" The Major wore a tremendous mustache, twisted up at the ends nearly to the cheek-bones, and the woman probably took him for a Turk, or some other heretical monster from foreign parts.

Thirty or forty years ago, beards again began to be revived in France. For some time they were of revolutionary import, and, when associated with closely cropped heads, were apt to subject the wearer to the delicate attentions of the police. In England, at this time, civilians but seldom ventured on the mustache. It is wonderful how strong was the prejudice maintained against this accessory among the staid elderly gentlemen of the period. A man wearing a mustache was regarded by them as an adventurer at best, and possibly a swindler. Representative gentlemen of the Regency school, with high black stocks—over which their cheeks hung in jowls—and no shirt-collars, would tap their foreheads significantly when some young innovator with mustaches hove in sight, and say, with a wink, "Lodgings to let yonder,"—meaning that hair on the upper lip is a sign of unfurnished apartments in the head. To the young ladies, however, there has ever been something sweetly wicked in the twirl of a mustache, and that it was thus even in Tom Moore's time is shown by that letter in the "Twopenny Post-Bag," wherein a young lady tells her bosom friend about a certain fascinating gentleman in Paris, —

"With mustachios that give what we read of so oft,
The dear corsair expression, half savage, half soft."

During many years of the past, and for some fifty of the present century, it seems to have been customary for Americans to shave off all the beard. Even the men of the mountains and plains—hunters, trappers, and guides—wore no beards, as a general thing, until within a few years past. A departure from this fashion began to ap-

pear soon after the discovery of gold in California, and there is little doubt that the picturesque appearance presented by miners returning from the "diggings" had much to do with the general introduction of mustaches and beards. In England these did not become general until after the Crimean war, during which struggle the razor was abandoned by the army,—infantry as well as cavalry adopting the full beard, which, with certain modifications, is still worn by them. Then civilians—slowly, however, and with sheepish reserve—began to let their mustaches grow. Innovation is a hard card to play in England. Bankers, in many instances, actually threatened their clerks with dismissal if they showed the slightest appearance of an incipient mustache,—and this was hardly ten years ago! Much was written upon the subject at this time, and at last the medical faculty entered the lists in defence of beards. Instances were adduced by them, showing the value of the appendage in a sanitary point of view. The stone-masons of Edinburgh and Glasgow had long been subject to pulmonary diseases induced by the fine dust inhaled by them during their work; but the doctors advised them to let their beards grow, and there were fewer complaints thereafter about their lungs. At last the fogies who objected to the beard began to think that there "must be something in it," and some among them would pluck up sufficient moral courage to drop the razor for a day or two. These daring spirits kept well in the dark, however. They would retire to remote corners of the country for a week or a month, to conceal the *mauvaise honte* experienced by them under the stigma of growing a mustache. If they chanced to be stumbled on by an acquaintance, then they would pretend to blow their noses, so that the pocket-handkerchief might screen their folly from his inquiring gaze. It was very slow work, to be sure, getting people to separate the idea of folly, or of criminality, from the fact of wearing hair upon the lip. Says one

fogy to another, in my hearing, once, "Only think of an attorney with a mustache!" To which says the other, "You did n't employ him, I hope!" But they all came to it, at last. I remember, not many years ago, a lawyer, of the priggish stamp, pointing to his mouth, and saying to an acquaintance whom he had not seen for some time previously, and who had grown a mustache in the interval, "O, I see you have been weak enough!" About two years afterwards the lawyer, then wearing a very full mustache,—and a very red one too,—met the same acquaintance, who gave him the retort justifiable with, "O, I see you have been weak enough!" and a significant jerk of his thumb.

Now-a-days no man is martyred for his heresy on the subject of the razor. The fruit of old Gentien Hervet's dis-

course is fully ripe to-day, and every man does exactly as he pleases with regard to his beard. We have it of all sorts and sizes now. Here we see a "swell" barbed after the drooping fashion known here as "English whiskers," but cherished by the London cockneys as "Piccadilly weepers." There goes a business person with beard as forked as the lightning, and almost as fiery; and by him there shoulders a professional bully, with short, blue-black mustaches nestling closely under his puggy nose. And lo! to crown all, here comes somebody's grandfather, looking like an arctic owl in the whiteness of his thick, puffy beard,—a worthy old gentleman, who, twenty-five years ago, would have disinherited a son for letting twelve hairs have their wicked way upon his upper lip!

KATHARINE MORNE.

PART III.

CHAPTER VIII.

IN the afternoon of the day following I made it a point to look after Nelly; for the Doctor always said it was very important to keep her out of doors as much as was possible without over-fatiguing her, and to make the most of the fine weather while it lasted; and since I saw her last, her little, pale, piteous, hopeless face had haunted me so that I could not rest till I had tried to do something to make it brighter. She was not below. Mrs. Cumberland came to the door, and insisted upon taking me up stairs. Nelly's small chamber was darkened. She sat in one corner of it, in the old-fashioned easy-chair, pressing her forehead, I could see, hard against the side. She kept her face turned away as I entered,

and only put her little hand out backwards to welcome me. It felt almost as much like snow as it looked.

"Why, Nelly, darling!" said I; "up here, all alone and cold, in the dark?"

"Yes."

It was all, I suspected, that the poor little voice could steady itself enough to answer; and there was a gasping sigh that seemed to come with it out of her heart.

"Does your head ache? Has anything happened to trouble you?"

"Not—lately."

"What *is* the matter, Nelly?"

"I don't suppose I ought to say anything is, when I have so many comforts, and you to come and see me. Aunt Cumberland says a great many people are as happy as the day is long, who have n't half so much as I to

make them. It can only be because I am so all wrong, and feel so wrong. If I were only good and grateful and resigned, I might be very hap — blessed."

"Perhaps you are more blessed than you think, already, you dear little pet, and more grateful than some of the well and happy people. But we must try to get you well and happy too. What would you like best now, if you could have just what you wanted to make you happy? Think, and tell me."

"It would n't do any good."

"O, yes, perhaps it would. Let me hear; and see if we can't get it."

She turned her weary, wistful eyes suddenly round to mine. "I should like — I should like — O, I can't say what I should *like*; but I think the best thing that could happen to me would be to be very good now, and then, by and by, — in God's own time, — to die."

"But that, darling, must be just what God wishes for you. If you wish it, and God wishes it too, what can prevent it? Nothing."

"I don't wish it half the time," said she, hastily; "I'm impatient and wicked!" She could not go on, but kissed my hand, and pressed it to her lips with a tremulous earnestness that seemed to beg me to say more.

"It is a beautiful and holy wish, darling, and sure to be fulfilled, — that is, if you do your part towards its fulfilment; for God will most surely do His."

Still she kissed and pressed my hand, and could not speak.

"Whatever other things our Heavenly Father withholds from you and me, Nelly, I do believe He stands ready to bestow on us these three, — contentment, gratitude, and the guidance of His Holy Spirit; and whoever has these need not envy the blessed angels, and will soon be among them."

"I wish you could always talk to me, and other people be still!"

"Come out to walk with me then, and we will talk some more." I was afraid I had not given her much comfort; but I changed the subject, be-

cause I saw it was as she had said: she could not tell me what she would like best, or, if she did, it would not do any good. But what I had said to her still rested in my own heart and comforted me. It seemed easier to be wise for Nelly, than to be wise for myself.

I could not have said it, even to her, a few months before. I had but just entered my nineteenth year; and my faith was still in its elements. When things went well with me in my girlhood, the Gospel and the spirit as I received them at home from my mother's life and teachings were wont to come uppermost in my mind; when things went ill, I was apt to fall back upon the law and the letter as expounded by Miss Mehitable and her peers. (By the way, I cannot but wonder at the guileless confidence that ever turns poor innocents adrift into a Sunday school, without any previous knowledge of what their teachers are or are to teach. Imagine the quantities and qualities of spiritual "wild-oats" that may be sown there in their little souls!) But as I was about to say, within the last few months the same change had been going on in me that I was carrying out in Fanny's Bible, where, leaving every gentle tracing of her pencil beside the texts that helped to make her what she was, I was little by little rubbing out the black, jagged, *thunderbolt* lines of Miss Mehitable, that seemed to point every threat, and drive each denunciation in, with something of the vengeful wrath of human judgments.

When I brought Nelly back again from our walk, she said to me, "It has done me good to be with you. It gives me strength and calm."

"A coincidence!" exclaimed I. "Do you know? I was just thinking almost the very same thing about my being with you."

She looked surprised, but really very much pleased, as she turned to creep up stairs.

Mrs. Cumberland followed me stealthily out of the house, and, with many "nods, becks, and wreathed *winks*," allured me into the yard. She took

the pump by the handle, and said in a stage-whisper, "Has Nelly told you yet what's the matter of her?"

"No."

"La, it's nothin' in the world but jest gittin' her head turned after that nasty little Sam Blight. When I fust put it to her, she made me promise not to pass a hint of it to nobody, or I b'lieve she'd have gone right off into a brain-fever; an' it wa'n't a very pooty thing to tell the Doctor; but I don't call you nobody."

"But what made you think it was that?" asked I, hardly knowing whether to laugh or to cry.

"'Cause he was here, forever, a talkin' an' readin' poetry with her; an' the day he went to Ne' York, she begun cryin', an' she's cried ever since."

"Poor little dear! But what an escape for her!"

"Yes,—so I always keep a tellin' of her; an' now I want you jest to give her some sensible advice. You've got edication; an' she thinks everything of you. She'd think twice as much of anything you'd say. I've a'most talked my tongue off; but la! I might jest as well talk to the winds."

"Please not to tell her that I know anything about it, then, Mrs. Cumberland; and I will think what I can do."

I walked homewards, full indeed of thought. Sam Blight! Here was a revelation! Mrs. Cumberland was not euphemistic; but her characterization of him lay open in my judgment to no other criticism. I knew him a little, which was more than enough, before I went to Greenville, and knew in him a promising sample of that most unpleasant class of small mortals,—the little bad men who strive to form themselves upon the model of the great bad men, and succeed only in making themselves up of every creature's worst.

"Slender legs,—upon my word
He was a pretty fellow!"

He turned down his collar from his very lean throat, because Lord Byron had his from his very fat one, and professed to pore day and night over

what he was in the habit of pronouncing "po-ums by Gaiter." He was obliged to read them in English, to be sure; ("Pardon, monsieur, je n'en vois pas la nécessité!" as the great French minister said to the poor French journalist, who said to him, "Il faut que je vive";) but he apparently managed to extract quite as much mischief from them as if he could have had the benefit of the original. Altogether, the idea of anybody's being affected in the least—otherwise, at least, than agreeably—by his absence, was to me so comical that my risibles could not have stood it, if it had not been for the thought of my helpless little friend's peace and welfare being in any degree in the power of so selfish and unscrupulous a person. Her distress and despair made the matter tragic enough.

I should not now regret my own experience so much, mysterious as it seemed, and hard as I often found it still to bear, if it only helped me to discover some way to help her. What had aided me? First, change of scene; secondly, finding myself beloved and valued by some whose love and esteem were honorable and dear to me; thirdly, having others to think and care about than myself, and one who did not especially care for me, and whom it was desirable for me to think and care less about.

Now for Nelly. First, the scene was already changed to the poor little soul,—more than enough, no doubt, in her opinion, by the departure of the too captivating Sam; and I would try to vary it further by taking her about with me, as often as I could, to one or other of the grandest and most beautiful spots in the neighborhood. Secondly, I would endeavor to love her more and more,—it was becoming easier and easier,—and to show her that I did so. Thirdly, I would beg for her a little frisking, fondling Maltese kitten, possessed of white mittens, a white neckerchief, white nose, white point in the very middle of the forehead, and all the finest points that a kitten can have. Such a one was a supernumerary in our es-

tablishment, and was soon to be sent out into a too often heartless world to seek its fortune. I would enjoin upon Nelly to name it for me, to make it a crimson velvet collar, and to cherish it for my sake. This would be but a childish resource; but Nelly was not much better than a child.

I had got no further with my devices, when I saw Dr. Physick coming to meet me. I *did* think he might have been allowed a hint of the state of the case; but it was no business of mine to give it; and perhaps I should hardly have had the heart, when I came to ask myself how I should like to have him—or even a more honorable and kind-hearted man, if one could be found—know what came so near making me ill myself in the hay-field, not a year before. At any rate, I stood on my guard as well as I could.

"I saw you walking with Nelly Fader. Have you been able to make out yet whether she has anything on her mind?"

"Why, I am afraid that—like most other people, I suppose—she has some causes of regret; but I should think that she exaggerated them very much."

"Of course. People always do when they get brooding, with their attention concentrated on themselves and their troubles. The heart metaphorical, as well as the heart literal, can be put or kept out of order in that way. But can these 'causes' you speak of be removed?"

"So far as I see, only by making her cease to regret them."

"And there her physical feebleness is very much against her. It is as hard for Nelly, no doubt, just now to throw off any burden that rests on her mind, as it would be for her to get rid of a hundred-pound weight if it fell on her body."

"Is that so?"

"Certainly. It is not easy for a sound, sensible, industrious girl like you, to conceive of such a condition as hers, I suppose, and I know it is not for a robust, hard-working, matter-of-fact fellow like me; but I have met with

it often enough to believe in it and pity it; or at least to try to. To say that I admire it, might be going a little too far. And so, Katy, the moral of Miss Nelly's story for you is, If you want always to come off victorious in encounters with the vapors, indulge in beeves and muttens, bread and milk, bread and butter, ripe fruit and vegetables, as you do, and in air and exercise, as you don't."

"Why, Doctor, when have I stayed in the house all day?"

"Pretty much all last week, did n't you?"

"But it rained so! Do you mean that I am to go out in all weathers?"

"Why no, my dear, I should n't like to say that you *were* to go out in *all* weathers,—tornadoes, now, and simooms,—or such weather as they had in Sodom and Gomorrah, even,—I should n't advise you to expose yourself to that. Some of my patients, too, who are less imprudent in going out than they are in staying in, give me accounts sometimes of its raining 'cats and dogs.' You need not go out when it rains cats and dogs; at least, without a good strong umbrella and impervious draperies and boots, you need n't. But you can get up and put away your 'books and work and healthful play,' that Julia sings to little Phil about, and put on your wrappings, and go down to the door, and put out your nose; and if that is taken off, you can take the rest of yourself in again."

"Barbarous!" exclaimed I, making talk to keep him from getting back upon the subject of Nelly. "Nothing shall ever induce me to put myself into your professional hands, unless it is some very extremity of pain or danger; and in that case I shall make it a point to writhe and scream every moment, to make and keep you aware that I am not about to jump up and dance."

"I give you leave,—what is more, I defy you! Your sort won't writhe or scream if they die for it, and do die sometimes just because they won't. Teach Nelly to give up poetry and pastry, and she'll grow more like you,—perhaps."

"Indeed, Doctor, in order to that, I fear I should be obliged to give some lessons to a much more impracticable person than Nelly. I hope I am not doing wrong to tell tales out of school; but the day that Mrs. Cumberland insisted on my staying to dine with her, she had nothing on the table but veal pie and sausages. Nelly could not eat much of either, to be sure, because Mrs. Cumberland had made her a lemon custard for luncheon."

"And she had eaten it?"

"She could not well help it."

"How long before?"

"An hour or two, I should think."

"Well, there are some excuses for a niece of her aunt's, I admit. O, these frightful females in whom the slanderously so-called 'feminine element' predominates! How I wish that all who romance about them had them to deal with! The lectures that I have wasted on that unworthy woman! What are you to do? She is n't a child, and you can't shake her; and she is n't a rational adult, and you can't reason with her. If, instead of passing her life as she does, in baiting dyspepsia-traps for herself and her neighbors, she would only, I won't say inform her mind, for I never could find that she had any, but merely, like any intelligent animal, learn to do as she is bid! I tell her Nelly needs sunshine. She will keep that child stewing herself over the cooking-stove, cooking up things that it's a sin to cook up at all, till she's too much exhausted to stir out of doors, and then tells me, 'The fire's as warm as the sun.' She gives Nelly any quack medicine, too, that comes in her way. I literally caught her once in the act of administering something that I knew to be chemically incompatible with what the poor girl was taking by my orders; and Mrs. Cumberland tells me she keeps on with mine 'just the same, and so it gives her two chances for one.'"

"I wish Mrs. Cumberland could go down in town every day and keep the apothecary's shop, and Mr. Wardour stay at home and keep Nelly."

"You would rather have all my patients poisoned than one, hey?"

Here we both became speechless; and I slipped by him into the house and up to my chamber, which was just over the office.

I had not been there long when, through the open window, I heard a voice below ask for the Doctor. I thought I had heard it before. It sounded to me like little Paul Dudley's, but more sharp and less steady.

"Walk in," said the Doctor. "How do you do?"

"General health perfect, owing to a globule of *ignis fatuus*, administered to me in the cradle by a homœopathic ancestress. Particular ailment, I've broken my bones. Will you have the goodness to mend some of them for me?"

"With the greatest pleasure."

"Humph! To which of us, I wonder?"

"In the first place, to me in affording relief; secondly, to you in having it over. May I ask what part, or whether the whole of your skeleton requires my attention?"

"You can begin with this left forearm, and examine the rest at your leisure."

"I should think so! What have you been doing with these pulverized bones?"

"Putting them under the wheels of a hay-cart. I took it for the car of Juggernaut, and prostrated myself."

"A most injudicious step!"

"It was n't a step at all, — 't was a somersault. — Ugh! ugh! How you can find it in you to nip a mangled fellow-creature in that manner is more than I can see."

"It will be if you look in some other direction. There's a pretty lithograph, there on the wall, of a flayed man."

"Marsyas, is it? I don't take any interest in him. I'm absorbed in representing myself, a *tableau vivant* of St. Sebastian; but all the darts have struck in, and got inside of my arm, — that's the reason you don't see them. O-o-oh!" ejaculated the poor child,

with a great volume of voice. "Come, now, Doctor, if you do that again, I shall howl, you know."

"Shall you? I don't believe I shall notice the difference. — There, my boy, get your breath now. Your arm can be set, if you'll only keep still; and I rather think I have some light, little, easy splints, that will just fit it. I'll call in my man Martin to steady it for you."

"Why, Doctor, I'm surprised you don't perceive I'm fortitude itself. My contractions and extensions are purely physical, — nervous and muscular."

"So are his. *Similia similibus curantur*, according to the theory of your homœopathic ancestress. Martin!"

"O Doctor, two to one is n't fair, — much less four such great hands to one arm!"

"I'll call down Miss Morne, then."

"Well, sir, that will be an appeal to my chivalry."

I caught a bottle of aromatic vinegar, and, running down, poured some on some linnen, and laid it near the nose of the poor little patient, and clasped my fingers as softly as I could around his round white arm, that trembled through and through. He looked up very pleasantly, and managed a little bow; but at last, fairly vanquished by pain, held his wonderful tongue for full five minutes. Even after he recovered it, he did not regain his color, but looked as pale as the roguish little ghost of himself.

"Stay here on the sofa, and drink tea with me," said the Doctor; "and afterwards I will drive you home in my chaise."

"No, thank you; they'll hear of my overthrow and be terrified. I must go straight home and be wept over. Besides, we are going to have waffles. You had better come, too, and partake."

"If I do, I shall not let you have any."

"How omnivorous! Then I shall hope for the pleasure of your company some other time."

"That makes no difference. I shall

come over to see you early to-morrow morning; and if I hear that you have eaten a mouthful of solid food beyond two or three thin slices of dry toast, I shall give you an emetic."

"Then you will take three bad things yourself?"

"I hope not. What might they be?"

"First, a most unmanly advantage of my disabled condition. Secondly, two emetics, as soon as my fractures are well enough to hold your nose."

"Between them?"

"Your enunciation is so very imperfect that I can't distinguish what you say," returned Paul through his own nose, with what I afterwards found was a most perfect imitation of his elocutionary schoolmaster, Mr. Bellows; and the discussion was ended by the Doctor's taking him up bodily, scolding him into temporary quiescence, lifting him into the chaise, and driving him off.

"There never was such a pickle as that, never!" said Dr. Physick, when he came back again. "He was driving the cart himself, one of the laborers has just told me, got the four horses so wild that he could n't stop them, and jumped from the top of the load, while they were at the top of their speed, to pick up an Irish baby that toddled before them."

"But the baby?"

"Not hurt in the least, — went between the wheels while he was going under them. But a very lucky fellow he was, too, not to lose his arm."

CHAPTER IX.

IF Paul *was* "a pickle," — a charge which, I am sorry to say, I have not the testimony at hand to confute, — I found in Miss Dudley's elegant little parlor a *pickle-jar*, on my next visit to Barberry Beach.

Paul and his "Pettitoes," having consented to a compromise, and abandoned their favorite haunt, the hay-loft, on condition of enjoying each other's society in the house, lay stretched side by side upon the sofa. The twins were

present also. They had been allowed to stay at home from school, to minister to their brother's wants and humors,—the latter much the more numerous of the two. Accordingly, as I entered, Rose was in the act of insinuating, timidly, with the sugar-tongs, her doll's own pillow under Pet's grim head,—“*Tam cari capitis*,” as Paul ungrammatically quoted for her encouragement, “or,” as he somewhat freely translated for her instruction, “such a dear cat-it-is!” Lily, meanwhile, followed up the attention by more promptly, if less tenderly, spreading her doll's table-cloth under his chin, and feeding him with some morsels of pound-cake, which she had been forbidden to eat, expressing to him, without disguise, as she did so, her “ardent hope that it would make him a dyspeptic for life, and spoil his appetite forever for such simple food as robins.” Paul greeted me with a Wellerism, — “Miss Morne, ‘All hail!’” as the farmer said after the drought, when the storm broke his wheat down.”

In the midst of their laughter and chattering and fun, Miss Dudley was looking as if she could hardly sit up. Her maid, I found,—a person whose nerves were never of the strongest,—had been frightened beyond all self-control by a frightfully exaggerated account of Paul's accident, and had communicated it to her in a very imprudent manner. She was able to repress her agitation at the moment, but had been feeling very languid ever since. Seeing me divided, as I was, between concern for her and diversion at the doings and sayings of the children, she made the proposal which I was myself longing to make, that we should give up any attempt at going on with the illustrations, and that I should mount guard over patient and nurses while she went away to her chamber to lie down. When the Doctor paid his visit, therefore, she begged for a prolongation of my leave of absence; and it was settled that I should spend the whole day at the cottage, dine with her and Paul, and be sent home in the evening.

After she was gone, however, I almost repented of my enterprise. Paul had a large hand-bell, which he had made his sisters bring him, for fear he should be too sick to speak loud,—a state of things which seemed the last and least likely to take place, judging from the present powers of his voice. If the twins left the room for an instant, he rang it most violently, “because his sisters neglected him,” until they came back at a gallop, when he informed them that they had been so long about it, that he could n't recollect what he wanted, and they might go; after which the same performances were repeated *ad infinitum*, much to their delight, but not equally to mine. Miss Dudley's chamber was, fortunately, almost out of hearing, or he would not have done so; but the library was not; and I was in continual fear lest Mr. Dudley, whom I had never yet seen, should make his appearance in wrath at my want of management. I merely instance this as one specimen of many pranks. To put a stop to it, by keeping the little girls on the spot, I was obliged to turn cabinet-maker, and put forth all my practised powers in the way of cutting out paper pianos and tables that would stand, and rocking-chairs that would rock. The twins were interested, and so was Paul. The moment that they had a drawing-room arranged, he enacted a Boreas, and blew the furniture sky-high. Then they called him, in retribution, “Pretty Poll!” and he screeched like a parrot.

“O Miss Morne,” cried Rose, “do you know? Once, when we were little, we called Paul ‘Pretty Poll,’ and he was so vexed to be so pretty for a boy, that he took aunty's scissors and cut off all his eyelashes and some of his hair; and he had an inflammation in his eyes; but that's what made his eyelashes so very long; and now that he's found out that cutting them will only make them prettier, we can call him so as much as we please.”

Miss Dudley came down again, at twelve, looking refreshed, and sent the little girls into the garden. Paul, tired

out, went to sleep; and we had some painting after all.

When my lesson was over, Miss Dudley said: "Now I think the pupil has become independent of the mistress; and you have copied all the specimens too delicate to be moved. I will send the rest to you to-morrow; and — I believe you told me you had not these colors — you had better put these cakes in your pocket, so that your illustrations may be in uniform. I doubt whether you could buy any so good in this town"; — and she wrapped them in a paper for me.

I thanked her, and promised to keep them strictly for the work I did for her.

"O," replied she, "that is not in the bond at all. My brother has been in the habit of furnishing me with them by wholesale"; — I thought she stifled a sigh as she said it; — "and you know," added she with a promising smile, "that it is for our interest to help you to become an experienced and accomplished draughtswoman."

The twins came in to lunch when we had our dinner; but they were in a state of such exhilaration that they could scarcely eat. They were later to assist their father in receiving a party, who had been invited, before Paul's mishap, to dine at Barberry Beach. As Miss Dudley was not well enough to appear, they had drawn lots for the head of the table. Lily had won it; and the distinguished statesman, Mr. Deemus, a classmate of her father's, and a great lion in her eyes, was to lead her in. As soon as she and Rose could obtain a release from refreshment, they scampered off to the chamber-maid and to Bonner, who was to oversee their toilet.

When they were gone, and we had taken our seats in the bamboo chairs on the piazza, to bask in the afternoon sun, Miss Dudley said: "This is the first time that it has fallen to either of them to preside; they are always present, though, when we give a dinner-party, and modestly join a little in the conversation of their elders.

Many people would say that my brother made a mistake in bringing them forward so early; but he considers it very important to give in some degree to young people — to girls especially — a sense of dignity and responsibility from the first. It seems to him, too, that they are less likely to be over-excited and led astray in society in after-life, if they are accustomed to it, and the best of it, from their childhood up. They are so simple-minded and open-hearted that, if it were doing them any harm, we should very soon find it out; and unless it were doing them harm it would really be a pity to deprive them of so much enjoyment, just at the age, too, when enjoyment is most keenly relished. It is always a great point with their father, that he and his children should have their pleasures as far as possible in common, in order to keep up mutual acquaintance and confidence and sympathy."

"O for such a father!" thought I. "Happy little dears! I hope I am not going to envy anybody; but I do believe you are the most enviable people I ever met with, except Emma Holly! There! I did n't mean to *think* that, — to take a leaf out of Nelly's book."

We heard them come dancing back into the parlor. Lily perched in the long window, crying, "O Aunt Lizzy, see! Are we right? Can we go to papa?"

"O Lily," cried Rose, in consternation, pulling her back, "come in! The wind will tumble your curls; and then I ought to tumble mine; for it would n't do for the one at the head of the table not to look as nice as the one at the side. O, dear Aunt! *Could* you look here? Are you too tired? *Would* it be too much trouble?"

"Aunt" did not seem to think herself too tired. She invited me to accompany her; and I did not think it too much trouble. The two pets confronted us hand in hand, between two bright pillars of native wood, looking like a lovely picture painted on a panel. They wore simple robes of sprigged

India muslin, very clear, white, and full, with *baby* waists, short sleeves and moderately low necks, broad, blue sashes, open-work thread stockings, and black slippers with large rosettes on the toes. Their round, white throats and wrists were encircled by close coils of turquoises. They looked very happy and eager, but not at all vain,—perhaps because they had always been used to looking pretty.

"Very nice, indeed," pronounced Aunt Lizzy, turning them round critically. "Go and show yourselves to Paul, and then run to papa; but be very careful to eat nothing that will make you sick, or Dr. Physick will be sure to say, 'Poor little things! They have a silly aunt. Late dinners are not fit for little girls.'"

They laughed their acquiescence, and marched up to Paul's sofa. "Very well," said he; "your clothes are whole and clean; and I have no doubt you will be warm, after the chandelier is lighted, and the soup is swallowed, and Tiger-Lily has been contradicted and counteracted appropriately by Mr. Demosthenes. But to go up and put yourselves in Oriental splendors, and then to go down and roll together in Oriental luxuries, and leave me here writhing and gnawing the sofa-cushions in my lonely anguish, and partaking of wine only the biscuit, and of oysters nothing but the *crackers*,—unnatural misses, I could never have believed it, even of you!"

"Poor Polly!" exclaimed Rose, much affected, and throwing herself on her knees beside him, in utter forgetfulness of her frock; "*I* will stay with you. Could I do you any good?"

"O Polly!" cried Lily in equal alarm. "Only don't tease her *now*; and I won't tell her—perhaps—the next time you quiz her; and the very first chance I can get after the dessert comes, I'll send Butler to you with a grand, great bunch of grapes. And Miss Morne will sing; *won't* you, Miss Morne? I heard somebody singing beautifully, one evening when we drove by Dr. Physick's; and when I asked

him who it was, he said it must be you."

"Well," answered Paul, condescending to relent a little, "we will see what can be done. You may send the grapes at any rate, Lily; and, if I can get along without Brier-Rose, I won't send for her—till ice-cream time."

Then Miss Dudley told me that I had been shut up in the house almost all day, and begged me to put on my bonnet and one of her heavy plaids, and go out to enjoy the sunset in the grounds. "Here is a protector for you, as our champion Paul is disabled," added she, taking an odd-looking musical instrument from a drawer of her French desk; "my brother had some of these made for us to take on our rambles. At this end, you see, is a whistle, which you blow if you want a servant only to do you some little service. This other end is a horn, which blows a tremendous blast, to signify that something serious is the matter, and that all the laborers, and everybody else within hearing, must run without loss of time to the spot from which the sound comes. It has been heard, I am thankful to say, but once. Miss Rose, in one of her kid-like performances, frisked into the sea one day; and Lily found breath—I could never guess how—to blow her trumpet in one almost incessant shriek. Mr. Dudley heard it in the library; and so did my great St. Bernard that you saw, in the hall,—and he seemed to understand. They ran nearly abreast to the shore, with a train of followers after them,—some nearer, some farther; but the dog got the better of all the men, when it came to bounding over the sand and stones, and scouring up the rock where Lily was. I could see the little thing from my window,—she was but eight years old,—dancing up and down in a perfect frenzy, and plucking at her poor little curls with the hand that was not holding the horn. She hugged Bernard, pointed, and pushed him. He dashed into the water, and brought Rose round to the beach, where he landed her quite

safe, though with her clothes torn, and soaked, of course, like a sponge. That is the reason we spoil him so. Lily had to be carried home as well as Rose, and in fact suffered much more seriously from the fright. She had quite lost the use of her limbs for the time; and we were obliged to keep her from school, and take the greatest care of her nerves, for the rest of that summer."

Bernard came walking in, and all round to us, one after another, to be patted. "The saint's as proud as a peacock," said Paul, blowing in his ear and then kissing him. "He knows in a minute when anybody tells that story. When we show any visitors about, he always leads the way to the rock, and then wants to jump up and lick our hands and faces just as he did that day; and when I go to bathe, I have to have him tied up, or else he jumps right in after me, to bring me out, and nips me with his great sharp teeth all over."

I went through the garden alone. Bernard wagged his tail, but declined to escort me farther than the door,—"Because," explained Paul, "he knows you are not one of us." The path up the hill looked tempting; and I followed it and took a seat in the little observatory on the top, to look down alone on the fading horizon and the twilight sea.

I think that there are few things in this life more saddening, than to revisit scenes in the midst of which you have been used to be perfectly happy, and find that they have the power to make you so no more. It is as if you knew that an enchanted treasury, once open to you, still lay before you, but you had lost the magic key.

The sea-shore had always been to me in my childhood—so few years ago!—a scene of perfect witchery. When I went to it, my sister was almost always by my side. My mother, looking out for us, was waiting for us at home with an eager welcome, and would come to the door before our little feet could cross the threshold, and be glad to see us safe back again, and

say that it had made her anxious, if we stayed too long.

Now, I asked myself, if I should fall, as little Rose had done, and were not rescued, who would grieve for me. Emma and Jim would talk to each other about my fate, if they read it in the newspapers, and say, perhaps, that I was "a nice girl," and that they were sorry, and then change the subject to wondering when they should be married. My guardian and his wife would shed some honest tears, but turn to one another and their little Phil for comfort, and soon find it. Nelly? O, poor little Nelly might cry too, because she was much in the habit of crying, and I was the only one much in the habit of drying her eyes; but that would be for her own sake,—not for mine. Miss Dudley would be shocked, and the children concerned and compassionate, as they were when the cat killed the robin,—and be consoled as soon. Their very dog could see that I was "not one of them." They were kind to me, as he wagged his tail, from general good-will. But of what real importance should I ever be to them, or to anybody that I cared for?

Thus, by degrees, I felt more and more to comparing myself—a poor and orphaned woman, lonely and dark, sitting in faded black without, chilled by the gale, with night and age and winter coming on—with those radiant children, decked, admired, caressed, the present all bright around them, and the future before them, sitting at their father's table, in light, warmth, and glee, in the room whose four large windows shone so down in the cottage.

When I had reached this point, however, in these not precisely profitable or disinterested meditations, I naturally and luckily had occasion for my pocket-handkerchief. In feeling for it, my forefinger came upon the horn with which my kind new friend had provided me. It seemed to send like an electric shock through my frame (of mind) a sense of my ingratitude and folly. "People always exaggerate," said my guardian, "when they

get brooding," &c., &c., &c. Whose "attention" was "concentrated on herself and her troubles," just now? I did not sound the horn, though of the two — the salt sea and the Slough of Despond — I think the former much the cleanest and wholesomest place to fall into; but I sprang from my seat, and ran down the hill at the speed of a goat, — no bad way sometimes, if one is but young and sure-footed enough, to escape from thoughts that are too much to sit still with and bear.

In a fine glow, I re-entered the parlor, where Miss Dudley rose to meet me, passed her fingers lightly over my hair, to feel if it was damp, and made me sit beside her, before the hearth, to dry it, before I went to the piano. How little do people know sometimes, when they are making us happy, how much they are doing to help us to be good!

"Poor Paul's arm aches," said she. "It is dull for him without his sisters; and we have been longing for our song."

"Then I will begin here," said I, again a little pricked in my conscience, "if you will excuse the accompaniment." So I sang a song there; and Paul cheered up, and sat up on his sofa, looking as if he wished for more; and then I went to the piano and sang a good many songs *there*. The instrument was one of Chickering's most delicious ones; and Miss Dudley laid before me a fine collection of English ballads. She had all kinds of music for the voice and piano, in well-bound volumes; but those were the only sort that I was much accustomed to.

"We are none of us performers," said she; "but, as we are all fond of music, we let Ditson supply us; because our visitors are so apt to say, 'I would play or sing to you with pleasure; but I cannot without my notes.'"

The clock struck half past eight, in a pause while I was turning over some pages new to me. "There," said Paul, "now they'll all have to go to take the cars!"

The noise of wheels at the door, and of leave-takings in the hall, was heard;

and soon in came the twins, looking sleepy and satisfied. Immediately after them entered a tall gentleman, with hair so perfectly white that Lily's looked yellow beside him, finely cut, regular features, such as one may see in the portraits *en beau* of the Duke of Wellington, a very expressive mouth, — expressive of spirit, judgment, and benignity, I thought, but one cannot be sure about mouths of which one does not know the owners, — a fresh and healthful complexion, and rather deep-set, very dark blue eyes, that lighted up his whole countenance when he smiled with the sunny sweetness peculiar to fine blue eyes, and that could flash, as I soon saw, when he became animated in conversation.

"Ah, Charles!" said Miss Dudley, "I'm glad to see you. Miss Morne, my brother."

He turned from her and stood before me for an instant with graceful and cordial courtesy, saying that he understood he had me to thank, not only for some very correct and spirited contributions to his book, but for timely and highly acceptable kindness to his son on the afternoon of his accident; and then he did just what I was most glad to have him do, went back, sat down on the sofa between his sister and Paul, and, putting his arm round the boy and drawing him to lean comfortably against his shoulder, told them about his dinner-party, just as if I did not hear.

"It went off as well as it could without you, Elizabeth. Your namesake did you credit; so did Rose. Then Clara Arden is in herself a success!"

"Dear Clara! I am more sorry to have lost her than any or all of the others. How was she?"

"The same as ever, 'only,' as Master Paul would say, '*more so*,' — speech of silver, wits of quicksilver, and sentiments of gold. She is turning into a woman as fascinating as she was engaging when a child; and one of the things for which I should wish to live to be eighty, is to see what a splendid old woman she will make."

"O, that is looking a long way into the future ! Can you tell me anything she said ?"

"Hardly. She was so far off that I could not listen much,—only look. It is a pleasure in these slovenly days to see a gentlewoman sit as a gentlewoman ought. Lily, what was that she was telling Mr. Deemus, that he was laughing at ? — some saying of a German theologian."

"O, it was a Mr. Nebelmann,—a traveller that she saw at a party in Boston,—he said, 'in general, the deeper you look into one subject, the more you don't see through it.' She asked Mr. Deemus if that was not a maxim as often found true in politics as in metaphysics."

"Miss Clara had rather a heavy time of it, I am afraid, with Mr. Bold-er. I really don't see how I can invite him again, unless to a *standing-up* party, where people can get away from him when they are tired. They always wish to see him ; but they cannot like to hear him. His topics are too ponderous by far for a dining-room, or in fact any room but a lecture-room. Who could rise refreshed—who, indeed, could rise at all—from a meal at which the very lightest *entre-mets* were legs of mutton ?"

"Who led you in, Rose ?"

"Mr. Madder. I never saw him before ; but he was kind and funny, and kept telling me stories."

"To make you laugh and see your dimples, I suspect," thought I.

"He is a very ugly man," said Lily.

"He's a beautiful artist," said Paul.

"The only trouble is, that he wears his head wrong side out ; all the beauty is on the inside."

"He wishes to paint Rose and Lily," said Mr. Dudley. "It may be our last chance. He is about to retire upon his fortune."

"He will consent to include Paul, I hope," said his aunt.

"What do you say to that, Mercury?" asked her brother. "Do you think you could ever sit still ?"

"I don't know but I might, if I had

a thermometer-bulb to sit in," returned Master Paul.

"Mr. Deemus talked very well and entertainingly, I suppose," said Miss Dudley.

"Very entertainingly," answered her brother. "Yes, on the whole, very well. He's a pretty hot partisan,—can't see any good out of his own party, or much evil in it ; but even party-spirit, in a thoroughly honest fellow like him, is one step higher in the moral scale than the apathy and Epicureanism of some who affect to despise it ; in fact, it wants only letting out, as a tailor would say, to include all the virtues. Let it out once ; it becomes patriotism. Let it out again ; it becomes philanthropy. Let it out but a third time, and it is fellowship with the angels and fealty to their King."

"Papa, were n't you ponderous once yourself," said Lily, archly, "when you were talking to that dismal gentleman, who sat near the foot of the table, about Miss Nightingale ? I was afraid you were displeased, you spoke so much slower than usual ; and I could hear your voice a good deal, under the others ; but I could n't understand."

"I certainly was not pleased, Lily," answered he, good-humoredly ; "and I desired to be as ponderous as I could, without forgetting what was due to a guest. It was Mr. X. Tyng Wisher," said he, turning to his sister, "the weeping philosopher of the Boston Receder. That man's crocodile lamentations over everything that is good are worse, because more crafty, than the hyena laughter and sneers of his colleagues. They have been my trial in the reading-room, and I certainly never expected to hear them in my dining-room. Deemus gave him a letter of introduction to me, however ; and I thought it would be an appropriate act of retribution to ask Wisher here to meet him. What should he do but fall to groaning over Florence Nightingale's 'misfortune in the possession of abnormal powers, which tempted her, out of her proper womanly sphere, to go to Scutari' ! I only wish that his spectacles had n't

been too near-sighted to see Miss Arden look at him!"

"Well, Lily," said Miss Dudley, "and what did papa say?"

"Why I can't remember, because I did not know what it meant,—something about mathematics, I believe, and a balloon—"

"And a flying-fish, and scissors," added Rose.

"Really," said their aunt, with one of her merry and musical laughs, "I begin to have a very distinct idea of your discourse, Charles; and I can perceive it must have been very bad."

"Then, to clear myself," said he, echoing the laugh, "I must see if I cannot make out my speech from the heads furnished by these skilful reporters. Is not this something like what I said, little swan and shadow? Given for a centre a good and wise womanly heart. A sphere with a short radius, and a sphere with a long radius, starting from that centre, are equally its spheres. The larger space a good and wise woman can fill in this needy, human life, with her own innocent and beneficent life, the greater she is as a woman, the greater as a benefactress to us. Our chivalry can surely afford her at least so much countenance as to stand off, let the safety-valve alone, and allow her to swell her balloon according to her liking and ability. If it bursts, the loss is her own; if it does not, she will carry us all up with her.

"Further: between you condolers with women, and the so-called Rights-of-Women people, I venture to place myself in the critical position of Mr. Pickwick, with the carpet-bag before and the poker behind him. I differ from the latter, in holding that almost all women are essentially auxiliary verbs in the grammar of humanity, and that of these the larger portion are best fitted for domestic auxiliaries; but I differ from you, in holding that some women also are extremely well fitted to be auxiliaries abroad.

"Further yet: Nature and Providence have in general denied wings to fishes; therefore we may say truly

enough, in a generalizing way, that Nature and Providence have ordained that the fish shall not fly; but if we chance to meet with a flying-fish, we must not cut off its wings for the sake of conformity, and then call the blades of our own shears Nature and Providence."

"Cousin Clara seemed to understand," said Rose; "she clapped her hands softly."

"Yes; and she asked me if that was not good," added Lily.

"And what did you answer? Did I receive any more compliments?"

"I did the best I could for you, papa, considering that I had not the least idea what you were talking about. I said, 'Why, Cousin Clara, I must own I don't know whether it *is* good or not; but so much I know, it ought to be, if papa says it and you praise it.' And that won a compliment for Aunt Lizzy, I think; only I cannot tell it without telling another that I had myself."

"Never mind that, Lily," said Miss Dudley; "I'll overlook your vanity for the sake of my own."

"Well, then, Cousin Clara said, '*Bra-va*, candid little courtier! It is easy to see in what mistress's school you learned to speak the truth!' Then she turned to Mr. Bolder, and asked *him* if it was not good; and he said, 'Very,—O, yes; and, as I was saying, the tertiary formation—'—and then I don't know what else he said."

"Nor she either, I'll be bound," said Mr. Dudley.

"The carriage has come back, sir," murmured Butler, at his elbow.

"It is to take Miss Morne home," said Miss Dudley; "but you need be in no hurry, need you, my dear?"

"Pray, do not," said Mr. Dudley, again turning towards me: "the horses can wait perfectly well. Tell Raynor to put their blankets on and let them stand," he began to say to Butler; but, though it was said with an air of frank hospitality, I did not resume my seat; for I knew that the dinner-party had broken up early on account of the invalids, and thought that all the family might already have had enough of me,

though I should much have liked a little more of them.

My hostess did not seem to think she had had too much, however; for, as she muffled me up carefully from the frosty air, she said, "My child, every time I have seen you, I have found you a pleasure, — I have found you a treasure to-day."

"Thank you, ma'am, for a very pleasant day," stammered I in return.

I had forgotten all about the half-hour on the cliff.

Mr. Dudley put me into the barouche, with polite hopes that his sister and daughters would soon have the pleasure of seeing me again; and such were my

meditations as the gray ponies, whisking their long thick tails, bowled me smoothly along through the shadows and the moonbeams: — Now, if I were Mr. Maddier, I would paint a picture of the Archangel Michael saying to Adam, "Not too much!" — and it would be a good likeness, too, if Mr. Dudley would sit for the head. He looks, as the gymnasts say, though in rather a different sense, like a perfectly *trained* man, — as if he had always had enough to eat and enough to wear, enough to *do with* and enough to do, enough to enjoy and enough to learn, enough of conflict and enough of victory, — enough, but "not too much."

THE CAUSES FOR WHICH A PRESIDENT CAN BE IMPEACHED.

THE Constitution provides, in express terms, that the President, as well as the Vice-President and all civil officers, may be impeached for "treason, bribery, or other high crimes and misdemeanors." It was framed by men who had learned to their sorrow the falsity of the English maxim, that "the king can do no wrong," and established by the people, who meant to hold all their public servants, the highest and the lowest, to the strictest accountability. All were jealous of any "squinting towards monarchy," and determined to allow to the chief magistrate no sort of regal immunity, but to secure his faithfulness and their own rights by holding him personally answerable for his misconduct, and to protect the government by making adequate provision for his removal. Moreover, they did not mean that the door should not be locked till after the horse had been stolen.

By the Constitution, the House of Representatives has "the sole power of impeachment," and the Senate "the

sole power to try all impeachments." When the President of the United States is tried on impeachment, the Chief Justice is to preside. The concurrence of two thirds of the members present is necessary to convict. "The President, Vice-President, and all civil officers of the United States, shall be removed from office on impeachment for, and conviction of, treason, bribery, or other high crimes and misdemeanors." But judgment cannot "extend further than to removal and disqualification to hold and enjoy any office of honor, trust, or profit under the United States." Thus it is obvious that the founders of the government meant to secure it effectually against all official corruption and wrong, by providing for process to be initiated at the will of the popular branch, and furnishing an easy, safe, and sure method for the removal of all unworthy and unfaithful servants.

By defining treason exactly, by prescribing the precise proofs, and limiting the punishment of it, they guarded the

people against one form of tyrannical abuse of power; and they intended to secure them effectually against all injury from abuses of another sort, by holding the President responsible for his "misdemeanors," — using the broadest term. They guarded carefully against all danger of popular excesses, and any injustice to the accused, by withholding the general power of punishment. This term "misdemeanor," therefore, should be liberally construed, for the same reason that treason should not be extended by construction. It is not better for the state that traitors should remain in office than that innocent men should be expelled. Besides, it is true in relation to this procedure, that the higher the post the higher the crime.

What, then, is the meaning of "high crimes and misdemeanors," for which a President may be removed? Neither the Constitution nor the statutes have determined. It follows, therefore, that the House must judge for what offences it will present articles, and the Senate decide for what it will convict. And from the very nature of the wrongs for which impeachment is the sole adequate remedy, as well as from the fact that the office of President and all its duties and relations are new, it is essential that they should be undefined; otherwise there could be no security for the state.

But it does not by any means follow that therefore either the House or the Senate can act arbitrarily, or that there are not rules for the guidance of their conduct. The terms "high crimes and misdemeanors," like many other terms and phrases used in the Constitution, as, for instance, "pardon," "habeas corpus," "ex post facto," and the term "impeachment" itself, had a settled meaning at the time of the establishment of the Constitution. There was no need of definition, for it was left to the House as exhibitors, and the Chief Justice and the Senate as judges of the articles, to apply well-understood terms, *mutatis mutandis*, to new circumstances, as the exigencies of state, and the ends for which the Constitution was established,

should require. The subject-matter was new; the President was a new officer of state; his duties, his relations to the various branches of government and to the people, his powers, his oath, functions, duties, responsibilities, were all new. In some respects, old customs and laws were a guide. In others, there was neither precedent nor analogy. But the common-law principle was to be applied to the new matters according to their exigency, as the common law of contracts and of carriers is applied to carriage by steamboats and railroads, to corporations and expresses, which have come into existence centuries since the law was established.

Impeachment, "the presentment of the most solemn grand inquest of the whole kingdom," had been in use from the earliest days of the English Constitution and government.

The terms "high crimes and misdemeanors," in their natural sense, embrace a very large field of actions. They are broad enough to cover all criminal misconduct of the President, — all acts of commission or omission forbidden by the Constitution and the laws. To the word "misdemeanor," indeed, is naturally attached a yet broader signification, which would embrace personal character and behavior as well as the proprieties of official conduct. Nor was, nor is, there any just reason why it should be restricted in this direction; for, in establishing a permanent national government, to insure purity and dignity, to secure the confidence of its own people and command the respect of foreign powers, it is not unfit that civil officers, and most especially the highest of all, the head of the people, should be answerable for personal demeanor.

The term "misdemeanor" was likewise used to designate all legal offences lower than felonies, — all the minor transgressions, all public wrongs, not felonious in character. The common law punished whatever acts were productive of disturbance to the public peace, or tended to incite to the commission of crime, or to injure the health

or morals of the people,—such as profanity, drunkenness, challenging to fight, soliciting to the commission of crime, carrying infection through the streets,—an endless variety of offences.

These terms, when used to describe political offences, have a signification coextensive with, or rather analogous to, but yet more extensive than their legal acceptation; for, as John Quincy Adams said, “the Legislature was vested with power of impeaching and removing for trivial transgressions beneath the cognizance of the law.” The sense in which they are used in the Constitution is rendered clearer and more precise by the long line of precedents of decided cases to be found in the State Trials and historical collections. Selden, in his “Judicature of Parliament,” and Coke, in his “Institutes,” refer to many of these, and Comyns names more than fifty impeachable offences. Amongst these are, subverting the fundamental laws and introducing arbitrary power; for an ambassador to give false information to the king; to make a treaty between two foreign powers without the knowledge of the king; to deliver up towns without consent of his colleagues; to incite the king to act against the advice of Parliament; to give the king evil counsel; for the Speaker of the House of Commons to refuse to proceed; for the Lord Chancellor to threaten the other judges to make them subscribe to his opinions.

Wooddeson, who began to lecture in 1777, and whose works express the sense in which the terms were understood by the contemporaries of the founders of the Constitution, says that “such kinds of misdeeds as peculiarly injure the commonwealth by the abuses of high offices of trust are the most proper, and have been the most usual grounds for this kind of prosecution”; —“as, for example, for the Lord Chancellor to act grossly contrary to the duty of his office; for the judges to mislead the sovereign by unconstitutional opinions; for any other magis-

trates to attempt to subvert the fundamental laws, or introduce arbitrary power, as for a Privy-Councillor to propose or support pernicious or dishonorable practices.”

These text-writers seem to have been referred to and followed by our later ones.

But to the offences enumerated by these authorities we must add others taken from cases in the State Trials. The High Court of Impeachment had included amongst political high crimes and misdemeanors the following, viz.: for a Secretary of State to abuse the pardoning power; for the Lord Chancellor and Chief Justice of Ireland to attempt to subvert the laws and government and the rights of Parliament; for the Attorney-General to prefer charges of treason falsely; for a Privy-Councillor to try to alienate the affections of the people; for the Lord Chancellor to assume to dispense with the statutes, and to control them. It had been held to be a misdemeanor to incite the king to ill-manners; to put away from the king good officers, and put about him wicked ones of their own party; to maintain robbers and murderers, causing the king to pardon them; to get ascendancy over the king, and turn his heart from the peers of the realm; to prevent the great men of the realm from advising with the king, save in presence of the accused; and to cause the king to appoint sheriffs named by them, so as to get such men returned to Parliament as they desired, to the undoing of the loyal lords and the good laws and customs; to taunt the king's councillors, and call them unworthy to sit in council when they advised the king to reform the government; or to write letters declaring them traitors.

The nature of the charges may be illustrated by one of the allegations against an evil judge. We give Article VIII.: “The said William Scroggs, being advanced to be Lord Chief Justice of the Court of King's Bench, ought, by a sober, grave, and virtuous conversation, to have given a good example to

the king's liege people, and to demean himself answerable to the dignity of so eminent a station ; yet on the contrary thereof, he doth, by his frequent and notorious excesses and debaucheries, and his profane and atheistical discourses, affront Almighty God, dishonor his Majesty, give countenance and encouragement to all manner of vice and wickedness, and bring the highest scandal on the public justice of the kingdom."

Such was the nature of political offences, as known to the framers of the Constitution. It answered to the natural sense of the terms of the Constitution, as understood by the people in establishing it. And it is plain that the founders of the government meant to establish, what in such a government is vital to the safety and stability of the state, a jurisdiction coextensive with the influence of the officers subjected to it, and with their official duties, their functions, and their public relations.

The Federalist, in treating of this jurisdiction of the Senate, regarded it as extending over "those offences which proceed from the misconduct of public men" and termed "political, as they relate chiefly to injuries done immediately to society itself."

The people of America meant to rest their government on executive responsibility, and to apply to the President the principles which had been established as applicable only to the ministers, servants, and advisers of the king. But to show what they regarded as the range of royal duty, they had put on record a list of charges against their own king himself, commencing thus: "He has refused his assent to laws the most wholesome and necessary for the public good,"—on which they justified revolution. The Declaration of Independence will aid in determining what they would regard as offences of the Executive.

No President has been impeached. But the charges exhibited against several other public officers throw light upon this subject. In 1797, articles of impeachment were found against Wil-

liam Blount, a Senator. The misdemeanors were not charged as being done in the execution of any office under the United States. He was not charged with misconduct in office, but with an attempt to influence a United States Indian interpreter, and to alienate the affection and confidence of the Indians. After the impeachment was known, but before it was presented to the Senate, the Senate expelled him, resolving "that he was guilty of a high misdemeanor entirely inconsistent with his public trust and duty as a Senator."

In 1804, John Pickering, Judge of the District Court of New Hampshire, was removed for,—1. Misbehavior as a judge; and amongst other causes, 4. For appearing drunk, and frequently, in a profane and indecent manner, invoking the name of the Supreme Being.

In 1804, Judge Chase was impeached and tried for arbitrary, oppressive, and unjust conduct, in delivering his opinion on the law beforehand, and debarring counsel from arguing the law; and for unjust, impartial, and intemperate conduct in obliging counsel to reduce their statements to writing, the use of rude and contemptuous language, and intemperate and vexatious conduct.

These are cases of contemporaneous exposition. There have been other cases in the various States, and some more recent ones in Congress; but they are not necessary to illustrate the subject. Just on the eve of the war, the Senate expelled Bright for writing a letter to Jefferson Davis, introducing a man with an improvement in fire-arms as a reliable person.

As Judge Story remarked, "Political offences are of so various and complex a character, so utterly incapable of being defined or classified, that the task of positive legislation would be impracticable, if it were not almost absurd to attempt it." Referring to the text-writers we have named, and the causes of impeachment enumerated by them, he seems to justify the extremest cases by saying that, though they now seem harsh and severe, "perhaps they were rendered necessary by existing corrup-

tions and the importance of suppressing a spirit of favoritism and court intrigue." "But others again," he adds, "were founded in the most salutary public justice, such as impeachments for malversations and neglects in office, for official oppression, extortion, and deceit, and especially for putting good magistrates out of office and advancing bad." He puts a case, on which he expresses no opinion, in such form that there can scarcely be any doubt of his opinion, or any possibility of two opinions concerning it. "Suppose a judge should countenance or aid insurgents in a meditated conspiracy or insurrection against the government. This is not a judicial act; and yet it ought certainly to be impeachable."

Thus it appears that the political offences of the Constitution for which civil officers are removable embrace, besides the high crimes and misdemeanors of the criminal law, a range as wide as the circle of official duties and the influences of official position; they

include, not only breaches of duty, but also misconduct during the tenure of office; they extend to acts for which there is no criminal responsibility whatsoever; they reach even personal conduct; they include, not merely acts of usurpation, but all such acts as tend to subvert the just influence of official position, to degrade the office, to contaminate society, to impair the government, to destroy the proper relations of civil officers to the people and to the government, and to the other branches of the government.

In fine, it may almost be said, that for a President to have done anything which he ought not to have done, or to have left undone anything which he ought to have done, is just cause for his impeachment, if the House by a majority vote feels called on to make it the ground of charges, and the Senate by a two-thirds vote determines it to be sufficient; for the safety of the state is the supreme law, and these bodies are the final judges thereof.

THE CONTENTION BETWEEN ACHILLES AND AGAMEMNON.

FROM THE FIRST BOOK OF THE "ILIAD" OF HOMER. — TRANSLATED.

O GODDESS! sing the wrath of Peleus' son,
 Achilles; sing the deadly wrath that brought
 Woes numberless upon the Greeks, and swept
 To Hades many a valiant soul, and gave
 Their limbs a prey to dogs and birds of air, —
 For so had Jove appointed, — from the time
 When the two chiefs, Atrides, king of men,
 And great Achilles, parted first as foes.

Which of the gods put strife between the chiefs,
 That they should thus contend? Latona's son
 And Jove's. Incensed against the king he bade
 A deadly pestilence appear among
 The army, and the men were perishing.
 For Atreus' son with insult had received
 Chryses the priest, who to the Grecian fleet
 Came to redeem his daughter, offering
 Uncounted ransom. In his hand he bore
 The fillets of Apollo, archer-god,
 Upon the golden sceptre, and he sued

To all the Greeks, but chiefly to the sons
Of Atreus, the two leaders of the host : —

“Ye sons of Atreus, and ye other chiefs,
Well-greaved Achæians, may the gods who dwell
Upon Olympus give you to o’erthrow
The city of Priam, and in safety reach
Your homes ; but give me my beloved child,
And take her ransom, honoring him who sends
His arrows far, Apollo, son of Jove.”

Then all the other Greeks, applauding, bade
Revere the priest and take the liberal gifts
He offered, but the counsel did not please
Atrides Agamemnon ; he dismissed
The priest with scorn, and added threatening words : —

“Old man, let me not find thee loitering here,
Beside the roomy ships, or coming back
Hereafter, lest the fillet thou dost bear
And sceptre of thy gods protect thee not.
This maiden I release not till old age
Shall overtake her in my Argive home,
Far from her native country, where her hand
Shall throw the shuttle and shall dress my couch.
Go, chafe me not, if thou wouldst safely go.”

He spake ; the aged man in fear obeyed
The mandate, and in silence walked apart,
Along the many-sounding ocean-side,
And fervently he prayed the monarch-god,
Apollo, golden-haired Latona’s son : —

“Hear me, thou bearer of the silver bow,
Who guardest Chrysa, and the holy isle
Of Cilla, and art lord in Tenedos,
O Smintheus ! if I ever helped to deck
Thy glorious temple, if I ever burned
Upon thy altar the fat thighs of goats
And bullocks, grant my prayer, and let thy shafts
Avenge upon the Greeks the tears I shed.”

So spake he supplicating, and to him
Phæbus Apollo hearkened. Down he came,
Down from the summits of the Olympian mount,
Wrathful in heart ; his shoulders bore the bow
And hollow quiver ; there the arrows rang
Upon the shoulders of the angry god,
As on he moved. He came as comes the night,
And, seated from the ships aloof, sent forth
An arrow ; terrible was heard the clang
Of that resplendent bow. At first he smote
The mules and the swift dogs, and then on man
He turned the deadly arrow. All around
Glared ever more the frequent funeral piles.
Nine days already had his shafts been showered
Among the host, and now, upon the tenth,
Achilles called the people of the camp

To council. Juno, of the snow-white arms,
 Had moved his mind to this, for she beheld
 With sorrow that the men were perishing.
 And when the assembly met and now was full,
 Stood swift Achilles in the midst and said :

“To me it seems, Atrides, that ’t were well,
 Since now our aim is baffled, to return
 Homeward, if death o’ertake us not ; for war
 And pestilence at once destroy the Greeks.
 But let us first consult some seer or priest,
 Or dream-interpreter, — for even dreams
 Are sent by Jove, — and ask him by what cause
 Phœbus Apollo has been angered thus ;
 If by neglected vows or hecatombs,
 And whether savor of fat bulls and goats
 May move the god to stay the pestilence.”

He spoke, and took again his seat ; and next
 Rose Calchas, son of Thestor, and the chief
 Of augurs, one to whom were known things past
 And present and to come. He, through the art
 Of divination, which Apollo gave,
 Had guided Ilionward the ships of Greece.

With words well ordered warily he spoke : —

“Achilles, loved of Jove, thou biddest me
 Explain the wrath of Phœbus, monarch-god,
 Who sends afar his arrows. Willingly
 Will I make known the cause ; but covenant thou,
 And swear to stand prepared, by word and hand,
 To bring me succor. For my mind misgives
 That he who rules the Argives, and to whom
 The Achaian race are subject, will be wroth.
 A sovereign is too strong for humbler men,
 And though he keep his choler down awhile,
 It rankles, till he sate it, in his heart.
 And now consider ; wilt thou hold me safe ?”

Achilles, the swift-footed, answered thus :
 “Fear nothing, but speak boldly out whate’er
 Thou knowest, and declare the will of Heaven.
 For by Apollo, dear to Jove, whom thou,
 Calchas, dost pray to, when thou givest forth
 The sacred oracles to men of Greece,
 No man, while yet I live, and see the light
 Of day, shall lay a violent hand on thee
 Among our roomy ships ; no man of all
 The Grecian armies, though thou name the name
 Of Agamemnon, whose high boast it is
 To stand in power and rank above them all.”

Encouraged thus, the blameless seer went on :
 “’Tis not neglected vows or hecatombs
 That move him, but the insult shown his priest,
 Whom Agamemnon spurned, when he refused
 To set his daughter free, and to receive

Her ransom. Therefore sends the archer-god
These woes upon us, and will send them still,
Nor ever will withdraw his heavy hand
From our destruction, till the dark-eyed maid
Freely, and without ransom, be restored
To her beloved father, and with her
A sacred hecatomb to Chrysa sent.
So may we haply pacify the god."

Thus having said, the augur took his seat.
And then the hero-son of Atreus rose,
Wide-ruling Agamemnon, greatly chafed.
His gloomy heart was full of wrath, his eyes
Sparkled like fire; he fixed a menacing look
Full on the augur Calchas, and began:—

"Prophet of evil! never hadst thou yet
A cheerful word for me. To mark the signs
Of coming mischief is thy great delight.
Good dost thou ne'er foretell nor bring to pass.
And now thou pratest, in thine auguries,
Before the Greeks, how that the archer-god
Afflicts us thus, because I would not take
The costly ransom offered to redeem
The virgin child of Chryses. 'Twas my choice
To keep her with me, for I prize her more
Than Clytemnestra, bride of my young years,
And deem her not less nobly graced than she,
In form and feature, mind and pleasing arts.
Yet will I give her back, if that be best.
For gladly would I see my people saved
From this destruction. Let meet recompense,
Meantime, be ready, that I be not left,
Alone of all the Greeks, without my prize.
That were not seemly. All of you perceive
That now my share of spoil has passed from me."

To him the great Achilles, swift of foot,
Replied: "Renowned Atrides, greediest
Of men, where wilt thou that our noble Greeks
Find other spoil for thee, since none is set
Apart, a common store? The trophies brought
From towns which we have sacked have all been shared
Among us, and we could not without shame
Bid every warrior bring his portion back.
Yield then the maiden to the god, and we,
The Achaians, freely will appoint for thee
Threefold and fourfold recompense, when Jove
Gives up to sack this well-defended Troy."

Then the king Agamemnon answered thus:—
"Nay, use no craft, all valiant as thou art,
Godlike Achilles; thou hast not the power
To circumvent or to persuade me thus.
Think'st thou that, while thou keepest safe thy prize,
I shall sit idly down deprived of mine?"

Thou bid'st me give the maiden back. 'Tis well
If to my hands the noble Greeks shall bring
The worth of what I lose, and in a shape
That pleases me. Else will I come myself,
And seize and bear away thy prize, or that
Of Ajax or Ulysses, leaving him
From whom I take his share to rage at will.
Another time we will confer of this.
Now come, and forth into the great salt sea
Launch a black ship, and muster on the deck
Men skilled to row, and put a hecatomb
On board, and let the fair-cheeked maid embark,
Chryseis. Send a prince to bear command,
Ajax, Idomeneus, or the divine
Ulysses ;—or thyself, Pelides, thou
Most terrible of men, that with due rites
Thou soothe the anger of the archer-god."

Achilles the swift-footed, with stern look,
Thus answered: "Ha, thou mailed in impudence
And bent on lucre! Who of all the Greeks
Can willingly obey thee, on the march,
Or bravely battling with the enemy?
I came not to this war because of wrong
Done to me by the valiant sons of Troy.
No feud had I with them; they never took
My beeves or horses; nor, in Phthia's realm,
Deep-soiled and populous, spoiled my harvest fields.
For many a shadowy mount between us lies,
And waters of the wide-resounding sea.
Man unabashed! we follow thee that thou
Mayst glory in avenging upon Troy
The grudge of Menelaus and thy own,
Thou shameless one! and yet thou hast for this
Nor thanks nor care. Thou threatenest now to take
From me the prize for which I bore long toils
In battle; and the Greeks decreed it mine.
I never take an equal share with thee
Of booty when the Grecian host has sacked
Some populous Trojan town. My hands perform
The harder labors of the field in all
The tumult of the fight; but when the spoil
Is shared, the largest part is ever thine,
While I, content with little, seek my ships,
Wearied with combat. I shall now go home
To Phthia; better were it to be there
With my beaked ships; and here where I am held
In little honor thou wilt fail, I think,
To gather, in large measure, spoil and wealth."

Him answered Agamemnon, king of men:
"Desert, then, if thou wilt; I ask thee not
To stay for me; there will be others left
To do me honor yet, and best of all,

The all-providing Jove is with me still.
Thee I detest; the most of all the men
Ordained by him to govern; thy delight
Is in contention, war, and bloody frays.
If thou art brave, some deity, no doubt,
Hath thus endowed thee. Hence, then, to thy home,
With all thy ships and men; there domineer
Over thy Myrmidons; I heed thee not,
Nor care I for thy fury. Thus, in turn,
I threaten thee, since Phœbus takes away
Chryseis. I will send her in my ship,
And with my friends, and coming to thy tent
Will bear away the fair-cheeked maid, thy prize,
Briseis, that thou learn how far I stand
Above thee, and that other chiefs may fear
To measure strength with me and brave my power."

The rage of Peleus' son, as thus he spoke,
Grew fiercer; in that shaggy breast his heart
Took counsel, whether from his thigh to draw
The trenchant sword, and, thrusting back the rest,
Smite down Atrides, or subdue his wrath
And master his own spirit. While he thus
Debated with himself, and half unsheathed
The ponderous blade, Pallas Athene came,
Sent from on high by Juno, the white-armed,
Who loved both warriors and watched over both.
Behind Pelides, where he stood, she came,
And plucked his yellow hair. The hero turned
In wonder, and at once he knew the look
Of Pallas and the awful-gleaming eye,
And thus accosted her with winged words:—

"Why com'st thou hither, daughter of the god
Who bears the ægis? Art thou here to see
The insolence of Agamemnon, son
Of Atreus? Let me tell thee what I deem
Will be the event. That man may lose his life,
And quickly too, for arrogance like this."

Then thus the goddess, blue-eyed Pallas, spoke:—
"I came from heaven to pacify thy wrath,
If thou wilt heed my counsel. I am sent
By Juno the white-armed, to whom ye both
Are dear, who ever watches o'er you both.
Refrain from violence; let not thy hand
Unsheathe the sword, but utter with thy tongue
Reproaches, as occasion may arise,
For I declare what time shall bring to pass;
Threefold amends shall yet be offered thee,
In gifts of princely cost, for this day's wrong.
Now calm thy angry spirit, and obey."

Achilles, the swift-footed, answered thus:—

"O goddess, be the word thou bring'st obeyed,

However just my anger, for to him
Who hearkens to the gods, the gods give ear."

So speaking, on the silver hilt he stayed
His strong right hand, and back into its sheath
Thrust his good sword, obeying. She, meantime,
Returned to heaven, where ægis-bearing Jove
Dwells with the other gods. And now again
Pelides, with opprobrious words, bespoke
The son of Atreus, venting thus his wrath:—

"Wine-bibber, with the forehead of a dog
And a deer's heart! Thou never yet hast dared
To arm thyself for battle with the rest,
Nor join the other chiefs prepared to lie
In ambush,—such thy craven fear of death.
Better it suits thee, 'midst the mighty host
Of Greeks, to rob some warrior of his prize,
Who dares withstand thee. King thou art, and yet
Devourer of thy people. Thou dost rule
A spiritless race, else this day's insolence,
Atrides, were thy last. And now I say,
And bind my saying with a mighty oath:
By this my sceptre, which can never bear
A leaf or twig, since first it left its stem
Among the mountains,—for the steel had pared
Its boughs and bark away, to sprout no more,—
And now the Achaian judges bear it,—they
Who guard the laws received from Jupiter,—
Such is my oath,—the time shall come when all
The Greeks shall long to see Achilles back,
While multitudes are perishing by the hand
Of Hector, the man-queller; thou, meanwhile,
Though thou lament, shalt have no power to help,
And thou shalt rage against thyself to think
That thou hast scorned the bravest of the Greeks."

As thus he spoke, Pelides to the ground
Flung the gold-studded wand, and took his seat.
Fiercely Atrides raged; but now uprose
Nestor, the master of persuasive speech,
The clear-toned Pylian orator, whose tongue
Dropped words more sweet than honey. He had seen
Two generations that grew up and lived
With him on sacred Pylos pass away,
And now he ruled the third. With prudent words
He thus addressed the assembly of the chiefs:—

"Ye gods! what new misfortunes threaten Greece!
How Priam would exult and Priam's sons,
And how would all the Trojan race rejoice,
Were they to know how furiously ye strive,—
Ye who in council and in fight surpass
The other Greeks. Now hearken to my words:
Ye both are younger than myself, for I
Have lived with braver men than you, and yet

They held me not in light esteem. Such men
I never saw, nor shall I see again, —
Men like Pirithoüs and like Druas, lord
Of nations, Cæneus and Exadius,
And the great Polypheme, and Theseus, son
Of Ægeus, likest to the immortal gods.
Strongest of all the earth-born race were they,
And with the strongest of their time they fought, —
With Centaurs, the wild dwellers of the hills,
And fearfully destroyed them. With these men
Did I hold converse, coming to their camp
From Pylos in a distant land. They sent
To bid me join the war, and by their side
I fought my best, but no man living now
On the wide earth would dare to fight with them.
Great as they were, they listened to my words
And took my counsel. Hearken also ye,
And let my words persuade you for the best.
Thou, powerful as thou art, take not from him
The maiden; suffer him to keep the prize
Decreed him by the sons of Greece; and thou,
Pelides, strive no longer with the king,
Since never yet did Jove to sceptred prince
Grant eminence and honor like to his.
Atrides, calm thine anger. It is I
Who now implore thee to lay by thy wrath
Against Achilles, who, in this fierce war,
Is the great bulwark of the Grecian host."

To him the sovereign Agamemnon said:
"The things which thou hast uttered, aged chief,
Are fitly spoken; but this man would stand
Above all others; he aspires to be
The master, over all to domineer,
And to direct in all things; yet, I think,
There may be one who will not suffer this.
For if by favor of the immortal gods
He was made brave, have they for such a cause
Given him the liberty of insolent speech?"

Hereat the great Achilles, breaking in,
Answered: "Yea, well might I deserve the name
Of coward and of wretch, should I submit
In all things to thy bidding. Such commands
Lay thou on others, not on me, nor think
I shall obey thee longer. This I say,
And bear it well in mind: I shall not lift
My hand to keep the maiden whom ye gave
And now take from me; but whatever else
May be on board that swift black ship of mine,
Beware thou carry not away the least
Without my leave. Come, make the trial now,
That these may see thy black blood bathe my spear."
Then, rising from that strife of words, the twain
Dissolved the assembly at the Grecian fleet.

THE MAN WHO STOLE A MEETING-HOUSE.

ON a recent journey to the Pennsylvania oil regions, I stopped one evening with a fellow-traveller at a village which had just been thrown into a turmoil of excitement by the exploits of a horse-thief. As we sat around the tavern hearth, after supper, we heard the particulars of the rogue's capture and escape fully discussed; then followed many another tale of theft and robbery, told amid curling puffs of tobacco-smoke; until, at the close of an exciting story, one of the natives turned to my travelling acquaintance, and, with a broad laugh, said, "Kin ye beat that, stranger?"

"Well, I don't know, — may be I could if I should try. I never happened to fall in with any such tall horse-stealing as you tell of, but I knew a man who stole a meeting-house once."

"Stole a meetin'-house! That goes a little beyant anything yit," remarked another of the honest villagers. "Ye don't mean he stole it and carried it away?"

"Stole it and carried it away," repeated my travelling companion, seriously, crossing his legs, and resting his arm on the back of his chair. "And, more than all that, I helped him."

"How happened that?—for you don't look much like a thief, yourself."

All eyes were now turned upon my friend, a plain New England farmer, whose honest homespun appearance and candid speech commanded respect.

"I was his hired man, and I acted under orders. His name was Jedwort, — Old Jedwort, the boys called him, although he was n't above fifty when the crooked little circumstance happened which I'll make as straight a story of as I can, if the company would like to hear it."

"Sartin, stranger! sartin! about stealin' the meetin'-house!" chimed in two or three voices.

My friend cleared his throat, put his

hair behind his ears, and with a grave, smooth face, but with a merry twinkle in his shrewd, gray eye, began as follows:—

"Jedwort, I said his name was; and I shall never forget how he looked one particular morning. He stood leaning on the front gate, — or rather on the post, for the gate itself was such a shackling concern a child could n't have leaned on 't without breaking it down. And Jedwort was no child. Think of a stoutish, stooping, duck-legged man, with a mountainous back, strongly suggestive of a bag of grist under his shirt, and you have him. That imaginary grist had been growing heavier and heavier, and he more and more bent under it, for the last fifteen years and more, until his head and neck just came forward out from between his shoulders, like a turtle's from its shell. His arms hung, as he walked, almost to the ground. Being curved with the elbows outward, he looked for all the world, in a front view, like a waddling interrogation-point enclosed in a parenthesis. If man was ever a quadruped, as I've heard some folks tell, and rose gradually from four legs to two, there must have been a time, very early in his history, when he went about like Old Jedwort.

"The gate had been a very good gate in its day. It had even been a genteel gate when Jedwort came into possession of the place, by marrying his wife, who inherited it from her uncle. That was some twenty years before, and everything had been going to rack and ruin ever since.

"Jedwort himself had been going to rack and ruin, morally speaking. He was a middling decent sort of man when I first knew him; and I judge there must have been something about him more than common, or he never could have got such a wife. But then women do marry, sometimes, unaccountably. I've known downright

ugly and disagreeable fellows to work around, till by and by they would get a pretty girl fascinated by something in them which nobody else could see, and then marry her in spite of everything; — just as you may have seen a magnetizer on the stage make his subjects do just what he pleased, or a black snake charm a bird. Talk about women marrying with their eyes open, under such circumstances! They don't marry with their eyes open: they are put to sleep, in one sense, and ain't more than half responsible for what they do, if they are that. Then rises the question that has puzzled wiser heads than any of ours here, and will puzzle more yet, till society is different from what it is now, — how much a refined and sensitive woman is bound to suffer from a coarse and disgusting master, legally called her husband, before she is entitled to break off a bad bargain she scarce had a hand in making. I've sat here, to-night, and heard about men getting goods under false pretences; you've told some astonishing big stories, gentlemen, about rogues stealing horses and sleighs; and I'm going to tell you about the man who stole a meeting-house; but, when all is said, I guess it will be found that more extraordinary thieving than all that often goes on under our own eyes, and nobody takes any notice of it. There's such a thing, gentlemen, as getting hearts under false pretences. There's such a thing as a man's stealing a wife.

"I speak with feeling on this subject, for I had an opportunity of seeing what Mrs. Jedwort had to put up with from a man no woman of her stamp could do anything but detest. She was just the prettiest, patientest creature you ever saw. She was even too patient. If I had been tied to such a cub, I think I should have cultivated the beautiful and benignant qualities of a wild-cat; there would have been one good fight, and one of us would have been living, and the other would have been dead, and that would have been the end of it. But Mrs. Jedwort bore and bore untold miseries, and a large num-

ber of children. She had had nine of these, and three were under the sod and six above it when Jedwort ran off with the meeting-house in the way I am going on to tell you. There was Maria, the oldest girl, a perfect picture of what her mother had been at nineteen. Then there were the two boys, Dave and Dan, fine young fellows, spite of their father. Then came Lottie, and Susie, and then Willie, a little four-year-old.

"It was amazing to see what the mother would do to keep her family looking decent with the little means she had. For Jedwort was the tightest screw ever you saw. It was avarice that had spoilt him, and came so near turning him into a beast. The boys used to say he grew so bent, looking in the dirt for pennies. That was true of his mind, if not of his body. He was a poor man, and a pretty respectable man, when he married his wife; but he had no sooner come into possession of a little property, than he grew crazy for more. There are a good many men in the world, that nobody looks upon as monomaniacs, who are crazy in just that sort of way. They are all for laying up money, depriving themselves of comforts, and their families of the advantages of society and education, just to add a few dollars to their hoard every year; and so they keep on till they die and leave it to their children, who would be much better off if a little more had been invested in the cultivation of their minds and manners, and less in stocks and bonds.

"Jedwort was just one of that class of men, although perhaps he carried the fault I speak of a little to excess. A dollar looked so big to him, and he held it so close, that at last he could n't see much of anything else. By degrees he lost all regard for decency and his neighbors' opinions. His children went barefoot, even after they got to be great boys and girls, because he was too mean to buy them shoes. It was pitiful to see a nice, interesting girl, like Maria, go about looking as she did, while her father was piling his money

into the bank. She wanted to go to school, and learn music, and be somebody; but he would n't keep a hired girl, and so she was obliged to stay at home and do housework; and she could no more have got a dollar out of him to pay for clothes and tuition, than you could squeeze sap out of a hoe-handle.

"The only way his wife could ever get anything new for the family was by stealing butter from her own dairy, and selling it behind his back. 'You need n't say anything to Mr. Jedwort about this batch of butter,' she would hint to the storekeeper; 'but you may hand the money to me, or I will take my pay in goods.' In this way a new gown, or a piece of cloth for the boys' coats, or something else the family needed, would be smuggled into the house, with fear and trembling lest old Jedwort should make a row and find where the money came from.

"The house inside was kept neat as a pin; but everything around it looked terribly shiftless. It was built originally in an ambitious style, and painted white. It had four tall front pillars, supporting the portion of the roof that came over the porch,—lifting up the eyebrows of the house, if I may so express myself, and making it look as if it was going to sneeze. Half the blinds were off their hinges, and the rest flapped in the wind. The front door-step had rotted away. The porch had once a good floor, but for years Jedwort had been in the habit of going to it whenever he wanted a board for the pig-pen, until not a bit of floor was left.

"But I began to tell about Jedwort leaning on the gate that morning. We had all noticed him; and as Dave and I brought in the milk, his mother asked, 'What is your father planning now? Half the time he stands there, looking up the road; or else he's walking up that way in a brown study.'

"He's got his eye on the old meeting-house,' says Dave, setting down his pail. 'He has been watching it and walking round it, off and on, for a week.'

"That was the first intimation I had of what the old fellow was up to. But

after breakfast he followed me out of the house, as if he had something on his mind to say to me.

"'Stark,' says he, at last, 'you've always insisted on't that I was n't an enterprisin' man.'

"'I insist on't still,' says I; for I was in the habit of talking mighty plain to him, and joking him pretty hard sometimes. 'If I had this farm, I'd show you enterprise. You would n't see the hogs in the garden half the time, just for want of a good fence to keep 'em out. You would n't see the very best strip of land lying waste, just for want of a ditch. You would n't see that stone wall by the road tumbling down year after year, till by and by you won't be able to see it for the weeds and thistles.'

"'Yes,' says he, sarcastically, 'ye'd lay out ten times as much money on the place as ye'd ever git back ag'in, I've no doubt. But I believe in economy.'

"That provoked me a little, and I said, 'Economy! you're one of the kind of men that 'll skin a flint for sixpence and spoil a jack-knife worth a shilling; and that is n't economy any more than a corn-cob is a fiddlestick. You waste fodder and grain enough every three years to pay for a bigger barn,—to say nothing of the inconvenience.'

"'Wal, Stark,' says he, grinning and scratching his head, 'I've made up my mind to have a bigger barn, if I have to steal one.'

"'That won't be the first thing you've stole, neither,' says I.

"He flared up at that. 'Stole?' says he. 'What did I ever steal?'

"'Well, for one thing, the rails the freshet last spring drifted off from Talcott's land on to yours, and you grabbed: what was that but stealing?'

"'That was luck. He could n't swear to his rails. By the way, they 'll jest come in play now.'

"'They've come in play already,' says I. 'They've gone on to the old fences all over the farm, and I could use a thousand more without making much show.'

"That 's 'cause you 're so dumbed extravagant with rails, as you are with everything else. A few loads can be spared from the fences here and there, as well as not. Harness up the team, boys, and git together enough to make about ten rods o' zigzag, two rails high."

"Two rails?" says Dave, who had a healthy contempt for the old man's narrow, contracted way of doing things. "What 's the good of such a fence as that?"

"It 'll be," says I, "like the single bar in music. When our old singing-master asked his class once what a single bar was, Bill Wilkins spoke up and said, 'It 's a bar that horses and cattle jump over, and pigs and sheep run under.' What do you expect to keep out with two rails?"

"The *law*, boys, the *law*," says Jedwort. "I know what I 'm about. I 'll make a fence the *law* can't run under nor jump over; and I don't care a cuss for the cattle and pigs. You git the rails, and I 'll rip some boards off 'm the pig-pen to make stakes."

"Boards ain't good for nothin' for stakes," says Dave. "Besides, none can't be spared from the pig-pen."

"I 'll have boards enough in a day or two for forty pig-pens," says Jedwort. "Bring along the rails and dump 'em out in the road for the present, and say nothin' to nobody."

"We got the rails, and he made his stakes; and right away after dinner he called us out. 'Come, boys,' says he, 'now we 'll astonish the natives.'"

"The wagon stood in the road, with the last jag of rails still on it. Jedwort piled on his stakes, and threw on the crow-bar and axe, while we were hitching up the team."

"Now, drive on, Stark," says he.

"Yes; but where shall I drive to?"

"To the old meetin'-house," says Jedwort, trudging on ahead.

"The old meeting-house stood on an open common, at the northeast corner of his farm. A couple of cross-roads bounded it on two sides; and it was bounded on the other two by Jedwort's

overgrown stone wall. It was a square, old-fashioned building, with a low steeple, that had a belfry, but no bell in it, and with a high, square pulpit and high, straight-backed pews inside. It was now some time since meetings had been held there; the old society that used to meet there having separated, one division of it building a fashionable chapel in the North Village, and the other a fine new church at the Centre.

"Now, the peculiarity about the old church property was, that nobody had any legal title to it. A log meeting-house had been built there when the country was first settled and land was of no account. In the course of time that was torn down, and a good framed house put up in its place. As it belonged to the whole community, no title, either to the house or land, was ever recorded; and it was n't until after the society dissolved that the question came up as to how the property was to be disposed of. While the old deacons were carefully thinking it over, Jedwort was on hand, to settle it by putting in his claim."

"Now, boys," says he, "ye see what I 'm up to."

"Yes," says I, provoked as I could be at the mean trick, "and I knew it was some such mischief all along. You never show any enterprise, as you call it, unless it is to get the start of a neighbor. Then you are wide awake; then you are busy as the Devil in a gale of wind."

"But what *are* you up to, pa?" says Dan, who didn't see the trick yet.

"The old man says, 'I 'm goin' to fence in the rest part of my farm.'"

"What rest part?"

"This part that never was fenced; the old meetin'-house common."

"But, pa," says Dave, disgusted as I was, "you 've no claim on that."

"Wal, if I hain't, I 'll make a claim. Give me the crow-bar. Now, here 's the corner, nigh as I can squint';—and he stuck the bar into the ground. 'Make a fence to here from the wall, both sides.'"

"'Sho, pa!' says Dan, looking bewildered; 'ye ain't goin' to fence in the old meetin'-house, be ye?'

"'That's jest what I'm goin' to do. Go and git some big stuns from the wall,—the biggest ye can find, to rest the corners of the fence on. String the rails along by the road, Stark, and go for another load. Don't stand gawpin' there!'

"'Gawpin'?' says I; 'it's enough to make anybody *gawp*. You do beat all the critters I ever had to deal with. Have n't ye disgraced your family enough already, without stealing a meeting-house?'

"'How have I disgraced my family?' says he.

"Then I put it to him. 'Look at your children; it's all your wife can do to prevent 'em from growing up in rags and dirt and ignorance, because you are too close-fisted to clothe 'em decently or send 'em to school. Look at your house and yard. To see an Irishman's shanty in such a condition seems appropriate enough, but a genteel place, a house with pillars, run down and gone to seed like that, is an eyesore to the community. Then look at your wife. You never would have had any property to mismanage, if it had n't been for her; and see the way ye show your gratitude for it. You won't let her go into company, nor have company at home; you won't allow a hired girl in the house, but she and Maria have to do all the drudgery. You make perfect slaves of 'em. I swear, if 't wa' n't for your wife, I would n't work for you an hour longer; but she's the best woman in the world, after all you've done to break her spirit, and I hate to leave her.'

"The old fellow squirmed, and wrenched the crow-bar in the ground, then snarled back: 'Yes! you 're waitin' for me to die; then you mean to step into my shoes.'

"'I hope you'll leave a decenter pair than them you've got on, if I'm to step into 'em,' says I.

"'One thing about it,' says he, 'she won't have ye.'

"'I should think,' says I, 'a woman that would marry you would have 'most anybody.'

"So we had it back and forth, till by and by he left me to throw off the rails, and went to show the boys how to build the fence.

"'Look here,' says he; 'jest put a thunderin' big stun to each corner; then lay your rail on; then drive your pair of stakes, like a letter X.' He drove a pair. 'Now put on your rider. There's your letter X, ridin' one length of rails and carryin' another. That's what I call puttin' yer alphabet to a practical use; and I say there ain't no sense in havin' any more edication than ye *can* put to a practical use. I've larnin' enough to git along in the world; and if my boys have as much as I've got, they'll git along. Now work spy, for there comes Deacon Talcott.'

"'Wal, wal!' says the Deacon, coming up, puffing with excitement; 'what ye doin' to the old meetin'-house?'

"'Wal,' says Jedwort, driving away at his stakes, and never looking up, 'I've been considerin' some time what I should do with 't, and I've concluded to make a barn on 't.'

"'Make a barn! make a barn!' cries the Deacon. 'Who give ye liberty to make a barn of the house of God?'

"'Nobody; I take the liberty. Why should n't I do what I please with my own prop'ty?'

"'Your own property,—what do ye mean? 'T ain't your meetin'-house.'

"'Whose is 't, if 't ain't mine?' says Jedwort, lifting his turtle's head from between his horizontal shoulders, and grinning in the Deacon's face.

"'It belongs to the society,' says the Deacon.

"'But the s'ciety's pulled up stakes and gone off.'

"'It belongs to individooals of the society,—to individooals.'

"'Wal, I 'm an individooal,' says Jedwort.

"'You! you never went to meetin' here a dozen times in your life!'

"'I never did have my share of the

old meetin'-house, that 's a fact,' says Jedwort; 'but I 'll make it up now.'

"'But what are ye fencin' up the common for?' says the Deacon.

"'It 'll make a good calf-pastur'. I 've never had my share o' the vally o' that, either. I 've let my neighbors' pigs and critters run on 't long enough; and now I 'm jest goin' to take possession o' my own.'

"'Your own!' says the Deacon, in perfect consternation. 'You 've no deed on 't.'

"'Wal, have you?'

"'No—but—the society—'

"'The s'ciety, I tell ye,' says Jedwort, holding his head up longer than I ever knew him to hold it up at a time, and grinning all the while in Talcott's face,—'the s'ciety is split to pieces. There ain't no s'ciety now,—any more 'n a pig 's a pig arter you 've butchered and e't it. You 've e't the pig amongst ye, and left me the pen. The s'ciety never had a deed o' this 'ere prop'ty; and no man ever had a deed o' this 'ere prop'ty. My wife's gran'daddy, when he took up the land here, was a good-natered sort of man, and he allowed a corner on 't for his neighbors to put up a temp'rary meetin'-house. That was finally used up,—the kind o' preachin' they had them days was enough to use up in a little time any house that wa' n't fire-proof; and when that was preached to pieces, they put up another shelter in its place. This is it. And now 't the land ain't used no more for the puppose 't was lent for, it goes back nat'rally to the estate 't was took from, and the buildin's along with it.'

"'That 's all a sheer fabrication,' says the Deacon. 'This land was never a part of what 's now your farm, any more than it was a part of mine.'

"'Wal,' says Jedwort, 'I look at it in my way, and you 've a perfect right to look at it in your way. But I 'm goin' to make sure o' my way, by puttin' a fence round the hull concern.'

"'And you 're usin' some of my rails fer to do it with!' says the Deacon.

"'Can you swear 'f they 're your rails?'

"'Yes, I can; they 're rails the fresh-et carried off from my farm last spring, and landed onto yourn.'

"'So I 've heard ye say. But can you swear to the partic'lar rails? Can you swear, for instance, 't this 'ere is your rail? or this 'ere one?'

"'No; I can't swear to precisely them two,—but—'

"'Can you swear to these two? or to any one or two?' says Jedwort. 'No, ye can't. Ye can swear to the lot in general, but you can't swear to any partic'lar rail, and that kind o' swearin' won't stand law, Deacon Talcott. I don't boast of bein' an edicated man, but I know suthin' o' what law is, and when I know it, I dror a line there, and I toe that line, and I make my neighbors toe that line, Deacon Talcott. Nine p'int's of the law is possession, and I 'll have possession o' this 'ere house and land by fencin' on 't in; and though every man 't comes along should say these 'ere rails belong to them, I 'll fence it in with these 'ere very rails.'

"Jedwort said this, wagging his obstinate old head, and grinning with his face turned up pugnaciously at the Deacon; then went to work again as if he had settled the question, and didn't wish to discuss it any further.

"As for Talcott, he was too full of wrath and boiling indignation to answer such a speech. He knew that Jedwort had managed to get the start of him with regard to the rails, by mixing a few of his own with those he had stolen, so that nobody could tell 'em apart; and he saw at once that the meeting-house was in danger of going the same way, just for want of an owner to swear out a clear title to the property. He did just the wisest thing, when he swallowed his vexation, and hurried off to alarm the leading men of the two societies and to consult a lawyer.

"'He 'll stir up the old town like a bumble-bees' nest,' says Jedwort. 'Hurry up, boys, or there 'll be a buzzin' round our ears 'fore we git through!'

"I wish ye 'wouldn't, pa!" says Dave. "Why don't we tend to our own business, and be decent, like other folks? I'm sick of this kind of life."

"Quit it, then," says Jedwort.

"Do you tell me to quit it?" says Dave, dropping the end of a rail he was handling.

"Yes, I do; and do it dumber quick, if ye can't show a proper respect to your father!"

"Dave turned white as a sheet, and he trembled as he answered back, 'I should be glad to show you respect, if you was a man I could feel any respect for.'"

"At that, Jedwort caught hold of the iron bar that was sticking in the ground, where he had been making a hole for a stake, and pulled away at it. 'I'll make a stake-hole in you!' says he. 'It's enough to have a sassy hired man round, without bein' jawed by one's own children!'"

"Dave was out of reach by the time the bar came out of the ground.

"Come here, you villain!" says the old man.

"I'd rather be excused," says Dave, backing off. "I don't want any stake-holes made in me to-day. You told me to quit, and I'm going to. You may steal your own meeting-houses in future; I won't help."

"There was a short race. Dave's young legs proved altogether too smart for the old waddler's, and he got off. Then Jedwort, coming back, wheezing and sweating, with his iron bar, turned savagely on me.

"I've a good notion to tell you to go too!"

"Very well, why don't ye?" says I. "I'm ready."

"There's no livin' with ye, ye're gittin' so dumber sassy! What I keep ye for is a mystery to me."

"No, it ain't: you keep me because you can't get another man to fill my place. You put up with my sass for the money I bring ye in."

"Hold your yawp," says he, "and go and git another load of rails. If ye see Dave, tell him to come back to work."

"I did see Dave, but, instead of telling him to go back, I advised him to put out from the old home and get his living somewhere else. His mother and Maria agreed with me; and when the old man came home that night, Dave was gone.

"When I got back with my second load, I found the neighbors assembling to witness the stealing of the old meeting-house; and Jedwort was answering their remonstrances.

"A meetin'-house is a respectable kind o' prop'ty to have round," says he. "The steeple 'll make a good show behind my house. When folks ride by, they 'll stop and look, and say, 'There's a man keeps a private meetin'-house of his own.' I can have preachin' in 't, too, if I want. I'm able to hire a preacher of my own; or I can preach myself and save the expense."

"Of course, neither sarcasm nor argument could have any effect on such a man. As the neighbors were going away, Jedwort shouted after 'em: 'Call ag'in. Glad to see ye. There 'll be more sport in a few days, when I take the dumber thing away.' (The dumber thing was the meeting-house.) 'I invite ye all to see the show. Free gratis. It 'll be good as a circus, and a 'tarnal sight cheaper. The women can bring their knittin', and the gals their everlastin' tatin'. As it 'll be a pious kind o' show, bein' it's a meetin'-house, guess I 'll have notices gi'n out from the pulpits the Sunday afore."

"The common was fenced in by sundown; and the next day Jedwort had over a house-mover from the North Village to look and see what could be done with the building. 'Can ye snake it over, and drop it back of my house?' says he.

"It 'll be a hard job," says old Bob, "without you tear down the steeple fust."

"But Jedwort said, 'What's a meetin'-house 'thout a steeple? I've got my heart kind o' set on that steeple; and I'm bound to go the hull hog on this 'ere concern, now I've begun.'

"I vow," says Bob, examining the

timbers, 'I won't warrant but what the old thing 'll all tumble down.'

"'I 'll resk it.'

"'Yes; but who 'll resk the lives of me and my men?'

"'O, you 'll see if it 's re'ly goin' to tumble, and look out. I 'll engage 't me and my boys 'll do the most dangerous part of the work. Dumbd if I would n't agree to ride in the steeple and ring the bell, if there was one.'

"I 've never heard that the promised notices were read from the pulpits; but it was n't many days before Bob came over again, bringing with him this time his screws and ropes and rollers, his men and timbers, horse and capstan; and at last the old house might have been seen on its travels.

"It was an exciting time all around. The societies found that Jedwort's fence gave him the first claim to house and land, unless a regular siege of the law was gone through to beat him off, — and then it might turn out that he would beat them. Some said fight him; some said let him be, — the thing ain't worth going to law for; and so, as the leading men could n't agree as to what should be done, nothing was done. That was just what Jedwort had expected, and he laughed in his sleeve while Bob and his boys screwed up the old meeting-house, and got their beams under it, and set it on rollers, and slued it around, and slid it on the timbers laid for it across into Jedwort's field, steeple foremost, like a locomotive on a track.

"It was a trying time for the women-folks at home. Maria had declared that, if her father did persist in stealing the meeting-house, she would not stay a single day after it, but would follow Dave.

"That touched me pretty close, for, to tell the truth, it was rather more Maria than her mother that kept me at work for the old man. 'If you go,' says I, 'then there is no object for me to stay; I shall go too.'

"That 's what I supposed,' says she; 'for there 's no reason in the world why you should stay. But then Dan will go; and who 'll be left to take sides with mother? That 's what troubles

me. O, if she could only go too! But she won't; and she could n't if she would, with the other children depending on her. Dear, dear! what shall we do?'

"The poor girl put her head on my shoulder, and cried; and if I should own up to the truth, I suppose I cried a little too. For where 's the man that can hold a sweet woman's head on his shoulder, while she sobs out her trouble, and he has n't any power to help her, — who, I say, can do any less, under such circumstances, than drop a tear or two for company?

"'Never mind; don't hurry,' says Mrs. Jedwort. 'Be patient, and wait awhile, and it 'll all turn out right, I 'm sure.'

"'Yes, you always say, "Be patient, and wait!"' says Maria, brushing back her hair. 'But, for my part, I 'm tired of waiting, and my patience has given out long ago. We can't always live in this way, and we may as well make a change now as ever. But I can't bear the thought of going and leaving you.'

"Here the two younger girls came in; and, seeing that crying was the order of the day, they began to cry; and when they heard Maria talk of going, they declared they would go; and even little Willie, the four-year-old, began to howl.

"'There, there! Maria! Lottie! Susie!' said Mrs. Jedwort, in her calm way; 'Willie, hush up! I don't know what we are to do; but I feel that something is going to happen that will show us the right way, and we are to wait. Now go and wash the dishes, and set the cheese.'

"That was just after breakfast, the second day of the moving; and sure enough, something like what she prophesied did happen before another sun.

"The old frame held together pretty well till along toward night, when the steeple showed signs of seceding. 'There she goes! She 's falling now!' sung out the boys, who had been hanging around all day in hopes of seeing the thing tumble.

"The house was then within a few

rods of where Jedwort wanted it; but Bob stopped right there, and said it was n't safe to haul it another inch. 'That steeple's bound to come down, if we do,' says he.

"'Not by a dumbred sight, it ain't,' says Jedwort. 'Them cracks ain't nothin'; the j'int is all firm yit.' He wanted Bob to go up and examine; but Bob shook his head, — the concern looked too shaky. Then he told me to go up; but I said I had n't lived quite long enough, and had a little rather be smoking my pipe on *terra firma*. Then the boys began to hoot. 'Dumbred if ye ain't all a set of cowards,' says he. 'I'll go up myself.'

'We waited outside while he climbed up inside. The boys jumped on the ground to jar the steeple, and make it fall. One of them blew a horn, — as he said, to bring down the old Jericho, — and another thought he'd help things along by starting up the horse, and giving the building a little wrench. But Bob put a stop to that; and finally out came a head from the belfry window. It was Jedwort, who shouted down to us: "'There ain't a j'int or brace gin out. Start the hoss, and I'll ride. Pass me up that 'ere horn, and—'

"Just then there came a cracking and loosening of timbers; and we that stood nearest had only time to jump out of the way, when down came the steeple crashing to the ground, with Jedwort in it."

"I hope it killed the cuss," said one of the village story-tellers.

"Worse than that," replied my friend; "it just cracked his skull, — not enough to put an end to his miserable life, but only to take away what little sense he had. We got the doctors to him, and they patched up his broken head; and, by George, it made me mad to see the fuss the women-folks made over him. It would have been my way to let him die; but they were as anxious and attentive to him as if he had been the kindest husband and most indulgent father that ever lived; for that's women's style: they're unreasoning creatures.

"Along towards morning, we persuaded Mrs. Jedwort, who had been up all night, to lie down a spell and catch a little rest, while Maria and I sat up and watched with the old man. All was still except our whispers and his heavy breathing; there was a lamp burning in the next room; when all of a sudden a light shone into the windows, and about the same time we heard a roaring and crackling sound. We looked out, and saw the night all lighted up, as if by some great fire. As it appeared to be on the other side of the house, we ran to the door, and there what did we see but the old meeting-house all in flames. Some fellows had set fire to it to spite Jedwort. It must have been burning some time inside; for when we looked out, the flames had burst through the roof.

"As the night was perfectly still, except a light wind blowing away from the other buildings on the place, we raised no alarm, but just stood in the door and saw it burn. And a glad sight it was to us, you may be sure. I just held Maria close to my side, and told her that all was well, — it was the best thing that could happen. 'O yes,' says she, 'it seems to me as though a kind Providence was burning up his sin and shame out of our sight.'

"I had never yet said anything to her about marriage, — for the time to come at that had never hardly seemed to arrive; but there's nothing like a little excitement to bring things to a focus. You've seen water in a tumbler just at the freezing point, but not exactly able to make up its mind to freeze, when a little jar will set the crystals forming, and in a minute what was liquid is ice. It was the shock of events that night that touched my life into crystals, — not of ice, gentlemen, by any manner of means.

"After the fire had got along so far that the meeting-house was a gone case, an alarm was given, probably by the very fellows that set it, and a hundred people were on the spot before the thing had done burning.

"Of course these circumstances put

an end to the breaking up of the family. Dave was sent for, and came home. Then, as soon as we saw that the old man's brain was injured so that he was n't likely to recover his mind, the boys and I went to work and put that farm through a course of improvement it would have done your eyes good to see. The children were sent to school, and Mrs. Jedwort had all the money she wanted now to clothe them, and to provide the house with comforts, without stealing her own butter. Jedwort was a burden; but, in spite of him, that was just about the happiest family, for the next four years, that ever lived on this planet.

"Jedwort soon got his bodily health, but I don't think he knew one of us again after his hurt. As near as I could get at his state of mind, he thought he had been changed into some sort of animal. He seemed inclined to take me for a master, and for four years he followed me around like a dog. During that time he never spoke, but only whined and growled. When I said, 'Lie down,' he'd lie down; and when I whistled, he'd come.

"I used sometimes to make him work; and certain simple things he would do very well, as long as I was by. One day I had a jag of hay to get in; and, as the boys were away, I thought I'd have him load it. I pitched it on to the wagon about where it ought to lie, and looked to him only to pack it down. There turned out to be a bigger load than I had expected, and the higher it got, the worse the shape of it, till finally, as I was starting it towards the barn, off it rolled, and the old man with it, head foremost.

"He struck a stone heap, and for a moment I thought he was killed. But he jumped up and spoke for the first time. '*I'll blow it,*' says he, finishing the sentence he had begun four years before, when he called for the horn to be passed up to him.

"I could n't have been much more astonished if one of the horses had spoken. But I saw at once that there was an expression in Jedwort's face that

had n't been there since his tumble in the belfry; and I knew that, as his wits had been knocked out of him by one blow on the head, so another blow had knocked 'em in again.

"Where's Bob?' says he, looking all around.

"Bob?' says I, not thinking at first who he meant. 'O, Bob is dead,—he has been dead these three years.'

"Without noticing my reply, he exclaimed: 'Where did all that hay come from? Where's the old meetin'-house?'

"Don't you know?' says I. 'Some rogues set fire to it the night after you got hurt, and burnt it up.'

"He seemed then just beginning to realize that something extraordinary had happened.

"Stark,' says he, 'what's the matter with ye? You're changed.'

"Yes,' says I, 'I wear my beard now, and I've grown older!'

"Dumbed if 't ain't odd!' says he. 'Stark, what in thunder's the matter with me?'

"You've had meeting-house on the brain for the past four years,' says I; 'that's what's the matter.'

"It was some time before I could make him understand that he had been out of his head, and that so long a time had been a blank to him.

"Then he said, 'Is this my farm?'

"Don't you know it?' says I.

"It looks more slicked up than ever it used to,' says he.

"Yes,' says I; 'and you'll find everything else on the place slicked up in about the same way.'

"Where's Dave?' says he.

"Dave has gone to town to see about selling the wool.'

"Where's Dan?'

"Dan's in college. He takes a great notion to medicine; and we're going to make a doctor of him.'

"Whose house is that?' says he, as I was taking him home.

"No wonder you don't know it,' says I. 'It has been painted, and shingled, and had new blinds put on; the gates and fences are all in prime

condition; and that's a new barn we put up a couple of years ago.'

"Where does the money come from, to make all these improvements?"

"It comes off the place," says I. "We have n't run in debt the first cent for anything, but we 've made the farm more profitable than it ever was before."

"That *my* house?" he repeated wonderingly, as we approached it. "What sound is that?"

"That's Lottie practising her lesson on the piano."

"A pianer in my house!" he muttered. "I can't stand that!" He listened. "It sounds pooty, though!"

"Yes, it does sound pretty, and I guess you'll like it. How does the place suit you?"

"It *looks* pooty," He started. "What young lady is that?"

"It was Lottie, who had left her music, and stood by the window."

"My dahter! ye don't say! Dumberd if she ain't a mighty nice gal."

"Yes," says I; "she takes after her mother."

"Just then Susie, who heard talking, ran to the door."

"Who's that ag'in?" says Jedwort.

"I told him."

"Wal, *she* 's a mighty nice-lookin' gal!"

"Yes," says I, "*she* takes after her mother."

"Little Willie, now eight years old, came out of the wood-shed with a bow-and-arrow in his hand, and stared like an owl, hearing his father talk."

"What boy is that?" says Jedwort. And when I told him, he muttered, "He's an ugly-lookin' brat!"

"He's more like his father," says I.

"The truth is, Willie was such a fine boy the old man was afraid to praise him, for fear I'd say of him, as I'd said of the girls, that he favored his mother."

"Susie ran back and gave the alarm; and then out came mother, and Maria with her baby in her arms, — for I forgot to tell you that we had been married now nigh on to two years."

"Well, the women-folks were as

much astonished as I had been when Jedwort first spoke, and a good deal more delighted. They drew him into the house; and I am bound to say he behaved remarkably well. He kept looking at his wife, and his children, and his grandchild, and the new paper on the walls, and the new furniture, and now and then asking a question or making a remark.

"It all comes back to me now," says he at last. "I thought I was living in the moon, with a superior race of human bein's; and this is the place, and you are the people."

"It was n't more than a couple of days before he began to pry around, and find fault, and grumble at the expense; and I saw there was danger of things relapsing into something like their former condition. So I took him one side, and talked to him."

"Jedwort," says I, "you're like a man raised from the grave. You was the same as buried to your neighbors, and now they come and look at you as they would at a dead man come to life. To you, it's like coming into a new world; and I'll leave it to you now, if you don't rather like the change from the old state of things to what you see around you to-day. You've seen how the family affairs go on, — how pleasant everything is, and how we all enjoy ourselves. You hear the piano, and like it; you see your children sought after and respected, — your wife in finer health and spirits than you've ever known her since the day she was married; you see industry and neatness everywhere on the premises; and you're a beast if you don't like all that. In short, you see that our management is a great deal better than yours; and that we beat you, even in the matter of economy. Now, what I want to know is this: whether you think you'd like to fall into our way of living, or return like a hog to your wallow."

"I don't say but what I like your way of livin' very well," he grumbled.

"Then," says I, "you must just let us go ahead, as we have been going ahead. Now's the time for you to

turn about and be a respectable man, like your neighbors. Just own up, and say you 've not only been out of your head the past four years, but that you 've been more or less out of your head the last four-and-twenty years. But say you 're in your right mind now, and prove it by acting like a man in his right mind. Do that, and I 'm with you; we 're all with you. But go back to your old dirty ways, and you go alone. Now I sha' n't let you off, till you tell me what you mean to do.'

"He hesitated some time, then said, 'May be you 're about right, Stark; you and Dave and the old woman seem to be doin' pooty well, and I guess I 'll let you go on.'"

Here my friend paused, as if his story was done; when one of the villagers asked, "About the land where the old meetin'-house stood, — what ever was done with that?"

"That was appropriated for a new school-house; and there my little shavers go to school."

"And old Jedwort, is he alive yet?"

"Both Jedwort and his wife have gone to that country where meanness and dishonesty have a mighty poor chance, — where the only investments worth much are those recorded in the Book of Life. Mrs. Jedwort was rich in that kind of stock; and Jedwort's account, I guess, will compare favorably with that of some respectable people, such as we all know. I tell ye, my friends," continued my fellow-traveller, "there 's many a man, both in the higher and lower ranks of life, that 't would do a deal of good, say nothing of the mercy 't would be to their families, just to knock 'em on the head, and make Nebuchadnezzars of 'em, — then, after they 'd been turned out to grass a few years, let 'em come back again, and see how happy folks have been, and how well they have got along without 'em."

"I carry on the old place now," he added. "The younger girls are married off; Dan 's a doctor in the North Village; and as for Dave, he and I have struck ile. I 'm going out to look at our property now."

TERMINUS.

IT is time to be old,
To take in sail: —
The god of bounds,
Who sets to seas a shore,
Came to me in his fatal rounds,
And said, "No more!
No further spread
Thy broad ambitious branches, and thy root;
Fancy departs: no more invent,
Contract thy firmament
To compass of a tent.
There 's not enough for this and that,
Make thy option which of two;
Economize the failing river,
Not the less adore the Giver,
Leave the many and hold the few.
Timely wise accept the terms,
Softens the fall with wary foot;

A little while
Still plan and smile,
And, fault of novel germs,
Mature the unfallen fruit.

"Curse, if thou wilt, thy sires,
Bad husbands of their fires,
Who, when they gave thee breath,
Failed to bequeath
The needful sinew stark as once,
Thè Baresark marrow to thy bones,
But left a legacy of ebbing veins,
Inconstant heat and nerveless reins, —
Amid the Muses, left thee deaf and dumb,
Amid the gladiators, halt and numb."

As the bird trims her to the gale,
I trim myself to the storm of time,
I man the rudder, reef the sail,
Obey the voice at eve, obeyed at prime:
"Lowly faithful, banish fear,
Right onward drive unharmed;
The port, well worth the cruise, is near,
And every wave is charmed."

AN APPEAL TO CONGRESS FOR IMPARTIAL SUFFRAGE.

A VERY limited statement of the argument for impartial suffrage, and for including the negro in the body politic, would require more space than can be reasonably asked here. It is supported by reasons as broad as the nature of man, and as numerous as the wants of society. Man is the only government-making animal in the world. His right to a participation in the production and operation of government is an inference from his nature, as direct and self-evident as is his right to acquire property or education. It is no less a crime against the manhood of a man, to declare that he shall not share in the making and directing of the government under which he lives, than to say that he shall not acquire property and education. The fundamental and unanswerable argument in favor of the

enfranchisement of the negro is found in the undisputed fact of his manhood. He is a man, and by every fact and argument, by which any man can sustain his right to vote, the negro can sustain his right equally. It is plain that, if the right belongs to any, it belongs to all. The doctrine that some men have no rights that others are bound to respect, is a doctrine which we must banish, as we have banished slavery, from which it emanated. If black men have no rights in the eyes of white men, of course the whites can have none in the eyes of the blacks. The result is a war of races, and the annihilation of all proper human relations.

But suffrage for the negro, while easily sustained upon abstract principles, demands consideration upon what are recognized as the urgent necessities of

the case. It is a measure of relief, — a shield to break the force of a blow already descending with violence, and render it harmless. The work of destruction has already been set in motion all over the South. Peace to the country has literally meant war to the loyal men of the South, white and black; and negro suffrage is the measure to arrest and put an end to that dreadful strife.

Something then, not by way of argument, (for that has been done by Charles Sumner, Thaddeus Stevens, Wendell Phillips, Gerrit Smith, and other able men,) but rather of statement and appeal.

For better or for worse, (as in some of the old marriage ceremonies,) the negroes are evidently a permanent part of the American population. They are too numerous and useful to be colonized, and too enduring and self-perpetuating to disappear by natural causes. Here they are, four millions of them, and, for weal or for woe, here they must remain.

• Their history is parallel to that of the country; but while the history of the latter has been cheerful and bright with blessings, theirs has been heavy and dark with agonies and curses. What O'Connell said of the history of Ireland may with greater truth be said of the negro's. It may be "traced like a wounded man through a crowd, by the blood." Yet the negroes have marvellously survived all the exterminating forces of slavery, and have emerged at the end of two hundred and fifty years of bondage, not morose, misanthropic, and revengeful, but cheerful, hopeful, and forgiving. They now stand before Congress and the country, not complaining of the past, but simply asking for a better future. The spectacle of these dusky millions thus imploring, not demanding, is touching; and if American statesmen could be moved by a simple appeal to the nobler elements of human nature, if they had not fallen, seemingly, into the incurable habit of weighing and measuring every proposition of reform by some standard of profit and loss, doing wrong from choice, and right only from necessity or

some urgent demand of human selfishness, it would be enough to plead for the negroes on the score of past services and sufferings. But no such appeal shall be relied on here. Hardships, services, sufferings, and sacrifices are all waived. It is true that they came to the relief of the country at the hour of its extremest need. It is true that, in many of the rebellious States, they were almost the only reliable friends the nation had throughout the whole tremendous war. It is true that, notwithstanding their alleged ignorance, they were wiser than their masters, and knew enough to be loyal, while those masters only knew enough to be rebels and traitors. It is true that they fought side by side in the loyal cause with our gallant and patriotic white soldiers, and that, but for their help, — divided as the loyal States were, — the Rebels might have succeeded in breaking up the Union, thereby entailing border wars and troubles of unknown duration and incalculable calamity. All this and more is true of these loyal negroes. Many daring exploits will be told to their credit. Impartial history will paint them as men who deserved well of their country. It will tell how they forded and swam rivers, with what consummate address they evaded the sharp-eyed Rebel pickets, how they toiled in the darkness of night through the tangled marshes of briers and thorns, barefooted and weary, running the risk of losing their lives, to warn our generals of Rebel schemes to surprise and destroy our loyal army. It will tell how these poor people, whose rights we still despised, behaved to our wounded soldiers, when found cold, hungry, and bleeding on the deserted battle-field; how they assisted our escaping prisoners from Andersonville, Belle Isle, Castle Thunder, and elsewhere, sharing with them their wretched crusts, and otherwise affording them aid and comfort; how they promptly responded to the trumpet call for their services, fighting against a foe that denied them the rights of civilized warfare, and for a government which was without the courage to assert those rights and avenge

their violation in their behalf; with what gallantry they flung themselves upon Rebel fortifications, meeting death as fearlessly as any other troops in the service. But upon none of these things is reliance placed. These facts speak to the better dispositions of the human heart; but they seem of little weight with the opponents of impartial suffrage.

It is true that a strong plea for equal suffrage might be addressed to the national sense of honor. Something, too, might be said of national gratitude. A nation might well hesitate before the temptation to betray its allies. There is something immeasurably mean, to say nothing of the cruelty, in placing the loyal negroes of the South under the political power of their Rebel masters. To make peace with our enemies is all well enough; but to prefer our enemies and sacrifice our friends,—to exalt our enemies and cast down our friends,—to clothe our enemies, who sought the destruction of the government, with all political power, and leave our friends powerless in their hands,—is an act which need not be characterized here. We asked the negroes to espouse our cause, to be our friends, to fight for us and against their masters; and now, after they have done all that we asked them to do,—helped us to conquer their masters, and thereby directed toward themselves the furious hate of the vanquished,—it is proposed in some quarters to turn them over to the political control of the common enemy of the government and of the negro. But of this let nothing be said in this place. Waiving humanity, national honor, the claims of gratitude, the precious satisfaction arising from deeds of charity and justice to the weak and defenceless,—the appeal for impartial suffrage addresses itself with great pertinency to the darkest, coldest, and flintiest side of the human heart, and would wring righteousness from the unfeeling calculations of human selfishness.

For in respect to this grand measure it is the good fortune of the negro that enlightened selfishness, not less than

justice, fights on his side. National interest and national duty, if elsewhere separated, are firmly united here. The American people can, perhaps, afford to brave the censure of surrounding nations for the manifest injustice and meanness of excluding its faithful black soldiers from the ballot-box, but it cannot afford to allow the moral and mental energies of rapidly increasing millions to be consigned to hopeless degradation.

Strong as we are, we need the energy that slumbers in the black man's arm to make us stronger. We want no longer any heavy-footed, melancholy service from the negro. We want the cheerful activity of the quickened manhood of these sable millions. Nor can we afford to endure the moral blight which the existence of a degraded and hated class must necessarily inflict upon any people among whom such a class may exist. Exclude the negroes as a class from political rights,—teach them that the high and manly privilege of suffrage is to be enjoyed by white citizens only,—that they may bear the burdens of the state, but that they are to have no part in its direction or its honors,—and you at once deprive them of one of the main incentives to manly character and patriotic devotion to the interests of the government; in a word, you stamp them as a degraded *caste*,—you teach them to despise themselves, and all others to despise them. Men are so constituted that they largely derive their ideas of their abilities and their possibilities from the settled judgments of their fellow-men, and especially from such as they read in the institutions under which they live. If these bless them, they are blest indeed; but if these blast them, they are blasted indeed. Give the negro the elective franchise, and you give him at once a powerful motive for all noble exertion, and make him a man among men. A character is demanded of him, and here as elsewhere demand favors supply. It is nothing against this reasoning that all men who vote are not good men or good citizens. It is enough that the

possession and exercise of the elective franchise is in itself an appeal to the nobler elements of manhood, and imposes education as essential to the safety of society.

To appreciate the full force of this argument, it must be observed, that disfranchisement in a republican government based upon the idea of human equality and universal suffrage, is a very different thing from disfranchisement in governments based upon the idea of the divine right of kings, or the entire subjugation of the masses. Masses of men can take care of themselves. Besides, the disabilities imposed upon all are necessarily without that bitter and stinging element of invidiousness which attaches to disfranchisement in a republic. What is common to all works no special sense of degradation to any. But in a country like ours, where men of all nations, kindred, and tongues are freely enfranchised, and allowed to vote, to say to the negro, You shall not vote, is to deal his manhood a staggering blow, and to burn into his soul a bitter and goading sense of wrong, or else work in him a stupid indifference to all the elements of a manly character. As a nation, we cannot afford to have amongst us either this indifference and stupidity, or that burning sense of wrong. These sable millions are too powerful to be allowed to remain either indifferent or discontented. Enfranchise them, and they become self-respecting and country-loving citizens. Disfranchise them, and the mark of Cain is set upon them less mercifully than upon the first murderer, for no man was to hurt him. But this mark of inferiority—all the more palpable because of a difference of color—not only dooms the negro to be a vagabond, but makes him the prey of insult and outrage everywhere. While nothing may be urged here as to the past services of the negro, it is quite within the line of this appeal to remind the nation of the possibility that a time may come when the services of the negro may be a second time required. History is said to re-

peat itself, and, if so, having wanted the negro once, we may want him again. Can that statesmanship be wise which would leave the negro good ground to hesitate, when the exigencies of the country required his prompt assistance? Can that be sound statesmanship which leaves millions of men in gloomy discontent, and possibly in a state of alienation in the day of national trouble? Was not the nation stronger when two hundred thousand sable soldiers were hurled against the Rebel fortifications, than it would have been without them? Arming the negro was an urgent military necessity three years ago,—are we sure that another quite as pressing may not await us? Casting aside all thought of justice and magnanimity, is it wise to impose upon the negro all the burdens involved in sustaining government against foes within and foes without, to make him equal sharer in all sacrifices for the public good, to tax him in peace and conscript him in war, and then coldly exclude him from the ballot-box?

Look across the sea. Is Ireland, in her present condition, fretful, discontented, compelled to support an establishment in which she does not believe, and which the vast majority of her people abhor, a source of power or of weakness to Great Britain? Is not Austria wise in removing all ground of complaint against her on the part of Hungary? And does not the Emperor of Russia act wisely, as well as generously, when he not only breaks up the bondage of the serf, but extends him all the advantages of Russian citizenship? Is the present movement in England in favor of manhood suffrage—for the purpose of bringing four millions of British subjects into full sympathy and co-operation with the British government—a wise and humane movement, or otherwise? Is the existence of a rebellious element in our borders—which New Orleans, Memphis, and Texas show to be only disarmed, but at heart as malignant as ever, only waiting for an opportunity to reassert

itself with fire and sword—a reason for leaving four millions of the nation's truest friends with just cause of complaint against the Federal government? If the doctrine that taxation should go hand in hand with representation can be appealed to in behalf of recent traitors and rebels, may it not properly be asserted in behalf of a people who have ever been loyal and faithful to the government? The answers to these questions are too obvious to require statement. Disguise it as we may, we are still a divided nation. The Rebel States have still an anti-national policy. Massachusetts and South Carolina may draw tears from the eyes of our tender-hearted President by walking arm in arm into his Philadelphia Convention, but a citizen of Massachusetts is still an alien in the Palmetto State. There is that, all over the South, which frightens Yankee industry, capital, and skill from its borders. We have crushed the Rebellion, but not its hopes or its malign purposes. The South fought for perfect and permanent control over the Southern laborer. It was a war of the rich against the poor. They who waged it had no objection to the government, while they could use it as a means of confirming their power over the laborer. They fought the government, not because they hated the government as such, but because they found it, as they thought, in the way between them and their one grand purpose of rendering permanent and indestructible their authority and power over the Southern laborer. Though the battle is for the present lost, the hope of gaining this object still exists, and pervades the whole South with a feverish excitement. We have thus far only gained a Union without unity, marriage without love, victory without peace. The hope of gaining by politics what they lost by the sword, is the secret of all this Southern unrest; and that hope must be extinguished before national ideas and objects can take full possession of the Southern mind. There is but one safe and constitutional way to banish that mischievous hope from the South, and

that is by lifting the laborer beyond the unfriendly political designs of his former master. Give the negro the elective franchise, and you at once destroy the purely sectional policy, and wheel the Southern States into line with national interests and national objects. The last and shrewdest turn of Southern politics is a recognition of the necessity of getting into Congress immediately, and at any price. The South will comply with any conditions but suffrage for the negro. It will swallow all the unconstitutional test oaths, repeal all the ordinances of Secession, repudiate the Rebel debt, promise to pay the debt incurred in conquering its people, pass all the constitutional amendments, if only it can have the negro left under its political control. The proposition is as modest as that made on the mountain: "All these things will I give unto thee if thou wilt fall down and worship me."

But why are the Southerners so willing to make these sacrifices? The answer plainly is, they see in this policy the only hope of saving something of their old sectional peculiarities and power. Once firmly seated in Congress, their alliance with Northern Democrats re-established, their States restored to their former position inside the Union, they can easily find means of keeping the Federal government entirely too busy with other important matters to pay much attention to the local affairs of the Southern States. Under the potent shield of State Rights, the game would be in their own hands. Does any sane man doubt for a moment that the men who followed Jefferson Davis through the late terrible Rebellion, often marching barefooted and hungry, naked and penniless, and who now only profess an enforced loyalty, would plunge this country into a foreign war to-day, if they could thereby gain their coveted independence, and their still more coveted mastery over the negroes? Plainly enough, the peace not less than the prosperity of this country is involved in the great measure of impartial suffrage. King Cotton is de-

posed, but only deposed, and is ready to-day to reassert all his ancient pretensions upon the first favorable opportunity. Foreign countries abound with his agents. They are able, vigilant, devoted. The young men of the South burn with the desire to regain what they call the lost cause; the women are noisily malignant towards the Federal government. In fact, all the elements of treason and rebellion are there under the thinnest disguise which necessity can impose.

What, then, is the work before Congress? It is to save the people of the South from themselves, and the nation from detriment on their account. Congress must supplant the evident sectional tendencies of the South by national dispositions and tendencies. It must cause national ideas and objects to take the lead and control the politics of those States. It must cease to recognize the old slave-masters as the only competent persons to rule the South. In a word, it must enfranchise the negro, and by means of the loyal negroes and the loyal white men of the South build up a national party there, and in time bridge the chasm between North and South, so that our country may have a common liberty and a common civilization. The new wine must be put into new bottles. The lamb may not be trusted with the wolf. Loyalty is hardly safe with traitors.

Statesmen of America! beware what you do. The ploughshare of rebellion has gone through the land beam-deep. The soil is in readiness, and the seed-time has come. Nations, not less than individuals, reap as they sow. The dreadful calamities of the past few years came not by accident, nor unbidden, from the ground. You shudder

to-day at the harvest of blood sown in the spring-time of the Republic by your patriot fathers. The principle of slavery, which they tolerated under the erroneous impression that it would soon die out, became at last the dominant principle and power at the South. It early mastered the Constitution, became superior to the Union, and enthroned itself above the law.

Freedom of speech and of the press it slowly but successfully banished from the South, dictated its own code of honor and manners to the nation, brandished the bludgeon and the bowie-knife over Congressional debate, sapped the foundations of loyalty, dried up the springs of patriotism, blotted out the testimonies of the fathers against oppression, padlocked the pulpit, expelled liberty from its literature, invented nonsensical theories about master-races and slave-races of men, and in due season produced a Rebellion fierce, foul, and bloody.

This evil principle again seeks admission into our body politic. It comes now in shape of a denial of political rights to four million loyal colored people. The South does not now ask for slavery. It only asks for a large degraded *caste*, which shall have no political rights. This ends the case. Statesmen, beware what you do. The destiny of unborn and unnumbered generations is in your hands. Will you repeat the mistake of your fathers, who sinned ignorantly? or will you profit by the blood-bought wisdom all round you, and forever expel every vestige of the old abomination from our national borders? As you members of the Thirty-ninth Congress decide, will the country be peaceful, united, and happy, or troubled, divided, and miserable.

PAN IN WALL STREET.

A. D. 1867.

JUST where the Treasury's marble front
 Looks over Wall Street's mingled nations, —
 Where Jews and Gentiles most are wont
 To throng for trade and last quotations, —
 Where, hour by hour, the rates of gold
 Outrival, in the ears of people,
 The quarter-chimes, serenely tolled
 From Trinity's undaunted steeple, —

Even there I heard a strange, wild strain
 Sound high above the modern clamor,
 Above the cries of greed and gain,
 The curbstone war, the auction's hammer, —
 And swift, on Music's misty ways,
 It led, from all this strife for millions,
 To ancient, sweet-do-nothing days
 Among the kirtle-robed Sicilians.

And as it stilled the multitude,
 And yet more joyous rose, and shriller,
 I saw the minstrel, where he stood
 At ease against a Doric pillar :
 One hand a droning organ played, —
 The other held a Pan's-pipe (fashioned
 Like those of old) to lips that made
 The reeds give out that strain impassioned.

'T was Pan himself had wandered here
 A-strolling through this sordid city,
 And piping to the civic ear
 The prelude of some pastoral ditty!
 The demigod had crossed the seas, —
 From haunts of shepherd, nymph, and satyr,
 And Syracusan times, — to these
 Far shores and twenty centuries later.

A ragged cap was on his head :
 But — hidden thus — there was no doubting
 That, all with crispy locks o'erspread,
 His gnarled horns were somewhere sprouting ;
 His club-feet, cased in rusty shoes,
 Were crossed, as on some frieze you see them,
 And trousers, patched of divers hues,
 Concealed his crooked shanks beneath them.

He filled the quivering reeds with sound,
 And o'er his mouth their changes shifted,

And with his goat's-eyes looked around
Where'er the passing current drifted ;
And soon, as on Trinacrian hills
The nymphs and herdsmen ran to hear him,
Even now the tradesmen from their tills,
With clerks and porters, crowded near him.

The bulls and bears together drew
From Jauncey Court and New-Street Alley,
As erst, if pastorals be true,
Came beasts from every wooded valley ;
The random passers stayed to list, —
A boxer Ægon, rough and merry, —
A Broadway Daphnis, on his tryst
With Nais at the Brooklyn Ferry.

And one-eyed Cyclops halted long
In tattered cloak of army pattern,
And Galatea joined the throng, —
A blowsy, apple-vending slattern ;
While old Silenus staggered out
From some new-fangled lunch-house handy,
And bade the piper, with a shout,
To strike up Yankee Doodle Dandy !

A newsboy and a peanut-girl
Like little Fauns began to caper :
His hair was all in tangled curl,
Her tawny legs were bare and taper ;
And still the gathering larger grew,
And gave its pence and crowded nigher,
While aye the shepherd-minstrel blew
His pipe, and struck the gamut higher.

O heart of Nature, beating still
With throbs her vernal passion taught her, —
Even here, as on the vine-clad hill,
Or by the Arethusan water !
New forms may fold the speech, new lands
Arise within these ocean-portals,
But Music waves eternal wands, —
Enchantress of the souls of mortals !

So thought I, —but among us trod
A man in blue, with legal baton,
And scoffed the vagrant demigod,
And pushed him from the step I sat on.
Doubting I mused upon the cry,
"Great Pan is dead!" —and all the people
Went on their ways: —and clear and high
The quarter sounded from the steeple.

THE KINGDOM OF INFANCY.

WHEN the present writer was a small boy, he firmly believed Fairyland to be in the asparagus-bed, and envied the house-cat her ability to traverse that weird and waving forest into which, through thick stems, he could only peer. And then, too, being allowed to sit up one night an hour later than usual, and listen to the reading of Irving's "Tour on the Prairies" (just out), the next day he, with a comrade (in time a gallant captain of Massachusetts Volunteers), procured sticks that imagination shaped to rifles, and started due west from the streets of the seaside village. They went gloriously on, deep and deeper into the forest, in the full conviction that it opened first upon the borders of the land of deer and buffalo, when they came to a stone fence, and then a road, — a travelled and dusty highway. Right across their pioneer path it ran, and the sight of it struck a chill conviction to their hearts that civilization had gone ahead of them, and that they should never see buffalo. The writer never has seen buffalo to this day, except one herd of hideous brutes, that stared at him out of the Pontine Marshes, as he rode by on the banquette of the Rome and Naples diligence.

These two dreams of boyhood came back to us with the late fine autumnal weather, and set us to thinking upon the marvellousness of childhood. It is a world of life apart. It has its own laws, mysteries, illusions or realities, whichever you please. And nothing is more surprising than the way in which grown-up men and women not only pass out of it, but of all memory of it, and become altogether different beings. If Wordsworth's saying hold, — "The child is father to the man," — we can but retort the proverb, "It is a wise child that knows its own father." Who shall read for us the riddle of boyhood? It is not mimicry of manhood. Men and women are not children of a larger

growth, they are men and women. We suppose the children of the Rollo Series might indeed be blown up into ordinary men and women, being such on a small scale; but they are not at all like real boys and girls. What passes over childhood is a *change*, such as comes upon puppies and kittens and colts and lambs and cubs and whelps of every kind. Boys imitate men, and little girls likewise play at housekeeping; but in the manner of the imitation there is the same ludicrous disproportion and whimsicality which one sees in children dressed up in the clothes of their elders. There is unto them a law of their own. When the imitation is really well done, as in the mimic Senate of the pages of Congress, it is nothing but clever acting, and the most wearisome of sights. There is a story of a comedy performed by monkeys with wonderful spirit and gravity, till a mischievous spectator threw a handful of nuts on the stage, when kings, lovers, and heroes suddenly fell into a four-footed scramble, in utter oblivion of their parts. So the first question of personal interest thrown among these boy debaters would probably produce a scene compared to which the liveliest rows of the grown-up houses would be tame.

The Kingdom of Infancy is the direct heir of that of the Medes and Persians, whose laws alter not. Look at boys' games. Do they change? Men change. When we were a boy, we made our first journey to Boston in a stage-coach, and were treated to a ride in the first railway cars which had begun to unite the metropolis to the country towns. A wooden line-of-battle ship was a marvel in our eyes, — great, massive, invincible. Bunker Hill Monument rose then about seventy feet, and every one said would probably never be finished. A telegraph was a thing with wooden arms, which made strange signs in the air, like a lunatic windmill. The Atlantic Monthly of that day was

called "The United States Literary Gazette," and a young man who signed himself "L." had just written for it a piece called "Woods in Winter"; while "B.," another, contributed a piece entitled "The Murdered Traveller." Now, if we were to journey Bostonward, we should take a car in which we could go to bed and slumber composedly; we should visit the navy-yard to see a monitor; we should click a wire homeward to say that we were to stay another night in the city; we should purchase the "Flower-de-Luce," and "Thirty Poems," as also a couple of sun-likenesses of "B." and "L." Two or three years ago, we should have beheld a regiment of negro soldiers marching down Tremont Row, in full sight of a bland, bald-headed gentleman, whom (on our first visit to the three-hilled city) we once narrowly missed seeing hurried through Boston streets by a crowd benevolently bent on running him up to a lamp-post. We should have learned that these same troops were bound to New York (where it was once eloquently proved in the Tabernacle that they were not men, but only a secondary form of Simia); thence to Philadelphia (where we saw the yet smouldering ruins of Pennsylvania Hall); and thence to Baltimore and Washington (when we were last there a similar consignment arrived for the Southern market), *not* to be sold, but to be *paid, armed, and marched* to the battle-field. There was some change in all this. "So lives the soul of man. It is the thirst of his immortal nature," — as a young gentleman not long since said in a pretty Commencement poem. Beavers and boys, however, build the same now as of old. Only this very morning we stepped above a "hopscotch" diagram, drawn after the precise pattern of those we used to scuff through in the days above described. There hangs a kite upon our neighbor's barn gable, made after the same archaic pattern as our boyhood kites. The peg-tops, the marbles, are as familiar to us now as in the time before the streaks of silver had begun to diversify our back

hair, — and ingenuous youth persists in manipulating them after the pattern of old.

School-books change; instead of Malte-Brun, goodness-knows-who geographies the rising mind, and young America turns up its nose at the dog's-eared arithmetic which was our boyhood's sorrow. But when we come to "prisoner's base," and "high-spy," we think we might give the young gentlemen of the present day a point or two, without much risk. The Kingdom of Infancy is like the rule of the Bourbons, — nothing forgotten, nothing learned. Men in their games improve upon the past; Morphy could have given Philidor pawn and move, and Tieman and Kavanagh are the Raphael and Buonarrotti of billiards; but your child this morning made its mud-pies in the precise way in which you constructed your first terraqueous pastry, and you may safely bet the nation's collective income-tax against a five-cent note, that your grandchildren will do the same.

Who makes the laws of the Kingdom of Infancy? Who determines when kite-time, top-time, marble-time, ball-time, shall come? Not the fitness of things, certainly. Boys in England will be perversely playing at the same sports as boys in America, in utter defiance of meteorological laws. Raging football in the hot summer, sedentary marbles in the cold, wet spring, are determined by some law which childhood is conscious of, yet cannot define, but which the man can never fathom.

Whence come the superstitions of childhood? For what cause is it that the school-girl walks to school intent upon never setting foot across a crack in the pavement, and would rather be tardy than lose her game? Her mother did it before her; and what was the reproach, O staid matronly friend of my youth, which visited failure, you know not; but when even now you come to that well-remembered stone, — so narrow that it was an awkward marvel of skill to hit it, — you can hardly help trying the feat once more.

There is a creed established in our

Kingdom, with unvarying traditions. You do not believe that Tompkins Pond is bottomless in some places, but you did in the days when you fished there for perch; and you would not be in the least surprised to hear your Willy say at tea to-night, "Father, is n't there a place in Tompkins Pond where there is no bottom? Jim Morse" (a horrid Voltairean, whom we would gladly consign to the secular arm for an *auto da fé*) "says there is n't, but I know there is." Boys have their worship, too. There is always one fellow in a school who can do everything; — or else is not in the school, but works for somebody in the neighborhood, and comes at recess and leans over the fence, and criticises, and sometimes takes a marvellous stroke with a ball-club, or a kick at a football, or is seen at the top of the big elm, where no one else has ever climbed. Him they revere.

We said the laws of the Kingdom never change; but its fashions do. Can you not remember how it was the height of felicity to possess some article which was neither a toy, nor eatable, nor pretty, nor useful, but simply the rage? Of course you can. Dickens says slate-pencil was a great treasure at his school. We have a faint recollection that horse-chestnuts paved the California of our young dreams. Then it was cat-tails. Then every boy was zealously cutting out letters in wood. Then it was the fashion to edit newspapers. We did our first journalizing in conjunction with another eight-yearling, who is at it yet. For auld lang syne, if this manuscript ever sees the light of type, we crave a kindly notice in the spirited journal whose columns he now touches but to adorn. Then every boy wrote for "composition" a voyage to Europe, and was mainly interested in meeting his schoolmates in Westminster Abbey, hurrying over the inevitable icebergs and whales of the voyage to reach that astounding climax.

Unfathomable are the prejudices of childhood, its likes and dislikes. Some teachers can never get the good-will of

a school. They will go elsewhere and succeed *à merveille*. Even in college, a professor will be the idol of one class and the ridicule of the next, — why, only he who wrote the profound apothegm concerning Dr. Fell can say. For a season boys will be happy and harmonious in their games, and the next will do nothing at recess but hang about the play-ground and tease and quarrel. We remember how, for a whole summer, our school forsook its large and comfortable play-ground, and went at every recess almost a quarter of a mile to play football in a lot not nearly so convenient, whereby we lost five minutes off each end of our game. Teasing games will sometimes have a wonderful run. The little fellows hate them, yet will always be constrained by some occult magic to join in, though morally certain to come to grief before long. Then there are the feuds which prevail between different localities. We well remember when no raid into Rebeldom could have surpassed in thrilling excitement of adventure a simple errand into a street only a few rods off the one where we daily played in safety. Boston and Charlestown, we are told, used to make for each other the passes leading to and fro bridges of Lodi and Arcole. And we remember when North End and South End burned with an enmity like Clan Chattan and Clan Quhele in the meads of Perth.

We called the boys of our neighboring village "Coskies." It has since come to us that we meant "Corsicans," as being democrats, and therefore followers of the bloody-minded usurper Bonaparte (who was quietly sleeping beneath the willow of St. Helena before we were born); and no vendetta was ever more religiously transmitted than our hate of them.

Where do the smart boys go? In the books we edit and approve for Sunday-school reading they come to wealth and honor; but we do not remember that we can trace like careers in the pages of our own experience. There will be a king of the school, — studious, first in the play-ground, and possessor of marvellous secrets of art, —

who can draw like a sucking Turner, and paint all the pictures in the geography, who makes watch-spring saws, and builds clipper schooners which always win the mill-pond regattas, and who by virtue of his gifts will be all in all among his companions. Infinite luck, resource, and will are his. But now where is the cricketer of the academy? A quiet citizen, not over well to do, respectable and humdrum, standing behind his counter, and never even taking a hand at the great game of politics at which so many win marvellous stakes. Wise men say, Find out a boy's capacity and develop it; but who shall teach us even to suspect the man's incapacity and overcome it?

It is a strange world, the Kingdom of Childhood. Its moral laws are not the laws of after life. The summer fruit, all melting into honeyed sweetness, is indeed harsh in its green spring-time. And the moral of our closing is this. Wherein it is safe to educate, educate for after-life; wherein it is not safe, let alone. Into the sports, the child-life of youth, you cannot infuse men's culture. You can teach gymnastics, if you will, profitably, but as you teach arithmetic or any other study; yet you cannot make your boy play at them. He will leave the best-appointed set of horses and bars and ropes and ladders,

to play tag, and climb fences, and hang by his feet from the crooked limbs of the old apple-tree. If you mix instruction with amusement, he will hate the one and not love the other. Check wrong ways by parental and pedagogic authority, but do not try to teach other ways save with great care. Did you ever seek to show children a better mode of playing a game? It was probably a mortifying failure. We have seen boys taught to drill in admirable style; yet when the drill was learned, they did not play soldiers any more, but recreated themselves with base-ball or making balloons. And do not ask to know too much about their ways and ideas. "A boy's will is the wind's will, and the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts." The Jesuits will take a child, and through the confessional mould him just as they please; but all they ever succeed in doing is to make little Jesuits into big ones. Plenty of affection, and a pure, high example at home, careful training in what is necessary for after-life to know, and then — wholesome neglect. Some things must be learned, but cannot be taught. Dr. Arnold was a wise teacher; but the wisest thing we ever heard of him was that recorded by his admiring pupil, who wrote in "School-Days at Rugby," that "he knew when not to see."

REVIEWS AND LITERARY NOTICES.

The Biglow Papers. Second Series. Ticknor and Fields.

"You kin spall an' punctooate thet as you please," says Mr. Biglow in sending to the editor of the Atlantic the last of the Biglow Papers; "I allus do, it kind of puts a noo soot of close onto a word, this ere funattick spellin' doos, an' takes 'em out of the prissen dress they wair in the Dictionary. Ef I squeeze the cents out of 'em, it's the main thing, and wut they wuz made for; wut's left's jest pummis."

Whereby, we fear, Mr. Biglow may give the impression that it is not a dialect in which he writes his poems, but a language which he misspells and perverts by caprice or through ignorance, and thus discredit something of Mr. Lowell's exquisite introductory discourse. The feeble critic-folk who have gravely made our great humorist responsible for the clownish tricks in orthography of Artemus Ward, Josh Billings, and the like, scarcely-needed to have such a doubt added to the confusion born in them.

After all, however, Mr. Biglow's carelessness and their dullness cannot greatly trouble the larger number of Mr. Lowell's admirers, who perceive the perfect art and lawful nature of his quaintest and most daring drollery. At the door of Mr. Thackeray must lie the charge of bastardy in question, for he was the first to create the merry monsters now so common in literature. In Charles Yellowplush, he caricatured the man of a certain calling, and by the rule of unreason gifted him with a laboriously fantastic orthography; and Artemus Ward and Nasby are merely local variations of the same idea. The showman and the confederate gospeller make us laugh by their typographical pleasantry; they are neither of them without wit; and for the present they have a sort of reality; but they are of a stuff wholly different from that of Hosea Biglow, who is the type of a civilization, and who expresses, in a genuine vernacular, the true feeling, the racy humor, and the mother-wit of Yankee-land. His characteristic excellences are likely to survive for a long time the dialect which gives them utterance, though this is by no means evanescent; for Hosea Biglow is almost as much at home now in the rural speech of Northern Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois, as in that of New England. Yet his dialect must one day cease to be spoken; and when posterity read him, as Englishmen do Burns, for the imperishable quality of his humor and sentiment, we fear that they will be somewhat puzzled to recall the immortal name of Petroleum V. Nasby, to whom he resigns the office of political satire.

Alas! has the king really abdicated? Then let us have a republic of humor, and make each one his own jokes hereafter. As for Nasby, he is not of the blood. He is wittier and better-hearted than Artemus Ward, and he has generosity of purpose and elevation of aim, but he is only a moralized merry-andrew; whereas one may lift his glance from the smiling lips of the Yankee minstrel, and behold his honest eyes full of self-respectful thought, and that complement of humor, pathos,—without which your jester is but a sorry antic. He himself hardly knows whether his next word is to be in shower or shine. But how sovereignly he passes from one mood to the other, or then gives us a strain mixed of both,—an interfusion of delight and pain, such as we feel in reading that perfect poem explaining to the public his long silence!

It is his great art to lift us above the parties and persons he satirizes, and confront us with their errors; and if his wit seems to play with any theme too long, there is some surprise awaiting us like that which, in the "Speech in March Meetin'," turns us from the droll aspects of Mr. Johnson's defection to the thrilling and appealing spectacle of a nation's life, love, and hope possibly lost in the neglect of a Heaven-given occasion:—

"I seem to hear a whisperin' in the air,
A sighin' like of unconsolated despair,
That comes from nowhere an' from everywhere,
An' seems to say, 'Why died we? warn't it, then,
To settle, once for all, that men wuz men?
O, airth's sweet cup snatched from us barely
tasted,
The grave's real chill is feelin' life wuz wasted!
O, you we leff, long-lingerin' et the door,
Lovin' you best, coz we loved Her the more,
That Death, not we, had conquered, we should
feel
Ef she upon our memory turned her heel,
An' unregretful throwed us all away
To flaunt it in a Blind Man's Holiday.'"

There never was political satire so thoroughly humane as Hosea Biglow's; there never was satire so noble before. The purpose is never once degraded; and where the feeling deepens, as in the passage we have quoted, the dialect fades to an accent, and the verse of the supposed rustic is, as his prayer would be, in speech natural, pure, solemn, and strong. It is always strong. It would be hard to find a weak line, or a line of wandering significance, in the whole book; and the reader who threw a word away would find himself a thought the poorer. We shall not repeat here the cheapened phrase of compliment, which seems more flimsy and unreal than ever in its application to the robust life of such poetry. If we do not find fault, it is because we see everything to admire, and nothing to blame. Quick, sharp wit, pervading humor, trenchant logic, sustained feeling,—well, we come to the poverty of critical good-nature in spite of ourselves, and it is a satisfaction to know that the reviewed can suffer nothing from it, but will remain as honestly fresh, original, and great as if we had not sought to label his fine qualities.

It is not as mere satire, however, that the Biglow Papers are to be valued. The First and Second Series form a creative fiction of unique excellence. The love for nature, so conspicuous in these later poems, is of the simplest and manliest expressed in literature. The four seasons are not patronized, nor the reader bored; but we

enjoy the very woods and fields in Hosea Biglow's quaintly and subtly faithful feeling for them. They are justly subordinate to him, however, and we are not suffered to forget Mr. Lowell's creed, that human nature is the nature best worth celebrating. The landscape is but the setting for Jaalam, — shrewd, honest, moral, angular, — Hosea Biglow municipalized. The place should be on the maps, for it has as absolute existence as any in New England, and its people by slight but unerring touches are made as real. For ourselves, we intend to spend part of our next vacation at Jaalam, and shall visit the grave of the Reverend Homer Wilbur, for whose character we have conceived the highest regard, and whose death we regret not less keenly than Hosea Biglow's resolution to write no more. It would have been a pleasure — which we shall now never enjoy — to enter the study of the good minister, and tell him how thoroughly we had learned to know him through his letters introducing Mr. Biglow's effusions, and how we had thus even come to take an interest in Jaalam's shadowy antiquities. We should have esteemed it a privilege to have his views of the political situation; and if we had turned to talk of literature, we should have been glad to hear an admirer of the classic Pope give his notion of the classic Swinburne.

Somewhere in the South, Birdofredum Sawin must be lingering, — the most high-toned and low-principled of the reconstructed. In his character Mr. Lowell has presented us with so faultless an image of what Pure Cussedness works in the shrewd and humorous Yankee nature, that we hope not even the public favor shall prevent his appearance as an original Union man. The completion of the ballad of "The Court-in'" is a benefaction very stimulating to desire for whatever the author has not absolutely refused to give us.

As for the Introduction to this series of the Biglow Papers, the wonder is how anything so curiously learned and instructive could be made so delicious. Most of us will never appreciate fully the cost of what is so lightly and gracefully offered of the fruit of philological research; but few readers will fail to estimate aright the spirit which pervades the whole prologue. Mr. Lowell pauses just before the point where those not sharing the original enthusiasm might be fatigued with the study of words and phrases, and yet possesses

his reader of more portable, trustworthy knowledge of Americanisms than is elsewhere to be found. The instances of national and local humor given are perfect; and Mr. Lowell's reserve in attempting to define American humor — which must remain, like all humor, an affair of perception rather than expression — might teach something to our Transatlantic friends, who suppose it to be merely a quality of exaggeration. We enjoy, quite as well as even the discreet learning of this Introduction, such glimpses as the author chooses to give us of his purpose in writing the Biglow Papers, and in adopting the Yankee dialect for his expression, as well as of his methods of studying this dialect. Some slight defence he makes of points assailed in his work; but for the most part it is effortless, familiar talk with his readers, always significant, but persistent in nothing, and in tone as full and rich as the best talk of Montaigne or Cervantes.

Harvard Memorials. Cambridge: Sever and Francis.

To those bound by kindred and personal friendship to the heroic young men whose histories are recounted in these volumes, the work has of course a value which others cannot duly estimate; but every one must perceive that it has merits very rare in necrologic literature. The memorials are written with constant good taste, and there is little of the detraction of over-praise in them, though they have that warmth and fulness of appreciation which might be expected from writers selected for their intimate relations with the dead. Where no friend or kinsman could be found to contribute a biography, the task was performed by the editor, with the sympathy which united him to the subject of his sketch — whoever he might be — as a soldier and scholar. Indeed, Mr. Higginson has performed all his work in the preparation of these memorials with excellent effect. We have here, not only the narratives of certain Harvard graduates who died in the service of their country during the late war, but a tribute to the highest and best feeling which has ever animated men to war.

There is sufficient interest of event and adventure in the biographies to attract the general reader, but their worthiest claim is in their representative character. None of these brilliant and generous young men

gave more than the simplest and obscurest soldier whom a patriot impulse drew from the shop or the furrow; but their lives are more vocal, and they more eloquently present the image of a martyrdom that crowned the silent tens of thousands. The book only repeats, with whatever of variation in the story, a sole theme, — ungrudging sacrifice to the common good of lives which letters and affection and the world claimed with those appeals and promises so hard for the gifted, the young, and the happy to resist. And except that the sublimity of the nation's passion and triumph seems to enter and fill these as no lives of egotism can be filled, it would not be possible to regard without inconsolable regret the sum of so much loss. What should comfort us for the fact that a man rich in youth and culture, and instinct with high feelings and purposes, fell before the rifle of some Arkansas savage, or Georgian peasant, or Carolinian vassal, but that the cause of mankind had crowned and accepted the sacrifice, and that his death had helped to disenthral his murderer? Not to heap the measure of the leading traitors' crimes did such another scholar quit his books and languish in hospitals: he died for God's poor everywhere forever; and from the agony of yet another who hungered and thirsted to death in prison, a whole race was clothed with freedom.

With what consciousness of perfection life passes from the man who dies for others, none of the heroic and good can turn back upon their ended careers to assure us. We who spend ourselves in the futile effort to fill existence with selfish schemes of toil or pleasure, and close each empty day with a sense of disappointment and hopelessness, can only guess the satisfaction of self-devotion from that keener sentiment of our own fatuity and unworthiness with which we read an heroic history. As nothing we do in the circle of our low-creeping, narrow wills establishes us in our own esteem, we must believe that those equal to a great vocation and a great ordeal do at last have the delight of conscious merit and success. Never labor of pen or brush or chisel but brought its author more secret anguish of failure than joy of triumph; the sublimest song is harsh with jarring discords to the singer, because of that extreme beauty which would not be uttered. But without doubt the hero feels the grandeur of his work, and knows its completeness. There is no touch lacking in his picture; spherical music is not sweeter nor perfecter than his

poem. The years of Titian or of Homer could only have deferred his triumph and reward.

The Picture of St. John. By BAYARD TAYLOR. Boston: Ticknor and Fields.

THIS poem has the prime virtue of narrative fiction, — coherence and easy movement. The poet has endowed his work with that charm which makes the reader lenient to its errors, and which is so often wanting in blameless works, — probably because they have no need to appeal to clemency, — it is very interesting, and it classes itself with the far briefer poems which can be read at a sitting; for it is hard to rise and leave it unfinished. It must please even in an age shy of long poems, for it has the fascination of a novel; and if the reader at the end finds himself merely pleased, and does not feel so profoundly instructed as the Application would have him believe, that is no doubt his own fault. For this reader, however, we confess we have some sympathy, and we are willing to join him in forgetting everything but the beautiful and pathetic tale. To tell the truth, we cared rather to learn how, in the course of certain adventures, the picture of St. John happened to be painted, than how, by certain psychological experiences, the artist fitted himself to paint it; and if that work of art had never been produced at all, we should still have been charmed by the story of the lovers and their flight from Florence; of that wild, lonely life in Bavaria; of the poor lady's death; of the mournful return of the bereaved father with his son to Italy; of the boy's cruel fate at the hand of his grand-sire, and of the pitiless desolation of the two men that clung to one another above his clay, — two fathers fatally avenged, each upon the other, for the loss of his only child. All this is told, not merely with an art that holds the reader's interest, but with a sensibility that imparts itself to his feeling, with strength and beauty of diction, and with an ever-varying harmony of smoothest rhyme. Mr. Taylor's invention of an irregularly rhymed stanza of eight lines so far answers its purpose as to be (but for his Introduction) a matter of unconsciousness with his reader, and is no doubt, therefore, successful. But even in the regular *ottava rima* we should scarcely have found his poem monotonous.

Throughout the tale there is a true and

fine feeling for Italy; and the poet is so happy in his expression of that beautiful life which belongs to the fragrant land of summer, that one is loath to let the scene take him beyond Alps, and longs for his return to Tuscany. Sometimes, indeed, in the warmth of his fancy, he seems to forget the subtle difference between a sensuous and a sensual picture, as well as the fact that sentiment is better than either sensuousness or sensuality,—as in his opulence of diction he forgets that lavish coloring is not rich or vivid coloring. Yet the character and the passion of Clelia are most delicately and tenderly painted. She is a true woman and true Italian; and from the glow of the love-making at Florence to the home-sick, uncomplaining days in a strange land, and into the shadow of death, the imagination is led with a strong and real pathos which leaves little to be desired. Some of the finest lines of the poem occur in the description of the events here hinted, though there are passages of great nobility in the opening stanzas of the first book; while in the third—recounting the incidents of the artist's return to Italy and life by Lago di Garda, and the catastrophe of the boy's death—there is a certain sorrowful and fantastic grace and lightness of touch which will remind the reader very gratefully of the best of Mr. Taylor's minor poems.

Manomin: a Rhythmical Romance of Minnesota, the Great Rebellion, and the Minnesota Massacres. By MYRON COLONEY. St. Louis: Published by the Author.

It is scarcely a good sign, we fear, in a new author, if his purpose and himself interest you more than his work. There is no literary excellence but in effect: being and willing are merely elemental; they enlist sympathy and expectation, not praise.

Looking over Mr. Coloney's book we feel how dangerously near he comes to experience of this misfortune. One is moved by the fact that the commercial editor of a daily newspaper in St. Louis has, in spite of every external discouragement, attempted to make a poem representative of modern American life and feeling; and one recognizes the courage and wisdom involved in the attempt. The purpose is not that of a commonplace man; for such a one, instead of telling us, with the trustful simplicity and courage of an old ballad-

maker, about the fortunes of a family that moved from Syracuse, New York State, to Minnesota, would far rather have preferred to acquaint us with his sufferings from the coldness of Mary Jane. Mr. Coloney conceived that, if it was his office to sing at all, he must sing of things he had actually known and felt; and he has done so, sometimes with a clear and powerful note, and sometimes in a strain cracked and false enough. With a visible wish on his part to portray every person faithfully, there is often a visible failure to do so; and while we own to the poet that we actually look upon Minnesota woods and settlements in his book, we have also to confess that we find them peopled to a melancholy extent out of the melodrama and the second-rate romance. He deals more successfully with sentiment and manner than with character. His persons become unreal in action; when they speak or are spoken for, we perceive at once their verity; they are men and women who have read the "Tribune" and "Independent," and who, in very great number, believe in spiritual manifestations.

Of poetry there is really a good deal in Mr. Coloney's volume. The love-scenes are for the most part naturally and winningly done, and we owe our author a debt of gratitude for several fine pictures of pioneer and sylvan life. Yet we think that as a whole the work is wisely named romance rather than poem, though we are not ready to say that it had been better written in prose. Indeed, we are glad to see verse make so bold with the matter-of-fact phases of life; for, unless it does try to assimilate and naturalize itself to actual conditions in America, it must become as obsolete as sculpture or the drama.

The Life and Letters of James Gates Percival. By JULIUS H. WARD. Boston: Ticknor and Fields.

WE have found few books so depressing as this. The spectacle of any sort of helplessness is melancholy; but a life-long helplessness of the kind which does not admit of relief from benevolence and friendship, is intolerable to dwell upon. It paralyzes even pity; the gods are against it.

Percival's seems to have been a life spoiled by excessive indulgence in unripe opportunities. His impatience destroyed in every way his chances of prosperity and greatness. He was born richly gifted, but

nothing came to maturity in him. The critic must see that his poetry, however deeply imbued with genius, is wanting in the finest quality, and lacking, not only in the ultimate, but the antepenultimate touches of art. It was often published prematurely for itself and for its author, who would have forced his fame, and even his era. Perhaps no man of æsthetic purposes in all the world does the work he wants to; and almost certainly no such man in America does. The painter paints portraits and landscapes, the sculptor makes busts, the architect builds French-roofed country-houses, and marble-fronted, brick-backed palaces for retailing merchandise, the poet writes prose for the magazines and newspapers, and we suspect that several mute, inglorious Miltons are now contributing to the metropolitan press, of which the style is unquestionably inarticulate and obscure. Yet more than thirty years ago Percival sought to live by literature proper in a small town in a country still quite provincial. His execution of this plan was as remarkable as its conception. His sensitiveness was, if we may so speak, aggressive to such a degree that it wounded as often as it received hurt. He suspected all who had business transactions with him, and tried to break nearly every contract favorable to himself, while he clung with fatal fidelity to his bad bargains. The efforts of friends to help him were of scarcely better effect than his own; indeed, his pride, his obstinacy and fickleness, must have made it very hard to befriend him, and very thankless. Something of his early insanity, doubtless, always lurked in him, perverting a sweet and grateful nature. He shunned society, and thought himself neglected; he ran away from the presence of women, and expected the astonished fair he fell in love with to marry him without a hint of courtship preceding his offer. From his own purposes and his own conduct, nothing could flow but disappointment, mortification, and failure. He must live as he did live, in poverty and solitude; and, dying, he must leave, as he has left, his fame to

perish with his contemporaries; for what young man reads Percival? Beds of roses, once so much in use in this world, seem to have gone out with the Sybarites; but there are still honest husk-mattresses, and if we lie upon burrs and thistles, we fear that it is either from our choice or our aberration.

In things that did not concern himself immediately, Percival was wise enough; and there is great value in some of his fierce, pungent criticisms of writers apparently great in his day, but known in this to have been stuffed out with straw. He was, indeed, a man of singular honesty in all things, and a natural hater of shams. If he had had humor, he could have been more useful to himself and to literature; for a due perception of the absurd would have saved him from many errors of his own, and would probably have led him to some connected criticism of others. But he had no humor, and his attempts at fun were very melancholy: he never made any joke above the Wordsworthian standard. His life was as pure and blameless as a child's; and if our sympathy cannot follow all his eccentricities, our respect is due to his self-devotion and high aspirations.

The character of the man is suffered to appear in perfect relief by Mr. Ward, to whom we owe one of the most interesting of American biographies. The story tells itself in great part in Percival's own letters and correspondence, and is further developed in the reminiscences of his acquaintance. These Mr. Ward has presented in the language of the writers, and the effect is that of great freshness and variety. Wherever the biographer takes up the narrative himself, he handles it with spirit and good sense, and as discreetly as his merely editorial work. There is nowhere an effort to force Percival upon either compassion or admiration. The facts of his life are simply, fully, and impartially rehearsed, and we behold him as we believe he was,—a man of whom the world took some advantages, but whom it also intended good that he could not receive.

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CHAPTER IV.

BYLES GRIDLEY, A. M.

THE old Master of Arts was as notable a man in his outside presentment as one will find among five hundred college alumni as they file in procession. His strong, squared features, his formidable scowl, his solid-looking head, his iron-gray hair, his positive and as it were categorical stride, his slow, precise way of putting a statement, the strange union of trampling radicalism in some directions and high-stepping conservatism in others, which made it impossible to calculate on his unexpressed opinions, his testy ways and his generous impulses, his hard judgments and kindly actions, were characteristics that gave him a very decided individuality.

He had all the aspects of a man of books. His study, which was the best room in Mrs. Hopkins's house, was filled with a miscellaneous-looking collection of volumes, which his curious literary taste had got together from the shelves of all the libraries that had been broken up during his long life as a scholar. Classics, theology, es-

pecially of the controversial sort, statistics, politics, law, medicine, science, occult and overt, general literature, — almost every branch of knowledge was represented. His learning was very various, and of course mixed up, useful and useless, new and ancient, dogmatic and rational, — like his library, in short; for a library gathered like his is a looking-glass in which the owner's mind is reflected.

The common people about the village did not know what to make of such a phenomenon. He did not preach, marry, christen, or bury, like the ministers, nor jog round with medicines for sick folks, nor carry cases into court for quarrelsome neighbors. What *was* he good for? Not a great deal, some of the wiseacres thought, — had "all sorts of sense but common sense," — "smart mahn, but not prahctical." There were others who read him more shrewdly. He knowed more, they said, than all the ministers put together, and if he 'd stan' for Ripresentative they 'd like to vote for him, — they hed n't hed a smart mahn in the General Court sence Squire Wibird was thar.

They may have overdone the matter in comparing his knowledge with that

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1866, by TICKNOR AND FIELDS, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the District of Massachusetts.

of all the ministers together, for Priest Pemberton was a real scholar in his special line of study,—as all D.D.s are supposed to be, or they would not have been honored with that distinguished title. But Mr. Byles Gridley not only had more learning than the deep-sea line of the bucolic intelligence could fathom; he had more wisdom also than they gave him credit for, even those among them who thought most of his abilities.

In his capacity of schoolmaster he had sharpened his wits against those of the lively city boys he had in charge, and made such a reputation as "Master" Gridley, that he kept that title even after he had become a college tutor and professor. As a tutor he had to deal with many of these same boys, and others like them, in the still more vivacious period of their early college life. He got rid of his police duties when he became a professor, but he still studied the pupils as carefully as he used once to watch them, and learned to read character with a skill which might have fitted him for governing men instead of adolescents. But he loved quiet and he dreaded mingling with the brawlers of the marketplace, whose stock in trade is a voice and a vocabulary. So it was that he had passed his life in the patient mechanical labor of instruction, leaving too many of his instincts and faculties in abeyance.

The alluvium of all this experience bore a nearer resemblance to worldly wisdom than might have been conjectured; much nearer, indeed, than it does in many old instructors, whose eyes get fish-like as their blood grows cold, and who are not fit to be trusted with anything more practical than a gerund or a cosine. Master Gridley not only knew a good deal of human nature, but he knew how to keep his knowledge to himself upon occasion. He understood singularly well the ways and tendencies of young people. He was shrewd in the detection of trickery, and very confident in those who had once passed the ordeal of his well-

schooled observing powers. He had no particular tendency to meddle with the personal relations of those about him; but if they were forced upon him in any way, he was like to see into them at least as quickly as any of his neighbors who thought themselves most endowed with practical skill.

In leaving the duties of his office he considered himself, as he said a little bitterly, like an old horse unharnessed and turned out to pasture. He felt that he had separated himself from human interests, and was henceforth to live in his books with the dead, until he should be numbered with them himself. He had chosen this quiet village as a place where he might pass his days undisturbed, and find a peaceful resting-place in its churchyard, where the gravel was dry, and the sun lay warm, and the glowing woods of autumn would spread their many-colored counterpane over the bed where he would be taking his rest. It sometimes came over him sadly that he was never more to be of any importance to his fellow-creatures. There was nobody living to whom he was connected by any very near ties. He felt kindly enough to the good woman in whose house he lived; he sometimes gave a few words of counsel to her son; he was not unamiable with the few people he met; he bowed with great consideration to the Rev. Dr. Pemberton; and he studied with no small interest the physiognomy of the Rev. Joseph Bellamy Stoker, to whose sermons he listened, with a black scowl now and then, and a nostril dilating with ominous intensity of meaning. But he said sadly to himself, that his life had been a failure,—that he had nothing to show for it, and his one talent was ready in its napkin to give back to his Lord.

He owed something of this sadness, perhaps, to a cause which many would hold of small significance. Though he had mourned for no lost love, at least so far as was known, though he had never suffered the pang of parting with a child, though he seemed isolated from those joys and griefs which come with

the ties of family, he too had his private urn filled with the ashes of extinguished hopes. He was the father of a dead book.

Why "Thoughts on the Universe, by Byles Gridley, A. M.," had not met with an eager welcome and a permanent demand from the discriminating public, it would take us too long to inquire in detail. Indeed, he himself was never able to account satisfactorily for the state of things which his bookseller's account made evident to him. He had read and re-read his work; and the more familiar he became with it, the less was he able to understand the singular want of popular appreciation of what he could not fail to recognize as its excellences. He had a special copy of his work, printed on large paper and sumptuously bound. He loved to read in this, as people read over the letters of friends who have long been dead; and it might have awakened a feeling of something far removed from the ludicrous, if his comments on his own production could have been heard. "That's a thought, now, for you!—See Mr. Thomas Babington Macaulay's Essay *printed six years after this book*." "A felicitous image!—and so everybody would have said if only Mr. Thomas Carlyle had hit upon it." "If this is not genuine pathos, where will you find it, I should like to know? And nobody to open the book where it stands written but one poor old man—in this generation, at least—in this generation!" It may be doubted whether he would ever have loved his book with such jealous fondness if it had gone through a dozen editions, and everybody was quoting it to his face. But now it lived only for him; and to him it was wife and child, parent, friend, all in one, as Hector was all in all to his spouse. He never tired of it, and in his more sanguine moods he looked forward to the time when the world would acknowledge its merits, and his genius would find full recognition. Perhaps he was right: more than one book which seemed dead and was dead for contemporary readers has had a

resurrection when the rivals who triumphed over it lived only in the tombstone memory of antiquaries. Comfort for some of us, dear fellow-writer!

It followed from the way in which he lived that he must have some means of support upon which he could depend. He was economical, if not over frugal in some of his habits; but he bought books, and took newspapers and reviews, and had money when money was needed; the fact being, though it was not generally known, that a distant relative had not long before died, leaving him a very comfortable property.

His money matters had led him to have occasional dealings with the late legal firm of Wibird and Penhallow, which had naturally passed into the hands of the new partnership, Penhallow and Bradshaw. He had entire confidence in the senior partner, but not so much in the young man who had been recently associated in the business.

Mr. William Murray Bradshaw, commonly called by his last two names, was the son of a lawyer of some note for his acuteness, who marked out his calling for him in having him named after the great Lord Mansfield. Murray Bradshaw was about twenty-five years old, by common consent good-looking, with a finely formed head, a searching eye, and a sharp-cut mouth, which smiled at his bidding without the slightest reference to the real condition of his feeling at the moment. This was a great convenience; for it gave him an appearance of good-nature at the small expense of a slight muscular movement which was as easy as winking, and deceived everybody but those who had studied him long and carefully enough to find that this play of his features was what a watchmaker would call a detached movement.

He had been a good scholar in college, not so much by hard study as by skilful veneering, and had taken great pains to stand well with the Faculty, at least one of whom, Byles Gridley, A.M., had watched him with no little interest as a man with a promising future, provided he were not so astute as to outwit and overreach himself in his excess

of contrivance. His classmates could not help liking him; as to loving him, none of them would have thought of that. He was so shrewd, so keen, so full of practical sense, and so good-humored as long as things went on to his liking, that few could resist his fascination. He had a way of talking with people about what they were interested in, as if it were the one matter in the world nearest to his heart. But he was commonly trying to find out something, or to produce some impression, as a juggler is working at his miracle while he keeps people's attention by his voluble discourse and make-believe movements. In his lightest talk he was almost always edging towards a practical object, and it was an interesting and instructive amusement to watch for the moment at which he would ship the belt of his colloquial machinery on to the tight pulley. It was done so easily and naturally that there was hardly a sign of it. Master Gridley could usually detect the shifting action, but the young man's features and voice never betrayed him.

He was a favorite with the other sex, who love poetry and romance, as he well knew, for which reason he often used the phrases of both, and in such a way as to answer his purpose with most of those whom he wished to please. He had one great advantage in the sweepstakes of life: he was not handicapped with any burdensome ideals. He took everything at its market-value. He accepted the standard of the street as a final fact *for to-day*, like the broker's list of prices.

His whole plan of life was laid out. He knew that law was the best introduction to political life, and he meant to use it for this end. He chose to begin his career in the country, so as to feel his way more surely and gradually to its ultimate aim; but he had no intention of burying his shining talents in a grazing district, however tall its grass might grow. His business was not with these stiff-jointed, slow-witted bucolics, but with the supple, dangerous, far-seeing men

who sit scheming by the gas-light in the great cities, after all the lamps and candles are out from the Merrimac to the Housatonic. Every strong and every weak point of those who might probably be his rivals were laid down on his charts, as winds and currents and rocks are marked on those of a navigator. All the young girls in the country, and not a few in the city, with which, as mentioned, he had frequent relations, were on his list of possible availabilities in the matrimonial line of speculation, provided always that their position and prospects were such as would make them proper matches for so considerable a person as the future Hon. William Murray Bradshaw.

Master Gridley had made a careful study of his old pupil since they had resided in the same village. The old professor could not help admiring him, notwithstanding certain suspicious elements in his character; for after muddy village talk, a clear stream of intelligent conversation was a great luxury to the hard-headed scholar. The more he saw of him, the more he learned to watch his movements, and to be on his guard in talking with him. The old man could be crafty, with all his simplicity, and he had found out that under his good-natured manner there often lurked some design more or less worth noting, and which might involve other interests deserving protection.

For some reason or other the old Master of Arts had of late experienced a certain degree of relenting with regard to himself, probably brought about by the expressions of gratitude from worthy Mrs. Hopkins for acts of kindness to which he himself attached no great value. He had been kind to her son Gifted; he had been fatherly with Susan Posey, her relative and boarder; and he had shown himself singularly and unexpectedly amiable with the little twins who had been adopted by the good woman into her household. In fact, ever since these little creatures had begun to toddle about and explode

their first consonants, he had looked through his great round spectacles upon them with a decided interest; and from that time it seemed as if some of the human and social sentiments which had never leafed or flowered in him, for want of their natural sunshine, had begun growing up from roots which had never lost their life. His liking for the twins may have been an illustration of that singular law which old Dr. Hurlbut used to lay down, namely, that, at a certain period of life, say from fifty to sixty and upward, the *grand*-paternal instinct awakens in bachelors, the rhythms of Nature reaching them in spite of her defeated intentions; so that when men marry late they love their autumn child with a twofold affection, — father's and grandfather's both in one.

However this may be, there is no doubt that Mr. Byles Gridley was beginning to take a part in his neighbors' welfare and misfortunes, such as could hardly have been expected of a man so long lost in his books and his scholastic duties. And among others, Myrtle Hazard had come in for a share of his interest. He had met her now and then in her walks to and from school and meeting, and had been taken with her beauty and her apparent unconsciousness of it, which he attributed to the forlorn kind of household in which she had grown up. He had got so far as to talk with her now and then, and found himself puzzled, as well he might be, in talking with a girl who had been growing into her early maturity in antagonism with every influence that surrounded her.

"Love will reach her by and by," he said, "in spite of the dragons up at the den yonder.

*'Centum fronte oculos, centum cervice gerebat
Argus, et hos unus sæpe fefellit amor.'*"

But there was something about Myrtle — he hardly knew whether to call it dignity, or pride, or reserve, or the mere habit of holding back brought about by the system of repression under which she had been educated — which kept even the old Master of Arts at his distance. Yet he was strongly drawn

to her, and had a sort of presentiment that he might be able to help her some day, and that very probably she would want his help; for she was alone in the world, except for the dragons, and sure to be assailed by foes from without and from within.

He noticed that her name was apt to come up in his conversations with Murray Bradshaw; and, as he himself never introduced it, of course the young man must have forced it, as conjurers force a card, and with some special object. This set him thinking hard; and, as a result of it, he determined the next time Mr. Bradshaw brought her name up to set him talking. So he talked, not suspecting how carefully the old man listened.

"It was a demonish hard case," he said, "that old Malachi had left his money as he did. Myrtle Hazard was going to be the handsomest girl about, when she came to her beauty, and she was coming to it mighty fast. If they could only break that will, — but it was no use trying. The doctors said he was of sound mind for at least two years after making it. If Silence Withers got the land claim, there'd be a pile, sure enough. Myrtle Hazard ought to have it. If the girl had only inherited that property — whew! She'd have been a match for any fellow. That old Silence Withers would do just as her minister told her, — even chance whether she gives it to the Parson-factory, or marries Bellamy Stoker, and gives it to him — after his wife's dead. He'd take it if he had to take her with it. Earn his money, — hey, Master Gridley?"

"Why, you don't seem to think very well of the Rev. Joseph Bellamy Stoker?" said Mr. Gridley, smiling.

"Think well of him? Too fond of using the Devil's pitchfork for my fancy! Forks over pretty much all the world but himself and his lot into — the bad place, you know; and toasts his own cheese with it with very much the same kind of comfort that other folks seem to take in that business. Besides, he has a weak-

ness for pretty saints — and sinners. That's an odd name he has. More *belle amie* than *Joseph* about him, I rather guess!"

The old professor smiled again. "So you don't think he believes all the mediæval doctrines he is in the habit of preaching, Mr. Bradshaw?"

"No, sir; I think he belongs to the class I have seen described somewhere. 'There are those who hold the opinion that truth is only safe when diluted,—about one fifth to four fifths lies,—as the oxygen of the air is with its nitrogen. Else it would burn us all up.'"

Byles Gridley colored and started a little. This was one of his own sayings in "Thoughts on the Universe." But the young man quoted it without seeming to suspect its authorship.

"Where did you pick up that saying, Mr. Bradshaw?"

"I don't remember. Some paper, I rather think. It's one of those good things that get about without anybody's knowing who says 'em. Sounds like Coleridge."

"That's what I call a compliment worth having," said Byles Gridley to himself, when he got home. "Let me look at that passage."

He took down "Thoughts on the Universe," and got so much interested, reading on page after page, that he did not hear the little tea-bell, and Susan Posey volunteered to run up to his study and call him down to tea.

CHAPTER V.

THE TWINS.

MISS SUSAN POSEY knocked timidly at his door, and informed him that tea was waiting. He rather liked Susan Posey. She was a pretty creature, slight, blonde, a little too light, a village beauty of the second or third grade, effective at picnics and by moonlight,—the kind of girl that very young men are apt to remember as their first love. She had a taste for poetry, and an admiration of poets;

but, what was better, she was modest and simple, and a perfect sister and mother and grandmother to the two little forlorn twins who had been stranded on the Widow Hopkins's door-step.

These little twins, a boy and girl, were now between two and three years old. A few words will make us acquainted with them. Nothing had ever been known of their origin. The sharp eyes of all the spinsters had been through every household in the village and neighborhood, and not a suspicion fixed itself on any one. It was a dark night when they were left; and it was probable that they had been brought from another town, as the sound of wheels had been heard close to the door where they were found, had stopped for a moment, then been heard again, and lost in the distance.

How the good woman of the house took them in and kept them has been briefly mentioned. At first nobody thought they would live a day, such little absurd attempts at humanity did they seem. But the young doctor came, and the old doctor came, and the infants were laid in cotton-wool, and the room heated up to keep them warm, and baby-teaspoonfuls of milk given them, and after being kept alive in this way, like the young of opossums and kangaroos, they came to a conclusion about which they did not seem to have made up their thinking-pulps for some weeks, namely, to go on trying to cross the sea of life by tugging at the four-and-twenty oars which must be pulled day and night until the unknown shore is reached, and the oars lie at rest under the folded hands.

As it was not very likely that the parents who left their offspring round on door-steps were of saintly life, they were not presented for baptism like the children of church-members. Still, they must have names to be known by, and Mrs. Hopkins was much exercised in the matter. Like many New England parents, she had a decided taste for names that were significant and sonorous. That which she had chosen for her oldest child, the young poet, was

either a remarkable prophecy, or it had brought with it the endowments it promised. She had lost, or, in her own more pictorial language, she had buried, a daughter to whom she had given the names, at once of cheerful omen and melodious effect, *Wealthy Amadora*.

As for them poor little creturs, she said, she believed they was rained down out o' the skies, jest as they say toads and tadpoles come. She meant to be a mother to 'em for all that, and give 'em jest as good names as if they was the governor's children, or the minister's. If Mr. Gridley would be so good as to find her some kind of a real handsome Chris'n name for 'em, she'd provide 'em with the other one. Hopkinses they shall be bred and taught, and Hopkinses they shall be called. Ef their father and mother was ashamed to own 'em, she was n't. Could n't Mr. Gridley pick out some pooty-sounding names from some of them great books of his. Its jest as well to have 'em pooty as long as they don't cost any more than if they was Tom and Sally.

A grim smile passed over the rugged features of Byles Gridley. "Nothing is easier than that, Mrs. Hopkins," he said. "I will give you two very pretty names that I think will please you and other folks. They're new names, too. If they should n't like to keep them, they can change them before they're christened, if they ever are. *Isosceles* will be just the name for the boy, and I'm sure you won't find a prettier name for the girl in a hurry than *Helminthia*.

Mrs. Hopkins was delighted with the dignity and novelty of these two names, which were forthwith adopted. As they were rather long for common use in the family, they were shortened into the easier forms of *Sossy* and *Minthy*, under which designation the babes began very soon to thrive mightily, turning bread and milk into the substance of little sinners at a great rate, and growing as if they were put out at compound interest.

This short episode shows us the fami-

ly conditions surrounding Byles Gridley, who, as we were saying, had just been called down to tea by Miss Susan Posey.

"I am coming, my dear," he said, — which expression quite touched Miss Susan, who did not know that it was a kind of transferred caress from the delicious page he was reading. It was not the living child that was kissed, but the dead one lying under the snow, if we may make a trivial use of a very sweet and tender thought we all remember.

Not long after this, happening to call in at the lawyer's office, his eye was caught by the corner of a book lying covered up by a pile of papers. Somehow or other it seemed to look very natural to him. Could that be a copy of "*Thoughts on the Universe*"? He watched his opportunity, and got a hurried sight of the volume. His own treatise, sure enough! *Leaves uncut*. Opened of itself to the one hundred and twentieth page. The axiom Murray Bradshaw had quoted — he did not remember from what, — "sounded like Coleridge" — was staring him in the face from that very page. When he remembered how he had pleased himself with that compliment the other day, he blushed like a school-girl; and then, thinking out the whole trick, — to hunt up his forgotten book, pick out a phrase or two from it, and play on his weakness with it, to win his good opinion, — for what purpose he did not know, but doubtless to use him in some way, — he grinned with a contempt about equally divided between himself and the young schemer.

"Ah ha!" he muttered scornfully. "Sounds like Coleridge, hey? Niccolo Macchiavelli Bradshaw!"

From this day forward he looked on all the young lawyer's doings with even more suspicion than before. Yet he would not forego his company and conversation; for he was very agreeable and amusing to study; and this trick he had played him was, after all, only a diplomatist's way of flattering his plenipotentiary. Who could say? Some time or other he might cajole England or France or Russia into a

treaty with just such a trick. Shallow-er men than he had gone out as ministers of the great Republic. At any rate the fellow was worth watching.

CHAPTER VI.

THE USE OF SPECTACLES.

THE old Master of Arts had a great reputation in the house where he lived for knowing everything that was going on. He rather enjoyed it; and sometimes amused himself with surprising his simple-hearted landlady and her boarders with the unaccountable results of his sagacity. One thing was quite beyond her comprehension. She was perfectly sure that Mr. Gridley could *see out of the back of his head*, just as other people see with their natural organs. Time and again he had told her what she was doing when his back was turned to her, just as if he had been sitting squarely in front of her. Some laughed at this foolish notion; but others, who knew more of the nebulous sciences, told her it was like 's not jes' so. Folks had read letters laid ag'in' the pits o' their stomachs, 'n' why should n't they see out o' the backs o' their heads?

Now there was a certain fact at the bottom of this belief of Mrs Hopkins; and as it would be a very small thing to make a mystery of so simple a matter, the reader shall have the whole benefit of knowing all there is in it, — not quite yet, however, of knowing all that came of it. It was not the mirror trick, of course, which Mrs. Felix Lorraine and other dangerous historical personages have so long made use of. It was nothing but this. Mr. Byles Gridley wore a pair of formidable spectacles with large round glasses. He had often noticed the reflection of objects behind him when they caught their images at certain angles, and had got the habit of very often looking at the reflecting surface of one or the other of the glasses, when he seemed to be looking through them. It put a singular power into his

possession, which might possibly hereafter lead to something more significant than the mystification of the Widow Hopkins.

A short time before Myrtle Hazard's disappearance, Mr. Byles Gridley had occasion to call again at the office of Penhallow and Bradshaw on some small matter of business of his own. There were papers to look over, and he put on his great round-glassed spectacles. He and Mr. Penhallow sat down at the table, and Mr. Bradshaw was at a desk behind them. After sitting for a while, Mr. Penhallow seemed to remember something he had meant to attend to, for he said all at once: "Excuse me, Mr. Gridley. Mr. Bradshaw, if you are not busy, I wish you would look over this bundle of papers. They look like old receipted bills and memoranda of no particular use; but they came from the garret of the Withers place, and might possibly have something that would be of value. Look them over, will you, and see whether there is anything there worth saving."

The young man took the papers, and Mr. Penhallow sat down again at the table with Mr. Byles Gridley.

This last-named gentleman felt just then a strong impulse to observe the operations of Murray Bradshaw. He could not have given any very good reason for it, any more than any of us can for half of what we do.

"I should like to examine that conveyance we were speaking of once more," said he. "Please to look at this one in the mean time, will you, Mr. Penhallow?"

Master Gridley held the document up before him. He did not seem to find it quite legible, and adjusted his spectacles carefully, until they were just as he wanted them. When he had got them to suit himself, sitting there with his back to Murray Bradshaw, he could see him and all his movements, the desk at which he was standing, and the books in the shelves before him, — all this time appearing as if he were intent upon his own reading.

The young man began in a rather in-

different way to look over the papers. He loosened the band round them, and took them up one by one, gave a careless glance at them, and laid them together to tie up again when he had gone through them. Master Gridley saw all this process, thinking what a fool he was all the time to be watching such a simple proceeding. Presently he noticed a more sudden movement: the young man had found something which arrested his attention, and turned his head to see if he was observed. The senior partner and his client were both apparently deep in their own affairs. In his hand Mr. Bradshaw held a paper folded like the others, the back of which he read, holding it in such a way that Master Gridley saw very distinctly three large spots of ink upon it, and noticed their position. Murray Bradshaw took another hurried glance at the two gentlemen, and then quickly opened the paper. He ran it over with a flash of his eye, folded it again, and laid it by itself. With another quick turn of his head, as if to see whether he were observed or like to be, he reached his hand out and took a volume down from the shelves. In this volume he shut the document, whatever it was, which he had just taken out of the bundle, and placed the book in a very silent and as it were stealthy way back in its place. He then gave a look at each of the other papers, and said to his partner: "Old bills, old leases, and insurance policies that have run out. Malachi seems to have kept every scrap of paper that had a signature to it."

"That's the way with the old misers, always," said Mr. Penhallow.

Byles Gridley had got through reading the document he held, — or pretending to read it. He took off his spectacles.

"We all grow timid and cautious as we get old, Mr. Penhallow." Then turning round to the young man, he slowly repeated the lines, —

"*Mulla senem circumveniunt incommoda, vel quod Querit et inventis miser abstinet, ac timet uti;*

Vel quod res omnes timide, gelideque ministrat —

You remember the passage, Mr. Bradshaw?"

While he was reciting these words from Horace, which he spoke slowly as if he relished every syllable, he kept his eyes on the young man steadily, but without betraying any suspicion. His old habits as a teacher made that easy.

Murray Bradshaw's face was calm as usual, but there was a flush on his cheek, and Master Gridley saw the slight but unequivocal signs of excitement.

"Something is going on inside there," the old man said to himself. He waited patiently, on the pretext of business, until Mr. Bradshaw got up and left the office. As soon as he and the senior partner were alone, Master Gridley took a lazy look at some of the books in his library. There stood in the book-shelves a copy of the *Corpus Juris Civilis*, — the fine Elzevir edition of 1664. It was bound in parchment, and thus readily distinguishable at a glance from all the books round it. Now Mr. Penhallow was not much of a Latin scholar, and knew and cared very little about the civil law. He had picked up this book at an auction, and bought it to place in his shelves with the other "properties" of the office, because it would look respectable. Anything shut up in one of those two octavos might stay there a lifetime without Mr. Penhallow's disturbing it; that Master Gridley knew, and of course the young man knew it too.

We often move to the objects of supreme curiosity or desire, not in the lines of castle or bishop on the chess-board, but with the knight's zigzag, at first in the wrong direction, making believe to ourselves we are not after the thing coveted. Put a lump of sugar in a canary-bird's cage, and the small creature will illustrate the instinct for the benefit of inquirers or sceptics. Byles Gridley went to the other side of the room and took a volume of Reports from the shelves. He put it back and

took a copy of "Fearne on Contingent Remainders," and looked at that for a moment in an idling way, as if from a sense of having nothing to do. Then he drew the back of his forefinger along the books on the shelf, as if nothing interested him in them, and strolled to the shelf in front of the desk at which Murray Bradshaw had stood. He took down the *second* volume of the *Corpus Juris Civilis*, turned the leaves over mechanically, as if in search of some title, and replaced it.

He looked round for a moment. Mr. Penhallow was writing hard at his table, not thinking of him, it was plain enough. He laid his hand on the *FIRST* volume of the *Corpus Juris Civilis*. There was a document shut up in it. His hand was on the book, whether taking it out or putting it back was not evident, when the door opened and Mr. William Murray Bradshaw entered.

"Ah, Mr. Gridley," he said, "you are not studying the civil law, are you?" He strode towards him as he spoke, his face white, his eyes fixed fiercely on him.

"It always interests me, Mr. Bradshaw," he answered, "and this is a fine edition of it. One may find a great many valuable things in the *Corpus Juris Civilis*."

He looked impenetrable, and whether or not he had seen more than Mr. Bradshaw wished him to see, that gentleman could not tell. But there stood the two books in their place, and when, after Master Gridley had gone, he looked in the first volume, there was the document he had shut up in it.

CHAPTER VII.

MYRTLE'S LETTER. — THE YOUNG MENS' PURSUIT.

"You know all about it, Olive?" Cyprian Eveleth said to his sister, after a brief word of greeting.

"Know of what, Cyprian?"

"Why, sister, don't you know that Myrtle Hazard is missing, — gone!

— gone nobody knows where, and that we are looking in all directions to find her?"

Olive turned very pale and was silent for a moment. At the end of that moment the story seemed almost old to her. It was a natural ending of the prison-life which had been round Myrtle since her earliest years. When she got large and strong enough, she broke out of jail, — that was all. The nursery-bar is always climbed sooner or later, whether it is a wooden or an iron one. Olive felt as if she had dimly foreseen just such a finishing to the tragedy of the poor girl's home bringing-up. Why could not she have done something to prevent it? Well, — what shall we do now, and as it is? — that is the question.

"Has she left no letter, — no explanation of her leaving in this way?"

"Not a word, so far as anybody in the village knows."

"Come over to the post-office with me; perhaps we may find a letter. I think we shall."

Olive's sagacity and knowledge of her friend's character had not misled her. She found a letter from Myrtle to herself, which she opened and read as here follows: —

"MY DEAREST OLIVE: — Think no evil of me for what I have done. The fire-hang-bird's nest, as Cyprian called it, is empty, and the poor bird is flown.

"I can live as I have lived no longer. This place is chilling all the life out of me, and I must find another home. It is far, far away, and you will not hear from me again until I am there. Then I will write to you.

"You know where I was born, under a hot sun and in the midst of strange, lovely scenes that I seem still to remember. I must visit them again: my heart always yearns for them. And I must cross the sea to get there, — the beautiful great sea that I have always longed for and that my river has been whispering about to me ever so many years. My life is pinched and starved here. I feel as old as Aunt Silence, and I am

only fifteen,—a child she has called me within a few days. If this is to be a child, what is it to be a woman?

"I love you dearly,—and your brother is almost to me as if he were mine. I love our sweet, patient Bathsheba,—yes, and the old man that has spoken so kindly with me, good Master Gridley; I hate to give you pain,—to leave you all,—but my way of life is killing me, and I am too young to die. I cannot take the comfort with you, my dear friends, that I would; for it seems as if I carried a lump of ice in my heart, and all the warmth I find in you cannot thaw it out.

"I have had a strange warning to leave this place, Olive. Do you remember how the angel of the Lord appeared to Joseph and told him to flee into Egypt? I have had a dream like that, Olive. There is an old belief in our family that the spirit of one who died many generations ago watches over some of her descendants. They say it led our first ancestor to come over here when it was a wilderness. I believe it has appeared to others of the family in times of trouble. I have had a strange dream at any rate, and the one I saw, or thought I saw, told me to leave this place. Perhaps I should have stayed if it had not been for that, but it seemed like an angel's warning.

"Nobody will know how I have gone, or which way I have taken. On Monday, you may show this letter to my friends, not before. I do not think they will be in danger of breaking their hearts for me at our house. Aunt Silence cares for nothing but her own soul, and the other woman hates me, I always thought. Kitty Fagan will cry hard. Tell her perhaps I shall come back by and by. There is a little box in my room, with some keepsakes marked,—one is for poor Kitty. You can give them to the right ones. Yours is with them.

"Good by, dearest. Keep my secret, as I told you, till Monday. And if you never see me again, remember how much I loved you. Never think hardly of me, for you have grown up in a hap-

py home, and do not know how much misery can be crowded into fifteen years of a young girl's life. God be with you!

"MYRTLE HAZARD."

Olive could not restrain her tears, as she handed the letter to Cyprian. "Her secret is as safe with you as with me," she said. "But this is madness, Cyprian, and we must keep her from doing herself a wrong. What she means to do, is to get to Boston, in some way or other, and sail for India. It is strange that they have not tracked her. There is no time to be lost. She shall not go out into the world in this way, child that she is. No; she shall come back, and make her home with us, if she cannot be happy with these people. Ours *is* a happy and a cheerful home, and she shall be to me as a younger sister,—and your sister too, Cyprian. But you must see her; you must leave this very hour; and you may find her. Go to your cousin Edward, in Boston, at once; tell him your errand, and get him to help you find our poor dear sister. Then give her the note I will write, and say—I know your heart, Cyprian, and I can trust that to tell you what to say."

In a very short time Cyprian Eveleth was on his way to Boston. But another, keener even in pursuit than he, was there before him.

Ever since the day when Master Gridley had made that over-curious observation of the young lawyer's proceedings at the office, Murray Bradshaw had shown a far livelier interest than before in the conditions and feelings of Myrtle Hazard. He had called frequently at The Poplars to talk over business matters, which seemed of late to require a deal of talking. He had been very deferential to Miss Silence, and had wound himself into the confidence of Miss Badlam. He found it harder to establish any very near relations with Myrtle, who had never seemed to care much for any young man but Cyprian Eveleth, and to care for him quite as much as Olive's brother as for any personal reason. But he

found out Myrtle's tastes and ways of thinking and of life, so that, by and by, when she should look upon herself as a young woman, and not as a girl, he would have a great advantage in making her more intimate acquaintance.

Thus, she corresponded with a friend of her mother's in India. She talked at times as if it were her ideal home, and showed many tastes which might well be vestiges of early Oriental impressions. She made herself a rude hammock, — such as are often used in hot climates, — and swung it between two elms. Here she would lie in the hot summer days, and fan herself with the sandal-wood fan her friend in India had sent her, — the perfume of which, the women said, seemed to throw her into day-dreams, which were almost like trances.

These circumstances gave a general direction to his ideas, which were presently fixed more exactly by two circumstances which he learned for himself and kept to himself; for he had no idea of making a hue and cry, and yet he did not mean that Myrtle Hazard should get away if he could help it.

The first fact was this. He found among the copies of the city newspaper they took at The Poplars a recent number from which a square had been cut out. He procured another copy of this paper of the same date, and found that the piece cut out was an advertisement to the effect that the A 1 Ship Swordfish, Captain Hawkins, was to sail from Boston for Calcutta, on the 20th of June.

The second fact was the following. On the window-sill of her little hanging chamber, which the women allowed him to inspect, he found some threads of long black glossy hair caught by a splinter in the wood. They were Myrtle's of course. A simpleton might have constructed a tragedy out of this trivial circumstance, — how she had cast herself from the window into the waters beneath it, — how she had been thrust out after a struggle, of which this shred from her tresses was the dreadful witness, — and so on. Murray Bradshaw

did not stop to guess and wonder. He said nothing about it, but wound the shining threads on his finger, and, as soon as he got home, examined them with a magnifier. They had been cut off smoothly, as with a pair of scissors. This was part of a mass of hair, then, which had been shorn and thrown from the window. Nobody would do that but she herself. What would *she* do it for? To disguise her sex of course. The other inferences were plain enough.

The wily young man put all these facts and hints together, and concluded that he would let the rustics drag the ponds and the river, and scour the woods and swamps, while he himself went to the seaport town from which she would without doubt sail if she had formed the project he thought on the whole most probable.

Thus it was that we found him hurrying to the nearest station to catch the train to Boston, while they were all looking for traces of the missing girl nearer home. In the cars he made the most suggestive inquiries he could frame, to stir up the gentlemanly conductor's memory. Had any young fellow been on the train within a day or two, who had attracted his notice? Smooth, handsome face, black eyes, short black hair, new clothes, not fitting very well, looked away when he paid his fare, had a soft voice like a woman's, — had he seen anybody answering to some such description as this? The gentlemanly conductor had not noticed, — was always taking up and setting down way-pahsengers, — might have had such a young man aboard, — there was two or three students one day in the car singing college songs, — he did n't care how folks looked if they had their tickets ready, — and minded their own business, — and, so saying, he poked a young man upon whose shoulder a ringleted head was reclining with that delightful *abandon* which the railroad train seems to provoke in lovely woman, — "Fare!"

It is a fine thing to be set down in a great, over-crowded hotel, where they do not know you, looking dusty, and

for the moment shabby, with nothing but a carpet-bag in your hand, feeling tired, and anything but clean, and hungry, and worried, and every way miserable and mean, and to undergo the appraising process of the gentleman in the office, who, while he shoves the book round to you for your name, is making a hasty calculation as to how high up he can venture to doom you. But Murray Bradshaw's plain dress and carpet-bag were more than made up for by the air and tone which imply the habit of being attended to. The clerk saw that in a glance, and, as he looked at the name and address in the book, spoke sharply in the explosive dialect of his tribe, —

“Jun ! ta'tha'genlm'n'scarpetbag'n'-showhimupt'thirtyone !”

When Cyprian Eveleth reached the same hotel late at night, he appeared in his best clothes and with a new valise ; but his amiable countenance and gentle voice and modest manner sent him up two stories higher, where he found himself in a room not much better than a garret, feeling lonely enough, for he did not know he had an acquaintance in the same house. The two young men were in and out so irregularly that it was not very strange that they did not happen to meet each other.

The young lawyer was far more likely to find Myrtle if she were in the city than the other, even with the help of his cousin Edward. He was not only older, but sharper, better acquainted with the city and its ways, and, whatever might be the strength of Cyprian's motives, his own were of such intensity that he thought of nothing else by day, and dreamed of nothing else by night. He went to work, therefore, in the most systematic manner. He first visited the ship *Swordfish*, lying at her wharf, saw her captain, and satisfied himself that as yet nobody at all corresponding to the description of Myrtle Hazard had been seen by any person on board. He visited all the wharves, inquiring on every vessel where it seemed possible she might have been looking about. Hotels, thoroughfares, every

place where he might hear of her or meet her, were all searched. He took some of the police into his confidence, and had half a dozen pairs of eyes besides his own opened pretty widely to discover the lost girl.

On Sunday, the 19th, he got the first hint which encouraged him to think he was on the trail of his fugitive. He had gone down again to the wharf where the *Swordfish*, advertised to sail the next day, was lying. The captain was not on board, but one of the mates was there, and he addressed his questions to him, not with any great hope of hearing anything important, but determined to lose no chance, however small. He was startled with a piece of information which gave him such an exquisite pang of delight that he could hardly keep the usual quiet of his demeanor. A youth corresponding to his description of Myrtle Hazard in her probable disguise had been that morning on board the *Swordfish*, making many inquiries as to the hour at which she was to sail, and who were to be the passengers, and remained some time on board, going all over the vessel, examining her cabin accommodations, and saying he should return to -morrow before she sailed, —doubtless intending to take passage in her, as there was plenty of room on board. There could be little question, from the description, who this young person was. It was a rather delicate-looking, dark-haired youth, smooth-faced, somewhat shy and bashful in his ways, and evidently excited and nervous. He had apparently been to look about him, and would come back at the last moment, just as the vessel was ready to sail, and in an hour or two be beyond the reach of inquiry.

Murray Bradshaw returned to his hotel, and, going to his chamber, summoned all his faculties in state council to determine what course he should follow, now that he had the object of his search certainly within reaching distance. There was no danger now of her eluding him ; but the grave question arose, what was he to do when he stood face to face with her. She must

not go, — that was fixed. If she once got off in that ship, she might be safe enough ; but what would become of certain projects in which *he* was interested, — that was the question. But again, she was no child, to be turned away from her adventure by cajolery or by any such threats as common truants would find sufficient to scare them back to their duty. He could tell the facts of her disguise and the manner of her leaving home to the captain of the vessel, and induce him to send her ashore as a stray girl, to be returned to her relatives. But this would only make her furious with him ; and he must not alienate her from himself at any rate. He might plead with her in the name of duty, for the sake of her friends, for the good name of the family. She had thought all these things over before she ran away. What if he should address her as a lover, throw himself at her feet, implore her to pity him and give up her rash scheme, and, if things came to the very worst, offer to follow her wherever she went, if she would accept him in the only relation that would render it possible. Fifteen years old, — he nearly ten years older, — but such things had happened before, and this was no time to stand on trifles.

He worked out the hypothesis of the matrimonial offer as he would have reasoned out the probabilities in a law case he was undertaking.

1. There was not the least question on his part. The girl was handsome enough for his ambitious future, wherever it might carry him. She came of an honorable family, and had the great advantage of being free from a tribe of disagreeable relatives, which is such a drawback on many otherwise eligible parties. To these considerations were to be joined other circumstances which we need not here mention, of a nature to add greatly to their force, and which were sufficient of themselves to determine his action.

2. How was it likely she would look on such an extraordinary proposition ? At first, no doubt, as Lady Anne looked upon the advances of Richard. She

would be startled, perhaps shocked. What then ? She could not help feeling flattered at such an offer from him, — him, William Murray Bradshaw, the rising young man of his county, at her feet, his eyes melting with the love he would throw into them, his tones subdued to their most sympathetic quality, and all those phrases on his lips which every day beguile women older and more discreet than this romantic, long-imprisoned girl, whose rash and adventurous enterprise was an assertion of her womanhood and her right to dispose of herself as she chose. He had not lived to be twenty-five years old without knowing his power with women. He believed in himself so thoroughly, that his very confidence was a strong promise of success.

3. In case all his entreaties, arguments, and offers made no impression, should he make use of that supreme resource, not to be employed save in extreme need, but which was of a nature, in his opinion, to shake a resolution stronger than this young girl was like to oppose to it ? That would be like Christian's coming to his weapon called All-prayer, he said to himself, with a smile that his early readings of Bunyan should have furnished him an image for so different an occasion. The question was one he could not settle till the time came, — he must leave it to the instinct of the moment.

The next morning found him early waking after a night of feverish dreams. He dressed himself with more than usual care, and walked down to the wharf where the *Swordfish* was moored. The ship had left the wharf, and was lying out in the stream. A small boat had just reached her, and a slender youth, as he appeared at that distance, climbed, not over-adroitly, up the vessel's side.

Murray Bradshaw called to a boatman near by and ordered the man to row him over as fast as he could to the vessel lying in the stream. He had no sooner reached the deck of the *Swordfish* than he asked for the young person who had just been put on board.

"He is in the cabin, sir, just gone down with the captain," was the reply.

His heart beat, in spite of his cool temperament, as he went down the steps leading to the cabin. The young person was talking earnestly with the captain, and, on his turning round, Mr. William Murray Bradshaw had the pleasure of recognizing his young friend, Mr. Cyprian Eveleth.

MONA.

DAY and night, and night and day,
I pray, and cannot choose but pray,
With lowly bended brows:
God, let the glory come to pass
Of Easter-daisies in the grass,
And green leaves on the boughs!

All sick and pale my Mona lies,
All pale and sick, with longing eyes,—
A flower that dies for rain;
And day and night my heart's wild cry
Cry for a thousand sweetest sweets
To charm away her pain.

O waters bound with curdling ripples,
Come dancing on before your tide
Through mists of silver spray
And, picking out your tenderest
Come yellow bills, come mellow
And sing your lives away!

O little golden-bodied bees,
Hum tunes her heavy heart to ease,
And butterflies, so fair,
Upon your wings of red and brown
Balance before her up and down,
And brighten all the air!

All buds with unfulfilled hours
Have birth at once in perfect flower
I charge you, in love's name;
For when the unsanctioned is all
So nearly to the sanctified,
Not heaven itself can blame!

Then shall the lily leave the shadow
And tend her like a waiting-maid,
Making her pillow sweet;
Then shall the lily leave the shadow
And tend her like a waiting-maid,
Making her pillow sweet;

The rose shall to her window climb,
And tell her that the low-leaved thyme
Is waiting for her feet.

O drowsy-lidded violets !
Constellate flower that never sets !
And blush-bells, low and small,
And pinks, and pansies, plain and pied,
And sovereign marigolds beside, —
My Mona needs you all !

O star-flower, pushing from your breast
The dead leaves, shine out with the rest !
And from the garden beds,
Ye daffodillies, made of light,
To please her with a pretty sight,
Toss high your lovely heads !

He n.
of duty
the good
thought all
ran away. Wi
her as a lover,
feet, implore her t
up her rash scheme,
to the very worst, o.
wherever she went, if s
him in the only relation
der it possible. Fifteen
he nearly ten years older
things had happened bef
was no time to stand on tr

Low lying in her pallid pain,
A flower that thirsts and dies for rain,
I see her night and day ;
And every heart-beat is a cry,
And every breath I breathe a sigh, —
O for the May ! the May !

OF THE ELIZABETHAN LITERATURE.

He worked out the hypothesis of the matrimonial offer as he would of the age of soned out the probability of the case he was undertaking reign of Elizabeth.

1. There was not the time for an era on his part. The girl, being about the enough for his ambitious 1580, reaching ever it might carry him of James I., an honorable family, and perceptibly advantage of being free of his son. disagreeable relatives, of Elizabeth, drawback on many other in connec- parties. To these consi such originated to be joined other circumstance, and which we need not here mention act after her to add greatly to their forces give to were sufficient of themselves published in mine his action. James, cer-

2. How was it likely characteristics on such an extraordinary glorious of At first, no doubt, as Lady A. English upon the advances of Richa

mind, it is, like every other outburst of national genius, essentially inexplicable in itself. It occurred, but why it occurred we can answer but loosely. We can state the influences which operated on Spenser, Shakespeare, Bacon, Hooker, Raleigh, but the genesis of their genius is beyond our criticism. There was abundant reason, in the circumstances around them, why they should exercise creative power ; but the possession of the power is an ultimate fact, and defies explanation. Still, the appearance of so many eminent minds in one period indicates something in the circumstances of the period which aided and stimulated, if it did not cause, the marvel ; and a consideration of these circumstances, though it may not enable us to penetrate the mystery of

genius, may still shed some light on its character and direction.

The impulse given to the English mind in the age of Elizabeth was but one effect of that great movement of the European mind whose steps were marked by the revival of letters, the invention of printing, the study of the ancient classics, the rise of the middle class, the discovery of America, the Reformation, the formation of national literatures, and the general clash and conflict of the old with the new, — the old existing in decaying institutions, the new in the ardent hopes and organizing genius by which institutions are created. If the mind was not always emancipated from error during the stir and tumult of this movement, it was still stung into activity, and compelled to think; for if authority, whether secular or sacerdotal, is questioned, authority no less than innovation instinctively frames reasons for its existence. If power was thus driven to use the weapons of the brain, thought, in its attempt to become fact, was no less driven to use the weapons of force. Ideas and opinions were thus all the more directly perceived and tenaciously held, from the fact that they kindled strong passions, and frequently demanded, not merely the assent of the intellect, but the hazard of fortune and life.

At the time Elizabeth ascended the English throne, in 1558, the religious element of this movement had nearly spent its first force. There was a comparatively small band of intensely earnest Romanists, and perhaps a larger band of even more intensely earnest Puritans; but the great majority of the people were probably willing to acquiesce in the form given to the Protestant church by the Protestant state. Elizabeth won the proud distinction of being the head of the Protestant *interest* in Europe; but the very word *interest* indicates a distinction between Protestantism as a policy and Protestantism as a faith; and she did not hesitate to put down with a strong hand those of her subjects whose Protestantism most nearly agreed with the Protestantism

she aided in France and Holland. The Puritan Reformers, though they represented most thoroughly the doctrines and spirit of Luther and Calvin, were thus opposed by the English state, and were a minority of the English people. Had they succeeded in reforming the national Church, the national amusements, and the national taste, according to their ideas of reform, the history and the literature of the age of Elizabeth would have been essentially different; but they would have broken the continuity of the national life. English nature, with its basis of strong sense and strong sensuality, was hostile to their ascetic morality and their practical belief in the all-excluding importance of religious concerns. Had they triumphed then, their very earnestness might have made them greater, though nobler, tyrants than the Tudors or the Stuarts; for they would have used the arm of power to force evangelical faith and austere morality on a reluctant and resisting people. Sir Toby Belch would have had to fight hard for his cakes and ale; and the nose of Bardolph would have been deprived of the fuel that fed its fire. The Puritans were great forces in politics, as they afterwards proved in the Parliaments of Charles and the Commonwealth; but in the time of Elizabeth they were politically but a faction, and a faction having at one time for its head the greatest scoundrel in England, the Earl of Leicester. They were great forces in literature, as they afterwards proved by Milton and Bunyan; but their position towards what is properly called the literature of the age of Elizabeth was strictly antagonistical. The spirit of that literature, in its poetry, its drama, its philosophy, its divinity, was a spirit which they disliked in some of its forms, and abhorred in others. Their energies, though mighty, are therefore to be deducted from the mass of energies by which that literature was produced.

And this brings us to the first and most marked characteristic of this literature, namely, that it is intensely human. Human nature in its appetites, passions, imperfections, vices, virtues,

in its thoughts, aspirations, imaginations, in all the forms of concrete character in which it finds expression, in all the heights of ecstasy to which it soars, in all the depths of depravity to which it sinks, — this is what it represents or idealizes; and the total effect of this exhibition of human life and exposition of human capacities, whether it be in the romance of Sidney, the poetry of Spenser, the drama of Shakespeare, the philosophy of Bacon, or the divinity of Hooker, is the wholesome and inspiring effect of beauty and cheer. This belief in human nature, and tacit assumption of its right to expression, could only have risen in an age which stimulated human energies by affording fresh fields for their development, and in an age whose activity was impelled by a romantic and heroic, rather than a theological spirit. And the peculiar position of Elizabeth compelled her, absolute as was her temper, to act in harmony with her people, and to allow individual enterprise its largest scope. Her revenue was altogether inadequate to carry on a war with Spain and a war with Ireland, to assist the Protestants of France and Holland, to inaugurate great schemes of American colonization, to fit out expeditions to harass the colonies and plunder the commerce of Spain, — inadequate, in short, to make England a power of the first class. But the patriotism of her people, coinciding with their interests and love of adventure, urged them to undertake public objects as commercial speculations. They made war on her enemies for the spoils to be obtained from her enemies. Perhaps the most comprehensive type of the period, representing most vividly the stimulants it presented to ambition and avarice, to chivalrous sentiment and greed of gain, to action and to thought, was Sir Walter Raleigh. Poet, historian, courtier, statesman, military commander, naval commander, colonizer, filibuster, he had no talent and no accomplishment, no virtue and no vice, which the time did not tempt into exercise. He participated in the widely varying ambitions of Spenser and Jon-

son, of Essex and Leicester, of Burleigh, Walsingham, and Sir Nicholas Bacon, of Norris and Howard of Effingham, of Drake, Hawkins, and Cumberland; and in all these he was thoroughly human.

The next characteristic of the higher literature of the period is its breadth and preponderance of thought, — a quality which seemed native to the time, and which was shared by the men of affairs. Indeed, no one could serve Elizabeth well whose loyalty of heart was unaccompanied by largeness of brain. She was so surrounded by foreign enemies and domestic factions, that the sagacity which makes the fewest mistakes was her only safety from dethronement or assassination. Her statesmen, however fixed might be their convictions and energetic their wills, were, by the necessities of their position, compelled to be wary, vigilant, politic, crafty, comprehensive in their views, compromising in their measures. The time required minds that could observe, analyze, infer, combine, foresee, — vigorous in the grasp of principles, exact in the scrutiny of facts. Such were the complications of political affairs, that the difficulty, in all but the most capacious intellects, was to decide at all; and even they sometimes found it wise to follow the drift of events which it was almost impossible to shape or to guide. It might be supposed, that if, in any person of the period, impetuosity of purpose or caprice of will would overbear all the restraints of prudence, that person was Elizabeth herself; but she really was as indecisive in conduct as she was furious in passion. Proud, fierce, vain, haughty, vindictive; a vixen and a coquette; ready enough to box the ears of one of her courtiers, and threaten with an oath to unfrock one of her bishops; despotic in her relations with all over whom she had complete control; cursed, indeed, with every internal impulse which leads to reckless action, — she was still a thinker; and thought revealed insecurities in her position, in considering which even her imperious will was puzzled into irreso-

lution, and shrank from the plain road of force to feel its way through the crooked paths of hypocrisy and craft.

This comprehensiveness of thought did not, in the men of letters, interfere with loftiness of thought, but it connected thought with life, gave it body and form, and made it fertile in those weighty maxims which, while they bear directly on practical conduct, and harmonize with the experience of men, are also characterized by that easy elevation of view and of tone which distinguishes philosophic wisdom from prudential moralizing. The Elizabethan thinkers instinctively recognized the truth that real thinking implies the action of the whole nature, and not of a single isolated faculty. They were men of large understandings; but their understandings rarely acted apart from observation,—the sight of what appears,—from imagination,—the sight of what is,—from sentiment, passion, and character. They not only reasoned, but they had reason. They looked at things, and round things, and into things, and through things. Though they were masters of the processes of logic, their eminent merit was their broad grasp of the premises of logic,—their ready anticipation of the results of logic. They could argue; but they preferred to flash the conclusions of argument rather than to recite its details, and their minds darted to results to which slower intelligences creep. From the fact that they had reason in abundance, they were somewhat chary of reasons. Their thinking, indeed, gives us the solid, nutritious, enriching substance of thought. While it comprehends the outward facts of life, it connects them with those great mental facts beheld by the inner eye of the mind. It thus combines the most massive good sense with a Platonic elevation of spiritual perception, and especially avoids the thinness and juicelessness which are apt to characterize the greatest efforts of the understanding, when understanding is divorced from human nature.

This equipoise and interpenetration

of the faculties of the mind and the feelings of the heart, which give to these writers their largeness, dignity, sweetness, and power, are to be referred in a great degree to the imaginative element of their natures. They lived, indeed, in an imaginative age,—an age in which thought, feeling, aspiration, character, whether low or exalted, aimed to embody themselves in appropriate external forms, and be made visible to the eye. In the great poets and philosophers this imagination existed both as ecstatic insight of spiritual facts and as shaping power,—both as the “vision and the faculty divine”; but all over the Elizabethan society, in dress, in manners, in speech, in the badges of professions, in amusements, in pageants and spectacles, character, class, and condition, in all their varieties, were directly imaged. Lamb calls all this a visible poetry; and much which we now read as poetry was simply the transference into language of the common facts of the time.

This imaginative tendency of the national mind appeared in a still higher form in that chivalrous cast of feeling and of thought which we observe in all the nobler men of the time. “High-erected thoughts seated in a heart of courtesy,” is Sir Philip Sidney’s definition of the gentleman; and this was the standard to which many aspired, if few reached. This chivalry was a poetic reflection of the feudal age, which was departing in its rougher and baser realities, but lingering in its beautiful ideas and ideals, especially in the knightly love of adventure and the knightly reverence for woman. It gave an air of romance to acts, enterprises, and amusements which sometimes had their vulgar side. Raleigh tilted in silver armor before the Queen, though the silver from which the armor was made had been stolen from Spanish merchantmen. Sidney was eager to fight in single combat with the anonymous defamer of his uncle Leicester, though his uncle richly deserved the gibbet. Cumberland was a knight-errant of the seas, strangely blending the love of glory with the love of gold, the spirit

of wild adventure with the spirit of commercial thrift. Something imaginative, something which partook of the sentiment of the old time, was mingled with the bustling practicalities of the present. If we look at a man like Sir Francis Drake from the mere understanding, we find it difficult to decide whether his enterprises were private or national, whether the patriot predominated over the pirate, or the pirate over the patriot; but if we look at him from the Elizabethan point of view, it is not difficult to discern an enthusiastic, chivalric, loyal, Protestant spirit as the presiding element of his being and the source of his pecuniary success. He did many things which, if done now, would very properly send a sailor to the gallows; yet, as a man, he was very much superior to many a modern statesman and judge who would conscientiously order his execution. Vtally right, but formally wrong, he in the Elizabethan age was immensely honored.

This slight reference to a few of these eminent men of action shows that literature was but one out of many expressions of the roused energies of the national heart and brain, and that those who performed actions which poetry celebrates were as numerous as the poets. As the external inducements to adopt literature as a profession were not so great as in our day, as there was no reading public in our sense of the term, we are at first surprised that so much genius was diverted into this path. But Elizabeth and James were both learned sovereigns. Both were writers; and in the courts of both, literature and learning were in the fashion, and often the avenues to distinction in Church and State. It was found that literary ability was but one phase of general ability. Buckhurst was an eminent statesman. Sidney and Spenser were men of affairs. Raleigh could do anything. Bacon was a lawyer and jurist. Hooker, Hall, Giles and Phineas Fletcher, and Donne were in the Church. The patronage of educated and accomplished nobles was extended

to numerous writers like Daniel and Drayton, who could not have subsisted by the sale of their works. None of these can be styled authors by profession: that sad distinction was confined to the dramatists. In the time of Elizabeth and James the theatre was almost the only medium of communication between writers and the people, and attracted to it all those who aimed to gain a livelihood out of the products of their hearts and imaginations. Its literature was the popular literature of the age. It was newspaper, magazine, novel, all in one. It was the Elizabethan "Times," the Elizabethan "Blackwood," the Elizabethan "Temple Bar": it tempted into its arena equally the Elizabethan Thackerays and the Elizabethan Bradons; but the remuneration it afforded to the most distinguished of the swarm of playwrights who depended on it for bread was small. All experienced the full bitterness of poverty, if we except Shakespeare, Jonson, and Fletcher. Shakespeare was an excellent man of business, a part-proprietor of a theatre, and made his fortune. Jonson was patronized by James, and was as much a court poet as a popular poet. Fletcher, though the most fertile of the three in the number of his plays, and the greatest master of theatrical effect, did not, it is supposed, altogether depend on the stage for his support. But Chapman, Dekker, Field, Rowley, Massinger, and all the other professional playwrights, were wretchedly poor. And it must be said, that, though we are in the custom of affirming that the circumstances of the age of Elizabeth were pre-eminently favorable to literature, most of the writers, including such names as Spenser and Jonson, were in the habit of moaning or grumbling at its degeneracy, and wishing that they had been born in happier times.

There were, then, three centres for the literature of the period,—the Court, the Church, and the Theatre. Let us consider the drama first, as it was nearer the popular heart, was the medium through which the grandest as well as meanest minds found expression, and

was thoroughly national, or at least thoroughly nationalized.

England had a drama as early as the twelfth century, — a drama used by the priests as a mode of amusing the people into a knowledge of religion. Its products were called Miracle Plays. They were written, and often acted, by ecclesiastics; they represented the persons and events of the Scriptures, of the apocryphal Gospels, and of the legends of saints and martyrs, and were performed sometimes in the open air, on temporary stages and scaffolds, sometimes in churches and chapels. The earliest play of this sort of which we have any record was performed between the years 1100 and 1110. The general characteristic of these plays, if we should speak after the ideas of our time, was blasphemy, and blasphemy of the worst kind; for the irreverent utterance of sacred names is venial compared with the irreverent representation of sacred persons. The object of the writers was to bring Christianity within popular apprehension; and in the process they burlesqued it. They belonged to a class of writers and speakers, as common now as then, who vulgarize the highest subjects in the attempt to popularize them, — who degrade religion in the attempt to make it efficient. The writers of the Miracle Plays only appear worse than their Protestant successors, from the greater rudeness in the minds and manners to which they appealed. They did not aim to lift the people up, but to bring the Divinity down; and not being in any sense poets, they could not make what was sacred familiarly apprehended, and at the same time preserve that ideal remoteness from ordinary life which is the condition of its being reverently apprehended. Their religious dramas, accordingly, were mostly monstrous farces, full of buffoonery and indecency, though not without a certain coarse humor and power of characterization. Thus, in the play of the Deluge, Noah and his wife are close copies of contemporary character and manners, projected on the Bible narrative.

Mrs. Noah is a shrew and a vixen; refuses to leave her gossips and go into the ark; scolds Noah, and is soundly whipped by him; then wishes herself a widow, and thinks she but echoes the feeling of all the wives in the audience, in hoping for them the same good luck. Noah then takes occasion to inform all the husbands present that their proper course is to break in their wives after his fashion. By this time the water is nearly up to his wife's neck, and she is partly coaxed and partly forced into the ark by one of her sons. Again, in a play on the Adoration of the Shepherds, the shepherds are three English boors, who meet with a variety of the most coarsely comical adventures in their journey to Bethlehem; who, just before the star in the east appears, get into a quarrel and fight, after having feasted on Lancashire jammocks and Halton ale; and who, when they arrive at their destination, present three gifts to the infant Saviour, namely, a bird, a tennis-ball, and a bob of cherries.

The Miracle Plays were very popular, and did not altogether die out before the reign of James. In some of them personified abstractions came to be blended with the persons of the drama; and in the fifteenth century a new class of dramatic performances arose, called Moral Plays, in which these personified abstractions pushed persons out of the piece, and ethics supplanted theology. There is, in some of these Moral Plays, a great deal of ingenuity displayed in the impersonation of qualities, and in their allegorical representation. They took strong hold of the English mind. Pride, gluttony, sensuality, worldliness, meekness, temperance, faith, in their single and in their blended action, were often happily characterized; and, though they were eventually banished from the drama, they reappeared in the pageants of Elizabeth and in the poetry of Spenser. But their popularity was doubtless owing more to their fun than their ethics; and the two characters of the Devil and Vice, the laughable monster and the

laughable buffoon, were the darlings of the multitude. In Ben Jonson's "Staple of News," Gossip Tattle exclaims: "My husband, Timothy Tattle, God rest his soul! was wont to say that there was no play without a fool and a Devil in 't: he was for the Devil still, God bless him! The Devil for his money, he would say; I would fain see the Devil."

Nearer to the modern Play than either the Miracle or the Moral, was the Interlude, so called from its being acted in the intervals of a banquet. It was a farce in one act, and devoted to the humorous and satirical representation of contemporary manners and character, especially of professional character. John Heywood, the jester of Henry VIII., was the best maker of these Interludes.

At the time that all of these three forms of the drama were more or less in esteem, Nicholas Udall, a classical scholar, produced, about the year 1540, the first English comedy, "Ralph Roister Doister,"—very much superior, in incident and characterization, to "Gammer Gurton's Needle," written twenty years afterwards, though neither rises above the mere prosaic delineation, the first of civic, the last of country life. The poetic element, which was afterwards so conspicuous in the Elizabethan drama, did not even appear in the first English tragedy, "Gorboduc," though it was written by Thomas Sackville, the author of the Induction to the "Mirror of Magistrates," and the only great poet that rose between Chaucer and Spenser. "Gorboduc" was acted before Queen Elizabeth, at Whitehall, by the Gentlemen of the Inner Temple, in January, 1562. It was received with great applause; but it appears, as read now, singularly frigid and unimpassioned, with not even, as Campbell says, "the unities of space and time to circumscribe its dullness." It has all the author's justness, weight, and fertility of thought, but little of his imagination; and, though celebrated as the first English play written in blank verse, the measure, in Sackville's hands, is

wearisomely monotonous, and conveys no notion of the elasticity and variety of which it was afterwards found capable, when used by Marlowe and Shakespeare. The tragedy is not deficient in terrible events, but even its murders make us yawn.

It is probable that the fifty-two plays performed at court between 1568 and 1580, and of which nothing is preserved but the names, contained little to make us regret their loss. Neither at the Royal Palace, nor the Inns of Court, nor the Universities, at all of which plays were performed, could a free and original national drama be built up. This required a public theatre, and an audience composed of all classes of the people. Accordingly, the most important incident in the history of the English stage was the patent granted by the crown, in 1574, to James Burbage and his associates, players under the protection of the Earl of Leicester, to perform in the City and Liberties of London, and in all other parts of the kingdom; "as well," the phraseology runs, "for the recreation of our loving subjects, as for our own solace and pleasure, when we shall think fit to see them."

But the Corporation of London, thorough Puritans, were determined, as far as their power extended, to prevent the Queen's subjects from having any such "recreation," and her Majesty herself from enjoying any such "solace and pleasure." "Forasmuch as the playing of interludes, and the resort to the same, are very dangerous for the infection of the plague, whereby infinite burdens and losses to the city may increase; and are very hurtful in corruption of youth with incontinence and lewdness; and also great wasting both of the time and thrift of many poor people; and great provoking of the wrath of God, the ground of all plagues; great withdrawing of the people from public prayer, and from the service of God; and daily cried out against by all preachers of the word of God;—therefore," the Corporation ordered, "all such interludes in public places,

and the resort to the same, shall wholly be prohibited as ungodly, and humble suit made to the Lords, that like prohibition be in places near the city."

The players, thus expelled the city, withdrew to the nearest point outside the Lord Mayor's jurisdiction, and, in 1576, erected their theatre in Blackfriars. Two others, "The Curtain" and "The Theatre," were erected by other companies in Shoreditch. Before the end of the century there were at least eleven. To these round wooden buildings, open to the sky, with only a thatched roof over the stage, the people flocked daily for mental excitement. There was no movable scenery; the female characters were played by boys; and the lowest theatres of our day are richer in appointments than were the finest of the age of Elizabeth. "Such," says Malone, "was the poverty of the old stage, that the same person played two or three parts; and battles on which the fate of an empire was supposed to depend were decided by three combatants on a side." It is difficult for us to conceive of the popularity of the stage in those days. One of the spies of Secretary Walsingham, writing to his employer in 1586, thus groans over the taste of the people: "The daily abuse of stage plays is such an offence to the godly, and so great a hindrance to the Gospel, as the Papists do exceedingly rejoice at the blemish thereof, and not without cause; for every day in the week the player's bills are set up in sundry places of the city; . . . so that, when the bells toll to the lecturer, the trumpets sound to the stages. Whereat the wicked faction of Rome laugheth for joy, while the godly weep for sorrow. . . . It is a woful sight to see two hundred proud players jet in their silks, while five hundred poor people starve in the streets. . . . Woe is me! the play-houses are pestered where the churches are naked. At the one, it is not possible to get a place; at the other, void seats are plenty." It may here be said, that the mutual hostility of the players and the Puritans continued un-

til the suppression of theatres under the Commonwealth; and for fifty or sixty years the Puritans were only mentioned by the dramatists to be mercilessly satirized. Even Shakespeare's catholic mind was not broad enough to include them in the range of its sympathies.

That this opposition to the stage by the staid and sober citizens was not without cause, soon became manifest. The characteristic of the drama, before Shakespeare, was intellectual and moral lawlessness; and most of the dramatists were men as destitute of eminent genius as of common principle. Stephen Gosson, a Puritan, in a tract published in 1581, attacks them on grounds equally of taste and morals; and five years afterwards Sir Philip Sidney speaks of the popular plays as against all "rules of honest civility and skilful poetry." But Gosson indicates also the sources of their plots. Painter's "Palace of Pleasure," a series of not over-modest tales from the Italian; "The Golden Ass"; "The Ethiopian History"; "Amadis of France"; "The Round Table";—all the licentious comedies in Latin, French, Italian, and Spanish were thoroughly ransacked, he tells us, "to furnish the play-houses of London." The result, of course, was a chaos; but a chaos whose materials were wide and various, indicating that the English mind was in contact with, and attempting roughly to reproduce, the genius of Greece and Rome, of France, Spain, and Italy, the chronicles and romances of the Middle Ages, and was hospitable to intellectual influences from all quarters. What was needed was the powerful personality and shaping imagination of genius, to fuse these seemingly heterogeneous materials into new and original forms. "The Faerie Queene" of Spenser, and the drama of Shakespeare, evince an assimilation of the same incongruous elements which Gosson derides and denounces, as they appeared in the shapeless works of mediocrity. There was not merely to be a new drama, but a new art, and new principles of

criticism to legitimate its creative audacities. The materials were rich and various. The difficulty was, that to combine them into original forms required genius, and genius higher, broader, more energetic, more imaginative, and more humane than had ever before been directed to dramatic composition.

The immediate predecessors of Shakespeare — Greene, Lodge, Kyd, Peele, Marlowe — were all educated at the Universities, and were naturally prejudiced in favor of the classics. But they were, at the same time, wild Bohemian youths, thrown upon the world of London to turn their talents and accomplishments into the means of livelihood or the means of debauch. They depended principally on the popular theatres, and of course addressed the popular mind. Why, indeed, should they write according to the rules of the classic drama? The classic drama was a growth from the life of the times in which it appeared. Its rules were simply generalizations from the practice of classic dramatists. A drama suited to the tastes and wants of the people of Greece or Rome was evidently not suited to the tastes and wants of the people of England. The whole framework of society, customs, manners, feelings, aspirations, traditions, superstitions, character, religion, had changed; and, as the drama is a reflection of life, either as actually existing or ideally existing, it is evident that both the experience and the sentiments of the English audiences demanded that it should be the reflection of a new life. These dramatists, however, in emancipating themselves from the literary jurisprudence of Greece and Rome, put little but individual caprice in its place. Released from formal rules, they did not rise into the artistic region of principles, but fell into the pit of anarchy and mere lawlessness. Lacking the higher imagination which conceives living ideas and organizes living works, their dramas evince no coherence, no subordination of parts, no grasp of the subject as a

whole. There is a German play in which Adam is represented as passing across the stage, "going to be created." The drama of the age of Elizabeth, in the persons of Greene, Peele, Kyd, and others, indicates, in some such rude way, that it is "going to be created."

That this dramatic shapelessness was not inconsistent with single poetic conceptions of the greatest force and fineness, might be proved by abundant quotations. Lodge, for example, was a poor dramatist; but what living poet would not be proud to own this exquisite description, in his lyric of "Rosaline," of the person and influence of beauty?

"Like to the clear in highest sphere,
Where all imperial glory shines,
Of selfsame color is her hair,
Whether unfolded or in twines.

"Her eyes are sapphires set in snow,
Refining heaven by every wink;
The gods do fear whenas they glow,
And I do tremble when I think.

"Her cheeks are like the blushing cloud
That beautifies Aurora's face;
Or like the silver-crimson shroud,
That Phœbus' smiling looks doth grace.

"Her lips are like two budded roses,
Whom ranks of lilies neighbor nigh,
Within which bounds she balm encloses,
Apt to entice a deity.

"Her neck like to a stately tower,
Where Love himself imprisoned lies,
To watch for glances every hour
From her divine and sacred eyes.

"With orient pearl, with ruby red,
With marble white, with sapphire blue,
Her body everyway is fed,
Yet soft in touch, and sweet in view.

"Nature herself her shape admires;
The gods are wounded in her sight;
And Love forsakes his heavenly fires,
And at her eyes his brand doth light."

But a more potent spirit than any we have mentioned, and the greatest of Shakespeare's predecessors, was Christopher Marlowe, a man of humble parentage, but with Norman blood in his brains, if not in his veins. He was, indeed, the proudest and fiercest of intellectual aristocrats. The son of a shoemaker, and born in 1564, his unmistakable genius seems to have gained him

friends, who looked after his early education, and sent him, at the age of seventeen, to the University of Cambridge. He was intended for the Church, but the Church was evidently not intended for him. The study of theology appears to have resulted in making him an enemy of religion. There was, indeed, hardly a Christian element in his untamable nature; and, though he was called a sceptic, infidelity in him was more likely to take the form of blasphemy than denial. He was made up of vehement passions, vivid imagination, and lawless self-will; and what Hazlitt calls "a hunger and thirst after unrighteousness" took the place of conscience in his haughty and fiery spirit. Before the age of twenty-three we find him in London, an actor and a writer for the stage, and the author of the "great sensation work" of his time, — the tragedy of "Tamburlaine." This portentous melodrama, a strange compound of inspiration and desperation, has the mark of power equally on its absurdities and its sublimities. The first play written in blank verse for the popular stage, its verse has an elasticity, freedom, and variety of movement which makes it as much the product of Marlowe's mind as the thoughts and passions it conveys. It had no precedent in the verse of preceding writers, and is constructed, not on mechanical rules, but on vital principles. It is the effort of a glowing mind, disdaining to creep along paths previously made, and opening a new path for itself. This scornful intellectual daring, the source of Marlowe's originality, is also the source of his defects. In the tragedy of "Tamburlaine" he selects for his hero a character through whom he can express his own extravagant impatience of physical obstacles and moral restraints. No regard is paid to reality, even in the dramatic sense of the word: a shaggy and savage force dominates over everything. The writer seems to say, with his truculent hero, "This is my mind, and I will have it so." This self-asserting intellectual insolence is always accompanied by an unwearied

energy, which half redeems the bombast into which it runs, or rather rushes; and strange gleams of the purest splendors of poetry are continually transfiguring the bully into the bard.

Thus, in the celebrated scene in which Tamburlaine is represented in a chariot drawn by captive kings, and berating them for their slowness in words which so captivated Ancient Pistol, there is a glorious stroke of impassioned imagination, which makes us almost forgive the swaggering fustian which precedes and follows it: —

"Hallo ! ye pampered jades of Asia !

What, can ye draw but twenty miles a day ? —

The horse that guide the golden eye of heaven,
And blow the morning from their nostrils,
Making their fiery gait above the clouds,
Are not so honored in their governor
As you, ye slaves, in mighty Tamberlaine."

"Faustus," "The Jew of Malta," "Edward the Second," "The Massacre of Paris," "Dido, Queen of Carthage," are the names of Marlowe's remaining plays. They all, more or less, exhibit the eager creativeness of his mind, and the furious arrogance of his disposition. "They abound," says Hunt, "in wilful and self-worshipping speeches, and every one of them turns upon some kind of ascendancy at the expense of other people." His "Edward the Second" is the best historical play written before Shakespeare's, and exhibits more discrimination in delineating character than any of Marlowe's other efforts. His "Jew of Malta" is a powerful conception spoilt in the process of embodiment. His "Faustus," perhaps best reflects his whole genius and experience. The subject must have taken strong hold of his nature, for, like Faustus, he had doubtless held intimate business relations with the great enemy of mankind himself, and was personally conscious of the struggle in the soul between the diabolical and the divine. Faustus and Mephistopheles are both conceived with great depth and strength of imagination; and the last scene of the play, exhibiting the agony of supernatural terror in which Faustus awaits the coming of the fiend who

has bought and paid for his soul, is not without touches of high sublimity. There is one line, especially, which is loaded with imaginative meaning and suggestiveness, — that in which, harboring for a moment the possibility of salvation amid the gathering horrors of his doom, he exclaims, —

"See where Christ's blood streams in the firmament!"

Marlowe's life, though short and reckless, was fertile in works. Besides the plays we have mentioned, he probably wrote many which have been lost; and his translations from Ovid, and his incomplete poem of "Hero and Leander," would alone give him a position among the poets of his period. He was killed in a tavern brawl, in the year 1593, at the early age of twenty-nine.* Though Marlowe's poetical contemporaries and followers could say little or nothing in defence of his life, when it was mercilessly assailed by Puritan pamphleteers, there was no lack of testimonials to his genius. Ben Jonson celebrated "his mighty line"; Drayton described his raptures as "all fire and air," and testified to his possession of

those "brave, sublunary things that the first poets had"; and Chapman, with a yet closer perception of his unwithholding self-committal to the Muse, said that

"He stood
Up to the chin in the Pierian flood."

A still higher tribute to his eminence comes from Shakespeare himself, who, in his "As You Like It," quotes with approval a line from Marlowe's little poem of "The Passionate Shepherd to his Love," — the only case in which Shakespeare has recognized the genius of an Elizabethan writer.

But this stormy, irregular genius, compound of Alsatian ruffian and Arcadian singer, whose sudden death, in the height of his glory and his pride, seemed to threaten the early English drama with irreparable loss, was to be succeeded in his own walk by the greatest Englishman, by the greatest man, that ever made the theatre or literature his medium of communication with the world. To some thoughts on this man — need we say it is Shakespeare? — we shall invite the attention of the reader in a succeeding number.

* Beard, in his "Theatre of God's Judgements" (1597), makes his death the occasion to point a ferocious moral. He speaks of him as "by practice a play-maker and a poet of scurrillitie, who, by giuing too large a swing to his owne wit, and suffering his lust to haue the full reines," at last "denied God and his sonne Christ, and not onely in word blasphemed the Trinitie, but also (as it is credibly reported) wrote bookes against it, affirming our Sauour to be but a deceiver, and Moses to be but a coniuer and seducer of the people, and the Holy Bible to bee but vaine and idle stories, and all religion but a deuice of policie. But see what a hooke the Lord put in the nostrils of this barking dogge! So it fell out, that, as he purposed to stab one whom he ought a grudge vnto,

with his dagger, the other party perceiuing so auoyded the stroke, that withall catching hold of his wrist, hee stabbed his owne dagger into his owne head, in such sort that, notwithstanding all the meanes of surgerie that could bee wrought, hee shortly after died thereof; the manner of his death being so terrible (for he euen cursed and blasphemed to his last gape, and together with his breath an oath flew out of his mouth), that it was not only a manifeste signe of God's judgement, but also an horrible and fearefull terror to all that beheld him. But herein did the justice of God most notably appeare, in that hee compelled his owne hand, which had written these blasphemies, to bee the instrument to punish him, and that in his braine which had deuised the same.

GEORGE BEDILLION'S KNIGHT.

A STORY IN TWO PARTS.

PART I.

CHAPTER I.

TARRYTOWN is a market village in Western Pennsylvania.

It rained in Tarrytown. All the world was wet. The September day, when the farm-horns blew for dinner, had been pulseless with heat; the air, if you walked through it in the stubble-fields and orchards sloping down the hills, seemed to be full of sunshine, like motes of gold-dust; and the sweet, muggy smell of the corn, and the clean, fruity smell from the vats near the vineyards, followed you as if you had stirred them out of the heat. As evening came on, however, the sky paled. The winds stood still and waited. So did the two low, humpbacked wooded hills between which the little village cuddled down like a blackbird in a huge osprey's nest; — the Sloan Creek, in the gap below, sliding and shining over its blue stone bottom. So did the indistinct, melancholy shadow which marked the far Alleghany range, and the sweep of open country which made up the space out to it, — flat and bright green arable land, dotted here and there by clumps of underbrush or dusky orchards.

At sundown there was a sure sign of rain: clouds of opaque, dark purple, with a gap between them and the yellow sky, ramparting themselves around the horizon in towering peaks, and then closing down and in, until village and open country and mountain range grew near and distinct, each part to part, as in a photograph.

Quickly a damp wind struck out from the cloud, the royal purple faded into muddy brown, creeping over the sky, and downwards, until the rain began to fall, slow and persistently.

Nobody, at first, seemed much the worse for it. The sun gave a sudden, red, good-humored wink as he went

out; the birds chirped comfortably at home, under the dry side of the forest leaves; and people who were coming up the darkening village street could catch the scent of suppers cooking, or of the full-uddered cows in the barnyards, shivering in the rapidly clogging air. But after these protests, farms and village and hills gave themselves up to a rainy night. Tarrytown and the world were not only wet: in an hour or two they were soaked, pulpy; the stars went out miserably; barn-yards reeked; the clay road gaped into slimy chasms; a belated Conestoga wagon, coming through the forest, sunk into a rut below Kearns's place and remained there until morning; (it was the grocer Aikens's load in it; he was reported to have lost a matter of twenty dollars in sugars alone;) in all the farms, from Squire Daniel Barker's to the Dunkards', under the mountains, they slaked down the kitchen fires, and went to bed by seven o'clock.

Tarrytown rebelled against the general depression. People just now had too much to talk of, in the approaching crisis about Kearns's will, to go to bed because of a murky night. Besides, Judge Atwater, the executor, from Philadelphia, was expected to arrive that night. Leonard Bedillion had gone to U——, with Barker's buggy, to meet and bring him over. Everybody was on the *qui vive*, as Sharpley, the innkeeper, remarked, to catch the first look at him. Sharpley had lit the candles behind the yellow and green papered panes of the front window, which had been arranged for last Fourth of July. It would have been a sharp eye, indeed, which could have told them from stained glass.

There was quite a crowd in at Sharpley's that night, discussing the affair, — four young men, at least, besides

Barnes the storekeeper and old Pollard. Squire Barker and Mr. Watson, the clergyman, were at the drug-store. The inn meeting had a disreputable flavor about it, which they shunned, although, to be just, Sharpley's *was* a temperance tavern.

However, the current of talk ran pretty much in the same channel in both places; and in both it lingered over the rain, and foreboded all the evil it would bring. It was a hard night at sea, they said; and Pollard, whose nephew, Joe, was part owner of the vineyard, suggested that it would injure the flavor of the late grapes.

"Then there'll be a double quantity of your sherries and the rest of them foreign wines run in," chewing tobacco, spitefully. "It's cursed hard to get ahead of these old countries of Europe, sir. We're a young people,—young."

It did not occur to any of them that outside of the half-moon made by the mountains yonder the ground might be dry. When it rained at Tarrytown the world was wet.

When Sim Wicks, the watchmaker, dropped in at both places of rendezvous, eager and bustling as ever, people looked at him with new interest; for by this time it was no longer a secret that Judge Atwater was to occupy one of the spare rooms which Wicks rented out over his shop.

As the night wore on towards nine o'clock, the hour when all law-abiding citizens usually closed their houses, it was proposed, and the proposition was received with acclaim, that, as the buggy might be looked for in an hour, no one should retire until it came. Sharpley trimmed the kerosene-oil lamps freshly; the young fellows furtively unbuttoned their coats to show the sprigged terry-velvet waistcoats beneath, rushed tumultuously to the door, and stood poking each other in the ribs, and joking about Jenny Aikens, who had just gone up stairs; the two older men gravely filled and lighted their pipes. But all were conscious of indulging in a certain reckless dissipation, which it would not be wise to

carry too far. Presently, at Sim Wicks's suggestion, Sharpley took them out to see the supper that Bedillion had ordered for the Judge and himself on their return.

"Pa'tridges, and briled turkey devil, and spiced oysters," said Sharpley. "Nothing niggardly there, gentlemen!" shutting up the Dutch oven with a triumphant nod. The young fellows nodded back significantly.

"There's nothing mean about Leonard Bedleon," said Phil Barker.

"Len always was a free-handed one," said another.

So the word went round, to Sharpley's delight; for none of them was as loyal to Len as the old fellow himself.

Wicks had stolen out from them, and went back to his shop, as usual, not joining in the laudation of Leonard, which the boys noticed. The village was jealous of any slight put upon its hero.

However, it could not have been dislike of that young gentleman that kept Sim's tongue quiet; for his first job of work, on going home, was to rebuild Len's fire, and sweep up his hearth again. Bedillion occupied the room next to that reserved for the stranger, over the shop.

Sim came down the stairs again, whistling "Wind your horn," shrill and clear, as he went about his nightly work of tidying up his shop and the little cubby closet of a chamber inside. It was already specklessly neat, for Sim was as orderly as any old maid. He was a little stout fellow, with a bald spot on the top of his head and a fringe of reddish hair and whisker about his round, good-humored face. When all was done, his night-shirt laid out, and shoes blacked for morning, he pulled on his green knit-yarn sack, and, putting one hand on each knee, sat down before the fire, still whistling, but taking the alto now, so as to be able to catch the sound of the buggy wheels through the noise of the pelt-ing rain. For the rain drove heavier than before against the shutters of the shop, and shook the door on its hinges. The Cannel coal burned and flashed

more fiercely in the open grate, shooting out jets of clear yellow flame. It was pleasant to see it brighten the queer little triangular shop, with its whitewashed walls, its bit of counter covered with green leather and brass nails, the shining case of tools, the shining cheap rings and brooches, the half-dozen turnip-shaped watches that hung on the wall, brought in for repair, their cases shining red and round, and Sim's face in the midst, hot from the fire and brighter than any. A brown earthen pitcher, in front of the grate, sweated out some spicy fragrance. Two glasses beside him, on a little tray, waited for it; for nobody had so many guests as the little silversmith, from morning till night. Somebody was sure to drop in, after a while, and drink a good-night cup with him.

Apparently there was some one whom Wicks especially looked for: the toddy had an extra dash of Jamaica rum in it, and the roasted apples, brown and juicy, bobbed up and down in the pitcher, as the rich, spicy liquid bubbled and frothed with the heat. Sim Wicks's apple-toddy was famous in Tarrytown. He stopped whistling now and then to listen, polishing the tumblers and stirring the toddy. But so sharp was the plash of the rain against the windows that the buggy dashed up unheard through the mud to Sharpley's door, and two muffled figures hurried in, out of the dark and wet, to the cheerful little bar-room and its zealous-mouthed spectators; and the first thing that roused him was the abrupt opening of the shop door, and Len Bedillion's face thrust over the counter with a loud "Hillo!"

"Hillo! Back a'ready, Mr. Bedleon?" Sim turned, spoon in hand, towards the frank, handsome face, framed by brown curly hair and beard, and wet with the rain.

"Yes. You're up late, Sim. The Judge has gone up to his room, to change his wet clothes, and I ran over to tell you we were home safely."

"And" — he hesitated — "and — all right, Mr. Bedleon, eh?"

"Surely, surely!" But Leonard's face clouded with the words. He knew well enough that every man and boy in the village knew that the next day or two would be a crisis in his life, and that they all felt a sort of tender sympathy for him, — he being, in a manner, a demigod amongst them. It annoyed him. He would have put his shoulder to the wheel to help Black Joe, the hostler, or Sim here, through the mire; but that Sim or Joe should want a helping finger in his trouble was a different affair.

Probably Sim caught his look; for he asked no further questions about the ride, but stooped, whistling, over the jug until his face was in a blaze.

"Yer room's well het, Mr. Bedleon; and I took up a pail of hot water, in case you'd like to soak yer feet. Nothin' like a soak for keepin' off a cold, — except grog," — pouring out a mugful of toddy, and holding it out over the counter.

If there had ever been anything racy in Sim Wicks's queer little figure and gossip for Len, his afternoon's talk to the town-bred stranger had dulled his taste for it. He listened with a forced smile.

"Many thanks, Wicks, — many thanks," with a somewhat lordly wave of the hand. "But I'll only take time to run a comb through my hair, and then back again. Sharpley has a neat little supper gotten up for us. And I've asked a half dozen of fellows I found there to join us. Atwater expressed a wish to meet some of the people, — taking them just as he found them. It's a new section of country to him; so I asked them to join us."

He stopped short, coloring. Wicks was a good, handy fellow, friend to everybody in Tarrytown, invaluable at weddings or funerals. Leonard had done like the rest, — made a half companion, half servant of him. But surely nobody would look for this! How could he ask Atwater to sit down with an ex-barber and cow-doctor? — for out of all of these depths had Wicks arisen. But if Sim was hurt, no hint of it ap-

peared in the red, round face smiling across the counter.

"So I'd best be off," said Len, pulling down his shirt-cuffs nervously. "It's a cursed bore. Though Atwater is a man who has seen the world. Great information,—immense resources. But he wants a central poise. He is a man without a theory of life,—without a theory." Then, remembering that Sim Wicks was his sole auditor, he coughed and stopped abruptly. "I'll go now. Don't sit up for me, Simeon."

"No. I'll leave the dead-latch down."

Bedillion wondered as he crossed the muddy street, the rain driving down his umbrella, why Wicks had not offered him the toddy again. Was it because he felt for his confusion, and would not add to it by forcing his own kindness upon him? Pish! Women might have fancies so delicate; but hardly cow-doctors, in Tarrytown.

Sim, barring the shutters, saw the jovial little party assembled in Sharp-ley's dining-room, through the window,—Len as host, at the head of the table, the black-coated stranger (whose clothes, even at this distance, revealed a new and marvellous cut to his eyes) at his right. Sim had nursed most of those fellows in their fall agues, off and on; he knew every crook and by-path in their sheepish love-affairs or shrewd bargains; it was no wonder if he should feel a bit solitary here, alone, his eyes fixed blankly vacant on Len's face. However, there were differences. Wicks understood them.

He began to whistle "Wind your horn" again, and, remembering that Peck would call for his watch in the morning, put it up in a paper box, the tune growing lively as a jig as he neatly tied the last knot of red tape, with his mouth pursed complacently. But after he had drawn off his green *wamus*, and shoes and socks, he sat a long time toasting his bare feet, and looking into the fire with serious gray eyes, while the glasses of untasted toddy grew cold behind him.

CHAPTER II.

JUDGE ATWATER, going to bed that night in Wicks's snug little chamber, smiled to himself quietly more than once. He had thoroughly enjoyed his journey out in the stage-coach across the mountains, and this odd primitive little hamlet in which it had terminated. His artist's eye had been gratified by novel and fine combinations in the hill-scenery; yet even more than that he relished the new "effects" in human nature which he already saw among these people.

The whole affair had the zest of an escapade from the somewhat stately routine of home; it brought up the free, racy flavor of the sketching tours which he and one or two Bohemians used to make on foot, before he was married. After all, there was a boyish relish in leaving wife and children quite out of the day's programme.

And the Judge looked quizzically at his shrewd, kindly face in the glass, before he laid aside the iron-gray scratch with which he covered the bald top of his head. He meant to make the best of his holiday. He only was sorry that the nature of his business would throw him so much in contact with the young college whelp who had driven him over. The Judge was a little sore under the infliction of a whole afternoon of Len's company. Poor Leonard, like most ungenerous boys fresh from college, was drunken with his new knowledge, and the glimpses which his youth gave him of a broader religion and politics than that taught in the schools. So, as they all are, he was ready to dribble out his opinions to the first comer with a vanity and gasconade disgusting enough.

"Raw wine! raw and muddy!" the Judge muttered, as some of Len's oracular sentences came back while he undressed and turned into the neat little bed. The fire-light flickering over the red calico counterpane brought to his mind just such a quilt, which used to be his boyish admiration. It was in the house of Len's grandfather, down on

the head-waters of Sloan Creek. For the Judge had been born in the backwoods, here; Leonard's father, Knapp Bedillion, and he had been school-boys and young men together. He remembered seeing Knapp once after his marriage, and his wife and son. But the boy's name was not Leonard,—how was that? There were two children then. Surely, when Knapp and his wife died, a few years later, he had heard that there were two children left orphans and penniless? Why was Len the only claimant under this will then? He must inquire into it in the morning; and with that the pattern of the red calico began to tangle itself into the matter, and he soon was asleep.

When the cold mountain air crept through the cracks of the window in the morning, the quiet about him surprised him wide awake. He got up and threw open the shutter. Instead of rumbling milk-carts, screaming fish-women, and muddy pink clouds in gaps of sky above solid blocks of brick houses, here was a great colorless space between him and heaven, in which there was nothing but the cold winds, and a tinge here and there of clean, pearly gray; off to the east, a nebulous white light behind the black mountain line; down the long valley to the mountains, a wavering sheet of mist, dyed violet, where it rose in ragged bits of vapor up the hillsides; far off, coming through the mist, the lowing of cows going off to pasture; the cheery sound of a farm-horn breaking the silence and dying out of it, frightened; close at hand the half-dozen village houses, sleepily wakening, cocks crowing, smoke creeping shivering away from the warm kitchen hearths off into the frosty air; but the dew still sparkling untouched on the cornfields about each house, and the dahlias and orange tiger-lilies in the gardens with their flowers still closed and hanging limp.

The Judge loitered near the window until the day was clear. He had not seen a sunrise (except in some of Hamilton's marine views) for years. It recalled some of the boyish days

in his life, which had begun for him with dawn, when he and Knapp Bedillion had risen with the first break of night to finish their day's work, and so have time for the ride with the girls to the apple-paring or quilting in the afternoon. It brought up Knapp more vividly to his mind than all the annoyance of this business had done, and made him determine that justice should be done to his sons, if it was in his power to obtain it. It was little enough, he felt, for him to resolve. The truth was, the Judge and Bedillion had sworn friendship at the age which, in Len, he now called crude and frothy; but when they separated, one man was shrewd and practical, the other visionary and a dyspeptic; as usual, the clock of the world was set back or forward apparently to suit the purposes of the one; it hurried the other through his useless, miserable hours, and made haste to ring his death-bell before he had reached the noon of his life. Atwater, when he heard that the children of his old crony were left beggars, had determined to help them; but they were out in the backwoods; every day and hour was crowded with work for him; the matter had easily escaped him.

There was an old Scotch pedler,—Kearns by name, "Beeswax Jim" by nickname,—who had gone up and down the country since the memory of man began with his wagon and horse; himself dirtier, yellower, and older than any part of the concern,—a silent, miserly old boor, with neither kinsfolk nor friends,—putting out a claim to humanity, however, when he died, in an odd morbid gratitude which he had cherished to the memory of Knapp Bedillion.

"What he done for me," he told Squire Barker, "concerns nobody. But I was a man, and he treated me as such. I don't forget. More than money stuck to 'Beeswax'; every good or ill word I got, I held on to. His children shall not be kept on charity long, it's my resolve."

The pedler had invested his savings

in a little farm on the outskirts of the village. It grew in value. Now when Leonard was of age, and ready to enter into possession, it was of sufficient value to give him a place among the heaviest landholders in the county. Atwater, who had been made executor, had made the matter a pretext for his first visit to his old home. Bedillion yesterday had hinted at some obstacle in the way to his obtaining possession of the property, which he would explain to the Judge to-morrow.

While the old gentleman was yet busied with nail-brush and towels, there was a tap at the door, and Len came in, with his smiling morning face and outstretched hand. He had his salutation ready to cover his uneasiness; it would not do to suffer the Judge to suspect him of loutish diffidence. "Shakespeare himself could not wish you 'fairer good-morrow,' " seating himself easily on a trunk near the open window. "I thought I would call in and have a few words on business while the morning air cleared our brains."

"Unmannerly cub!" thought the Judge, thrusting his spectacles on his nose. "Go on, Leonard. I am willing to serve your father's son as far as I can."

Len, whose breeding had furnished him with no reasons to suspect that any man should court privacy while only dressed in trousers and shirt, crossed his legs with careless grace, and curled the end of his mustache.

"We have a beautiful Nature here, sir?"

"Did you get up at this hour in the morning to talk to me about Nature, eh?" said the old man, viciously tugging at his shirt-collar. "Has that town cant come out here? Young people read Byron and Tennyson, and prate about Nature, when they can't tell a hemlock from a horse-chestnut, and don't care a curse whether a spider runs or flies, — which does it, eh?"

"I don't know," said Bedillion with a mild look of amazement.

"Let Nature alone. Never boast

of the friendship of people whom you don't know by sight. Listen, Bedillion. I'll start fair with you. I'll give you advice when you need it. You're your father's son, or I would not take the trouble. Turn your back on poetry. There is not a sign of the poet in an angle of your face or head; you are only poetical. There's not an atom of the hero in your nature, yet you can just understand when a man has made a ten-strike in the world. You have not a minute to lose; you'll have to fight yourself, till your death, to make a useful, practical man of yourself, or you will spend your days pining and whimpering for what you never will be. Now, to business," buckling his suspenders tighter.

Len did not reply. He bit his lower lip until the blood came. He had not time to find the old man rude or coarse, — first came the fear that his words were true. They put some old suspicions of his own into shape. There is no college boy who does not hope to be a something in the world.

"Perhaps you are right," he said, getting up irresolutely and trying to laugh. "You were my father's friend, and have a right to speak plainly. If a man is a shallow-brained fool, the sooner he knows it the better."

"Not so bad as that. Not so bad," half shutting his protruding eyes to see better. "There's better stuff in you than I thought, or you would not have answered in that fashion. Better stuff. We'll know each other better by and by," prancing from trunk to looking-glass uneasily in his bald head and shirt-sleeves, pushing the spectacles up and down. He began to think that, if he had had his wig on his head and breakfast in his stomach, he would not have been so sharp with the boy.

"But to business," brushing the scratch as he held it up on his left fist. "What do you mean to make of yourself? I'd like to give you a push if I could. And I've got influence, — influence. But first, how does it come that you are the only claimant for old Kearns's property. You had a brother."

At the word a curious change came over the young fellow, and Atwater, on whom nothing was lost, saw how the conceit suddenly dropped off, and how keen and eager his face grew with some fine emotion in it which he could not understand.

"I have a brother. Older than I am. George."

"How? eh? Why don't he enter a claim, then?"

"It is a long story," his face growing hot and cold with excitement. "Have you time to hear it now?"

"Yes. I'll hear it now." Thinking that when it was told he would know all that was in this fellow. He had touched the pith, somehow, now.

"When my father died, we were literally beggars, you know?"

The Judge growled assent.

"I was raised by charity. Old Joe Blenkers, God bless him, gave me my bite and sup until I was ten years old. I learned to plough and fodder stock with his own boys. George had better luck. He was a clear-eyed, curly-haired little fellow. A Spanish merchant from New Orleans happened to see him and adopted him. I have never seen him since."

Leonard's eyes grew bigger and fuller of meaning. The boy might be weak-brained, but the words brother, friend, enemy, would import much to him, Atwater saw.

"Adopted child,—nobody's child. What did the Spaniard make of him?"

"A gentleman," raising his head and looking out of the window. "I think my brother George must be different from any man I have known or read of. More of a man."

"How's that?" sharply looking up from the boot he was drawing on. "That is a girl's fancy. You have never seen him, you say."

"No; nor do I want to see him yet. I must make something of myself first. I tell you, sir,"—vehemently, getting up and coming towards the old man,— "I have had nothing to look forward to in life but the meeting with George,— nothing to hope for or to give me a

motive for struggling to be other than the boors about me. I *have* struggled, I've studied hard. But since I was a boy I never learned a lesson, or tried to catch a hint about manners or dress, that it was not with the hope of making myself a man of whom he would not be ashamed when we met. God knows how it will be when he sees me," looking down, resting his hands on his knees.

"Tut! tut! Well, barring a little conceit— Judicious advice would help you most. I'm willing to do my share. But how had you the chance for study and college, eh? Blenkers's boys are farmers, you told me."

Bedillion's face glowed. "I thought I had told you. Through George. When I was ten years old Squire Barker began to receive sums of money for my use from my brother; trifling at first, but enough even then to buy me books. I studied at night. Afterwards they increased in amount. They have been enough for five years to clothe and board me, and enable me to go down to Jefferson College in the winter sessions. If I ever am a man, I shall owe it to him."

The Judge's curiosity was roused. "Where is your brother now? When are you to go to him?"

Leonard's face clouded. "I don't complain. He does not know how I have thought of him all my life, or perhaps I would know more. The letters have always been postmarked at New Orleans; they contain very few words, written in a constrained manner and hand, as if by a person unfamiliar with the language. He has deferred coming to see me from year to year. But he has his reasons, doubtless,"—with a half-defiant air.

"Yes," with a puzzled look. "That is all you know?"

"I know," with some heat, "that George is a man of curious refinement and tenderness. I see it in every word or act of his. There have been other gifts than money,—books, new music, little articles of *vertu*, engravings,— such things as never find their way

here, and would be of little purpose if they did. But the selection betrays a critical taste skilled and delicate. I know, too," his voice falling, "I am nearer to George than any other living man. His few words tell me that."

"Well, well!" said the Judge, putting a finishing stroke to the bow of his cravat. "I am glad you have a brother of whom you can be so justly proud, Leonard."

Bedillion colored high with pleasure. "I am glad. It has saved me the trouble of making an ideal model of a man, as other young fellows do. Mine was given to me."

"But Kearns's property?"

Leonard stood up, a sort of triumph dilating his figure. "You will understand what George is, when I tell you that on last Christmas he sent me a release, properly signed and witnessed, of his share of the estate."

"I understand," coolly, "that he either has no need of money, or is a fool to part with it until he knows into whose hands it will fall."

"Men define folly differently," haughtily. "My brother is a pure man, in a pure social atmosphere, I fancy. He has judged me on his own level."

Judge Atwater stared, and then laughed, clapping Len on the shoulder. "Save me from the silly innocence of youth," he said; to which Bedillion made no reply.

"To breakfast now. This mountain air has set my very teeth on edge. How do these people bring in a steak? Fried, I'll warrant."

"I ought to have told you," stammered Leonard, "that Barker fears some want of legal technicality in the transfer, which will render it void. That was the point I spoke of yesterday."

"Oho!" stopping short. Now the Judge, in his secret soul, believed this brother who flung fortunes into Christmas boxes, and for whom Bedillion cherished a reverence like that of a Catholic woman for the Virgin, was no better nor worse than a New Orleans

"leg," who was about to play some sharp game on poor Len. "But he will scarcely blind Phil Atwater's eyes," he mumbled.

"Where is the transfer?"

"In the safe below, belonging to the silversmith. I have it there for safety."

"Very right. I'll look at it, after breakfast."

They turned again to go, when the old man, passing the window, glanced down into the yard, and stopped with a quick "Eh?" of surprise. "Who's that? Belong to the village?"

Len's face grew scarlet. He put his hand up to his mustache uneasily.

"Oho!" said the Judge again, with a different tone.

"She belongs to the village," said Bedillion with needless gravity. "She is the orphan daughter of old Barr the carpenter. She lives in the little house next to this, and supports herself and her brother by dyeing faded stuffs, — women's wear. That is her brother with her. There's nothing classical in her face, I think," — hesitating, with a look of alarm at the Judge's admiration.

"Classic! Pshaw! But it's a face a man would like to see at his breakfast-table every day," jogging Bedillion in the ribs.

"Classic! What a prig the fellow is!" said the old man, as he went carefully down the shaking wooden stairs. "The girl is too good for him. Such quiet and comfort in her face!"

Len had left him to go over to breakfast alone; something in the last few words had discomposed him; he had turned into his own room, and shut himself up.

The Judge stumbled by mistake into Sim Wicks's triangular little shop; and when he was once in, he shut the door behind him, and took off his hat, with his old-fashioned bow, smiling queerly.

The morning sunshine came in all over the white, cheery little room, and the tray on the counter of tools and silver wire where Sim had been at work; there was a red fire in the grate,

the jolliest for its size ever made; the frosty October wind blew the smell of the garden herbs, sage and sweet-marjoram, in at the window, and shook the purple and crimson morning-glories vining all about the sill. There was a little table near the fire, with a white cloth and dark blue delft cups and plates on it. Hetty Barr was placing a coffee-pot and rasher on it, and Sim Wicks stood by, looking on.

"Upon my soul," said the Judge, "I've not seen so heartsome a place since I was a boy. My landlord, hah? Mr. Wicks?"

For Atwater was a ward politician, and never forgot a name. While he shook hands with Sim, his protruding eyes took in all the room, especially Hetty, with her blue gingham dress, and soft brown hair tucked up under a black ribbon.

"My landlord, eh?" and then the eyes made a focus of Sim's face with an odd, startled look. "*Wicks?* Mrs. Wicks?"

"I am only a neighbor," said little Het, seeing how strangely Sim stood staring at the carpet, and boorishly silent. "I help Sim with his cooking a bit," blushing, and putting down a plate as if it burned her.

"Don't tempt me nearer the coffee by telling me that you made it, little girl. The smell alone is too much for a breakfastless man." The Judge's face lost its smile as it turned from Hetty to Sim, and gathered again an obvious bewilderment. "Yonder lies my way to the tavern?"

"Unless you will come nearer and try Hester's cookery? You don't look rugged for as sized a man as you are; mebbe it 'ud be as will not to face the hill fogs so early in the mornin'." The little ex-barber was himself again. He came up to the Judge with the ugly friendly face and uneasy finical manner that made him the butt as well as the favorite of Tarrytown. He stood holding by one hand on the back of a chair, while he balanced himself, heel and toe, sopping the top of his bald head with a red bandanna handkerchief as

he spoke, an honest, sincere smile brightening the mawkish insignificant features.

Atwater acted oddly for a man invited to share another's meal. He put on his spectacles, and looked fixedly at him. The truth was, he thought he had a clew to this man's former life, and that he was a cursed humbug. It might suit the fellow's purposes to pass himself off simply as an honest mechanic in this out-of-the-way corner of the world; but he knew him otherwise. He was determined that justice should be done. He would grapple with him at once.

"Wicks," he said, "did you ever chance to know a man named Billy Furness? You bear a strong resemblance to him,—a curious resemblance."

The color went out of the little man's face, leaving the sandy eyebrows more strongly marked, and the upturned nose pinched at the nostrils. He put up his hand, began to speak once or twice, but the words choked in his throat.

The Judge's lips moved, uttering some word, and Sim's eyes fell. The whole man seemed to wilt and shrink. If ever conscious guilt stamped itself on every line of a figure and face, it did upon the figure and face of the little silversmith. He muttered, "Give me time," without lifting his eyes from the floor; and the Judge nodded.

All of this by-play had occupied but a minute.

"Yes, I will eat with you," said the old man, after a moment's pause, affecting a sudden heartiness of manner.

Hetty, who had seen none of the by-play, flushed. Judge Atwater was the lion of Tarrytown; this little matter would confer distinction on her friend Sim.

So much distinction, that Leonard Bedillion stood aghast when he entered the door five minutes later and saw the Judge and Wicks sitting opposite each other, drinking the hot coffee apparently at ease, while Hetty Barr bustled in from the spring-house to the table, in a

pretty motherly way she had, bringing crisper biscuit or additional pats of yellow butter. Somehow one never thought of little Het as a girl, but always as a young mother with a baby in her arms.

Len sat down by the fire, a little cowed, remembering last night. Yet he thought Sim, under all his attempted carelessness, looked ill and pale.

"A new-laid egg now is somethin' you ken't buy for money in town," he said, and forthwith was off to the stable, and in a minute a couple of milk-white balls were put in the hot water, with the color faintly showing through them.

So the breakfast went on. Once, when the door made a noise, slamming in the wind, Len thought he overheard the Judge say sternly, swearing a great oath.

"By —, you bear it off well."

"What can I do?" muttered Wicks, his lips colorless.

After that he sat crumbling his bread, laughing shrilly at the Judge's jokes to Leonard and Hetty.

But they might have seen a pitiful eagerness in his watchful eyes, and a curious fine pain under all his ludicrous fantastic grimaces, when he looked at them as if he feared some gulf which the next hour might open between himself and them. They might have seen it, if they had cared to watch him. But Leonard and the girl, as the old man noted, were miserably conscious of each other's presence, growing cold when the air stirred between them, as if it had brought their flesh in contact. It hindered them from remarking the close scrutiny which, through all the joking and eating, the Judge never lifted from the little man opposite to him, sipping his coffee with shaking fingers. He scanned the squat, solid figure, from the ragged edging of red hair and whisker, to the suit of fresh-looking, snuff-colored clothes. The fantastic liftings of the eyebrow and gestures which Sim made when speaking, the drawling country accent, the old-fashioned earnest honesty in his round glassy eyes, moved Atwater's wonder

as an exquisite bit of acting might do. He could restrain it no longer.

"How long have you lived in Tarrytown, Mr. Wicks?" he said at last, with an amused smile.

"Ten years come next sheep-shearing. I travelled round considerable before that, cow-doctoring."

"Outside of this watch business, what occupation can *you* find here?" with the same significant twinkle.

Len laughed patronizingly. "Our friend Sim is the most useful personage in Tarrytown, Judge. He orders all weddings, funerals, or picnics; he is adviser-general; he hears all love-affairs and disputes about pig-trespasses; and he keeps a register of the births and deaths in the village since the time of Jacob Beeabout, eighty years ago, to Polly Aikens's boy, who was born last week."

"It's toler'ble accurate, I guess, that register," said Sim, gravely. "Only it was Jacob Beebout was the first settler, Leonard. Droppin' the *a*."

"Wicks is a precise antiquarian in names," replied Len, with an annoyed laugh. "He docks my name of a syllable."

The Judge turned sharply to Sim, who reddened with a surly frown.

"I've a prej'dice in favor of 'Bed-leon.' It's the old way, — yer father's. You kin alter it ef you choose, Mr. Leonard. There's none called by it but you."

"Except the head of the family, George. That poor fellow has a head full of hobbies," he said, as Sim hurried out into the garden to close the gate after Hetty, who had gone out.

"Yes, — hobbies."

"An ignorant fellow, but well meaning. The people here are strangely attached to him," — intending to humor this whim of Atwater's about the silversmith.

Sim coming in at the moment, he asked him for his safe-key. "I put a paper there lately, Wicks."

While Leonard turned to open the safe, Sim, keeping a troubled eye on him, sidled up close to the Judge. "I

must see you alone," he said, in a piping whisper. "I have not been safe these twenty years to bear findin' out now quietly. I —"

"Your secret is safe for to-day. But it is my business to see that justice is done."

They had time for nothing more. Len turned with the paper, and he and the Judge bustled out. What with their shiny black clothes, and the old man's portentous chain and seals, and Len's easy swagger and cheap perfume, they seemed quite to absorb the air when they were in the room, and to leave it vacant when they went out, with only Sim gathered up into the corner by the fireplace, looking as limp and imbecile as a child's rag-doll. Leonard, glancing back at him, nodded kindly. It flashed on him how paltry and meagre the little silversmith's aims and life were, compared with his own, rounded and impelled as he felt them to be by education and heroic impulses. Then, as he walked with the Judge down the village street in the brilliant early sunshine, he forgot poor Sim in thinking how, when this money and firm footing were assured to him, he would show to these poor villagers what a truly noble life was, — how fixed in purpose and generous in extent. The soft, straightforward, brown eyes of little Hetty Barr rose before him then, and made his blood tingle hotly. They walked out into a quiet field where there was nothing to disturb them, except a few red and brown sleepy cows wading through a pool below, or standing knee-deep in the uncut grass; and then Atwater suddenly jerked out the paper. Leonard watched him eagerly.

"Well, sir?"

"It is illegal, owing to the ignorance of the conveyancer who drew it with our State forms. It has been done in Louisiana. Your brother must attest it, and put his name here," pointing to a place in the paper.

"It will involve a long delay?" said Leonard, vexed.

"Perhaps. He makes over the whole property? No reservation?" glancing over it, hastily.

"None."

"Well, well. Leave the paper with me. I'll look it over again, and see if nothing can be done. I will take a saunter down the Race now. I remember it when I was a boy, and I'd like to stretch my legs a bit."

Bedillion, understanding himself dismissed, bowed, coloring a little. The boy had not meant to be intrusive, and resented the snubbing, boy-like.

"And, Bedleone, Bedillicon, — how do you call yourself? — send that fellow, Wicks, down here to me, when you go back. I want a word or two with him."

The old man, after Len's retreat, improvised a line and hook, dug for worms, and fished for minnows quietly, until he heard the queer, jerking step of the little silversmith coming up behind him. Then he thrust the hook and line in his trousers-pocket, washed his fingers clear of bait, and, turning, bowed to him gravely.

The little brown-coated man, standing on the edge of the creek, with his hands clasped behind him, balancing himself in his usual fashion on his heels and toes, roused the look of curious wonder on the Judge's face again. He drew out the deed which Leonard had just given to him, and unfolded it, still peering at Wicks from under his glasses as he did so.

"You've played out this farce as a good actor, Mr. Bedleone," he said. "I never knew a cleverer stroke of work, unless it was the finding of it out," with a chuckle.

Sim was in no mood for chuckling; the gray, glassy eyes flashed. "You've found out my secret. What are ye goin' to do with it?"

"I'll tell you, — I'll tell you. Patience. You never saw your uncle, old Billy Furness? That was my first clew. Billy and I ran together as boys, — and a stirring team we were! When I saw you, there 's Furness's ghost or his bastard, thinks I. Then it come on me like a flash! Here was young Bedleone's Spanish hero under his nose, blacking his boots for him. I never turned up such a joke in my life. Never. I've a

rod in pickle for the young cub that will make his back smart."

"You mean by that, that you will tell him that I am his brother?"

Something in the tone made Atwater lower the paper and turn his round, big eyes on Sim. It was that of a hurt animal or woman.

Neither spoke for a moment. The old man's face dropped its grin, and grew grave and earnest. Sim put out his big, freckled hand deprecatingly.

"It 's allays been bitter to me to think that the worst news I could tell Leonard was that I was his kin, — most of all, the brother he sets such store by. He 's got sech a picter made out of George, and he 's struv fur years to be like it. Now, to find it 's nothin' but old Sim! I 've done all I could to better myself, for fear it 'ud be found out. I quit barberin' and cow-doctorin'. But there 's some things as ain't in me. Only I 'm fond of Leonard, and — and one or two more."

"Is it possible that you do not see the difference between yourself and that boy yonder, Mr. Bedleon?"

"Yes. I allays seen it. It was that started me on keepin' hid."

"What could have induced you to keep up such a deception?"

"It was part by accident. I did n't mean to do it; lies is like a hornet's nest, — when you let one slip, there 's no knowin' how many 'll foller it. It was this way it begun. You see, Mr. Leroux kerried me as fur as the Mon'gahela with his plan of adoptin' me; but by that time, I s'pose my temper showed itself, or some'at, for he got rid of me at a toll-house-keeper's, named Streed. I grow'd up there into a big lout of a boy, farmin' and the like, and then I made my way to Tarrytown to hunt out Len; for he 'd been in my mind all the time. He was all I hed to keer for, you see. I had tight papers of it at Streed's. Well, I took a different name, so 's to surprise the boy, an' then I found out how his heart was set on this rich brother down in Orleans. There was a fellow I knew, Joe Jordan, on the Mon'gahela, who 'd gone down to Or-

leans as raftsmen, meanin' to stay; so it occurred to me to send some money I 'd saved, and hev' it sent back to Len from ther'. When it delighted the boy so, I hed n't the heart to say differently at fust; so it went on from one thing to another, till it 's got to be what it has. The books and bits of marble, you understand, Joe got a friend of his to choose down ther'. Some of them Len never showed me, an' them he did seemed triflin' things to me. But they pleased him."

"You have sent him a great deal of money?"

"Putting one time with another, yes. But I 'm tough, and work does me good."

"And this?" tapping the deed with his finger, and coming a step nearer to hear better. "This is a fortune, according to the way things go out here."

The silversmith grew uneasy, pulled nervously at his ragged red beard. "It does seem a lot. But I give it to Len with good will, God knows. Ef Kearns, who was a miserly old pedler, left it to us for a good turn my father did him, why should n't I give it to my brother?"

The old man looked meaningly at the younger one. "But have you no plans for yourself? Most men at your time of life look forward to a house of their own, a wife, children. You give up the chance of much solid comfort, if these things should ever be yours, with this money."

"I know that."

He stood with his hands clasped behind him, looking down into the edge of the water lapping the shore. The unshapely hands trembled, hold them tightly as he would; and the small, insignificant features grew stern and set with pain. Looking up at last, and forcing a smile, he said: "Let that pass. I 'll never have wife or child of my own. Len will have them with the rest. If that had been different, — if I had been able to marry, — it would hev been the same about this money. He 's got wants and tastes I don't keer for; I 've been responsible for that in a measure."

His bringin' up suits money; mine don't. But there's another reason now why I 'll give it. Ef he had it, he 'd ask the girl he loves to marry him, and they would be happy together. I 'd like them to owe that to me, — unbeknownst."

"That can hardly be," turning his eyes from Sim's face to the paper. "The wording of Kearns's will will force you to attest this instrument in Pennsylvania, this State. If you insist upon your gift, it will be impossible to make the transfer and keep your secret. I want you to take to-day to consider the matter."

"That is not needed," in his slow, monotonous way. "The money must go to Leonard, cost what it will. Mebbe the boy 'll not resent it on me; though he 'd rather keep the brother he 's fancied than hev ten times the money I kin give. But he must marry. *Len* must hev wife and children of his own."

"I intended," said the Judge, folding up the paper and returning it to his pocket, "to tell the fellow the truth this evening. Barker, your squire, has asked us there to supper; and there will be your leading men there too, as I suppose you call them. I mean to clear up the matter there. Stop! it's my business, Bedleone, to see justice done to both of your father's sons, and justice don't lie altogether in the dividing of money. But I want you to consider the matter over, as I said; and if you persist in it, let me know your decision before dark."

"S ye please, Judge. There's a chore to be done in the matter yet. But, day or nightfall, my mind 's made up."

"I 'll stop before I go to Barker's with the deed. Take your time. I—I wish you saw Bedillion with my eyes."

But Sim had turned hastily away.

COMIC JOURNALISM.

I TAKE it to be a matter generally admitted by all who have tried on the mask of comic journalism, that it is no velvet one, but rather suggestive than otherwise of that iron visor behind which a certain mysterious character in history was compelled, for so many years, to put the best face he could upon circumstances. Great assiduity is a thing almost incompatible with humorous writing. The strain of always trying to be witty and epigrammatic on the surface, without losing grasp for a moment of the weightier considerations involved, is one against which few minds could contend successfully for long, continuous periods; and hence the desultory mode of working so generally characteristic of writers who make a specialty of this kind of literature. Contributors to comic papers may be divid-

ed into two classes, — the brilliant ones, and the reliable ones; and it is very rare to find in one person a combination of the characteristics belonging to these respectively. Of all the writers with whom I have travelled, from time to time, along the highways and by-ways of comic literature, I have known but two or three really sparkling ones whose aid could be relied upon, to a certainty, for any given day or week. The electric sparks thrown out by some of them, when in full glow, seemed to fall back upon them in ashes, and smother their too sudden fires. A thorough Bohemian, for the most part, is the very brilliant contributor, — a bird difficult to catch and not always available when caught, seeing that, in nine cases out of ten, his habits are no more under his control than his moods. And herein

lies one of the chief impediments to making a real success of a comic periodical. The reliable contributor, whose principal value lies in his punctuality, is usually what may be termed an even writer, seldom rising to the pitch of brilliancy, nor often sinking below the level of respectable burlesque; so that, however valuable he may be as a "stand-by," he is unequal, at his very best, to establishing an unmistakable *prestige* for the paper that takes him for better or for worse, — whichever of the two it may be. Were it only possible to treat these two types of contributors as the juggler does a couple of rabbits, — roll them both into one, and then divide them by dozens, — the thing would be complete. Then might the editor of the comic paper not always remind one of the famous "down-town" merchant described in the advertising columns of the serious journals as the hero of "many sleepless nights," and the expectant watcher of the times might reasonably hope for the coming of a successful American "Punch," — a thing so long *in petto* that it ought to be very good when it comes at last.

It has been frequently suggested, that the most feasible plan for the permanent establishment of a comic paper would be to engage all the world as leading contributor to it, and, if possible, all the world's wife and interesting family as well. There is a certain fascinating massiveness in this idea, it must be admitted; but, — as the writer of one of a bushel of old letters now before me says, in reference to a prolix conundrum offered by him, — "Will it wash?" To this I reply, without hesitation, that it will not. There is no doubt that useful suggestions are sometimes forwarded to editors of comic papers from the outside world, but experience compels me to state that the hints for squibs, caricatures, and articles generally, whether political or social in their bearing, thus tendered, are, in the great majority of cases, utterly worthless and impracticable. I have somewhere read or heard of a story told by the late John Leech, who used to be

occasionally favored with such hints from anonymous sources, and who once had a communication from a person desirous to map out his idea for a scorching political cartoon. The leading object in the picture was to be a railway train coming along at a smashing pace, freighted with certain political characters, and the artist was to draw another train rushing from the opposite direction, but (now mark you this well) not yet in sight! I will venture to assert that every person who has essayed the task of editing a comic paper has been pelted, from all quarters of the country, with scores, nay, hundreds, of suggestions equally impracticable with the above. Among the curiosities of this branch of literature which I received in other times and retained for future reference, many are of a strictly esoteric and personal character. "A Borderer" — particular servage of civilization to which he belongs not decipherable on postmark — writes to say that it would be a good thing to extinguish the postmaster of his place, and, to further the abolition of that unhappy provincial, he encloses ten cents, with a copy of verses in which impeachment for having "robbed a trunk" is felicitously set to music by means of rhyme with the disagreeable epithet "skunk." Another person, apparently writing from a place of detention for adults of weak intellects, forwards a number of anagrams, — one upon the name of Florence Nightingale, and another upon that of General Lafayette. The same writer suggests a host of distinguished persons upon whose names the editor would do well to immolate himself anagrammatically. Kossuth figures among these, as likewise does a local citizen whose name is given as Pericles W. Beazley, and who, according to the suggester, is a personage so filling to the eyes of the world that a favorable twist upon his name would at least double the circulation of the paper in which it might appear. A poetical contributor favors the editor with a parody upon Hood's "Song of the Shirt," feelingly wrought out with a view of influencing

the market-value of a particular sewing-machine, the name of the patentee of which is ingeniously stitched into the wonderful stuff. This troubadour modestly states that he does not look for any pecuniary recompense for his contribution, but he requests that it may be printed with his name to it, in full, and that twenty-four copies of the paper containing it may be forwarded to his address. Another bard sends in a little poem not devoid of merit, although by no means adapted for the requirements of a comic paper. It has an old, familiar air about it, and consultation with sage pundits reveals the fact that it originally appeared in a volume of poems published by a lady about seventy years ago. To secure copyright upon it, as well as to display his acquirements as a linguist, the sender has put the refrain of the song — English in the original — into the French tongue. Wholesale piracy of this kind is very commonly resorted to by persons aspiring to be contributors. Ideas for social caricatures come in, copied, almost literally, from pictures to be found in old volumes of "Punch" and other humorous periodicals, so that it is necessary for the editor to be pretty thoroughly acquainted with what has been done in that branch of literature during past years. I can point out, in volumes that now lie upon my table, sundry scraps — sometimes of prose, but oftener of verse — which were frauds upon the editor, being slight variations of productions that had long previously appeared elsewhere as the work of writers more or less known to fame. One of our correspondents is apparently a well-brought-up young man, who disdains the idea of saying the thing that is not. He sends a packet containing fifteen "poems" in manuscript, all of which, he virtuously avows, have already appeared in the columns of the "Granite Playmate," or a paper exulting in some such name. He has rewritten them, he says, and thinks they would make a great hit if published with illustrative wood-cuts by the artist who does the grotesque head-

pieces "with such charming fancy." Then there is the lady correspondent from the fashionable watering-places, who begins her letter coaxingly with "Dear Sir, — You who are supposed to know everything," &c., &c., and encloses a diagram for an elaborate caricature of a flirtation going on between the married Major A — and the Misses B — and C —, who are scandalizing the chaste bathers on the beach with their "goings-on." To secure attention, her ladyship also sends *carte-de-visite* likenesses of the obnoxious parties, with a request that the artist will be very true to them. A common and very terrible type of the aspiring contributor is the one who forwards by express a great roll of manuscript written upon law paper, which, on being opened, conveys the impression of a five-act tragedy, but proves to be nothing worse than a serial tale of village life, couched in the kind of disrupted English usually attributed to Pennsylvanian Dutchmen. Collateral to this person is the lady who sends in a batch of anecdotes about the negroes on her husband's plantation, all the funny bits of which have circulated for a quarter of a century among the artists in "burnt cork." But it would occupy more space than I may appropriate for this article, to dilate upon the variety of distant correspondents who seem to fancy that the fate of the comic paper addressed is absolutely dependent upon the acceptance of their contributions.

More difficult to deal with than these are the aspirants who call in person to see the editor, and bring their "fire-works" with them. Enter to that arbiter, for instance, an "awful swell," who has written a satire in seven cantos, and wants to read it now, at a sitting. He does not require compensation for his work, which he originally intended to publish in pamphlet form, but would rather see it "set in the coronet of your brilliant and admirable paper." The editor politely shirks the reading, but begs that the manuscript may be left for his perusal. On dipping into it in the still watches of the

ensuing night, and discovering its utter worthlessness, he returns it next morning, by mail, to the writer, — "with thanks." In a week or so, enter once more the slashing satirist, irate, yet triumphant, for he has called to crush the editor by informing him how the rejected manuscript had since been received with roars of laughter and applause at "the club," before which august corporation it had been duly read and acted by the author of its being. The crushed editor subsides, of course; but, before he has half recovered his usual serenity of mind, a sail appears upon the threshold, a splendid three-decker in silk and *guipure*, followed in her fluted wake by a bark of lighter tonnage, — a tender, in fact, if, to sustain the nautical metaphor, I may so term her. The stately craft introduces herself with a little speech, thickly studded with handsome compliments to the paper, "a subscriber to which," she says, "she has been from the first, — would not be without it for the world," — and a good deal more blandishment of the same electrotyped stamp. Now she presents the younger lady, who is her niece, and has developed a specialty for inventing funny things, examples of which she has brought with her in an enamelled portfolio. The fair young humorist is really pretty. Sweet as nitro-glycerine is she, but fraught with danger, like that agent, and ready to make havoc of the stony editorial heart. "Has she designs?" inquires the editor, with a desperate attempt to be witty in the face of danger. She has brought a few with her, — fancies of the comic Valentine sort, consisting of groups of flowers very nicely painted on Bristol-board, with the petals converted by dots and dashes into grotesque human faces. But the point of each joke is dependent upon the color of the particular flower, the lines under one of vivid ultramarine hue, for instance, running thus: —

"Why lookest thou so blue, to-day?"
 'O, I slept, last night, in the dew,
 And the wind blew all my hair away,
 And therefore I look blew!"

Herein the editor discerns a famous opening for escape, of which he is not slow to avail himself. He goes through the whole collection, thoughtfully, passing lavish encomiums upon the wit, the fancy, the eccentricity, the ingenuity, and the many other subtle elements discerned by him in each conceit. "But they can be of no use to us, you know. We don't print our paper in colors, and more's the pity, since it debars us from making use of such charming original ideas as these. Chromo-lithography, my dear young lady, — if you will allow me to say so much, — is yet in its infancy; but there's a good time coming, and we may be happy yet." And, having thus disposed of the matter, the editor recommends his fair visitant to try her luck with an eminent manufacturer of toy-books, to whom he gives her a line of introduction written upon the perfumed official note-paper.

The fact is, that at no one time, nor in any country, do there ever exist more than a very few writers and artists capable of stamping a comic paper with wit and humor of the sharpest, and yet most refined quality. Thackeray, Gilbert à Beckett, Douglas Jerrold, and others whom it would be needless to name here, have not been equalled by later members of the "Punch" staff, — neither has John Leech's place been yet acceptably filled. Of artists, more especially, the remark made is true. I have at hand a letter received years ago from a humorous *littérateur*, then of much mark in the London circles, and of yet more promise, but who has since passed away. Speaking of the difficulty of establishing a good comic paper, even in London, he said: "*Comic* power is the thing wanted. Of artists — considered as artists — we have a terrible surplus; but humor is a much rarer commodity." What was true in this respect a dozen years ago is no less so now. There are not, at the present time, in England, six artists gifted with humor in the highest degree; nor does France appear to be a whit more productive of the genuine

material. Social caricatures, or, rather, views of real life and character seen through the medium of an eccentric fancy, are the very spinal column of a humorous paper, which in these days, it may be assumed, would be nothing if not illustrated. But something more than humorous fancy is necessary to absolute success. In the texture of a first-rate comic artist, dramatic power is not to be dispensed with. His faculty of observation must be acute and untiring, and he must be able to seize upon incidents and situations as they pass before him, and out of these to construct, without undue exaggeration, scenes of the sparkling comedy sort, with epigrammatic legends attached to them to give the point of the story. Then, in addition to this, he must have a falcon eye for the subtleties of individual character, and the power of expressing this upon the boxwood block with the same freedom and dash with which he would throw off a pen-and-ink sketch upon paper. Execution has been a great snare to most artists engaged upon the best comic papers that have run their brief and checkered careers in this country, mere prettiness of drawing being too often looked upon as compensation for poverty of idea in the design. The kind of humor generally characterized as American, and of which "Artemus Ward" must be considered as the most successful exponent at the present time, is not of a quality practicable for the pencil; neither is it, whatever its originality and greatness, fitted, in any sense, to be the staple of a comic journal. A spice of it is a capital thing to have, though, and such, it seems, is the opinion to-day of the heads that inspire the "London Charivari."

Taking it altogether, the pictorial department of a comic paper is the most difficult one with which the editor has to deal. The "cartoon," or large illustration embodying some leading topic of the day, is a feature now considered indispensable to a publication of the kind. Those who have not tried can hardly imagine the difficulty

of hitting on, at certain times, a smart idea for this hebdomadal clincher of current events. A "congress of heads" is the only means by which the thing can be managed with certainty and success. It is at the weekly dinner of "Punch" that the important matter of the cartoon is discussed and decided upon; and few will be so uncandid as to deny that good cheer is an efficient prompter of wit. But comic papers have, ere now, been driven over stony roads, without ever a chance of pulling up to seek for inspiration at the festive board. Midsummer is usually a dreary time for the few brains that are left to invent the mirthful cartoon. Nobody, who can help it, remains in town during the dog-days. The suggestive contributor—and an invaluable functionary is he—is fishing for trout and blaspheming black-flies by the margin of some highland stream. The brilliant paragraphist is usually too much straitened, financially, to fly to the rural districts, but his town engagements with Bacchus, Silenus, and Company are of a pressing and imperative kind, and he cannot be relied upon in the hour of need. Under these circumstances feebler spirits have to be conferred with; but the brunt of the situation has generally to be borne by the editor, at last.

The effects of comic journalism upon the editorial mind offer a nice little subject for analysis and dissection. I was acquainted with one who had had experiences in the conduct of such vehicles for pleasantry as those under notice, and he used to relate harrowing things about the visions that disturbed his slumbers on the nights preceding the days for "making up." Box-wood had become a deadly upas for him. What the red-cedar is to the moth, what the black-ash is said to be to the rattlesnake, such was the yellow-box to him. His dreams were horrible illustrations of demon life and character, drawn upon box. His phantasm would loom up as a stupendous funereal pile, composed of layers of box-wood blocks, of all sizes, from the large

ones used for cartoons to the smallest, upon which initial fancies are usually cut. These were pencilled all over with grotesque figures of things hideous beyond human conception; and the originals of the portraits were there, too, moping and mowing about the pyre, upon which they were preparing to immolate the supine dreamer of the dream.

Few things are more acceptable to persons anxious to bring, or to keep, themselves before the public, than to have notice—little matter how unflattering—taken of them by squib or caricature in the pages of a comic journal. A note will come to the editor, for example,—a naughty-looking little *billet-doux* with frilled edges,—and with it a *carte-de-visite* of the correspondent, haply some provincial actress of the muscular school, who wants to make a metropolitan sensation, and is anxious to have a broad caricature of herself in an early number of the paper. Should no notice be taken of this, the next thing, in all probability, is a call from the managing agent of the lady, who hints that money can be realized by the transaction, and, in some cases, even goes so far as to prompt the editor to name his price. I have known instances in which good round sums were offered to secure the desired notice. Sometimes a paragraph bearing reference to an individual who believes in advertising himself or his enterprises tickles the vanity of that person so greatly, that he will write to the editor, saying that a box of cigars, or a complete outfit of new clothes, is at the service of the writer of the gratifying pasquinade, if he will only send to or call at such and such a place for it; and I once heard a sagacious public character say that a certain satirical article in which he figured prominently was worth at least a thousand dollars to him.

Were people at large only half as liberal in subscribing to comic papers as they are in tendering advice with regard to the best course to be taken by the directors of them, success in that

branch of journalism would be secure. Among the comic-editorial experiences, the receipt of letters of advice forms a very prominent item. It is no unusual circumstance for several letters to arrive at the same time from different quarters, all of them giving the views of the writers as to how the paper should be conducted to satisfy the public and insure success, and each one of them taking up a position diametrically opposite to some of the others. Could the writers but hear the roars of “inextinguishable laughter” with which their productions are greeted, while being compared and criticised by the editorial staff, they would doubtless be surprised to find how funny they had become, unknown to themselves. One writer tells you, that you must let a certain well-known political character alone, or else your paper will “expire the vital spark within a month.” In the next letter opened you find a recommendation to devote at least a page a week, your leading satirical poet, and your most personal comic artist, to the chronic irritation of the individual in question, who is described as having “a skin as thin as his heart is black and his moral character revolting.” In time the judicious editor does not trouble himself with reading letters of advice, but consigns them to their proper limbo, on discovering their drift in the first lines.

The threatening correspondent is another scribbler, who sometimes wastes his feeble ire upon the management of a comic paper. Of course he writes anonymously, or under a *nom de bâton*, and in a style and handwriting elaborately tortured into disguise. He tells you, in English adopted by him for the nonce, that you “are getting to personal in your remarks and pictures about A and B, who will be remembered long after you are forgotten.” Then he hints at violence, and adds that “you may consider this a idle threat, but may find yourself mistaken by a crowd walking into your office sum day if you continue in the same track.” It is needless to say that no

harm ever comes from these silly fire-crackers.

No satisfactory conclusion has yet been arrived at as to the reason why a really first-class comic paper has never yet been successfully established in this country. I will not attempt to sift the question here, though I have an idea that the excess to which party spirit is carried may have something to do with the matter. As with other journals, so with that of the humorous character, the political ingredient is one that cannot be left out. Next, it

would be impossible for a paper to take a middle bearing; and if it becomes partisan, it has, of course, battalions of foes to contend against. The necessary wit and humor for comic journalism must exist *somewhere* amid the large and mixed communities of the country, but they have not yet been developed by encouragement and culture; though, like the recreant meteors that failed to come to time in November last, they may yet make their appearance in the literary firmament.

ELIZABETH'S CHAMBER.

I ENTERED her half-opened door,—
 A presence, voiceful as of seas
 When overland their mellow roar
 Comes homeward on the summer breeze,
 Gave greeting to my listening heart.
 In vain I crossed the echoing room;
 The voice was still a voice apart,
 Though memories ripened into bloom,
 Touched by the sacred presence there,
 Pervading perishable things;
 A grace that filled the common air
 With sense of overshadowing wings.
 The pendent blossoms fading breathed
 Into new life to speak of her,
 The gathered autumn boughs hung wreathed
 To welcome their lost worshipper.
 But still she came not: silence dwelt
 And solitude where she abode;
 Their dumb lips told the truth I felt;
 Though lonely be the place she trod,
 Earth is her radiant chamber now;
 Her spirit gilds the morning cloud
 And the bright sun, until his brow
 Sinks in the sea's circumfluent shroud.
 But in the heart of love a bed
 Is laid, whereon her sleep is sweet:
 There lives she whom the world calls dead.
 There we may kiss her gracious feet.

KATHARINE MORNE.

PART IV.

CHAPTER X.

THE gray ponies plied to and fro with me repeatedly that autumn, between our old house and Barberry Beach. Dr. and Mrs. Physick said to me, I thought very logically, "If Miss Dudley likes to have you, and you like to go, then why should n't you go?" Miss Dudley professed to like to have me with her; and not only was there no reason why she should make any false professions to me, but I soon saw how unlikely she was to make false professions to any one. She spoke "the truth," not only "in love," but in loveliness. She had so much presence of mind and resource that she could usually avoid unwelcome answers to inconvenient questions. But not even by a mother who asked her whether an ugly child was not pretty, nor by an author who inquired of her what she thought of his failure of a book, was she to be surprised or entrapped into a falsehood.

"Who should speak the truth, if not I?" said she, on one occasion when her truth had been tried before me, and not found wanting. "It is one of the solemn privileges of my state to live as if in the very anteroom of God's presence-chamber."

I pressed her hand and looked her in the face. She appeared, indeed, like one meet to stand and wait there.

"Dear child," said she, "I see you feel for me and with me; but you can never fully know, till you are in a situation like mine, what a comfort it is to have some one who understands your situation, with whom you can talk of it, when your heart might otherwise be overfull. My brother is too disinterested and too firm to check me with a word, when I would speak of it with him; and the recollection of his tenderness and encouragement, when I have done so, make me long to do so

often; but his lips grow so white that I cannot bear to see the pain that I am giving him, and the same sharp, drawn look comes over his features that they had when his wife died, when his hair, from being a perfect golden crown like Rose's, turned in a single night as snowy as you see it now, — as white as her shroud. Ah! my dear girl, that is the bitterest bitterness of death, — is it not? — to leave such grief to those you leave behind you."

Then I thought again of my musings on the cliff; but I ventured to say only, "Are they" — the blessed dead — "not all ministering spirits to us?" Sometimes I think it has been easier to me to try to do right since I lost sight of Fanny and mamma. In their world, that lasts so much longer than this, perhaps they care more to see us good than happy here." With tears in her eyes, but a smile shining through them, she took my face between her hands and kissed me on the forehead. "O Miss Dudley!" cried I, — she looked so seraphic, — "if you should go first, you will be a ministering spirit to me, will you not?"

"If I may," answered she, with the same unearthly smile; "and you will be one to my little orphans."

It was strange in what different lights I seemed to appear to her and to my poor Nelly. Miss Dudley, though she would, as I have just described, turn to me occasionally for sympathy under the pressure of her own trial, seemed — in spite of my naturally good animal spirits, and of the effort which I made to comport myself as usual, when they chanced to fail me — to see in me, though not a mourner making a noise, one who had suffered, and whom she would gladly cheer and soothe to the utmost of her great power. Nelly, on the other hand, treated me as a strong, not to say a rather insensible supporter. Yet each did me good in her dif-

ferent way,—it might have been hard to say which, the most. Nelly served me now as an outward counter-irritant for my inward trouble, now as a mirror in which to see some of the attitudes and hues of my own soul. Our own weaknesses when we see them in others look so doubly weak, and it is so much easier to be wise for our neighbors than for ourselves! I was often fain to take notes of my lectures to her for my private benefit. But I hardly know that I should have found courage and spirit to bear the pain that the one friend sometimes gave me, had it not been for the pleasure I received from the other.

One dismal day in November, I ran in to see Nelly. She had a cold, she said, and had not been out. Miss Dudley had lately given me a volume of Longfellow's poems. I had been reading in it some of the "Voices of the Night," over and over, until I knew them by heart, that I might repeat them to myself, in my walks or at my work, as charms against despair,—as, I imagine, many a struggling mortal has done, and many a one after another will do, perhaps as long as the English language lives. The book I had with some difficulty made up my mind to part with to Nelly for a few days, that she might copy into her copious album "A Psalm of Life" and "The Light of Stars." She had written instead, on the pages lying open before her, the lines beginning with

"What most I prize in woman, is the affections,"
and

"Do I not know
The lot of woman is full of woe?" &c.

and below them still the following (she told me they were anonymous; but I never could find them in any other collection of poems, and I suspect they were her own):—

"Once on the sands beside the sounding sea,
I wrote, 'I love my love, — My love loves me.'
Up ran the fickle waves. In cruel play
They washed the dear 'My love loves me' away,
But left — the reach of tides and times above —
To stiffen into stone, 'I love my love.'"

She was now sitting like a statue of Despondency, with my little furry namesake asleep in her lap.

"That's the way," commented Mrs. Cumberland, "she keeps a settin' and a settin', and a holdin' that creatur; an' I tell her she'll give it fits, if she don't git 'em herself."

"O, that won't do!" said I. "Kitty Mornes require a great deal of exercise. Put her down, Nelly, and get me a newspaper, cork, and a string; and I will make her a toy."

Nelly obeyed listlessly; and I proceeded to combine the materials in the manner which my experience had convinced me to be that best adapted for extracting the maximum of innocent amusement from, and imparting it to, a worthy kitten. I tied a bunch — about the size of my hand — of strips of paper to one end of the string, and the cork to the other. The middle of the string I tied to the back of an old chair, — with several bars between the legs, — at such a height that the pendants swung gently within easy reach of the kitten's paws. Her attention was at once caught. She gazed, crouched, shook her hips, gave up her spring in some alarm as the cork made a pass at her, went into ambush behind a bed-post where the toy could not see her, rushed forth again, and, by a masterly surprise, captured and scratched and bit the paper. The cork, swinging round to the rescue, gave her a box on the ear. She hissed like a teapot boiling over on a hob, and, leaving the paper, flew at the cork for reprisals. The paper then brushed her over the back. The upshot of all which was, that, in sixty seconds or rather less, cork, kitten, and paper were fully engaged and pursuing one another in a series of hot, incessant, and most irregular skirmishes to and fro, up and down, over and under the bars of the chair; until the kitten, quite beside herself, freed herself for an instant from her other antagonists, and, like a conquered hero falling upon his own spear, fastened in a paroxysm of self-dissatisfaction upon her own tail. The toy swung defiantly, however; and in an instant she was up and at it again.

Mrs. Cumberland set her arms akim-

bo, and laughed till she cried; I laughed till I had to sit down to get over it; and Nelly was forced to laugh too; until, as her aunt left the room to see after the cake in the oven, and shut the door, she burst into a passion of tears, and exclaimed, "O Katy, Katy! how can people be always expecting me to be amused as a child, after I have suffered and sinned as a woman?"

I was so shocked and confounded, that my first impulse was to rush from the room and the house, never to enter them again. But the next instant brought me other thoughts. Was it thus that our Saviour dealt with sinners? If she was a sinner, what real harm could this poor weak child do to me? But was she in any peculiar sense a sinner at all; and was not this merely one of her frequent morbid exaggerations? With an inward prayer for help, I nerved myself to draw her hands from her face, and to speak to her, though I trust still with gentleness, with a firmness which I never put forth towards her before. "Nelly, you call yourself a woman; I shall speak to you as a woman; and you must now behave like a woman. Such words as you have used are not to be used lightly. You must explain them!"

"What have I said?" asked she, quieted in a moment at finding herself taken at her word, but bewildered.

I repeated her speech.

She evidently winced at hearing it, and said: "Well, I did n't mean that exactly, — not sinned, perhaps, — but oh! I did such a dreadful thing! How can I ever be happy again?"

"If people have done dreadful things, they must own them, and do their best to make amends for them, before they can expect to find peace. If they have not done anything really dreadful, but merely suppose that they have, because they are out of health and fanciful, only think of the relief they might find by simply taking courage to own frankly what the matter is, and being told that it is nothing."

"I can't! O Katy, don't ask me! I can't!" repeated she, wringing her

hands and staring at the floor, as if seeking some crack to squeeze through. But for very pity I was pitiless.

"If you *will* not, from my heart I feel for you; but I am afraid I cannot do you any good, while you will keep this burden on your mind. It is just as if you had swallowed poison, and would not take an emetic because it was disagreeable, and I were to keep trying to cure you with herb-tea and nursing, while we were only wasting time and throwing your life away. If you will but follow advice, I mean, by God's help, to do the very best I can for you; but, if you will not, I don't see any use in my coming here, and I don't see how I can come any more."

"O Katy, will you give me up, too?"

"I never mean to, if you will not give yourself up; but till you are ready to help me to help you, my trying to help you is only like trying to swim to shore with a drowning person who keeps diving under. I don't ask you to tell *me*, and I'd rather you would n't tell me, if there is any one else whom you could better tell; but you must promise me to tell somebody without any more loss of time, and have it over. Fearing a thing is almost always worse than bearing it."

"O dear Katy, don't talk so! I could n't tell anybody! How could I?" cried she, trembling all over.

"Perhaps you could tell me the rest more easily, if you knew that I know something already. I know," continued I, looking away from her and speaking as soothingly as I could, "that Mr. Sam Blight was attentive to you, and that you liked him."

Upon that, choking with a great outbreak of sobs, she gasped forth, "When he came to bid me good by, I burst out crying right before him! O Katy, Katy! Let me die!"

Drawing her head to rest on my bosom, I said encouragingly, "There, that is right! You see you can tell me. Now what more?"

"What more?" repeated she vacantly between her sobs, as if trying in vain to take in the meaning of the words.

"Was *that* all?" cried I.

"That *all*?" She started bolt upright as she sat, and faced me full, with eyes that grew round with astonishment and indignation. "That all! Was n't it enough? O Katy, Katy! I thought if I *did* tell you, you would feel for me! How would you feel if it had been you instead of me?"

How indeed? thought I.

"O, what can he think of me! How he must despise me!" she hurried on incoherently. "Where can I go? What shall I do?"

"My dear little Nelly," said I, putting my arm round her again, and laying my hand on her forehead, for there was no use as yet in my wiping her eyes, "I do feel for you with all my heart; but don't be angry with me if I feel more relief and thankfulness at first than anything else, to find that you have not done anything dreadful at all,—anything that you can't live down,—in a short time, I hope,—so as to be a happy, useful woman, respected and loved. You have sat up here day after day, alone, with your attention all concentrated upon this trouble of yours, till you can't judge of it in the least for yourself. You know what happens when we fix our eyes too long upon any small object; its outlines grow blurred till we can't see them, nor see anything else either distinctly. What you tell me was unfortunate certainly, and I know it must make you unhappy whenever you think of it; but that is only an excellent reason that you should think of it no more. It was weak, but not wicked. If you had been a good, strong, hearty girl, you would have had more self-control. Take pains to become a good, strong, hearty girl, and you will have more self-control."

"But do you think he will ever forget it? Do you think he can ever get over it? Do you think he will ever like me again? He has never written me a single line."

"What did he say?" returned I. It seemed to me that I might as well possess myself fully of the case once for

all, at the outset, as my guardian would have said, and treat it afterwards.

"O, he was kind and consoling, of course; but I was afraid I could see contempt through it all."

Conceit, no doubt, you could have seen through it all, if you had only had your poor little eyes open, was my inward commentary.

"It seemed as if he had had enough of me, and meant to have no more. He said he hoped that I should soon find some one else capable of filling his place in my heart; or, if I could not, that it was a woman's true life to sit at home and feel and remember, but a man's to dart forth into the world, and pursue and achieve his heroic selfhood in a free, untrammelled course. If I should hear in after years of his success and fame, he was sure I should feel it to be a glorious reward for all I might have suffered, to have been permitted to contribute anything, at any sacrifice of my own peace, towards a great and noble man's development."

"Pretty well for sanguine Sammy!" I should certainly have said, if I had been Paul. As I was not, and could think of nothing more appropriate to say, I said nothing; and Nelly went on.

"Only his language was always so beautiful! I cannot make it sound as he did. But it only made me—love him more," sighed she, bowing her head into her pale hands and blushing between the fingers. "Since you know so much, you may as well know all. I must love him, even if he cannot love me. Is not that horrid,—horrid?"

"Nelly," said I, stroking her fair hair, "I may speak to you, quite frankly, as to a woman, and not as if I had a child to *manage*?"

"Yes, please!" answered she eagerly.

"I think, then, that we grown people are sometimes a good deal like little Phil, the other night, when you heard him scream so, because he could not be allowed to take the flame of the lamp between his finger and thumb. We cry because we cannot have things which might make us cry much longer

if we had them. I think there is one thing that would be more horrid than to be the jilted friend of Mr. Sam Blight; and that is, to be his wife."

"Why, do you know him? And do you not love him?"

"Not much," said I, scarcely able to suppress a smile. A scene at a children's picnic flew up before my mind's eye, in which an attempt to subject me to scientific analysis had been made by Mr. Sam; and in which Katharine, aged fifteen, had evinced about as much *complaisance* as might be expected of a catamount in the lecture-room of Magendie.

"Well, I can't make you out, or get at you at all," had the would-be demonstrator of spiritual anatomy, after several unsuccessful experiments, at length said to the subject, perhaps in order to put her off her guard.

"So much the better for me!" was the rejoinder of Katharine (*ought* I to add, the Shrew?). "What should I let you for? I turn into a shut oyster for very self-preservation's sake; and I always mean to, to philosophers like you, if unfortunately there are any more of the kind. 'Both sides of my nature,' that you talk about, join to present a sharp edge to you, and you can't get it open without a knife or a hot gridiron. I don't want to be dissected, thank you; and even if, upon a full view of what is within me, you were to be ready to eat me up, it would be for your own sake, — not for mine."

Katharine must have stood in much need of a good deal of "time to mellow"; but her early acerbity had stood her in better stead against a wasp than all poor Nelly's sweetness.

"O, how could you know him," she pursued, "and not love him?"

"Why, I thought him — not good — and —"

"Are you choking?"

"No, I've got over it," said I out of the depths of my pocket-handkerchief. "Nelly, don't you think, if you had been even as old as you are now when you first knew him, you would have thought him rather silly?"

"Silly! — Sam silly? No indeed, I don't! I'm sure it's the last thing I ever should have thought of him, or that anybody could, who knew him as I do."

"I did not know him very well, to be sure; but I thought him silly, because he seemed to think his fol — eccentricities — better than other men's good sense, and his demerits better than their merits. But let that pass. Nelly, if he had been good, do you think he could ever have treated you as he did?"

"I was not worthy of him."

"Then, pray, why did he not let you alone?"

"Why — well — you cannot think how much he had to alienate him and keep him from coming to the point. He complained, long before he went away, that we none of us showed any confidence in him, and he never could get any chance to pour forth his soul." The idea of Mr. Blight's pouring forth his soul tickled my fancy again to such a degree that I had the utmost difficulty to keep myself from joining Nelly, and performing a laughing accompaniment to her crying, in a partnership fit of hysterics. "Uncle Wardour never allowed me to walk out with him, or to talk with him with any security against interruption. We could n't see each other in the best parlor even, without the door wide open, for everybody else who called to walk right in and see him too."

Kind Uncle Wardour! "Do you think he *was* good, then, Nelly?"

"He was everything else, at any rate; and you know, as he said, all great men have been wild in their youth."

"I can't say that I do know it," answered I; or that he was great either, reflected I.

"Well, he may grow good; I am certain he must. O Katy, how little you know about love! It makes you see what is good in the object of your affections, and forget, or fancy, or foresee all the rest. If he *were* only good, no man on earth," proceeded the experienced Nelly, "could be half so fascinating, or make a woman half so happy."

"*If and if*, my dearest child!—young woman, I mean,"—rejoined I, playfully; for now that the ice was once broken between us, Nelly, soothed by talking on her favorite subject again with one who, as she believed, could "understand" her, was fast becoming more composed,— "we are not children any more; and so we must look on things not as they might be, but as they are. We must have done with *ifs*, or own that *if* any one insuperable obstacle lies, in one direction, in the way of our welfare, we must seek our welfare in some other direction. A man may really be the very most fascinating person in all the world, and you may be sure that he will make the very most delightful husband; but if, for instance, he were your brother, you would give yourself little trouble about his abstract pre-eminence. You would accept the fact of his unfitness for you as a matter of course, and peacefully take the next best or none. Now a want of conscientiousness and disinterestedness in a husband is almost certain to be as great an obstacle to any steady happiness in marriage, as too near relationship to marriage itself; and you will see it to be so, I hope, now that you have somebody who loves you as I do to look at the realities of your case with you, and help you to wake out of your dreams. Many of our worst mental burdens, I rather think, are like nightmares; we need only to open our eyes with a resolute effort, and turn over to the other side, and they will be gone."

"Katy, I do wonder how much you would require in anybody, before you could get your own leave to love him!"

"I should require a good deal, I hope," said I evasively. These were *not* favorite topics of conversation with me.

"You would want him to be great?"

"If it was convenient to him."

"What more?"

"Congenial to me."

"Of course. What more?"

"Such that, if I were with him in the company of high-minded, true-

hearted men and women, I should not be ashamed of him; that, if I heard him talked of by them, I might expect to hear things to his honor; and that, if any parts of his past history accidentally came to my knowledge, they should only make me love, admire, and trust him more and more."

"Well!" said she a little impatiently, "anything more?"

"And in love with me, of course. Heart for heart,—I would accept no less."

"Ah, yes, if you could but get that; but if you could not?"

"I would leave—try to leave—off loving him."

"But suppose you could not?"

"I would try—I trust—till I could. I heard a funny little woman say once,—like Master Barnabas,—that nothing would ever make her submit to be hanged. 'She would n't! She would *fight*!' I would fight. Man or woman, there is nothing that I would not do sooner than consent to waste my life sitting, even in thought, at any human being's feet, and suing for the love that was not given to me."

"It is the lot of woman."

"Of which woman? and who made it her lot? It must be the lot of good wives of bad men, and *may* be the lot of any woman who chooses it, no doubt, Nelly; but we will have a better, or if I do not, at any rate, it shall not be for want of trying."

"You are so proud, Katy! I heard somebody say, the other day, that you walked like a queen, and he could see how proud you were just by a way you had of setting down your feet, as if you would tread down the world at every step."

"I only wish I could," said I, laughing.

"But surely everybody knows, and you must own, that men are worth much more than women."

"I doubt about unworthy men's being worth much more than worthy women," said I, still laughing; and then I went on, more gravely, "I will and must own, that men are worth much more than women for many things;

but the earthly fathers whom I know seem generally to care quite as much about their daughters as they do about their sons; and so, therefore, I suppose our Heavenly Father does."

"But the Bible itself always sets men above women. Sam said it did. Don't you think so?"

"Now we are getting beyond our depth, I am afraid. I do not know enough about the Bible to talk about it much. But I do not think the Apostles set Simon Magus, for example, at all above Anna the prophetess, or Phebe, deaconess of the church in Cenchrea. They said that women should not go with their heads uncovered, nor speak in the churches; but I have heard a Quaker minister declare that the churches then were very different from the churches now, and all the customs there from the customs here; and at any rate I do not want to take off my bonnet and speak loud in our meeting-houses even, nor, I rather think, do you. They said that wives should obey their husbands; but they said also that husbands should cherish their wives even as they did their own bodies. When they do cherish them after that fashion, I think that obedience to their commands will in most cases partake of the nature of self-indulgence quite as much as of self-denial. They said, too, that children must obey their parents. Does not that mean that sons must obey their mothers, as well as daughters their fathers? St. Peter even went so far as to say, 'Yea, all of you be subject one to another,' as if a religious obedience and wise humility were too good things for any of God's children to forego. But when we come to the words of our Saviour, (which were meant, I suppose, not so much for one time, like the epistles, as for all times,) I have thought it was really wonderful to look and see how he bore women in his mind, how often he drew his illustrations even from their work, and, not contented with including them in his general discourses, how particularly and frequently he used to

speak of them in prophecies and parables. Out of the four friends that he 'loved,' two were women; and even the virtues which he urged on all mankind were in large part those which mankind are apt to enforce peculiarly on womankind, and to call the womanly virtues. At any rate, Mr. Blight may read the Bible through and through,—his best friend could wish him no better employment, if he would but make a good use of it and give up some of his other reading for it,—he will nowhere there find it enjoined on Christian women to suffer themselves to be trifled with for his 'development,' nor to languish and pine themselves to death, like flowers thrown away, for his triumph."

"His triumph!" cried Nelly, starting and turning pale. "O Katy! could he be so cruel as to triumph over me?"

"I do not know him quite well enough to be sure what he could not do, if he had a chance. He *cannot* very long, I think, if he hears of you out again among the other young people, looking pretty, well, and merry. However, his opinion, good or bad, is not the most important thing, you know, darling; so we will say no more about it, and try not to care too much. He is not your master, thank God! and you are in no way accountable to him. See here; your little Bible gives us other and far nobler things to care about." I took it from her bureau, turned over the leaves, and read, "The unmarried woman careth for the things of the Lord, how she may be holy both in body and in spirit."

"Mark it—will you please, dear Katy?—with the date. 'Holy in spirit,'" repeated Nelly, very thoughtfully,— "that must mean a great deal."

"Full of faith, hope, and charity, at the very least; and when we have the right faith in God, and in His love for us, I suppose the simple fact of His denying us a thing will satisfy us of its being a thing which we are better without."

"'Charity!'" said she, with a glimmer of archness in her smile, that

looked as if she had already come, by a little hope at least. "Does not that involve good works? I'm afraid I don't like doing good, do you?"

"I'm afraid not — so well as having done it."

I rose to go. I was tired for once, before nine o'clock at night.

"You *have* done it now!" exclaimed she, springing up. "God bless you, good, kind Katy! He will and must and does bless you, I am sure, for your own sake, if not for mine! But you will come again? — for I *have* told. And you really think it is not so very dreadful, and I *can* live it down?" whispered she, clinging round me, and going with me to the door.

"I am sure you can. 'If God is for us, who shall be against us?'" said I, kissing her. "Pray — for yourself and me!"

I took the longest way home, to cool my cheeks. "Well," I soliloquized, "at this rate I am in a fair way to be cured for life of every predisposition to sentiment, homœopathically, — except that it must be owned that I am treated with it in anything but infinitesimal doses. Nelly would hardly be so ready to treat a topic which I, her senior, never discussed with any one before, and desire that I never may again, if she had not had the benefit of those lessons from Mr. Sam."

Next, I thought that, even if I should still be for some time subject to relapses, it was still a very bright side that my object was not Mr. Sam, and was moreover quite unaware of my folly. Next, I saw that even my object's being as bad as Mr. Sam would be a less insurmountable barrier between him and me than his being the betrothed of another. The latter disqualification, indeed, put him much more upon the footing of a brother than could the former. Next, I considered that he was — as I had told Nelly of her object — not my master, and that I was not accountable to him; in which consideration also I found a balsam; for I had lately sometimes been troubled with wondering whether

he would not think me cold and ungrateful in leaving Emma's letters so long unanswered. They always contained kind, honest messages from him, which brought the kind, honest fellow up before me, and, in spite of me, renewed feelings which it would be wrong to cherish; and therefore I was sure that it was right to let the correspondence languish and drop. It had never on my part been constant or very frequent. Emma knew that I had little time or taste for writing. He would not be made unhappy by my silence; and in the other world he would understand and approve of it, even if he misunderstood and disapproved of it in this. But because I was still very young, that other world did seem then "very far off."

Milton says that anger and laughter are the two most rational passions of the human mind. Now I cannot say that I am always most rational when I am angry, nor have I been able to perceive that my neighbors are; but I really believe that I often am when I laugh. Accordingly, on reaching home and putting away my bonnet and shawl, I made an attempt at something like an audible smile, as, summing up the lessons of the day, I said to myself, that, after all that could be urged on the side of Gloom, Vapors, and Company, Miss Katy Morne was of all human beings the one whose continued regard and respect were the most important to me; that by the help of a good Providence there was good hope of my being able to manage myself and my affairs in such a manner as to secure her regard and respect; and, finally, that matters were therefore by no means so bad as they might be.

Then I tried Sydney Smith's specifics against feminine despondency, put a new ribbon into my hair, and a ripe pear — by instalments — into my mouth, read over again a kind little note I had a few hours before received from Miss Dudley, containing directions about some illustrations and commendations of others, and then found myself, after all the trials of the morn-

ing, in a very fair condition to take out my paint-box and refresh myself further with a little hard work.

CHAPTER XI.

ONE morning, some time after, I was sitting, finishing the last of the illustrations ordered, in the warm south-parlor. Mrs. Physick was out with her husband, for an airing. Little Pill in the pill-box slept obligingly at my side, with no further attentions from me than an occasional mechanical strophe of the commercial cradle-song, "Buy, buy, baby!" Thus I was at full liberty to drown my abstracted soul in cobalt and carmine.

Thus again it must have been that I did not hear when the door-bell rang, nor notice the tones of a remarkably gentleman-like voice, when the never very fleet-footed Rosanna opened the front door, and that, when I did at last hear a knock at the parlor door, I only emitted an indifferent "Come in," and never thought to turn my head, till the door was opened, and the voice came in by itself, saying doubtfully, "I beg your pardon; did you say come in?"

Then, indeed, I looked round and started up, rejoicing that my fingers were no *paintier*; for the voice was Mr. Dudley's, and so was the fine, tall, athletic person that stood, hat in hand, waiting at the threshold where he had been left without a guide by the unskilful portress.

I welcomed him, set him a chair, and dipped my fingers in the old-fashioned finger-bowl, and wiped them on the napkin, which I always kept by me when I painted. He took it all very quietly, and looked so unembarrassed and abstracted that I hoped he did not see the slight confusion into which my own absence of mind had thrown me.

"I called," he began, when he saw me ready to give him my attention, "partly on my own business, and partly on my sister's. She wishes for the pleasure of your company for a good long day on Saturday; and as I had

not time to wait for a note, she intrusted me with a verbal message. You will be able to gratify her, I hope?"

"Thank you, Mr. Dudley; I shall be very much pleased to come."

"Then she will call, or send for you, soon after ten. Will that be too early?"

"Not for me."

"She never thinks it too early for you to come, nor too late for you to go; and that brings me to the other part of my business. Dr. Physick tells me that you are thinking of returning to the school-room."

"Yes; I am waiting only to find one open to me in this town. If I cannot before many more months, I shall probably go elsewhere."

"Have you a preference for the occupation of a teacher?"

I could hardly suppress a smile as I answered that I had not.

"Then I need have no hesitation in proposing to you, with your guardian's consent, another?"

"None, certainly."

"Then I will propose, though certainly not urge upon you, another, which I heartily hope you will not think too arduous at least for a trial. My sister, in the state of health in which she is now, needs a friend constantly at hand. Bonner, her maid, is worse than nobody in any emergency; and she does not like the idea of having a professional nurse. Then my children need daily companionship and assistance in their lessons. I have been in the habit of giving them this myself, since my sister has been so unwell; but she is often too feeble to hear it going on now, I am sure, without too much fatigue, and if I take them to a room apart, I leave her alone just at the time when she is most in want of me. Then I need for myself a competent draughtsman and secretary. My plan is, — so far as I can be said to have a definite plan, and supposing that you incline to it, — that you shall employ yourself for my sister, in reading, walking, and driving with her, and so forth, — or for me under her oversight in writing or painting, — from about nine till about one every morning, and

that you should devote to my children—or when I am with them, to her—one hour before tea, and one after, through the week. The remainder of each week-day, and the whole of Sunday, I should wish to leave at your own disposal. But I trust you understand, that what I am seeking now to obtain for my family is by no means either a nurse or a governess, but a spirited and lady-like *friend*," he repeated with emphasis, "and a rather Protean supernumerary," added he, with a smile, "who can fill my sister's place when she is too unwell, or my daughters' when they are too young, or my own when I am too busy."

Live with Miss Dudley! Live at Barberry Beach! Go there and not have to come away! Leave my guardian, and Julia, and the baby! Leave our dear old house! Go away and have to stay! I had not breath, even if I had had decision enough to say whether I would or not; and little Phil woke up and protested loudly, and had to be taken up and given to Rosanna.

"I must not hurry you by surprise into an answer," resumed Mr. Dudley, mildly, after a pause that had already lasted too long and was growing awkward.

"Does Miss Dudley desire it!" returned I, still more awkwardly.

The speech was an involuntary exclamation, rather than a question; but he naturally took it literally. "Desire the arrangement? Yes. Dream of it? No!" said he. "That is to say, she supposes you, as I did when I left her this morning, a fixture here; but I have often heard her envy Mrs. Physick the possession of you, and wish that she could find your duplicate; and I will be her surety for her thorough delight, if I can secure you for her. She is an almost unchangeable person—in her likings."

He was rising to go.

"I may take time to consider?"

"Certainly, certainly,—and to consult your friends—in confidence. I should not wish the negotiation, while pending, to come by any chance to my sister's ears. I wish to spare her dis-

appointment if it falls through; and, even if it succeeds, any suspense is bad for the sleep of an invalid."

"I may take a week or two?" I rejoined. He was moving towards the door; and I was afraid that I might be appearing very pertinacious; but I was indeed taken by surprise, and still quite bewildered.

"A week?" Certainly. "Two?" Why, a fortnight from to-day will be my sister's birthday," said he, with an almost boyish expression of eagerness and animation, which contrasted strikingly enough with his snowy hair. "I must have something ready for her then that she will like. Miss Morne, it would be very pleasant if I *could* tell her in the morning, on that day, that she might have you!"

"O, then I will surely decide and let you know before that, Mr. Dudley," said I, feeling as if he had used a strong argument in favor of my consent; and so we parted.

When my guardian came in, he found me sitting with my hands folded for once on a week-day.

"Well, Katy," said he, "have you had a call from Mr. Dudley?"

"Indeed I have!"

"What did you say to his terms?"

"Why, now I think of it, he did not mention any!"

"He did to me,—hundred dollars a year!"

"Why," exclaimed I, springing up and feeling as if I were springing up into a nabob, "I can't be worth nearly so much!—am I?"

"By Julia's appraisal and mine you are, and more," said he, affectionately, "if we were only in circumstances to afford ourselves the monopoly of such luxuries. According to prices current, you are not, I believe; but Mr. Dudley's conscience does not appear to be exactly regulated by prices current. He said that that was no more than he should be obliged to give to the young man who would accept the place, if you refused it; that he believed you might soon become nearly as useful to him as the young man would be, and that he

knew you could be much more useful to Miss Dudley and the children. Of course, it was not for me to dispute the point with him."

Julia, after a hasty look at the baby in the kitchen, came in and caught me by the hand with a swimming smile. "Well, Katy," cried she, "shall you go?"

"I don't know. I am so astonished. Had I better?"

"We can't advise: we are interested parties," said she, turning her face away and hurrying out of the room again.

"You see how it is," said her husband, sitting down in front of me, as if for an examination and prescription. "Julia hates the thought of parting with you; and, for that matter, so do I. But it is my duty to look to your interests. At present, if I should die, there is almost no provision for you. You are strong enough to work for yourself now; but no mortal strength is to be reckoned upon further than we can see it. There is really no chance of your getting either of *the* schools here, I find; and *a* school would n't pay. You want to clear off the mortgage?"

"Why, yes. So I could, could not I, soon, with such a salary as that?"

"Yes. It is a better one than you would be at all likely to get anywhere as a teacher; and you would be close by, where you could see us whenever you liked, and where I could see to you, if anything was the matter. Then, keeping school did not appear to agree with you, and being with Miss Dudley always does."

"So it does; but going away from all of you, at a minute's notice, does not quite so well." I was afraid he was not quite sorry enough, and meant to make him so. He held his tongue, and served me right.

"It seems almost like a caprice in them to take such a sudden fancy to me," said I, quarrelling with my bread and butter, as a kitten growls at and shakes her meat for the very reason that she is so delighted with it. "They are so very little acquainted with me!"

"Don't trust to that to play any of your tricks with them, pussy. I heard Master Paul say, the last time I paid my respects to his arm: 'You know this was quite a wild place when we first colonized it? Well, one day when Aunt Lizzy walked out, she met with a lynx and changed eyes with him.'"

"What can they really know about me?" persisted I perversely.

"Set your heart at rest. They know quite enough about you," said he, setting up his eyebrows with a queer look. "Before Miss Dudley ever saw you, I told her the worst she had to expect. It was painful; but I thought it my duty; and I did not shrink from it."

"Ah, now, Doctor, what did you tell her?"

"Ah, what did I?" repeated he, with a meditative air of self-examination. "If you ask her, perhaps she will tell you."

"No matter; you'll tell Julia; and I can get it all out of her just as well."

"No; I sha'n't tell Julia," said he, getting up and walking off,—and I never could find out that he did.

He had counselled me against his pleasure, I believe,—against his interest, I am sure. Real estate was rising every day in Beverly; and he would have been glad, on every account but mine, to own our house.

George was very angry when he heard how cheap it had been sold, and came down to Beverly, and talked of prosecuting Dr. Physick for a fraud. But the lawyer whom he consulted—an honest man, and well affected towards my mother and all her children—told him that he was well known to have himself forced the property into the market against advice and entreaty; that everything had been done fairly and openly; and that nothing but mortification and further loss could come of his carrying his cause into court.

My guardian reminded George of the letter my mother had sent him. He treated the whole story as a fabrication of ours, and denied that any such document had ever been signed by her, seen by him, or sent by me. The

attested copy was then produced. He looked confounded, blushed very deeply, and said no more. The Doctor thought he had received the letter. I suspected that; owing to the distress of mind in which I was when I thought I sent it, I might have forgotten to put it into the envelope with my own, though I was not apt to be so careless. At any rate, there the matter dropped. Fanny, warned by our early experience, had taken care in the outset of her illness to make her will in form, leaving George my mother's Bible, and me residuary legatee of everything else except some trifling keepsakes. Thus he had no further legal claim upon me; and, though I thought it my duty to write to him from time to time, I seldom saw or heard from him for years.

CHAPTER XII.

THE next day I called for Nelly to take a long walk with me. She had usually seemed much more cheerful since the last conversation between us which I have repeated; and I had often been able to draw her out to talk with me about books she had read, and other topics of general interest, which I thought far better for her, as well as pleasanter for me, than a constant harping upon herself and her ruling idea. She had much more cleverness than she was wont to show to strangers; and when her mind could be diverted, her bright little sayings often made both of us merry. On this afternoon, however, the ground was snowy and the sky cloudy; and she seemed to be *under the weather*, and glided at my side mute as a winter robin.

I indulged her mood. I was myself full of dumb thoughts and feelings. Emma had written me another letter, urging me to be present at her wedding, — which was to take place, as it happened, upon Miss Dudley's birthday, — and inviting me to be her bridesmaid. I had been obliged to answer her this time, of course, without delay, and to send such an answer as it was

painful to me to send, and would be to her, I feared, to receive.

I assured her of my interest in the occasion, and begged her to believe, as I did, that, from the morning to the night of the day, it would scarcely be out of my mind, and that I did and should pray that it might be a most happy day, and followed by many happy anniversaries to her and her husband; but that there were difficulties in the way of my accepting her invitation which it would be useless to state, as it was impossible to remove them. O, it was a hard letter to write!

But it was written now and gone, — gone, I said to myself, as much as it would be a thousand years hence; and so was the white *catch-all*, which I had trimmed with bridal satin ribbons, and painted with orange-blossoms and green leaves for Emma. And the rush of days that was now hurrying me on so fast to her wedding-day would soon be hurrying me on as fast away from it; and then the worst would be over, and my living dread would be converted into only a dead certainty.

In the mean time, it was a bright side not to be forgotten, that now again a change was offered me, and in many respects such an inviting change! Therefore I turned my mind with all my strength to the proposal of Mr. Dudley.

My mother used to say to me, "When you desire strongly to do anything, first consider strongly whether there is any good reason why you should not do it; and then, if there is none, thank God and do it." I have often thought, as I have gone on in life, how much more innocent society might be, on the one hand, and, on the other, how much more spontaneous, various, and joyous, if more persons followed her simple and obvious rule. How many congenial and harmless, not to say praiseworthy things, do many of us sooner or later refrain from doing, because our neighbors either do not do them, or say they do not see how we can want to do them, or else *might* say that it was strange that we should do them.

None of these stumbling-blocks came

much in my way this time. Notwithstanding, — I hope I *was* not proud, and I am sure I did not mean to be; but I will not say whether I think I was or not, because I have never found that people's statement of their own opinion with regard to their own qualities threw much light upon them, — I had some doubts about the effect which my entering the service of Miss Dudley's family might have on the nature of that intercourse with them, and especially with her, which had lately been the chief entertainment and joy of my life. It was so long since I had felt myself under orders, that I could scarcely remember *how* I had felt under orders. My mother settled with me so far back in the dark ages the point, that when she said I must, I must, that she scarcely ever within my recollection had any occasion to say it at all; and a guardian of thirty-four or thirty-five found little opportunity or temptation to exert his authority over a ward of seventeen or eighteen. In the pay and service of this family, should I be able to behave myself agreeably to them? and would they continue to behave themselves agreeably to me?

I hoped so. I believed so. The original little shrew seemed at present to have been pretty nearly chastened and disciplined out of the Katharine; and if

"E'en in her ashes lived their wonted fires,"

I could hardly conceive of anybody's ever being pettish or saucy to any one of the denizens of Barberry Beach, — except, perhaps, to Master Paul, whom Nature had admirably qualified for self-defence, —

"There's such divinity doth hedge a *Dudley*!"

as I once heard Dr. Edward Arden say. On the other hand, their own courtesy to all their dependents according to the degree of each, was so perfect, that their orders sounded not unlike orders of dignity conferred. I should probably improve and enjoy myself in many ways among them, if I went, and have many a chance to be of use and give pleasure to the dear lady of my heart. Perhaps

I should have one of those lovely little chambers that looked out on the water! "If Miss Dudley likes to have you, and you like to go, then why should n't you go?" I could find no good reason why I should not. I would "thank God and do it."

"What are you stopping for, Nelly? You'll take cold if you don't walk, dear. Come!"

"I want to ride," cried she, gazing wistfully back up the pale road.

"What?" said I, thinking I had perhaps heard wrong out of my brown study. "There's nothing for us to ride in. Don't you see? — That's a hearse!"

"I want to ride!" she repeated, staring miserably up into my face. "O, I *want* to ride!"

Without another word or thought but of appeasing her, I beckoned to the old driver. He drew up and stopped, looking surprised. "Can you take us a little way with you? My companion seems tired of walking."

"Wal, yes," answered he in a piping, whistling voice; "I cal'late I ken, ef you hev n't no objections to the kind o' the kerridge. Most folks hez. I hev n't; nor I don't know why nobody should. We've all on us got to take a cast in it some time or 'nother, from them that takes their rides in the barouge now, to them that rides in the jail-cart; an' I expect to some it's the most easin' kind of a ride ever they gits. Jest you clamber over, young miss, an' set on the coffin, — and you too 'm; there ain't no more room here 'n I hev to hev. What you 'feard on? It's strong enough to hold ye. You'll hev a better place in there nor I hev here. The curtains keeps out the sharp wind, an' the glare o' the snow to the eyes. My passenger won't say nothin' to ye, nor mind ye none nother. He's a work'us chap, an' never was in such pleasant company afore in his life."

Nelly was in, in a moment. I did not know how to resist. I was under a nightmare. It was as if I had been hurried out of one dream into another, — an awful other, — that yet was not all a

dream. The coffin received us. The black curtains flapped around us like the wings of a brooding bat. We went on almost noiselessly with the silent dead towards the graveyard. It was dark and cold. I thought of those I loved, who had lately travelled that road already, not to return,—of those who might be doomed soon to follow. I could not speak; but the low murmuring tones of Nelly, talking in her dreamiest way with the driver, fell on my ear like the voice of my own soul.

"You bury many people, I suppose, every year?"

"O' course we doos,—all we ken."

"People of all ages?" (She would sometimes, when she was in one of these moods, ask questions which a child eight years old might answer. For this she was charged by some persons with affectation; but I thought it came rather from an instinctive effort made by her groping mind to catch hold of some tangible assurance of realities from without the world of shadows amidst which she lived.)

"O' course we doos. It don't make no difference to us. The heft o' none on 'em ain't gin'rally sech as to break down our team, by the time they comes to take their passage in it. They dies, an' the friends pays; an' we buries 'em, an' there 's a end on 't."

"Which do you bury the most of,—young people or old?"

"Youngsters, nat'rally. They isn't so many old uns left to bury."

"Did you ever bury anybody about my age?"

"I guess I never buried nobody that asked me sech a lot o' silly questions."

Nelly shrank into herself, as she always did at a rebuff. We glided on like a party of mutes. The stillness was more harrowing than the speech had been. Hoping that she was satisfied, or that at least a sufficient change had been given to the current of her thoughts, I was feeling for my purse to fee the driver and escape from the situation, when he, relenting, as if soothed by the accustomed silence, spoke again: "Come to think on it,

now, I buried a miss, that did n't look no great older 'n you be, somewhere about the beginnin' o' the fall, from Dr. Physick's; an' that ar' looks like her very pictur' come to life ag'in a settin' by ye."

Nelly turned sharp round upon me as if struck by a sudden thought. "Katy, Katy, what makes you look so? Are you dying? You look as if you were dead! O, let us get out!"

"O, let us get out!" gasped I after her.

"Want to know, now!" said he in a tone of condolence, reining in his slow horse, and stiffly climbing down himself to help me. "I never thought nothin'."

"Pay him, Nelly," said I, thrusting my purse back to her, as I tottered up the snow-bank to lean on the stone wall at the side of the road.

"Bless ye!" cried he, climbing in again to drive off, "I 'll let ye off from payin', if ye 'll excuse me for speakin' without thinkin'."

I sat down for a moment on a frosty stone, that had rolled from its place. The fresh air was doing me good; but I was dazzled and dizzy.

Nelly fell on her knees upon the snow before me, and threw her arms around my waist. "Katy, Katy," cried she, "what have I done to you! After all that you have done for me! Never to think of you! O, what a selfish wretch I was! I hope this will be a lesson to me for life!"

"And to me, too!" said I, as well as I could. The world began to stand still, and I stood up.

"You are too sick to stand! O Katy, forgive me!"

"I will lean on you for a few steps; you 'll take cold if we stay here. O Nelly, how little we shall care for what lies behind us,—how much will lie before us,—the next time we ride in a hearse!"

"God is merciful," said she, turning paler.

"Yes, He is merciful; but in His mercy He offers us holiness so much beyond what most people reach,—so awfully far above what we have won!

It would be such a miserably different thing, just barely to be dragged into heaven as penitent sinners, from what it would be to be borne in, in triumph, as glorified saints."

"Saints! Could I be a saint? I never thought I could be anything after I found I could not be a happy — Katy, *how* you looked when you said that! — as if your face caught the reflection of a ready glory that hung over your head! Don't die! Forgive me."

"I thank you," answered I, rallying more and more; "thanks to you, we have, each of us, had a lesson we can never forget. Certainly every hearer ought to have written upon it, for a motto, the words 'This I say unto you, The time henceforth is short, in order that those who weep may be as though they wept not, and those that rejoice as those that rejoice not, and the using this world as not abusing it; for the fashion of this world passeth away.' You know what the undertaker said?" I continued, smiling through a few tears that would come; "he expected a ride with him was to some the most easin' kind of a ride that ever they had. I *expect* it has been so to me. I shall think of it henceforward as an antidote, whenever passing things make me unhappy."

"You unhappy, Katy! O, how sorry I am! I was too selfish to imagine anybody could be unhappy but I. Are you unhappy?"

"Sometimes; — everybody is."

"And I have made you more so."

"You will make me less so another time; and then it will be even."

"I ought. You have made me less so a great deal, for these last few weeks, and, on the whole, ever since I knew you. You must not think you have failed altogether because I have behaved so to-day. I can't guess what got into me. I never mean to do so again. I have been better, and I will be better."

"If the disorder has assumed the intermittent form," said I, profession-

ally, mimicking my guardian, "it ought to go off upon a course of bark. What do you say to trying a little hard, real work by way of bitters?"

"I do not care. After what I have done, you cannot ask of me anything but what I will do."

"Then let us keep a sewing-school once a week for some of the poor little waifs and strays about the streets. We can read them a story, and give them a cake, and make it a little treat to them."

"I will, and begin with the dirtiest and the naughtiest."

Thus prosaically our grim adventure ended. I had been revolving the plan of the sewing-school in my own mind for some time before, especially for Nelly's benefit; but she was generally indisposed to active exertion, and averse to practical matters. Therefore I had been obliged to watch for a favorable *opening*, which her penitence afforded me. As I did not wish to put it to too hard a test, and for other reasons also, I discouraged, however, the idea of giving the precedence to the naughtiest and dirtiest children. We decided that I should ask Miss Trimmer of the town school, a worthy young woman with whom I was acquainted, to choose out the best six of the motherless poor little girls among her pupils to form the nucleus of our class, that we might train them for tame elephants to help us to break in the wild ones. In the mean time, I thought that, if we succeeded in making them enjoy themselves, their reports would make their mates eager to be admitted likewise, as they might be afterwards by instalments, bearing tickets of recommendation from their mistress as rewards for good conduct in the public school. I hoped also to be able, through Miss Trimmer, to get leave to teach them through the cold weather in the school-house, before the fires went out on Wednesday afternoon; and Julia cheerfully promised us the use of her arbor and garden in the summer.

A DRIFT-WOOD FIRE.

"This æ nighte, this æ nighte,
 Every nighte and alle,
 Fire and salt and candle-lighte,
 And Christe receive thy saule."

A Lyke-Wake Dirge.

THE October days grow rapidly shorter, and brighten with more concentrated light. It is but half past five, yet the sun dips redly behind Conanicut, the sunset-gun booms from our neighbor's yacht, the flag glides down from his mainmast, and the slender pennant, running airily up the opposite halyards, dances and flickers like a flame, and at last perches, with dainty hesitation, at the mast-head. A tint of salmon-color, burnished into long undulations of lustre, overspreads the shallower waves; but a sober gray seems to steal in beneath the sunset rays, and will soon claim even the brilliant foreground for its own. Pile a few more fragments of drift-wood upon the fire in the great chimney, little maiden, and then couch yourself before it, that I may have your glowing childhood as a foreground for those heaped relics of shipwreck and despair. You seem, in your scarlet boating-dress, Annie, like some bright tropic bird, alit for a moment beside that other bird of the tropics, flame.

Thoreau thought that his genius dated from an earlier period than the agricultural, because he preferred woodcraft to gardening; and I am content to fancy that mine appertains to the period when men had invented neither saws nor axes, but simply picked up their fuel in forests or on ocean-shores. Fire is a thing that comes so near us, and combines itself so closely with our life, that we enjoy it best when we work for it in some way, so that our fuel shall warm us twice, as the country people say,—once in the obtaining, and again in the burning. Yet no work seems to have more of the flavor of play in it than that of collecting drift-wood on

some convenient beach, or than this boat-service of ours, Annie, when we go wandering from island on to island in the harbor, and glide over sea-weed groves and the habitations of crabs,—or to the flowery and ruined bastions of Rose Island,—or to those caves at Coaster's Harbor where we played Victor Hugo, and were eaten up in fancy by a cuttle-fish. Then we voyaged, you remember, to that further cave, in the solid rock, just above low-water-mark, a cell unapproachable by land, and high enough for you to stand erect. There you wished to play Constance in Marmion, and to be walled up alive, if convenient; but as it proved inconvenient on that day, you helped me to secure some bits of drift-wood instead. Longer voyages brought waifs from remoter islands, whose very names tell perchance the changing story of mariners long since wrecked,—isles baptized Patience and Prudence, Hope and Despair. And other relics bear witness of more distant beaches, and of those wrecks which still lie, sentinels of ruin, along Brenton's Point and Castle Hill.

To collect drift-wood is like botanizing, and one soon learns to recognize the prevailing species, and look with pleased eagerness for new. It is a tragic botany indeed, where, as in enchanted gardens, each specimen has a voice, and, as you take each from the ground, you expect from it a cry like the mandrake's. And from what a garden it comes! As one walks round Brenton's Point after an autumnal storm, it seems as if the passionate heaving of the waves had brought wholly new tints to the surface, hues unseen even in dreams before, greens and purples impossible in serener days.

These match the prevailing green and purple of the slate-cliffs ; and Nature in truth carries such fine fitnesses yet further. For, as we tread the delicate sea-side turf, which makes the farthest point seem merely the land's last bequest of emerald to the ocean, we suddenly come upon curved lines of lustrous purple amid the grass, rows on rows of bright muscle-shells, regularly traced as if a child had played there, the graceful high-water-mark of the terrible storm. It is the crowning fascination of the sea, the consummation of such might in such infantine delicacy. One feels it again in the summer, when our bay is thronged for miles on miles with inch-long jelly-fishes, — lovely creatures, in shape like disembodied gooseberries, and shot through and through in the sunlight with all manner of blue and golden glistenings, and with tiny rows of fringing oars that tremble like a baby's eyelids. There is less of gross substance in them than in any created thing, — mere water and outline, destined to perish at a touch, but seemingly never touching, for they float secure, finding no conceivable cradle so soft as this awful sea. They are like melodies amid Beethoven's Symphonies, or like the songs that wander through Shakespeare, and that seem things too fragile to risk near Cleopatra's passion and Hamlet's woe. Thus tender is the touch of ocean ; and look, how around this piece of oaken timber, twisted and torn and furrowed, — its iron bolts snapped across as if bitten, — there is yet twined a gay garland of ribbon-weed, bearing on its trailing stem a cluster of bright shells, like a mermaid's *chatelaine*.

Thus adorned, we place it on the blaze. As night gathers without, the gale rises. It is a season of uneasy winds, and of strange, rainless storms, which perplex the fishermen, and indicate rough weather out at sea. As the house trembles and the windows rattle, we turn towards the fire with a feeling of safety. Representing the fiercest of all dangers, it yet indicates security and comfort. Should a gale tear the

roof from over our heads and show the black sky alone above us, we should not feel utterly homeless while this fire burned ; — such a feeling of protection at least I can recall, when once left suddenly roofless by night in one of the wild gorges of Mount Katahdin. There is a positive demonstrative force in an open fire, which makes it a fit ally in a storm. Settled and obdurate cold may well be encountered by the quiet heat of an invisible furnace. But this howling wind might depress one's spirits, were it not met by a force as palpable, — the blast within answering to the blast without. The chimney then becomes the scene of contest, — wind meets wind, sparks encounter rain-drops, they fight in the air like the visioned soldiers of Attila ; sometimes a daring drop penetrates and dies hissing on the hearth ; and sometimes a troop of sparks make a sortie from the chimney-top. I know not how else we can meet the elements by a defiance so magnificent as that of an open hearth ; and in burning drift-wood, especially, we turn against the enemy his own ammunition. For on these fragments three elements have already done their work. Water racked and strained the hapless ships, air hunted them, and they were thrown at last upon earth, the sternest of all. Then fire took the shattered remnants, and made them into an adequate defence for us against all three.

It has been pointed out by botanists, as one of Nature's most graceful retributions, that, in the building of the ship, the apparent balance of vegetable forces is reversed, and the herb becomes master of the tree ; when the delicate blue-eyed flax, taking the stately pine under its protection, spreads over it in cordage, or expands in sails. But more graceful still is this further contest between the great natural elements, when this most fantastic and vanishing thing, this delicate and dancing flame, subdues all these huge vassals to its will, and, after earth and air and water have done their utmost, comes in to complete the task, and

be crowned as monarch. "The sea drinks the air," said Anacreon, "and the sun the sea." My fire is the child of the sun.

I come back from every evening stroll to this gleaming blaze; it is a domestic lamp, and shines for me everywhere. It seems to burn visibly through the dark houses, lighting up the whole of this little fishing hamlet, which forms the outer edge of the fashionable watering-place. I fancy that others too perceive it, and that certain visitors are attracted, even when the storm keeps neighbors and friends at home. For the slightest presage of foul weather is sure to bring to the opposite anchorage a dozen silent vessels, that glide up the harbor for refuge, and are heard but once, when the chain-cable rattles as it runs out, and the iron hand of the anchor grasps the rock. It always seems to me that these unwieldy visitors are gathered not about the neighboring lighthouse only, but around our ingle-side. Welcome, ye great winged strangers, whose very names are unknown. This hearth is comprehensive in its hospitalities; it will accept from you either its fuel or its guests; your mariners may warm themselves beside it, or your scattered timbers may warm me. Strange instincts might be supposed to thrill and shudder in the ribs of ships that sail toward the beacon of a drift-wood fire. *Morituri salutant.* A single shock, and all that magnificent fabric is perhaps mere fuel to prolong the flame.

Here, beside the roaring ocean, this blaze represents the only receptacle more vast than ocean. We say, "unstable as water." But there is nothing unstable about this flickering flame: it is persistent and desperate, relentless in following its ends. It is the most tremendous physical force that man can use. "If drugs fail," said Hippocrates, "use the knife; should the knife fail, use fire." Conquered countries were anciently given over to fire and sword; the latter could only kill, but the other could annihilate. See how thoroughly it does its

work, even when domesticated: it takes up everything upon the hearth and leaves all clean. The Greek proverb says, that "the sea drinks up all the sins of the world." It is the most capacious of all things, save fire only. But its task is left incomplete: it only hides its records, while fire destroys them. In the Norse Edda, when the gods try their games, they find themselves able to out-drink the ocean, but not to eat like the flame. Logi, or fire, licks up food and trencher and all. This chimney is more voracious than the sea. Give time enough, and all which yonder depths contain shall pass through this insatiable throat, leaving only a few ashes and the memory of a flickering shade,—*pulvis et umbra*. We recognize this when we have anything to conceal. Deep crimes are buried in earth, deeper are sunk in water, but the deepest of all are confided by trembling men to the profounder secrecy of flame. If every old chimney could narrate the fearful deeds whose last records it has cancelled, what sighs of undying passion would breathe from its dark summit,—what groans of guilt! Those lurid sparks that whirl over yonder house-top, tossed aloft as if fire itself could not contain them, may be the last embers of some written scroll, one rescued word of which might suffice for the ruin of a household, and the crushing of many hearts. "Behold," shrieks the blast, "it is the last opportunity." Withhold thy secrets, fearful witness, and treasure not wrath against the day of wrath.

But this domestic hearth of ours holds only, beside its drift-wood, the peaceful records of the day,—its shreds and fragments and fallen leaves. As the ancients poured wine upon their flames, so I pour rose-leaves in libation; and each day contributes the faded petals of yesterday's wreaths. All our roses of this season have passed up this chimney in the blaze. Their delicate veins were filled with all the summer's fire, and they returned to fire once more, — ashes to ashes, flame

to flame. For holding, with Bettina, that every flower which is broken becomes immortal in the sacrifice, I deem it more fitting that their earthly part should die by a concentration of that burning element which would at any rate be in some form their ending; so they have their altar on this bright hearth.

Let us pile up the fire anew with drift-wood, Annie. We can choose at random; for our logs came from no single forest. It is considered an important branch of skill in the country to know the varieties of fire-wood, and to choose among them well. But to-night we have the whole Atlantic shore for our wood-pile, and the Gulf Stream for a teamster. Every foreign tree of rarest name may, for aught we know, send its treasures to our hearth. Log-wood and satinwood may mingle with cedar and maple; the old cellar-floors of this once princely town are of mahogany, and why not our fire? I have a very indistinct impression what teak is; but if it means something black and impenetrable and nearly indestructible, then there is a piece of it, Annie, on the hearth at this moment.

It must be owned, indeed, that timbers soaked long enough in salt-water seem almost to lose their capacity of being burnt. Perhaps it was for this reason, that, in the ancient "lyke-wakes" of the North of England, a pinch of salt was placed upon the dead body, as a safeguard against purgatorial flames. Yet salt melts ice, and so tends to warmth, one would think; and one can fancy that these fragments should be doubly inflammable, by their saline quality, and by the unmerciful rubbing which the waves have given them. For see what warmth this churning process communicates to the clotted foam which lies in tremulous masses among the rocks, holding all the blue of ocean in its bubbles. After one's hands are chilled with the water, one can warm them in the foam. These drift-wood fragments are but the larger foam of shipwrecks.

What strange comrades this flame

brings together. As foreign sailors from remotest seas may sit and chat side by side, before some boarding-house fire in this seaport town, so these shapeless sticks, perhaps gathered from far wider wanderings, now nestle together against the back-log, and converse in strange dialects as they burn. It is written in the Heetopades of Veeshnoo Sarma, that, "as two planks, floating on the surface of the mighty receptacle of the waters, meet, and having met are separated forever, so do beings in this life come together and presently are parted." Perchance this chimney reunites the planks, at the last moment, as death must reunite friends.

And with what wondrous voices these strayed wanderers talk to each other on the hearth! They bewitch us by the mere fascination of their language. Such a delicacy of intonation, yet such a volume of sound. The murmur of the surf is not so soft or so solemn. There are the merest hints and traceries of tones, phantom voices, more remote from noise than anything which is noise; and yet there is an undertone of roar, as of a thousand cities, the cities whence these wild voyagers came. Watch the decreasing sounds of a fire as it dies, — for it seems cruel to leave it, as we do, to die alone. I watched beside this hearth last night. As the fire sank down, the little voices grew stiller and more still, and at last there came only irregular beats, at varying intervals, as if from a heart that acted spasmodically, or as if it were measuring off by ticks the little remnant of time. Then it said, "Hush!" two or three times, and there came something so like a sob that it seemed human; and then all was still.

If these dying voices are so sweet and subtle, what legends must be held untold by yonder fragments that lie unconsumed! Photography has familiarized us with the thought that every visible act, since the beginning of the world, has stamped itself upon surrounding surfaces, even if we have not yet skill to discern and hold the image.

And especially, in looking on a liquid mirror, such as the ocean in calm, one is haunted with these fancies. I gaze into its depths, and wonder if no stray vestige has been imprisoned there, still accessible to human eyes, of some scene of passion or despair it has witnessed ; as a maiden visitor at Holyrood Palace, looking in the ancient metallic mirror, starts at the thought that perchance some lineament of Mary Stuart may suddenly look out, in desolate and forgotten beauty, mingled with her own. And if the mere waters of the ocean, satiate and wearied with tragedy as they must be, still keep for our fancy such records, how much more might we attribute a human consciousness to these shattered fragments, each seared by its own special grief.

In their silence, I like to trace back for these component parts of my fire such brief histories as I share. This block, for instance, came from the large schooner which now lies at the end of Castle Hill Beach, bearing still aloft its broken masts and shattered rigging, and with its keel yet stanch, except that the stern-post is gone,—so that each tide sweeps in its green harvest of glossy kelp, and then tosses it in the hold like hay, desolately tenanting the place which once sheltered men. The floating weed, so graceful in its liberty, seems a pathetic symbol there. On that fearfully cold Monday of last winter (January 8, 1866), with the mercury at -10° , even in this mildest corner of New England, this vessel was caught helplessly amid the ice that drifted out of the west passage of Narragansett Bay, before the fierce north-wind. They tried to beat into the eastern entrance, but the schooner seemed in sinking condition, the sails and helm were clogged with ice, and every rope, as an eyewitness told me, was as large as a man's body with frozen sleet. Twice they tacked across, making no progress ; and then, to save their lives, ran the vessel on the rocks and got ashore. After they had left her, a higher wave swept her off, and drifted her into a little cove, where she has lain ever since.

There were twelve wrecks along this shore last winter,—more than during any season for a quarter of a century. I remember when the first of these lay in great fragments on Graves Point, a schooner having been stranded on Cormorant Rocks outside, and there broken in pieces by the surf. She had been split lengthwise, and one great side was leaning up against the sloping rock, bows on, like some wild sea creature never before beheld of men, and come there but to die. The wreck appeared so alive, that when I afterwards saw men at work upon it, tearing out the iron bolts and chains, it seemed like torturing the last moments of a living thing. At my next visit there was no person in sight ; another companion fragment had floated ashore, and the two lay peacefully beside the sailors' graves, (which give the name to the point,) as if they found comfort there. A little farther on, there was a brig ashore and deserted. A fog came in from the sea ; and, as I sat by the graves, some unseen passing vessel struck eight bells for noon. It seemed as if it came from the empty brig, a ghostly call, to summon phantom sailors.

Yonder burning brand, which seems to bear witness in its smouldering lustre of the strange wreck from which it came, I brought from Price's Neck last winter, when the Brenton's Reef Light-ship went ashore. Yonder the oddly shaped vessel rides at anchor now, two miles from land, bearing her lanterns aloft at fore and main top. She parted her moorings by night, in the fearful storm of October 19, 1865 ; and I well remember, that, as I walked through the streets that wild evening, it seemed dangerous to be out of doors, and I tried to imagine what was going on at sea, while at that very moment the light-ship was driving on toward me in the darkness. Let me tell the story.

There had been a heavy gale from the southeast, which, after a few hours of lull, suddenly changed in the afternoon to the southwest, which is, on this coast, the prevailing direction. Beginning about three, this new wind had

risen almost to a hurricane by six, and held with equal fury till midnight, after which it greatly diminished, though, when I visited the wreck next morning, it was hard to walk against the blast. The light-ship went adrift at eight in the evening; the men let go another anchor, with forty fathoms of cable; this parted also, but the cable dragged, keeping the vessel's head to the wind, as she drifted in, which was greatly to her advantage. The great waves took her over five lines of reef, on each of which her keel grazed or held for a time. She came ashore on Price's Neck at last, about eleven.

It was utterly dark; the sea broke high over the ship, even over her lanterns, and the crew could only guess that they were near the land by the sound of the surf. The captain was not on board, and the mate was in command, though his leg had been broken while holding the tiller. They could not hear each other's voices, and could scarcely cling to the deck. There seemed every chance that the ship would go to pieces before daylight. At last one of the crew, named William Martin, a Scotchman, thinking, as he afterwards told me, of his wife and three children, and of the others on board who had families, — and that something must be done, and he might as well do it as anybody, — got a rope bound around his waist, and sprang overboard. I asked the mate next day whether he ordered Martin to do this, and he said, "No, he volunteered it. I would not have ordered him, for I would not have done it myself." What made the thing most remarkable was, that the man actually could not swim, and did not know how far off the shore was, but trusted to the waves to take him thither, — perhaps two hundred yards. His trust was repaid. Struggling in the mighty surf, he sometimes felt the rocks beneath his feet, sometimes bruised his hands against them. At any rate he got on shore alive, and, securing his rope, made his way over the moors to the town, and summoned his captain, who was asleep in his own

house. They returned at once to the spot, found the line still fast, and the rest of the crew, four in number, lowered the whaleboat, and were pulled on shore by the rope, landing safely before daybreak.

When I saw the vessel next morning, she lay in a little cove, stern-on, not wholly out of water, — steady and upright as in a dry-dock, with no sign of serious injury, except that the rudder was gone. She did not seem like a wreck; the men were the wrecks. As they lay among the rocks, bare or tattered, scarcely able to move, waiting for low tide to go on board the vessel, it seemed like a scene after a battle. They appeared too inert, poor fellows, to do anything but yearn toward the sun. When they changed position for shelter, from time to time, they seemed instinctively to crawl along the rocks, rather than walk. They were like the little floating sprays of sea-weed, when you take them from the water and they become a mere mass of pulp in your hand. Martin seemed to share in the general exhaustion, and no wonder; but he told his story very simply, and showed me where he had landed, though the feat seemed to me then, and has always seemed, almost incredible, even for an expert swimmer. He thus summed up the motives for his action: "I thought that God was first, and I was next, and if I did the best I could, no man could do more than that; so I jumped overboard." It is pleasant to add, that, though a poor man, he utterly declined one of those small donations of money by which we Anglo-Saxons rather incline to express our personal enthusiasms; and I think I appreciated his whole action the more for its coming just at the close of a war, during which so many had readily accepted their award of praise or pay for acts of less intrinsic daring than his.

Stir the fire, Annie, with yonder broken fragment of a flag-staff; its truck is still remaining, though the flag is gone, and every nation might claim it. As you stir, the burning brands evince a remembrance of their

sea-tost life, the sparks drift away like foam-flakes, the flames wave and flap like sails, and the wail of the chimney seems a second shipwreck. As the tiny scintillations gleam and scatter and vanish in the soot of the chimney-wall, instead of "There goes the parson, and there goes the clerk," it must be the captain and the crew we watch. A drift-wood fire should always have children to tend it; for there is something childlike about it, unlike the steadier glow of walnut logs. It has a coaxing, infantile way of playing with the oddly shaped bits of wood we give it, and of deserting one to caress with flickering impulse another; and at night, when it needs to be extinguished, it is as hard to put to rest as a nursery of children, for some bright little head is constantly springing up anew, from its pillow of ashes. And, in turn, what endless delight children find in the manipulation of a fire!

What a variety of playthings, too, in this fuel of ours; such inexplicable pieces, treenails and tholepins, trucks and sheaves, the lid of a locker, and a broken capstan-bar. These larger fragments are from spars and planks and knees. Some were dropped overboard in this quiet harbor; others may have floated from Fayal or Hispaniola, Mozambique or Zanzibar. This eagle figure-head, chipped and battered, but still possessing highly aquiline features and a single eye, may have tangled its curved beak in the vast weed-beds of the Sargasso Sea ere now, or dipped it in the Sea of Milk. Tell us your story, O heroic but dilapidated bird, and perhaps song or legend may find in it themes that shall be immortal.

The eagle is silent, and I suspect, Annie, that he is but a plain, home-bred fowl after all. But what shall we say to this piece of plank, hung with barnacles that look large enough for the fabled barnacle-geese to emerge from? Observe this fragment a little. Another piece is secured to it, not neatly, as with proper tools, but clumsily, with many nails of different sizes, driven unevenly and with their heads battered

awry. Wedged clumsily in between these pieces, and secured by a supplementary nail, is a bit of broken rope. Let us touch that rope tenderly; for who knows what despairing hands may last have clutched it, when this rude raft was made. It may, indeed, have been the handiwork of children, on the Penobscot or the St. Mary's River. But its condition betokens long voyages, and it may as well have come from the stranded "Golden Rule" on Roncador Reef, — that picturesque shipwreck where (as a rescued woman told me) the eyes of the people in their despair seemed full of sublime resignation, there was no confusion or outcry, and even the professional gamblers on board, with their female companions, looked death in the face as nobly, for all that could be seen, as the saintly and the pure. Or who knows but it floated round Cape Horn, from that other wreck, on the Pacific shore, of the "Central America," where the rough miners found that there was room in the boats only for their wives and their gold, and, pushing them off, with a few men to row them, the doomed husbands gave a cheer of courage as the ship went down.

Here again is a piece of pine wood, cut in notches as for a tally, and with every seventh notch the longest; these notches having been cut deeply at the beginning, and feebly afterwards, stopping abruptly before the end was reached. Who could have carved it? Not a school-boy awaiting vacation, or a soldier expecting his discharge; for then each tally would have been cut off, instead of added. Nor could it be the squad of two soldiers who garrisoned Rose Island; for their tour of duty lasts but a week. There are small barnacles and sea-weed too, which give the mysterious stick a sort of brevet antiquity. It has been long adrift, and these little barnacles, opening and closing daily their minute valves, have kept perchance their own register, and with their busy fringed fingers have gathered from the whole Atlantic that small share of its edible treasures which suf-

ficed for them. Plainly this waif has had its experiences. It was Robinson Crusoe's, Annie, depend upon it. We will save it from the flames, and when we establish our marine museum, nothing save a veritable piece of the North Pole shall be held so valuable as this undoubted relic from Juan Fernandez.

But the night deepens, and its reveries must end. With the winter will pass away the winter-storms, and summer will bring its own more insidious perils. Then the drowsy old seaport will blaze into splendor, through saloon and avenue, amidst which many a bright career will end suddenly and leave no sign. The ocean tries feebly to emulate the profounder tragedies of the shore. In the crowded halls of gay

hotels, I see wrecks drifting hopelessly, dismasted and rudderless, to be stranded on hearts harder and more cruel than Brenton's Reef, yet hid in smiles falser than the fleecy foam. What is a mere forsaken ship, compared with stately houses from which those whom I first knew in their youth and beauty have since fled into midnight and despair?

But one last gleam upon our hearth lights up your innocent eyes, little Annie, and dispels the gathering shade. The flame dies down again, and you draw closer to my side. The pure moon looks in at the southern window, replacing the ruddier glow; while the fading embers lisp and prattle to each other, like drowsy children, more and more faintly, till they fall asleep.

REAL ESTATE.

THE pleasant grounds are greenly turfed and graded;
A sturdy porter waiteth at the gate;
The graceful avenues, serenely shaded,
And curving paths, are interlaced and braided
In many a maze around my fair estate.

Here blooms the early hyacinth, and clover
And amaranth and myrtle wreath the ground;
The pensive lily leans her pale cheek over;
And hither comes the bee, light-hearted rover,
Wooping the sweet-breathed flowers with soothing sound.

Intwining, in their manifold digressions,
Lands of my neighbors, wind these peaceful ways.
The masters, coming to their calm possessions,
Followed in solemn state by long processions,
Make quiet journeys, these still summer days.

This is my freehold! Elms and fringing larches,
Maples and pines, and stately firs of Norway,
Build round me their green pyramids and arches;
Sweetly the robin sings, while slowly marches
The owner's escort to his open doorway.

O, sweetly sing the robin and the sparrow!
But the pale tenant very silent rides.
A low green roof receiveth him, — so narrow
His hollowed tenement, a school-boy's arrow
Might span the space betwixt its grassy sides.

The flowers around him ring their wind-swung chalices,
A great bell tolls the pageant's slow advance.
The poor alike, and lords of parks and palaces,
From all their busy schemes, their fears and fallacies,
Find here their rest and sure inheritance.

No more hath Cæsar or Sardanapalus!
Of all our wide dominions, soon or late,
Only a fathom's space can aught avail us;
This is the heritage that shall not fail us:
Here man at last comes to his Real Estate.

Secure to him and to his heirs forever!
Nor wealth nor want shall vex his spirit more.
Treasures of hope and love and high endeavor
Follow their blest proprietor; but never
Could pomp or riches pass this little door.

Flatterers attend him, but alone he enters, —
Shakes off the dust of earth, no more to roam.
His trial ended, sealed his soul's indentures,
The wanderer, weary from his long adventures,
Beholds the peace of his eternal home.

Lo, more than life Man's great Estate comprises!
While for the earthly corner of his mansion
A little nook in shady Time suffices,
The rainbow-pillared heavenly roof arises
Ethereal in limitless expansion!

HOW MR. FRYE WOULD HAVE PREACHED IT.

MR. FRYE and his little wife live at our house. They took a room for themselves and their little girls, with full board, last December, when the Sloanmakers went to Illinois. This is how it happened that one Sunday, after dinner, in quite an assembly of the full boarders and of the breakfast boarders also, all of whom, except Mr. Jeffries, dine with us on Sunday, Mr. Frye told how he would have preached it.

What made this more remarkable was, that the Fries are not apt to talk about themselves, or of their past life. I think they have always been favorites at the table; and Mrs. Frye has been rather a favorite among the "lady boarders." But none of us knew much where they had been, excepting that, like most other men, he had been in the army. He brought out his uniform coat for some charades the night of the birthday party. But till Sunday I did not know, for one, anything about the things he told us, and I do not think any one else did.

Every one had been to church that Sunday in the morning. Mrs. Whittemore gives us breakfast on Sunday only half an hour late, and almost all of us do go to church. I believe the Wingates went out to Jamaica Plains to their mother's, but I am almost sure every one else went to church. So at dinner, naturally enough, we talked over the sermons and the services. The Webbers had found Hollis Street shut, and had gone on to Mr. Clarke's, where they had a sort of opening service, and a beautiful show of fall flowers, that some of their orphan boys had sent. Mr. Ray is rather musical. He told about a new *Te Deum* at St. Peter's. The Jerdans always go to Ashburton Place. They had heard Dr. Kirk. But it so happened that more of us than usual had been to the new church below Clinton Street. We had not found

Dr. Warren there, however, but a strange minister. Some said it was Mr. Broadgood, one of the English delegates. But I knew it was not he. For he said, "If you give an inch they take an ell," and this is a sentence the English delegates cannot speak. The sexton thought it was Mr. Hapgood, from South Norridgewock. I asked Mr. Eels, one of the standing committee, and he did not know. No matter who it was. He had preached what I thought was rather above the average sermon, on "The way of transgressors is hard."

Well, we got talking about the sermon. My wife liked it better than I did. George Fifield liked it particularly, and quoted, or tried to quote, the close to the Webbers; only, as he said, he could not remember the precise language, and it depended a good deal on the manner of the delivery. Mrs. Watson confessed to being sleepy. Harry said he had sat under the gallery, and had not heard much, which is a less gallant way of making Mrs. Watson's confession. The Fries were both at church. They sat with me in Mrs. Austin's pew. They were the only ones who said nothing about the sermon. Mrs. Frye never does say much at table. But at last the matter became quite the topic of after-dinner discussion; and I said to Frye that we had not had his opinion.

"O," said he, "it was well enough. But if I had had that text, I should not have preached it so."

"How would you have preached it?" said Harry laughing.

Oddly enough, Frye's face evidently flushed a little; but he only said, "Well, not so,—I should not have preached it that way."

I did not know why the talk should make him uncomfortable, but I saw it did, and so I tried to change the subject. I asked John Webber if he had seen the Evening Gazette. But Harry

has no tact; and after a little more banter, in which the rest of them at that end of the table joined, he said: "Now, Mr. Frye, tell us how you would have preached it."

Mr. Frye turned pale this time. He just glanced at his wife, and then I saw she was pale too. But whatever else Frye is, he is a brave man, and he has very little back-down about him. So he took up the glove, and said, if we had a mind to sit there half an hour, he would tell how he would have preached it. But he did not believe he could in less time. Harry was delighted with anything out of the common run, and screamed, "A sermon from Mr. Frye!—a sermon from Mr. Frye!—reported expressly for this journal. No other paper has the news." Poor Mrs. Frye said she must go up and see to her baby, and she slipped away. A gentleman whom I have not named said, in rebuke of us all, that we might be better employed, and he left also. He is preparing for a Sunday paper a series of sketches of popular preachers, and it is my opinion that he spent that afternoon in writing his account of the Rev. Dr. Smith. I do not know, but I used to think he was a correspondent of the New York Observer, for I noticed once that he spoke of Jacqueline Pascal as if Jacqueline were a man's name, and as if she wrote the *Pensées*. When they were gone, Mr. Frye told us

HOW HE SHOULD HAVE PREACHED IT.

"I SHOULD have said," said Mr. Frye, "that when Jenny and I were married, fourteen years ago, at Milfold, there was not so good a blacksmith as I in that part of Worcester County. To be a good blacksmith in a country town requires not only strength of arm, and a reasonably correct eye, but a good deal of nerve. And when I first worked at the trade, and afterwards here, once when I worked in Hawley Street for good Deacon Safford, I got the reputation of being afraid of noth-

ing. And I think I deserved it, as far as any man does. Certainly I was not easily frightened. So it happened that I was at work for the Semple Brothers, in Milfold, at the highest journeyman's wages, and with lots of perquisites for shoeing the ugly horses. For a circle of fifteen miles round, there was not a kicking brute of the Cruiser family who, in the end, was not brought to our shop for Heber Frye to shoe. I have shod horses from Worcester, who came down with all four of their shoes off because nobody dared touch them. Now in the trade all such work is well paid for. As I say, I had the highest journeyman's wages. And in any such hard case I was paid extra; and as likely as not, if they had had trouble, I got a present beside. The Semples liked the reputation their shop was getting; and so, though I was a little fast, and would be off work at working hours sometimes, they kept me; and if I had chosen to lay up money, I could have made myself—what I never did make myself—a forehanded man.

"Well, I fell in with Jenny there. And while we were engaged, she took care of me, and made me stick to work, and kept me near her. I did not want any other excitement, and I did not want any other companion. She would not go where I could drink, and I would not go anywhere where she did not go. And for the six months of our engagement, I was amazed to find how rich I was growing. When we were married, I was able to furnish the house prettily,—as nicely as any man in Milfold,—though it was on a baby-house scale, of course. But, as Tom Hood's story says, we had six hair-cloth chairs, a dozen silver spoons, carpet on every room in the house, and everything to make us comfortable."

But here Mr. Frye stopped and said: "This is going to be a longer sermon than I supposed, and those of you who are going to meeting had better go, for I hear the Old-South bell." But nobody started. Even Mrs. Whittemore held firm, only moving her chair so that Isabel might take the dirty plates. The

rest of us moved up a little way, and Mr. Frye went on.

"We were married, and we lived as happily as could be,—a great deal more happily than I deserved, and almost as happily as my wife deserves, even. But, I tell you, there is nothing truer than the saying, 'Easy earned, easy spent'; and I believe that perquisites and fees, unexpected and uncertain remunerations, are apt to be rather bad for a man. At least they make a sort of excuse for a man. I never could be made half as careful as Jenny is, or as I had better be. I spent pretty freely. I liked to spend money on her. And then I would get short; and then I would find myself hoping some half-broken, kicking beast would be brought in, which nobody could manage but me. And if one came, and I managed him, and shod him, instead of feeling proud of the victory, as I fairly might, I would feel cross if the owner did not hand me a dollar-bill extra as he went away. Then I knew this was mean; and then I would be mad with myself; and then, as I went home, I would stop at Williams's or Richards's, and get something to drink; and then, when I got home, I would scold Jenny; and after the baby came, I would swear at the baby if she cried; and then Jenny would cry, and then I would swear again; and I would go out again, and meet some of the fellows at Edwards's, and would not know when I came home at night, and would be down at the shop late the next morning, and, what was worse, had not the nerve and grit which had given me the reputation I had there. Dutch courage, for practical purposes, ranks with Dutch gold-leaf or German silver.

"Well," said Frye, rather pale again, but trying to laugh a little, "perhaps, my beloved hearers, you don't know what this sort of thing is. If you don't, lucky for you. When they asked that Brahmin, Gangooly, if he believed in hell, he said he believed there were a good many little hells, as he walked through Washington Street to come to the church that evening. If he had

come into my house, almost any evening, he would have found one. Poor Jenny did her best. But a woman can't do much. It is not coaxing you want. You know it's hell a great deal better than anybody can tell you. It is *will* you want. You can make good enough resolutions about it: the thing is to keep them. All this time the Semples were getting cross. At last they got trustee'd for my wages. And old Semple told me he would discharge me if it ever happened again. Then one day, Tourtellot's black mare got away from me, knocked me down, and played the old Harry generally in the shop; and the other hands said it was because I did not know what I was doing, which, by the way, was a lie. It was because my hand was not steady, nor my eye. What is it we used to speak at school, about failing brand and feeble hand? It was not that night, but it was some other night, when I was blue as Peter and cross as a hand-saw, that I stopped to take something on my way home. I remember now that Harry Patrick, who was always my true friend, tried to get me by the shops. He did get me by the hotel, for a strong man can do almost anything with a broken one; but after I had promised him I would go home, he was fool enough to leave me, and then I stopped somewhere else,—no matter where,—you do not know Milfold,—and when I got home, it might as well have been anybody else. I don't remember a thing. If the Prince Camaralzaman had gone there, I should now know as little what he did from my own memory. But what I did,—or rather what this hand and arm and leg and the rest of the machine did,—was, to kick the baby's cradle over into the corner; to knock poor Jane down with a chair, on top of it; to put the chair through one window, and throw it out of the other; then to scream, 'Murder! fire! murder! fire!' and then to tumble on the 'hair-cloth sofa,' which was to make us so comfortable, and go into a drunken sleep.

"This was what I learned I did, the next morning, when I found myself in a justice's court; and for this the judge sent me up to Worcester to the House of Correction for three months. It was a 'first offence,' or it would have been longer. As for poor Jenny and the baby, neither of them could come and see me."

By this time, Frye was done with pretending to smile. He stopped a minute, drank a little water from his tumbler, and said: "Now you would think that would cure a man. Or you would think, as the law does, that three months in the House of Correction would 'correct' him. That is because you do not know. At the last day of the three months I thought so. There is not a man here who dreads liquor as I did that day. Harry Patrick, who, as I said, was my best friend, came to meet me when I went out. Richardson, the sheriff, as kind a man as lives, took pains to come down and see me, and said something encouraging to me. Harry had a buggy, that I need not be seen in the cars. And as we went home, I talked as well to him as any man ever talked. Jenny kissed me, and soothed me, and comforted me. The baby was afraid of me, but came to me before night; — and so, before a month was over, we had just such another scene again, and went through much the same after-scene, but that this time I went to Worcester for six months. For now it was not a first offence, you see.

"Well, not to disgust you — more than I can help," — and the poor fellow choked for the only time in the sermon, — "not to disgust you more than I can help, — this happened three times. I believe things always do in stories. This did in fact. The 'third time' you go for twelve months. And one Sunday Harry had been over to see me, and had brought me a dear kind letter from poor Jenny, who was starving, with two children now, in an attic, on what washing she could get, and vest-making, and all such humbugs, — one Sunday, I say, we were marched out

to chapel, — they have a very good chapel in Worcester, — and a man preached; and he preached from this very text you talk about, 'The way of transgressors is hard.'

"What the man said, I know no more than you do. I don't think I did then. Indeed, I do not think I cared much when he began. But it is a great luxury to hear the human voice, when you have been at work on shoes for a week in a prison on our Massachusetts system, which they call the Silent System, where you have heard no word except the overseer's directions. So I sat there, well pleased enough, — even glad to hear a sort of yang-yang they had for music, — and very glad to have some good souls who had come in sing. I remember they sang *Devizes*, which my father used to sing. So I got into a mood of reverie as this preacher went on, and was thinking of Harry, and old Deacon Safford, and father, and Jenny, and what we would call the baby, when to my surprise the minister was finished. And he ended with the text, as some men do, you know. And he said, 'The way of transgressors is hard.' And I caught Wesson's eye, — he was my turnkey, — and Wesson half laughed; and, in violation of all order, I said across the passage to Wesson, 'Damned hard! Wesson.' Mrs. Whittemore, I beg your pardon, but I did say so.

"Wesson nodded, and looked sad. If he had informed on me, I don't know where I should be now. But he looked sorry, — and I have not touched liquor again.

"I was discharged the next Wednesday. Harry came for me again, as he always did. I told him I did not want to go on in Milfold. And the good fellow agreed. He brought me and Jenny and the babies down here to Boston. I'll tell you where we lived. We took two rooms in the third story in Genessee Street, and we began life again.

"Now any of you who are tired can go away. But this is only one head of the sermon."

Nobody went,—only Mrs. Whittemore made us leave the table,—and we moved up to the windows. Isabel took off the cloth, and put on the tea-cloth, and went off, I suppose, to the half-Sunday which was one of her “privileges.” Mr. Frye went on.

“People always have an excuse. Perhaps if we had not used the cars more or less, I should not have had this head in my discourse; I know it all began with these Metropolitan tickets. I would not work at shoeing any more. I got a place in that shop where your firm are now, Mr. Webber,—the Beals were there then,—as a machinist. I had no difficulty ever with tools and iron. Pay was good enough. Work was steady, though rules were much stricter than at Milfold. But I had not got away, I have not till this hour, from that passion for extras. It is so much easier to earn an extra than to economize; and it is a great deal easier still to plan how you will earn one,—and to think that is the same thing. I was tearing a strip of Neck car-tickets in two, one day, to give Jenny half, when it occurred to me that there was a great moth of money. We spent twenty or thirty dollars a year on these tickets, and should be glad to spend twice as much. I think the fun of the thing at first, and then curiosity about it, set me on the business. I know I did not tell her. And before I had got my little hand-press started, and had succeeded in my electro-types to my mind, and had spoiled a dozen blocks of wood in cutting my pattern, I had spent as much money five times over as all the car-tickets I ever printed would have cost me.”

“You printed car-tickets?” said Mrs. Webber. “I don’t understand.”

“O,” said poor Mr. Frye, blushing. “I forgot that all people do not look on things as a machinist does, to see how they were made. Yes, Mrs. Webber, for two or three years, I printed all the Metropolitan tickets my wife and I used in riding. And eventually we rode a good deal. I satisfied such conscience as I had, by

never selling any. And, as I said, I never told my wife. I tried to persuade myself it would be an economy after the plant was paid for. But it never was an economy. What was the worst part of it was, that I had the plant. I had this little handy printing-press. You did not think why I got it, Mrs. Whittemore, when I printed your cards for you. That is rather a tempting thing to have in the house. And that little Grove’s battery, that I gilded your silver thimble with, Mrs. Stearns, is more of a temptation. Both together, I can tell you all, they start a man on more enterprises than are good for him.

“There is no danger,” he added, rather meditatively, “of the kind people call danger, if a man will only be reasonable, and be satisfied with what is good for him. It is the haste to be rich which is dangerous in that way, to people who would never have been ‘detected,’ as they call it, if they were willing to be reasonable and comfortable. But it is not the detection and punishment which play the dogs with a man. It is the meanness and lying, after the first excitement of the enterprise is over. As I said, I never sold any car-tickets or stage-tickets. I just made enough for my own use and Jenny’s. I did give away a lot of concert-tickets one week at the shop; and I told the men that I had them for printing them. It was the off-part of the season, and the Music Hall was not half full, as it stood. I have sometimes thought the Steffanonis, or whoever it was, may have thanked me in their hearts for the audience. No. The trouble is, you see, you have to do things on the sly. I thought it would be a satisfaction to me to have five or six books out of the library at once; and I got up my own library cards,—easy enough to fill them out with the names of dead people. But I never took any comfort in those books. George Fiske went into the gift-concert business. He knew I had this battery up stairs, and I used to gild his watch-backs for him. Well,

George always paid me fairly, and I never told the lies at the counter and office and in the newspapers; but I never saw a man take out his watch in the street, but I felt I was lying. I should not have stood it long, I suppose, any way; but I got tripped up at last pretty suddenly."

"You were arrested?" said little Lucas.

"Arrested, my dear fellow? No! Whose business was it to arrest me. You do not keep your police to arrest people, do you? No. The first breakdown was all along of the war. Look at that quarter-dollar."

And Mr. Frye handed us a well-worn American quarter.

"I carry that for a warning to transgressors. But I never told its story before. Now see here."

And he lighted the gas at his side, balanced the quarter on his knife-blade, held it over the jet a minute, and the two silver sides fell on the table, while a little puddle of melted solder burned the "Living Age," which he held in his hand beneath.

"There," said he, "did you ever see a worse quarter than that? Yet five minutes ago you would all have said it was worth thirty-seven cents in currency. Now, do you think, I had deposited with that battery, night after night, at last, eleven hundred and fifty-two silver eagles like that, and eleven hundred and fifty-two reverses like that, — twenty-four to a frame; and I set the frames forty-eight times. I had just adjusted my lathe for polishing the backs, — if this thing was not so hot, I could show you, — when the banks suspended in 1861. And before I could get the backing in, and the soldering done, and the milling, and the tarnish well on, — you have to tarnish them, Mrs. Whittemore, in a mixture of lapis-lazuli and aqua-regia, — why, silver coin was at a premium of ten per cent. Not a quarter was offered by anybody in the shops; and if anybody got one, it was sent somewhere where it was weighed within twenty-four hours. So all that spec-

ulation of mine flatted out. I kept two or three as a warning, like this one. But for the rest, — I had to melt down my silver to pay my little bills for turning-lathes and acids and lapis-lazuli, Mrs. Whittemore."

And this time he laughed rather more good-naturedly.

"I laugh," said he, "because this is the beginning of the end. We were living in Tyler Street when this happened; and I had just enough persistency in me to say that if I could not have one quarter, I would another. But currency is a great deal harder. No! Mrs. Webber, you can't print bank-bills on a hand-press like that. I have up stairs. It is not very easy to print them at all. But I was just so mad at my failure about the silver, that I went into my largest enterprise of all. I moved away my lathe to the shop; I fitted up the closet in the attic for my chemicals; I bought that pretty Voigtlander camera. I showed you the other day, Mr. Barnes; I sent out to Paris for the last edition of Barreswil's book on Photography; and that was where my skill in portraits began. I had to give up my place in the machine-shop. You can mill silver quarters at midnight; but you need sunshine to photograph currency. And then I had to open a photographic establishment, to satisfy the butcher and baker, and Jenny's friends, and the mild police of the neighborhood generally, that I had something to do, and was entitled to have black fingers. I bought a show-case full of pictures of a man in Manchester, New Hampshire, — and horrid things they were. I hung that out at the door. Sometimes, to my rage and dismay, a sitter would come. I took care to be cross as a bear, to charge high, and to send them off with wretched pictures. They never came a second time. But I had to have some come, because of the mild police as I said; and I had to take Jenny's friends for nothing. A photograph man has a good many dead-heads, as well as one or two lay-figures. All this set me back. Then the gov-

ernment kept changing the pattern of its quarters. Worst of all, I had to let Jenny know this time, because it changed my life so entirely. I was, you see, roped into it by accident, I did not really know how. I promised her that, as soon as I was well out of debt, and the things all paid for, I would give it all up. But we were pretty badly in debt, and I should have to get more than two thousand dollars to make things square. And I had my pride up, and went on, till I did have, though it is a poor thing to boast of, as handsome a set of sheets of that second issue, and of their reverses, (they were printed for security on thin paper to be pasted together,) as Mr. Chase himself ever looked upon. Now, you need not look so frightened, my dear Mrs. Webber, for that was the end!"

"How was it the end?" said she.

"Why, my dear Mrs. Webber, as the minister said this morning, 'The wicked flee when no man pursueth.' That comes into my sermon as it did into his. I had these lovely sheets,—they were lovely, though I say it,—three thousand sheets, twelve bills on a sheet, and the reverses too. I had just got up the gold sizing for the blotch round the face, when the door-bell rang. It was eight in the evening. Now we often had evening visitors; but it was arranged between Jenny and me, that, when they were all safe, Jenny should just touch a private bell that came up into the attic to my work-room. I heard the door-bell, but after the entry, no *ting* on my own.

"Who in thunder was it? I slipped down one flight, and could see and hear nothing. I bolted the double doors. I put those precious negatives into my coal-stove, and opened the lower draft. I took those precious sheets and laid them in the two full bath-tubs that stood ready. That saint, Jenny, still kept the officers down stairs. They must be searching the cellar. If I only could get three minutes more! The glass of the negatives ran out in a puddle in the ash-heap. So far so good.

The different piles of paper softened; and, pile by pile, I rolled them and rammed them into the open waste-pipe which for months had been prepared to take them in such an exigency to the sewer. I have not,—no, Mrs. Webber,—not one of those bills to show you. In seven minutes from that happy door-bell ring, the last shred of them was floating, in the condition of double refined *papier maché*, under ground, in Tyler Street, to the sea; and I walked down stairs to see where Jenny was, and the officers.

"Officers! there were no officers. Only her nice old uncle and his wife had missed the train to Melrose, and had come to take tent with us.

"Jenny saw that I was nervous. But what could I say? O dear! we talked about early squashes, and Old Colony corn, and the best flavor for farina blanc-mange; and then he and I talked politics, Governor Andrew, and the fall of Fort Henry, and what would happen to General Floyd. Till at last, after ten eternities, bed occurred to them as among the possibilities, and the dear old souls bade good night. His wife made him go. He had just got round to Jeff Davis; and his last words to me were, 'The way of transgressors is hard.'

"Hard, indeed," said I, as I turned round to Jenny. I was too wild with rage to scold. She did not know what was the matter. I spoke as gently as if I were asking her to marry me. And she—all amazement—declared she had struck my bell!

"She had tried to. But as we tried it again, it was clear something had happened. It had been a piece of my own bell-hanging, and a kink in the wire had given way. Jenny had sent her signal, but the signal had not come. And I had sent my currency down to the sea for the sculpins to buy bait from the flounders with!

"Jenny," said I, as I took down the candle from the ceiling, 'you and I will go to bed. "The way of the transgressor is hard," beyond a peradventure.'

"And as I looked at Jenny, I saw she

was still too much frightened to begin to be glad. For me, I was not mad any longer. Do none of you fellows know what it is to feel that a game is played through, wholly through, and that you are glad it is done with? Well, I can tell you what you do not know,—that if that game has required one constant lie,—or, what is the same thing, a steady concealment of real purpose,—and if it has forced you to lead in some little saint like my poor wife into the lie,—the relief of feeling that it is through is infinite.

“‘Jenny, darling,’ said I, ‘don’t be afraid to be glad,—don’t be afraid of me. I was never so much pleased with anything in my life.’

“And she looked up—so happily! ‘Heber,’ said she, ‘the way of the transgressor is hard’;—and we went to bed.

“That is the end, brethren and sisters, of the second head of this discourse. Let us go into the parlor.”

So we went into the parlor.

Nobody said much in the parlor. But I noticed that all of them came in, which was unusual. Some of us lighted our cigars;—I did. But Frye said nothing; and I, for one, did not like to ask him to go on. But George Field, who, with a good deal of tenderness, has no tact, and always says the wrong thing, if there is any wrong thing to be said, blurted out, “Go ahead, Mr. Parson, we are all ready.”

“Does any one want to hear the rest of such madness?” said poor Mr. Frye.

“Not if it pains you to tell us,” said good Mrs. Webber. “But really, really, you were very good to tell us what you did.”

And Mr. Frye went on.

“If I had been preaching the sermon in my way,” said he, “I should have told you, what you could have guessed, that, having played that act through, I did not care to stay in Boston more than I liked to stay in Milfold. I had been married ten years, and I had learned two things: first, that a man can’t live, unless he keeps his body under; next, that he can’t live and lie at the same time,—that he can’t

live unless he keeps his ingenuity under, and his cunning and snakiness in general. To learn the first lesson had cleaned me out completely, and I hated Milfold, where I learned it. To learn the second had cleaned me out again, and left me two thousand dollars and more in debt,—so much worse than nothing. And, very naturally, I hated Boston, where I learned that too.

“What did I do? I did what I always had done in trouble. I went to Harry Patrick, who happened to be here on business at the time. Harry had fought for me at school. He had coaxed my father for me when I was in scrapes. He took care of me when I was an apprentice. I have told you what he did for me in Milfold. He established me here. He sent his friends to see my wife. He had me chosen into his Lodge. He lent me money to buy my tools with. He introduced me at the Beals’. When I wanted my cameras and things he helped me to my credit. So of course I went to him. Well, I thought I was done with lying; so I told him just the whole story. There was a quarter’s rent due the next Monday. All the quarter’s bills at the shops were due, and some of them had arrears behind the beginning of the quarter. My winter’s over-coat, my best clothes, indeed, of every name, were at the Pawniers’ Bank, where they keep your woollen clothes from the moths as well as those people on Washington Street do, but where they charge you quite as much for the preservation. Then I had borrowed, in money, twenty-five dollars here, five there, a hundred of one man, and so on,—old fellow-workmen at the machine-shop,—saying and thinking that I should be able to pay them in a few days. This was the reason, indeed, why I had hurried up the negatives, and printed off the impressions as steadily as I had,—because the 1st of October was at hand.

“No. I was glad I did not have to write to him. I told him straight through, much as I have been telling

you. If it has seemed to you that I was talking out of a book, it has been because once — though of course never but once — I have been all over this wretched business in words before. I told Harry the whole. They say a man never tells all his debt. I suppose that is true. I did not tell him of some of the meanest of mine, and some that were most completely debts of honor. I said to myself that I could manage those myself some day. But then I told no lies. I said to him that this was about all. And he, — he did, as he always does, the completest and noblest thing that can be done. He gave me three coupon bonds which he had bought only the day before, meaning them for a birthday present for his mother. He gave me three hundred and twenty dollars in cash, and he went with me to the office of the photographic findings people, with a note of introduction Mr. Rice gave to him, and gave a note, jointly with me, for the chemicals and the cameras. So I was clear of debt that night, except the little things I had not told; and I had near fifty dollars in my pocket.

“‘And what now?’ said he, when I went to thank him again the next morning, — and he spoke to me as cheerily as if I had never caused him a moment’s care.

“Well, he wanted me to go on with the photograph room. But I hated it. I hated Boston. I hated the old shop. I hated the Tyler Street house. I hated the very color on my hands. I begged him to let me go with him to Washington. Perhaps I thought I should do better under his wing. I am ashamed to say that I had not then any special wish to serve the country, — God bless her! — though I knew he was serving her so nobly. Nor did I know the whole meaning of the way of transgressors. Simply I hated Boston.

“So he told me to leave the forty-three dollars with Jenny, and to come with him the next day to Washington. I had never been even to New York before. And at Washington not once

did he fail me. For two or three weeks that I was hanging round, living at his charges, and hopelessly unable to do a thing for him, seeming like a fool, I suppose, because I know I felt like one, not once did he forget himself, nor speak an impatient word to me. And when he came unexpectedly back to our lodgings one day, an hour after he had gone out, to say that the head of the Department had that morning given him an appointment for me, or the promise of one, in the Bureau of Special Supplies, he was more glad than I was, you would have said. Not really; but he was gentle about it, and took no credit to himself, and would have been glad if I could have believed that ‘The Chief’ had heard of me from my own fame, and had sent to him to find out where such a rare bird could be caught.

“So pleasant days began again. Jenny and the children came on. Washington is, to my notion, the pleasantest city in America, if you have only the wherewithal. Always, you see, the great drama is going on before your eyes, and you are one of the chorus. You see it all and hear it all, before the scenes and behind, and yet are even paid for standing and hearing the very first performers in the world. Tragedy sometimes, comedy sometimes, farce how often! melodrama every day. If you only obey Micawber, and insure the ‘result — happiness.’ But I could not do that, you know. Jenny could, and would, if I had let her. But I would buy books, — and I would take her on excursions, — I don’t know, — Harry went off and I got in debt again. But I worked like a dog at the bureau. I brought home copying for Jenny. Always these odd jobs were my ruin. I was always hoping to help myself through. But I was early at work, and at night I screwed out the gas in the office; and so I got promoted. That helped, but it ruined too. Promotion, too, was an ‘odd job.’ I ran behind again, and I got promotion again. But when I ran behind a third time, no promotion came, and I —

"O, no! dear Mrs. Webber. I did not do as Floyd or those people do. I did what was a great deal worse,—as much worse as the sin of a being with a heart can be than the sin of a being with only a brain.

"In my new post I had the oversight of all the accounts from the Artificers' Department in the field. By one of the intricacies, which I need not explain, they were in the habit of sending over for us to use, from the Quartermaster-General's, the originals of all the reports they received, for us to see what we wanted by way of confirming our vouchers; and we then sent them all back to them. This was because we were ahead of them. They were some weeks behindhand, and we were 'fly,' as our jargon called it. So it happened that I used to see Harry's own official reports to their office, even before they read them themselves. They opened them, you know, and sent them to us,—we copied what we wanted, and sent them back again.

"Of course I was interested in what he was doing. I need not say that he was doing it thoroughly well. He loved work. He loved the country. He believed in the cause. And off there, at that strange little post, curiously separated from the grand armies, and in many matters reporting direct to Washington, he was cadi, viceroy, commissary, chief-engineer, schoolmaster, minister, major-general, and everything, under his modest major's maple-leaves. It was a queer post,—just the place one dreams of when he fancies himself fit for everything,—just the place for an honest man,—yes, just the place for him.

"Strictly speaking, I had no right to read his reports. But then I did read them. I liked to know what he was doing. At last, one infernal day, I happened to notice that he had misunderstood one of the service regulations about returns, which had made us infinite trouble when I was in the large room with Blenker. I knew all about it. But it had confused Harry. I was glad I observed it before they did, and

I wrote to him at once about it. I knew it might save him money to notice it; for they would stop his pay while they notified him. I wrote. But he never got the letter. The next week and the next this same variation in his accounts-keeping came in. Nothing wrong, you know; but—look here—if I had a blank I could show you. Well, no matter,—but just one of those things which you world's people call 'red tape.' Really, one part of it sprang from his not understanding where the apostrophes belonged in 'Commissaries' wagoners' assistants' rations.' I wrote to him again and again and again. Four letters I wrote; but Sherman and Hardee and Benham and Hayes, and I do not know who, were raising Ned with the communications, and he never got one of my letters. And when the sixth of these accounts of his came,—well, I was in debt, I wanted a change,—well,—your Doctor to-day would have said the Devil came. I wish I thought it was anybody's fault but mine. What did I do, but send over to the Quartermaster's for the whole series, which we had sent back; and then I went up to the chief, I sent in my card, and I said to him that my attention had been called to this obliquity in accounts,—that I had warned Mr. Patrick, because I had formerly known him, that he was not construing the act correctly,—that he persisted in drawing as he did, and making the returns as he did,—and that, in short, though strictly it was not my business, yet, as it would be some months before the papers would be reached in order, (this was a lie,—they had really come to the first of them,) I thought it my duty to the government to call attention to the matter. As we both knew, I said, it was an isolated post, and an officer did not pass under the same observation as in most stations.

"Yes, I said all that. It was awful. I can't tell you wholly how or why I said it. I did not guess it would turn out as it did. I did hope I should be sent out on special service to inspect. But I did not think of anything more. But a man cannot have just what he

chooses. The chief—not his old chief, you know, who appointed me, but a new Pharaoh, a real Shepherd King who did not know him or me—the chief was one of those chiefs who makes up for utter incompetency in general by immense fiddling over a detail,—the chief, I say, had his cigar, and was comfortable, and knew no more about this post than you do, and asked me, in a patronizing way, about it, not confessing ignorance, but as a great man will. That temptation I could not resist. Who can? You know a man's business better than he knows it himself; and he asks you to tell it to him, and sits and enjoys. I say, not Abdiel nor Uriel in the host of heaven would have been pure enough to have resisted that temptation, if the Devil had feigned ignorance, and asked advice about keeping the peace in Pandemonium. At all events, I could not resist. I stood,—I sat at last, when he asked me,—and told him the whole story, adorned as I chose.

“The next day he sent for me again; and I found more than my boldest hopes had fancied,—that he was thinking of displacing poor Harry, and putting me there as his substitute. Of course I blocked his wheels, you say, and explained. No such thing. I snapped at the promotion! Was not promotion what I must have? I played modest, to be sure. ‘I had not expected—but if the government wished—there were reasons—our bureau—my own early training,’—this, that, and the other. Don’t make me tell the whole: it was too nasty. The end was, that I was ordered to leave Washington with a colonel’s commission, outranking Harry two grades, the right to name my staff when I got upon the ground, and a separate commission making me military governor of the district of Willston, Alabama, to report in duplicate to Washington and to the district head-quarters. Poor Harry was to report in person to the Department, in disgrace.

“Here was a prize vastly higher than I had sought for. I was not very hap-

py with it. But I had the grace to say to myself that I could pay my debts now, and would never go in debt again. I would even pay poor Harry, I thought; but then I had another qualm, as I remembered that there were near three thousand dollars due him, and that even a colonel’s pay and allowances would not stand that, in the first quarter. I did not go back to my own office then. I went home and told Jenny. I did not tell her where I was going. I only told her it was promotion, and high promotion. I bade her take comfort; and that very afternoon I turned over my papers and keys and hurried away.

“I went on to Willston. I wish I were telling you how; but that is not a part of the sermon. I got there. I found Harry. He was amazed to see me. He was delighted. He took me right into his own little den, asked if there was bad news, asked what brought me, and—well, my friends, the worst thing of the whole, the worst thing in my life, was my telling him I had superseded him!

“And now, do you believe I had the face to say to him, that it was the saddest moment of my life? That was true enough, God knows! But I said more. I dared tell him that I had had no dream of what was in the wind. That I did not receive my orders till I had left Washington, and that I had not a thought or suspicion who could have been caballing against him at the Department! I told him this, when I knew I had done the whole!

“Good fellow! He cried. I believe I did. He said, ‘I can’t talk about it’; and he hurried away. I did not see him again till the war was done. I went out and found the gentlemen of his staff. Of course they hated me. By and by I had my own staff. They did not love me. The people hated me. Did you hear that man read to-day, ‘The citizens hated him, and said, We will not have this man to reign over us’? But I am ahead of my story. It was Saturday night that I arrived. Sunday I dressed

up and 'attended religious worship with the garrison.' Do you believe, the chaplain, a little wiry Sandemanian preacher, chose to tell those men, 'The way of transgressors is hard.' And I had to stand and take it, without the consolation I am giving myself to-day.

"It was not he that told me,—what I found out the night before, when I quailed under Harry's eye,—that it is the *way* that is hard. I had always tried to think that it was a hard station that you got to,—a lock-up or a bankruptcy. But as I lied to Harry, and then as I met the staff, and now again behind this chaplain, I knew that what was hard was the *way*. And from that moment till I had to resign my commissions, I knew every second of life that the *way* was hard. I had good things happen, some, and lots of bad ones; but I never got that feeling about the way out of my heart. I said just now my own gentlemen did not love me. I don't know why I say so, but that I thought so. For I thought nobody liked me or believed in me,—just because I hated myself after I stood there with Harry, and did not believe in myself. I tell you it was very hard for me to go through the routine of life there. As for success,—why, if Vesuvius had started up next door to us and overwhelmed us, I should not have cared.

"I suppose you know what did happen. If you do, the sermon is ended. There never should have been any post at Willston. We were there to 'make Union sentiment.' In fact, the Rebels lived on us, laughed at us, and hated us. Harry did conciliate some people, I think, and frightened more. I conciliated nobody, and frightened nobody. I had begun wrong. 'Sinful heart makes feeble hand,'—and it makes feeble head too, Mr. Marmion; and, worse than that, a man can't make any friends of himself or anybody else with it. I tried a great diplomatic dodge. There was a lot of rice on a plantation, and I started a private negotiation with one Haraden who owned it,—not for my-

self, really, but for government. We wanted the rice. Then my chief woke up one day from a long sleep, and sent us a perfectly impossible string of instructions. Then I heard that Dick Wagstaff, one of the enemy's light-horse, was threatening my outpost at Walker. I did not know what to do. How should I? But I put on a bold face, and marched out the garrison, and went part way to Walker; and then I thought I had better go down to Haraden's; and then,—I tell you, it was just like a horrid dream,—then I remembered that the gunboats might have been sent up to help us, and I sent an express for them, and marched that way; but then news came that we had been wrong about Walker, and I thought we had better cross back there. But while we were crossing, there came an awful rain. We could not get the guns on, and had to stop over night, not only in the wettest place you ever saw, but in the only place we ought not to have been in at all. And there, at the gray of morning, before my men could or would start a cannon, down came Dick Wagstaff's flying squadron. What is worst is, that we found out, afterwards, there were but forty of them, and yet, in one horrid muddle of confusion, we left the guns, left what rice we had got, left ever so many men who had not time to tumble up, and, indeed, we hardly got back alive to Willston. If Dick Wagstaff had known his business half as well as he was thought to, not one of us would have seen the place again. But the queer thing of all this shame and disgrace to me was, that it almost comforted me. I remember my mother used to flog me when I was sulky, and say she would give me something to cry for. As we trailed back through the mud, it fairly pleased me to think that now, if I looked like a cursed hang-dog, people would not wonder. My outside was as bad at last as my in. I remember, as we came to the last bridge over the Coosa River, I, who was riding after the rear of the column, overtook McMurdy,—this chaplain I told you of. He was walk-

ing, leading his own horse, on which sat or crouched a man faint as death, so he could hardly hold on. I made McMurdy take my horse and trudged beside him for the rest of the way. 'This is pretty hard, Doctor,' said I. "'Hard for us,' said the grim little man, 'but not so hard for us as for the Graybacks.'

"'I don't see that,' said I. But in a minute I saw that the little man was clear grit, and true to his cloth.

"He set his teeth, and said: 'Not so hard for us, because we are right, and they are wrong. Every dog has his day, Colonel. They are bound to come to grief when the clock strikes for them.'

"Poor little Doctor. He preached at me harder, when he said that, than the first day I saw him, when he was 'secondlying it,' and 'in conclusioning it,' to the men. I made my mouth up to say, 'The way of transgressors is hard, Doctor.' But the cant stuck in my throat. That would have been too steep. Who was I, to say it? I said nothing. He said nothing. But I trailed-after him, up to my knees in that Alabama mud; and I said to myself, It is the way that's hard, by Jove. It is not the consequence that is hard, nor the punishment. That is rather easy in comparison. And I spoke aloud: 'It's the way.' Just then a contraband's mule pitched into me, — almost knocked me down, — and the little nigger said to me: 'Beg pardon, massa; Jordan mighty hard road to trabbel to-night.' I did not swear at him. I stood by and let him pass. And I said to myself: 'Mighty hard. It is the way that's hard, and not the bed you lie on at the end of it.'

"Indeed, at that very moment of misery, utter failure, beastly defeat, I felt the first reaction from the misery that had galled me ever since I lied to Harry's face. This was the end at last. All that was the way.

"As soon as they heard of all this, of course I was relieved, in disgrace. I was bidden to report at Washington, just as Patrick had done. I swear to

you I was a happier man than I had been since the day he left me there."

Mr. Frye stopped. And then he walked up and down the room. It was long since he had smiled or pretended to. But he rested on a chair-back now, and said: "That is all the sermon. I shall feel better now I have told you. I shall never tell any one again. But one revelation of such a thing a man had better make, where it costs him something. So I am glad to have told you."

Mrs. Webber had her eyes full of tears. "You don't tell us all," said she, — "you don't tell how you came here."

"That hardly belongs to the sermon," said he. "Yes, it does. When I met Jenny, I told her the whole thing right through.

"'Poor boy,' said she; 'it is hard,' meaning to comfort me.

"'Jenny,' said I, 'it is hard. Drinking is hard; cheating is hard. You and I found that out before. And this infernal intriguing — politics, I believe they call it — is the hardest of all. It's a hard way, Jenny.'

"'Body, mind, and soul,' said poor Jenny: 'it is hard any way'; — and she cried.

"So did I. And then I went across, and sent in my name to Harry. He was all right again, and brevetted brigadier. And I said, 'Harry, ten times you have lifted me out of the gutter; ten times I have gone in deeper than before. This time I help myself. This time I have found out, what till now I have never believed, that I carried failure with me, — that I was therefore bound to fail, and had to fail. Harry,' said I, 'the very God in heaven does not choose to have a broken wire carry lightning, nor a lying life succeed. That's why I've failed. Now see me help myself.'

"Harry gave me both his hands, shook mine heartily, and we said good by. I came on here, because here I had been in the mud. I started this little patent about the clothes-brushes. I let the results look out for themselves. For me, all I care for now is the way.

I pay as I go; and I take care that Jordan shall be an easy road to travel. Harry came on last fall, and we ate our Thanksgiving together at Jenny's father's.

"That is all my sermon."

And now Frye lighted his cigar.

We agreed among the boarders that we would not mention this. But last Sunday, at a church I was at in Boothia Felix, the man led us through three quarters of an hour of what my grandfather's spelling-book would have called

"trisyllables on ality, elity, and ility," and "polysyllables in ation, ition, etion, and otion." It was three dreary quarters of abstract expression. When the fourth quarter began, he said, "History is full of illustrations of our doctrine, but I will not weary you by their repetition."

"Old Cove," said I, "I wish you would. If you would just take that lesson from Mr. Frye!" Or I should have said so, had the ritual and etiquette of that congregation permitted.

GLACIAL PHENOMENA IN MAINE.

I.

THREE or four years ago I began a series of papers in the "Atlantic Monthly," which, though they appeared as separate geological sketches, had, nevertheless, a certain sequence. These contributions have been unavoidably interrupted for more than two years; and, in taking up the thread again, my readers will excuse me if I recall to them the point at which we parted, by a rapid review of the subject then under discussion. There were two sets of facts which first awakened the attention of geologists to the ancient extension of glaciers, though at first no investigator connected them with the agency of ice. The first was the presence of boulders in Central Europe and England, which had their birthplace far to the north of their actual position; the second was the presence of similar detached boulders scattered over the plain of Switzerland, and on the slopes of the Jura, which, on the contrary, had travelled from the south northward, and had their origin in the Alps. Before they attracted the attention of scientific men, these dislodged masses were so generally recognized as strangers to the soil, that in Germany, among the com-

mon people, they went by the name of *Fündlinge*,—homeless children. They are indeed the wandering Bohemians, among rocks.

The first interpretation of these phenomena, which very naturally suggested itself, when they began to be systematically studied, was that of their transportation by water. It was supposed that irruptions of the northern oceans had swept the loose masses of Scandinavian rock over adjoining countries, and that large lakes within the Alps had broken their natural barriers, and poured down into the plains, carrying with them *débris* of all sorts, and scattering them over the lowlands. But soon it was found that this theory did not agree with the facts; that the valleys of the Alps, for instance, had sent out boulders, not only northward, but southward and westward also, and that their distribution was often so regular, and their position so isolated, on high elevations, as to preclude the idea that immense tidal waves, freshets, or floods had so arranged them. Nature is so good a teacher that, the moment we touch one set of facts, we are instinctively, and almost unconsciously, led to

connect them with other phenomena, and so to find their true relations. The boulders of the plains soon began to be compared with the boulders of the higher valleys; ice itself was found to be a moving agent; and it was presently ascertained that the transportation of loose materials by existing glaciers, and their mode of distributing them, corresponded exactly with the so-called erratic phenomena of Central Europe and England. With these results were soon associated a great number of correlative facts;—the accumulation of loose materials under the glacier, and upon its sides, as well as upon its surface, the trituration of the former until they were ground to a homogeneous paste, and the regular arrangement of the latter as they successively fell upon the glacier, and were borne along upon its back, retaining all the sharpness of their angles, because they were subjected to no pressure; the characteristic markings, furrowing, grooving, scratching, and polishing of the surfaces over which the glacier passed, as well as of the pebbles and stones held fast in its mass, and coming into sharp contact with the rocks beneath; the accumulation of loose materials pushed along by the advancing ice, or carried on its edges, and forming ridges or walls at its terminus and on its sides. The study of these combined results of glacial action now became part of the subject, and were sought for by geologists wherever the erratic phenomena were investigated. Out of these comparisons has gradually grown a belief that, as the Alpine glaciers were formerly more extensive, so did the northern ice-fields, now confined to the Arctic regions, once stretch farther south. I suppose there are few geologists now who would not readily give their assent to the glacial theory, expressed in this general form.

But while the wider distribution of glacial phenomena from mountainous centres in ancient times is now generally admitted, the theory in its more universal application, involving, that is, the existence of an ice-sheet many

thousands of feet in thickness moving across whole continents, over open, level plains as well as along enclosed valleys, still meets with many opponents, the staunchest of whom stand high as geological authorities. If not openly said, it is whispered, that, after all, this great ice-period is a mere fancy, worthy at best of a place among the tales of the Arabian Nights; that no moraines have ever been noticed in North America; and that what has been ascribed to the agency of terrestrial glaciers, upon this continent, is simply the work of icebergs stranding against a coast, which has subsequently been raised, so that the boulders first deposited by the floating ice along the shores now lie inland at a great distance from the sea. According to this suggestion all the erratic phenomena in North America, the extensive sheets of drift, the continuous and prominent ridges of drift materials, the larger scattered boulders, the scratched, polished, and grooved surfaces, are the work of floating ice, poured forth, then as now, from the Arctic regions. If this be so, we should expect to find all these so-called traces of glacial action running from the coast inward.

Let us see now how this agrees with the facts. I will not recapitulate the substance of my last article on this subject, "The Ice-Period in America." It gave a general summary of the glacial phenomena on this continent, as compared with those of Europe, stating at the same time my reasons for believing that immense masses of ice would move over an open plain nearly as rapidly as in a slanting valley, and from the same causes as those which determine the advance of the Swiss glaciers down the Alpine valleys. This article appeared in June, 1864. I had intended to follow it with one upon the appearances of the drift in this country; and in September I went to Maine in order to examine the drift phenomena on the islands and coast of that State, and compare them with those of the Massachusetts shore. It was my purpose to go directly to Mount Desert,

but the loss of a carpet-bag detained me at Bangor. What seemed at first a vexatious annoyance proved in the end to be a fortunate chance; for, while waiting at Bangor, I fell in with a friend, who, when he heard the object of my journey, proposed to me to pass the intervening day or two in a drive with him northward along the "horse-backs," in the direction of Mount Katahdin. I desired nothing better; for a previous glimpse of one horseback, in the neighborhood of Aurora, had already shown me their morainic character, and they therefore were immediately connected with my present investigation. It would give me, besides, an opportunity of carrying out my survey on a much larger plan. As I had already satisfied myself, in this and previous journeys from Portland to Bangor, that the traces of glacial action occurred over all that region, this excursion would enable me to follow them northward to a considerable distance, while on my return I could track them down to the coast in continuous connection. I dwell upon the character of this investigation, because, numerous as have been the local observations of this kind, I am not aware that extensive tracts of land have been systematically surveyed, compass in hand, with the view of ascertaining the continuity of these marks in definite directions. I gladly accepted my friend's offer; and to this incident I owe some of the pleasantest days I have ever spent in traveling, and the knowledge of some important, and I believe novel, facts in glacial phenomena, an account of which will be found in the present article.

It was late in September, just at the turn of the leaf; the woods were in all their golden and crimson glory, with here and there a purple beech, or a background of dark-green pines. Familiar as we all are with the brilliancy of the autumnal foliage in the neighborhood of our towns, one must see it in the unbroken forest, covering the country with rainbow hues as far as the eye can reach, in order to appreciate fully its wonderful beauty. A few words on this

change of color, which is as constant as any other botanical character, (each kind of tree having its special tints peculiar to itself, and not reproduced by other kinds,) may not be amiss. Indeed, not only does every species have its appointed range of color, but each individual tree has its history told more or less distinctly in the ripening of the foliage. A weaker or a younger limb may have put on its autumn garb, and be almost ready to drop its leaves, while the rest of the tree is untouched. A single scarlet maple or red oak often gives us the most beautiful arrangement of tints, from the green of mid-summer, through every shade of orange and red; in the same way one leaf may ripen unequally, its green surface being barred or spotted with crimson or gold for days before the whole leaf turns. These differences give ample opportunity for studying the ripening process. In attempting to determine the cause of these changes, it ought not to be forgotten that they occur locally, and also make their appearance on particular trees much earlier than upon others; so early, indeed, as to show clearly the fallacy of the prevalent idea that they are caused by frost. The temperature remains ten or fifteen degrees above the freezing-point for a month and more after a good many of our trees have assumed their bright autumnal hues. The process is no doubt akin to that of ripening in fruits; especially in such fleshy fruits as turn from green to yellow, purple, or red, like apples, peaches, plums, cherries, and others. The change in color coincides with changes in the constitutive chemical elements of the plant; and this comparison between the ripening of foliage and fruit seems the more natural, when we remember that fruits are but a modification of leaves, assuming higher functions and special adaptations in the flower, so as to produce what we call a fruit. The ripening process by which the leaves take on their final colors is as constant and special as in the fruits. The cherries do not assume their various shades of red,

deepening sometimes into black, or the plums their purples, or the peaches their velvety-rose tints, or the apples their greens, russets, browns, and reds, with more unvarying accuracy than the different kinds of maples and oaks, or the beeches, birches, and ashes, take on their characteristic tints. The inequality in the ripening of the foliage alluded to above has also its counterpart in the fruits. Here and there a single apple or peach or pear ripens prematurely, while all the rest of the fruit remains green, or a separate branch brings its harvest to maturity in advance of all the surrounding branches. No doubt the brilliancy of the change in the United States, as compared with other countries, is partly due to the dryness of the climate; and indeed it has been observed that certain European flowers take on deeper hues when transplanted to America. But I believe the cause lies rather in the special character of certain American plants and trees. The Virginia creeper, for instance, which is much cultivated now in France and Germany, turns to as brilliant a scarlet in a European garden as in its native woods.

But let us return to our horsebacks. At the very beginning of our journey, we followed one of them for a considerable distance after leaving Bangor, on our way to Oldtown, besides which we saw a number of similar ridges running parallel with it.* The name is somewhat descriptive, for they are shaped not unlike saddles with sloping sides and flattened summits. They consist of loose materials of various sizes, usually without marked evidence of a regular internal arrangement, though occasionally traces of imperfect stratification are perceptible. Sometimes they follow horizontally, though not with an absolutely even level, the trend of a rocky ledge; again, they themselves seem to have built the foundation of their own superstructure, being

composed of the same homogeneous elements which cover the extensive flats over which they run with as great regularity as upon a more solid basis. The longest of these horsebacks—and they sometimes stretch, as I have said, for many miles—trend mainly from north to south, though their course is somewhat winding, seldom following a perfectly straight line. They are unquestionably of a morainic nature, and yet they are not moraines in the ordinary sense of the term, but rather ridges of glacial drift heaped up in this singular form, as if they had been crowded together by some lateral pressure. Had they been accumulated and carried along upon the edge of a glacier, they could not be found in their present position. They differ also from moraines proper in their rounded materials, containing many scratched and polished pebbles, while moraines are built chiefly of angular fragments of rocks. Neither can they have been accumulated by currents of water; for they occur in positions where any flood passing over the country, far from producing such an arrangement, must have swept them away, or at least have scattered them and destroyed their ridge-like character. They are, indeed, identical with the bottom glacial drift, that is, with the materials collected beneath the present glaciers, and ground to a homogeneous paste by their pressure and onward movement. I would call such accumulations *ground moraines*, that is, moraines formed completely under the glacier, and resting immediately upon the rock or soil beneath. Of course, masses of drift below a great sheet of ice, moving steadily in the same direction over uneven, rocky surfaces, cannot preserve the same thickness throughout. Here and there the incumbent weight will press more heavily in one direction than in another, thus crowding the loose materials together, rolling them into ridges following mainly the direction of the movement. Occasionally such uneven pressure may drive these materials up, from either side, along

* Those who wish to follow the localities indicated in this article should consult H. F. Walling's map of the State of Maine, published by J. Chace, Jr., Portland.

the summit of a rocky ledge, or heap them at any height upon its slope. We have seen that the horsebacks, though uneven and winding, usually run from north to south; but occasionally also they trend from east to west. This is the case where a morainic accumulation of loose materials may have been pushed forward, along the margin, in front of an extensive sheet of ice moving southward, and then left unchanged by the subsequent retreat northward of the whole mass. I conceive that such horsebacks, running east and west, may be compared to terminal moraines, which, as is well known, owe their origin to oscillations of the front end of a glacier, pushing forward a mass of loose materials, thus throwing it up into a transverse ridge, and then melting away to some point farther back. I have already shown, in previous articles, how such walls are constructed, often forming concentric ridges one within another, each of which marks a retreating step of the glacier. Sometimes the summit of the horsebacks is so broad and even that the country people consider them as natural roads, and build their highways along them. They are indeed occasionally so symmetrical that they have been taken for artificial Indian mounds. The most perfect one I have seen stretches through Lagrange township, between Bangor and Mount Katahdin, its direction being mainly from north to south.

Leaving the horsebacks and the open country on the second day of our drive, we entered upon a more wooded region, which brought us through the townships of Lagrange and Brownville, to the Ebeeme Mountains, at the foot of which the Katahdin Iron Works are situated. This is not only a very picturesque spot, but a most interesting locality with reference to glacial phenomena. To the north of the Iron Works there are two ranges of hills, one to the east, the more prominent masses of which are respectively known by the names of Horseback and Spruceback, while to the west corresponding sum-

mits have been christened the Iron Mountain and Chairback. These two ranges are separated by a depression called the Gulf, at the foot of which, between Horseback and Iron Mountain, there lies a little lake. Here a practised eye will at once detect the unmistakable action of a glacier in two successive periods of its history. In the direction of Iron Mountain and the Chairback, one hundred feet and more above the level of the lake, may be seen old lateral moraines, more or less disintegrated, marking an ancient glacial level. At a much less height, indeed but little above the bottom of the valley, a magnificent crescent-shaped terminal moraine is thrown across the southern end of the lake. By this wall the waters drained from the whole valley are held back to form a lake, although the barrier is not perfectly impassable, for a little stream oozes through it, just in front. Evidently this moraine is an accumulation of loose materials, pressed forward by the great local glacier once filling the Gulf, at the time when the ice was circumscribed within the limits of the valley itself. To the east and west of it there are, however, lateral moraines, resting on a much higher level, and showing the extraordinary thickness of the glacier at a still older period. This structure is almost identical with that of the morainic accumulations in the trough holding the present glacier of the Upper Aar in Switzerland. At its extremity stands a large, crescent-shaped moraine, corresponding in size and form almost exactly to that of the Katahdin Iron Works. The loose materials thrown on either side of the valley, to the right and left, extending in advance of the front moraine, and resting far above the present surface of the ice, may be compared to the higher lateral moraines of this ancient Maine glacier. In short, were the ice suddenly to disappear from the Alpine valley in which the Aar glacier lies, the rocky frame-work of loose fragments it has built around itself would be almost identical with that of the so-called Gulf at the Katahdin Iron Works.

In both instances, the lateral moraines on a higher level indicate an earlier phase in the history of the glacier, when the ice was thicker; while the terminal moraine records the wasting of the glacier, until it occupied a much smaller area. As the Gulf is an interesting locality for the study of ancient glacial phenomena in Maine, I must point out its bearings with more precision, for the benefit of those who may care to verify my statements by personal observation. To the east of the hotel there is a knoll, on which stand the smelting-works. This knoll itself forms a part of the moraine; but its character may be more distinctly appreciated from the shore of the lake, looking toward the smelting-works. In this position, the abrupt inner side of the crescent-shaped wall faces the observer.

The traces of this local glacier in two successive phases of its existence are not more distinct than are those of the great ice-sheet in which all lesser glaciers were once merged, over the whole region. And not here alone. I have tracked its footsteps on its southern march from the Katahdin Iron Works to Bangor, and thence to the sea-shore. Every natural surface of rock is scored by its writing, and even the tops of the mountains attest, by their rounded and polished summits, that they formed no obstacle to its advance. It has been assumed by some geologists, and especially by Sir Charles Lyell, that the ice-period was initiated by the spread of local glaciers from special centres. The particular character of the more extensive glacial phenomena satisfies me, on the contrary, that they must have preceded in course of time all mere local glaciers, and that the latter are but the remnants of the great ice-sheet lingering longer in higher and more protected valleys. From the evidence we have of its thickness and extent, such a mass of ice advancing over the country would have swept away all evidences of local glaciers, all morainic accumulations previously formed. I therefore infer that the local phenomena were the latest in time, and consequent upon

the shrinking of the larger continuous ice-sheet. It is my belief that the ice-period set in, as our winters now do, — only upon a gigantic scale, — by snow-falls, and that it faded as do our winters, leaving local patches of ice wherever the temperature was favorable to their preservation.

I may say, without exaggeration, that glacial phenomena extend over the whole length and breadth of the State of Maine, wherever there is no obvious cause for their disappearance. One word of explanation, that this assertion of their omnipresence may not seem overdrawn to those who follow me over the same ground, expecting, perhaps, to find the glacial writing at every step along the roadside, and to see the polished surfaces as shining and slippery as a metallic plate or a marble slab. In the first place, all kinds of rock do not admit the same degree of polish. Coarse and friable sandstone cannot be polished under any circumstances. Only the finer granitic rocks retain the striae and the polished surfaces very distinctly, in this region; and even upon these they are frequently hidden by the accumulation of soil, or occasionally obliterated by decay, where the rock is not hard enough to resist the atmospheric influences. The loose materials themselves, which have served as emery to grind down, polish, and groove the surface of the soil, may eventually become a screen to cover it from observation. The skill of the geologist consists in tracing these marks from spot to spot over surfaces where they were, once continuous. When I say that I followed the glacial marks, compass in hand, from north to south, over a line a hundred miles in length, I do not mean that I never lost sight of them for that distance; but simply that one set of lines, which always ran due north and south, unless deflected, as we shall see, by some local cause, usually explicable on the spot, might be traced at intervals over all the rocky surfaces. If they disappeared under a stream on its northern shore, they reappeared on the southern side; if hidden for a time

by some mass of vegetation, they were found again farther on; and thus—allowing for natural and inevitable interruptions—it may be correctly said that they are continuous over the whole country. The glaciated surfaces—to express in one word the combined action of glaciers on the rocks over which they move—present the most varied outlines, sometimes flat, sometimes bulging, with inclined slopes. But whether more or less prominent, they are always rounded, dome-shaped, and the larger furrows, like the smaller striæ and grooves, are invariably straight. Never do we find winding, branching furrows determined by the inequalities in the hardness of the rock, or by pre-existing fissures, as is the case wherever rocks are worn by water, or rather by sand and pebbles set in motion by water.

While upon the subject of glacial phenomena in general, and in order not to interrupt too frequently the account of my own journey, I may here enumerate some of the localities in the State of Maine where glacial marks are most distinct. They are so numerous, that I must limit myself to those where the traces are most remarkable. To the east of Portland there are a number of ledges where they are well preserved, and they exist also upon some rocky surfaces in the islands of the bay. Rocky ledges occur frequently between Yarmouth and Lewiston, the surface of which is polished and scratched from north to south. These ledges are partly covered by morainic accumulations. West of Lewiston, along the Little Androscoggin, there is a coarse clay slate distinctly scratched in the same way. To the east of Lewiston, along Lake Winthrop, there are surfaces of clay slate intersected by greenstone dikes exhibiting also the characteristic markings; and an immense median moraine in the same locality cannot escape notice. A few miles to the west of West Waterville a terminal or front moraine is thrown across the neck of the lake, forming a barrier to which this sheet of water owes its

existence. Half-way between Waterville and West Waterville are fine polished and striated surfaces. At Clinton, as also between Etna and Newport, the marks are very distinct. In all these localities the lines run due north and south. To the west of Bangor the country is rolling and rather flat. Here the *roches moutonnées* are numerous, with polished surfaces, upon which the scratches and grooves are very distinct, but bearing generally north-northwest, over beds of slaty rock striking northeast. These rocks are partially covered by drift, in which scratched pebbles are not rare, though it contains but few large boulders. In the immediate neighborhood of Bangor, and especially near Pushaw Lake, the *roches moutonnées* are very extensive, and, from their character, particularly instructive. These rolling hills are formed by thin upturned clay-slate beds, standing edgewise, in a vertical position, and striking east-northeast. Scratches, grooves, and furrows of every dimension, sometimes very distinct, sometimes fainter, but always rectilinear and always running due north, traverse the edges of these beds at right angles with the surfaces of stratification and the trend of the beds. It is evident that here there can be no confounding of the glacial marks with structural lines, or cracks in the strata,—for these would not run at right angles with the structure of the rock itself; or with furrows made by water,—for these would have followed the strata instead of crossing them; or with any displacement of the beds moving upon one another,—a suggestion which has sometimes been made to explain the appearance of these marks upon horizontal surfaces. Nor is there any trace of the angular ledges which must have resulted from the tilting of these stratified rocks. The whole region is levelled and smoothed down to an undulating plain.

While investigating the facts in this locality, I could not but recall the criticism of the "greatest geologist of the age"*

* Leopold von Buch.

upon the glacial theory, then in its infancy; and the ridicule thrown upon the idea that the polished and scratched rocks of the valley of Hasli had been fashioned by ice. He considered these appearances as the natural effects of the shrinking of melted masses under the process of cooling, which might produce some displacement or movement of successive layers one upon another, leading to marks of different kinds belonging to the structure of the rock itself, and not due to any external action. Had the strata in this instance been vertical in their position, like those of which the *roches moutonnées* on Pushaw Lake consist, instead of slanting but slightly, like those of the valley of Hasli, such an interpretation could not have been admitted for a moment, and the doctrine of a former greater extension of glaciers would perhaps have been recognized twenty-five years earlier by scientific men.

From Bangor eastward to Eastport, I have made but a hasty survey,—not in the present journey, which included only the country between the Katahdin Iron Works and Mount Desert, but on a former occasion. I then noticed, that, at intervals, between Bangor and Calais and over the whole track from Calais to Eastport, numerous polished surfaces are visible, with distinct scratches and furrows pointing due north. I may say, therefore, from my own personal observation, that the State of Maine, for nearly its whole width, that is, over four degrees of longitude, and between latitude 44° and 45°, bears all the characteristic indications of glacial action on its surface. But while many of these phenomena are perfectly simple and clear to one intimately acquainted with the effects produced by moving masses of ice, I have noticed near Bangor, and more especially in the neighborhood of Waterville, facts not so readily explained, though I believe I have found their true solution. Ordinarily all the glacial marks in a given locality run in one direction, and have certainly been produced simultaneously by one and the

same agent, however opinions may differ as to the nature of that agent. But on Ledge Hill, five and a half miles from Bangor, faint striæ may be seen pointing due north, while upon the same slab are other lines pointing northwest, forming an angle of forty-five degrees with the first. I believe that here we have two successive sets of lines, the later ones having partially obliterated the first. The height of the ridge may have determined a change in the course of the ice, when it had diminished in thickness, and no longer acted with the same undeviating force. At Waterville the facts are still more perplexing. On the road to Benton, near the house of G. W. Drummond, are slaty rocks striking northeast, upon the surface of which are again two sets of marks,—one consisting of large, distinct scratches and furrows trending due north, while the others are finer, less distinct, and point east-northeast. On the road to Winslow, near the house of Henry Gichell, the same two systems of scratches may be seen on flat slabs of rock along the roadside. From the formation of the land in this region, I am inclined to believe the second agent—namely, that to which the scratches bearing east should be ascribed—to have been icebergs. There is high land two or three miles beyond these rocky surfaces, in Benton township; and the flat over which the Sebec River flows extends to these heights. The ice is likely to have remained longer upon the higher ground, and when the lower tracts were inundated by the melting of the general sheet of ice, the water, as it rose, may have floated off the remaining bergs, and drifted them across the normal primary scratches bearing due north.

On our return from the Katahdin Iron Works our road lay through Brownville, Orneville, Bradford, Hudson, and then along the shore of Pushaw Lake, to Bangor. Throughout this whole tract scratched and polished surfaces and *roches moutonnées* are frequent. But the most instructive lo-

calities of all, in reference to glacial phenomena, are to be found near the slate quarries of Brownville. Here again, as in the *roches moutonnées* at Pushaw Lake, the marks run at right angles with the trend and dip of the beds. To explain fully the significance of the facts in this region, I must say something of its general formation. Pleasant River runs through a wide, open valley, the direction of which is very nearly from north to south. The finely laminated clay beds in which the slate quarries are excavated are lifted to an angle of seventy degrees and more, that is, standing almost vertically; and their trend is across the valley from east to west, at right angles with it. More favorable circumstances for the study of glacial erosion could hardly be found. On comparing the marks and polished surfaces which pass at right angles over the edges of these upturned slate beds in the bottom of the valley as well as upon its sides, they are found to have exactly the same direction due north as the valley itself, so that evidently the agent which produced them must have been instrumental in shaping this trough, as it moved down the valley, before it could follow its path unimpeded by any inequalities of surface. Had it been a fluid mass, it would have fitted itself to the lay of the land: it would have followed the vertical edges of the strata, working its way in between them, instead of cutting them all to one evenly rounded surface, as it has done. And indeed it would seem as if this place were meant to facilitate the task of the investigator. It presents the data for an immediate comparison between the action of water and that of ice, the limit of the former being distinctly visible in the narrow furrow at the bottom of the valley in which the river has cut its bed. This furrow is sunk somewhat below the general undulating level of the slate beds, and upon its surface there is no trace of rectilinear lines and grooves, but simply the usual irregular, winding marks arising from the action of running water, and follow-

ing all the structural inequalities. The valley as a whole is a rather shallow depression, sinking a little more sharply toward the centre, and rising gradually east and west of the river-banks. The whole rock surface, with the exception of the river-bed, is glaciated, and it is impossible to overlook the fact that the same agent which has fashioned the bottom of the valley up to the adjoining hills has also grooved and scratched, at right angles with their structure, the upturned beds trending across it.

The absence of angular ledges in a region exclusively composed of uplifted slaty rocks is very remarkable. Facts like these show that a careful survey may furnish the means of actually measuring the extent of denudation or abrasion resulting from the grinding power of glaciers. They may even settle the question as to the origin of lake-basins now under discussion among geologists. The extensive excavations made by the quarrying operations in these rocks give the most admirable chances for investigation. These slates are themselves of admirable quality, and very extensively used as roofing-slates. About a mile to the west of the quarries, near Merrill, there are large morainic accumulations of loose materials of the kind I have called bottom or ground moraines, though here they are not exactly in the form of horsebacks. Immediately above the quarries at Brownville, where the drift has been recently removed to facilitate the quarrying, there are good sections where these bottom moraines, trending in the direction of the hills to the east of the valley, may be easily studied. They rest immediately upon the edges of the upturned beds, the whole mass being a mixture of the most heterogeneous rocky materials uniformly mixed. Nowhere in this neighborhood have I seen anything like a distinct lateral moraine; but near the church, an unmistakable terminal moraine, across which the river has cut its bed, spans the valley. The exhibition of glacial phenomena is so complete here, that it seems superfluous to follow similar facts

through localities where, owing to the character of the rocks and the lay of the land, they are less distinct. As, however, the extent over which the same set of phenomena may be traced forms an important part of the inquiry, I may indicate a few other points at which similar appearances occur. On the summit of the hill half-way between Brownville and Milo, near the Sebec River, the scratches and furrows are distinctly seen trending due north and south. They recur, after crossing the ferry, on the brow of another hill farther to the south. Between Orneville and North Bradford there are extensive flats, on which the rocks, wherever they are not decomposed, exhibit even and polished surfaces traversed by rectilinear grooves and furrows, trending

mainly from north to south, though here and there diverging to the west, and even forming occasionally an angle of from twenty to twenty-five degrees with the main set of lines. Farther south, as the land begins to rise again, all the marks point once more uniformly northward. To the north and south of the town of Hudson, and especially near the post-office, the scratches are very distinct, bearing due north across slaty rocks, which trend east-north-east. The views from the high lands over all this region are very beautiful. O'Lammon, the Peaked Mountains, and the Union River Mountains limit the horizon in the east; Dix's Mountain rises in the distance on the west; while the Katahdin Mountains are still visible far to the north.

FORZA MAGGIORE.

I IMAGINE that Grossetto is not a town much known to travel, for it is absent from all the guide-books I have looked at. However, it is chief in the Maremma, where sweet Pia de' Tolomei languished and perished of the poisonous air and her love's cruelty, and where, so many mute centuries since, the Etrurian cities flourished and fell. Further, one may say that Grossetto is on the diligence road from Civita Vecchia to Leghorn, and that in the very heart of the place there is a lovely palm-tree, rare, if not sole, in that latitude. This palm stands in a well-sheltered, dull little court, out of everything's way, and turns tenderly toward the wall that shields it on the north. It has no other company but a beautiful young girl, who leans out of a window high over its head, and I have no doubt talks with it. At the moment we discovered the friends, the maiden was looking pathetically to the northward, while the palm softly stirred and opened its plumes, as a bird does when

his song is finished; and there is very little question but it had just been singing to her that song of which the palms are so fond, —

"Ein Fichtenbaum steht einsam
Im Norden auf kahler höhl'."

Grossetto does her utmost to hide the secret of this tree's existence, as if a hard, matter-of-fact place ought to be ashamed of a sentimentality of the kind. It pretended to be a very worldly town, and tried to keep us in the neighborhood of its cathedral, where the *cafés* and shops are, and where, in the evening, four or five officers of the garrison clinked their sabres on the stones, and promenaded up and down, and as many ladies shopped for gloves, and as many citizens sat at the principal *café* and drank black coffee. This was lively enough; and we knew that the citizens were talking of the last week's news and the Roman question; that the ladies were really looking for loves, not gloves; that such of the officers as had no local intrigue to keep their

hearts at rest were terribly bored, and longed for Florence or Milan or Turin.

Besides the social charms of her piazza, Grossetto put forth others of an artistic nature. The cathedral was very old and very beautiful, built of alternate lines of red and white marble, and lately restored in the best spirit of fidelity and reverence. But it was not open, and we were obliged to turn from it to the group of statuary in the middle of the piazza, representative of the Maremma and Family returning thanks to the Grand-Duke Leopold III. of Tuscany, for his goodness in causing her swamps to be drained. The Maremma and her children are arrayed in the scant draperies of Allegory, but the Grand-Duke is fully dressed, and is shown looking down with some surprise at their figures, and with a visible doubt of the propriety of their public appearance in that state.

There was also a Museum at Grossetto, and I wonder what was in it?

The wall of the town was perfect yet, though the moat at its feet had been so long dry that it was only to be known from the adjacent fields by the richness of its soil. The top of the wall had been levelled, and planted with shade, and turned into a peaceful promenade, like most of such mediæval defences in Italy; though I am not sure that a little military life did not still linger about a bastion here and there. From somewhere, when we strolled out early in the morning, to walk upon the wall, there came to us a throb of drums; but I believe that the only armed men we saw, beside the officers in the piazza, were the numerous sportsmen resorting at that season to Grossetto for the excellent shooting in the marshes. All the way to Florence we continued to meet them and their dogs; and our inn at Grossetto overflowed with abundance of game. On the kitchen floor and in the court were heaps of larks, pheasants, quails, and beccafichi, at which a troop of scullion-boys constantly plucked, and from which the great, noble, beautiful, white aproned cook forever fried, stewed,

broiled, and roasted. We lived chiefly upon these generous birds during our sojourn, and found, when we attempted to vary our bill of fare, that the very genteel waiter attending us had few distinct ideas beyond them. He was part of the repairs and improvements which that hostelry had recently undergone, and had evidently come in with the four-pronged forks, the chromolithographs of Victor Emmanuel, Garibaldi, Solferino, and Magenta in the large dining-room, and the iron stove in the small one. He had nothing, evidently, in common with the brick floors of the bedchambers, and the ancient rooms with great fireplaces. He strove to give a Florentine blandishment to the rusticity of life in the Maremma; and we felt sure that he must know what beefsteak was. When we ordered it, he assumed to be perfectly conversant with it, started to bring it, paused, turned, and, with a great sacrifice of personal dignity, demanded, "*Bisteca di manzo, o bisteca di moutone?*"—"Beefsteak of beef, or beefsteak of mutton?"

Of Grossetto proper, this is all I remember, if I except a boy whom I heard singing after dark in the streets,

"*Camicia rossa, O Garibaldi!*"

The cause of our sojourn there was an instance of *forza maggiore*, as the agent of the diligence company defiantly expressed it, in refusing us damages for our overturn into the river. It was in the early part of that winter when the railways in every part of the Peninsula had been more or less interrupted by the storms and floods predicted of Matthieu de la Drôme,—the only reliable prophet France has produced since Voltaire;—and if the accident was caused by an overruling Providence, the company, according to the very law of its existence, was not responsible. To be sure, we did not see how an overruling Providence was to blame for loading upon our diligence the baggage of two, or for the clumsiness of our driver; but, on the other hand, it is certain that the company did not make it rain or cause the

inundation. And, in fine, we were masters to have taken the steamer instead of the diligence at Civita Vecchia.

The choice of either of these means of travel had presented itself in vivid hues of disadvantage all the way from Rome to the Papal port, where the French steamer for Leghorn lay dancing a hornpipe upon the short, chopping waves, while we approached by railway. We had leisure enough to make the decision, if that was all we wanted. Our engine-driver had derived his ideas of progress from an Encyclical Letter, and the train gave every promise of arriving at Civita Vecchia five hundred years behind time. But such was the desolating and depressing influence of the weather and the landscape, that we reached Civita Vecchia as undecided as we had left Rome. On the one hand, there had been the land, soaked and sodden, — wild, shagged with scrubby growths of timber and brooded over by sullen clouds, and visibly inhabited only by shepherds, leaning upon their staves at an angle of forty-five degrees, and looking, in their immovable dejection, with their legs wrapped in long-haired goat-skins, like satyrs that had been converted, and were trying to do right: turning dim faces to us, they warned us with every mute appeal against the land, as a waste of mud from one end of Italy to the other. On the other hand, there was the sea-wind raving about our train and threatening to blow it over, and, whenever we drew near the coast, heaping the waves upon the beach in thundering menace.

We weakly and fearfully remembered our former journeys by diligence over broken railway routes; we recalled our cruel voyage from Genoa to Naples by sea; and in a state of pitiable dismay we ate five francs' worth of indigestion at the restaurant of the Civita Vecchia station before we knew it, and long before we had made up our minds. Still we might have lingered and hesitated, and perhaps returned to Rome at last, but for the dramatic resolution of the old man who solicited passengers for

the diligence, and carried their passports for a final Papal *visa* at the police-office. By the account he gave of himself, he was one of the best men in the world, and unique in those parts for honesty and truthfulness; and he besought us, out of that affectionate interest with which our very aspect had inspired him, not to go by steamer, but to go by diligence, which in nineteen hours would land us safe, and absolutely refreshed by the journey, at the railway station in Follonica. And now, once, would we go by diligence? twice, would we go? three times, would we go?

"Signore," said our benefactor, angrily, "I lose my time with you"; and ran away, to be called back in the course of destiny, as he knew well enough, and besought to take us as a special favor.

From the passports he learned that there was official dignity among us, and addressed the unworthy bearer of public honors as *Eccellenza*, and, at parting, bequeathed his advantage to the conductor, commending us all in set terms to his courtesy. He hovered caressingly about us as long as we remained, straining politeness to do us some last little service; and when the diligence rolled away, he did all that one man could to give us a round of applause.

We laughed together at this silly old man, when out of sight; but we confessed that, if travel in our own country ever came, with advancing corruption, to be treated with the small deceits practised upon it in Italy, it was not likely to be treated with the small civilities also there attendant on it, — and so tried to console ourselves.

At the moment of departure, we were surprised to have enter the diligence a fellow-countryman, whom we had first seen on the road from Naples to Rome. He had since crossed our path with that iteration of travel which brings you again and again in view of the same trunks and the same tourists in the round of Europe, and finally at Civita Vecchia he had turned up a silent spectator of our scene with the agent of the diligence, and had apparently gone off a confirmed passenger by steamer. Per-

haps a nearer view of the sailor's hornpipe, as danced by that vessel in the harbor, shook his resolution. At any rate, here he was again, and with his ticket for Follonica, — a bright-eyed, rosy-cheeked man, and we will say a citizen of Portland, though he was not. For the first time in our long acquaintance with one another's faces, we entered into conversation, and wondered whether we should find brigands or anything to eat on the road, without much expectation of finding either. In respect of robbers, we were not disappointed; but shortly after nightfall we stopped at a lonely post-house to change horses, and found that the landlord had so far counted on our appearance as to have, just roasted and fragrantly fuming, a leg of lamb, with certain small fried fish, and a sufficiency of bread. It was a very lonely place, as I say; the sky was gloomy overhead; and the wildness of the landscape all about us gave our provision quite a gamy flavor; and brigands could have added nothing to our sense of solitude.

The road creeps along the coast for some distance from Civita Vecchia within hearing of the sea, and nowhere widely forsakes it, I believe, all the way to Follonica. The country is hilly, and we stopped every two hours to change horses; at which times we looked out, and, seeing that it was a gray and windy night, though not rainy, exulted that we had not taken the steamer. With very little change, the wisdom of our decision in favor of the diligence formed the burden of our talk during the whole night; and to think of eluded sea-sickness requited us in the agony of our break-neck efforts to catch a little sleep, as, mounted upon our nightmares, we rode steeple-chases up and down the highways and by-ways of horror. Anything that absolutely awakened us was accounted a blessing; and I remember few things in life with so keen a pleasure as the summons that came to us to descend from our places and cross a river in one boat, while the two diligences of our train followed in another.

Here we had time to see our fellow-passengers, as the pulsating light of their cigars illumined their faces, and to discover among them that Italian, common to all large companies, who speaks English, and is very eager to practise it with you, — who is such a benefactor if you do not know his own language, and such a bore if you do. After this, being landed, it was rapture to stroll up and down the good road, and feel it hard and real under our feet, and not an abysmal impalpability, while all the grim shapes of our dreams fled to the spectral line of small boats sustaining the ferry-barge, and swaying slowly from it as the drowned men at their keels tugged them against the tide.

"*S' accomodino, Signori!*" cries the cheerful voice of the conductor, and we ascend to our places in the diligence. The nightmares are brought out again; we mount, and renew the steeple-chase as before.

Suddenly, it all comes to an end, and we sit wide awake in the diligence, amid a silence only broken by the hiss of rain against the windows, and the sweep of gusts upon the roof. The diligence stands still; there is no rattle of harness, nor other sound to prove that we have arrived at the spot by other means than dropping from the clouds. The idea that we are passengers in the last diligence destroyed before the Deluge, and are now waiting our fate on the highest ground accessible to wheels, fades away as the day dimly breaks, and we find ourselves planted, as the Italians say, on the banks of another river. There is no longer any visible conductor, the horses have been spirited away, the driver has vanished.

The rain beats and beats upon the roof, and begins to drop through upon us in great, wrathful tears, while the river before us rushes away with a momentarily swelling flood. Enter now from the depths of the storm a number of rainy peasants, with our conductor and driver perfectly waterlogged, and group themselves on the low, muddy shore, near a flat ferry-barge, evidently want-

ing but a hint of *forza maggiore* to go down with anything put into it. A moment they dispute in pantomime, sending now and then a windy tone of protest and expostulation to our ears, and then they drop into a motionless silence, and stand there in the tempest, not braving it, but enduring it with the pathetic resignation of their race, as if it were some form of hopeless political oppression. At last comes the conductor to us, and says, It is impossible for our diligences to cross in the boat, and he has sent for others to meet us on the opposite shore. He expected them long before this, but we see ! They are not come. Patience and malediction !

Remaining planted in these unfriendly circumstances from four o'clock till ten, we have still the effrontery to be glad that we did not take the steamer. What a storm that must be at sea ! When at last our connecting diligences appear on the other shore, we are almost light-hearted, and make a jest of the Ombrone, as we perilously pass it in the ferry-boat too weak for our diligences. Between the landing and the vehicles there is a space of heavy mud to cross, and when we reach them we find the *coupé* appointed us occupied by three young Englishmen, who insist that they shall be driven to the boat. With that graceful superiority which endears their nation to the world, and makes the travelling Englishman a universal favorite, they keep the seats to which they have no longer any right, while the tempest drenches the ladies to whom the places belong ; and it is only by the *forza maggiore* of our conductor that they can be dislodged. In the mean time the Portland man exchanges with them the assurances of personal and national esteem, which that mighty bond of friendship, the language of Shakespeare and Milton, enables us to offer so idiomatically to our Transatlantic cousins.

What Grossetto was like, as we first rode through it, we scarcely looked to see. In four or five hours we should strike the railroad at Follonica ; and we merely asked of intermediate places

that they should not detain us. We dined in Grossetto at an inn of the Larthian period, — a cold inn and a damp, which seemed never to have been swept since the broom dropped from the grasp of the last Etrurian chambermaid, — and we ate with the two-pronged iron forks of an extinct civilization. All the while we dined, a boy tried to kindle a fire to warm us, and beguiled his incessant failures with stories of inundation on the road ahead of us. But we believed him so little, that, when he said a certain stream near Grossetto was impassable, our company all but hissed him.

When we left the town and hurried into the open country, we perceived that he had only too great reason to be an alarmist. Every little rill was risen, and boiling over with the pride of harm, and the broad fields lay hid under the yellow waters that here and there washed over the road. Yet the freshet only presented itself to us as a pleasant excitement ; and even when we came to a place where the road itself was covered for a quarter of a mile, we scarcely looked outside the diligence to see how deep the water was. We were surprised when our horses were brought to a stand on a rising ground, and the conductor, cap in hand, appeared at the door. He was a fat, well-natured man, full of a smiling good-will ; and he stood before us in a radiant desperation.

Would Eccellenza descend, look at the water in front, and decide whether to go on ? The conductor desired to content ; it displeased him to delay, — *ma, in somma !* — the rest was confided to the conductor's eloquent shoulders and eyebrows.

Eccellenza, descending, beheld but a disheartening prospect. On every hand the country was under water. The two diligences stood on a stone bridge spanning the stream, that, now swollen to an angry torrent, brawled over a hundred yards of the road before us. Beyond, the ground rose, and on its slope stood a farm-house up to its second story in water. Without the slightest hope in his purpose, and merely as

an experiment, Eccellenza suggested that a man should be sent in on horse-back; which being done, man and horse in a moment floundered into swimming depths.

The conductor, vigilantly regarding Eccellenza, gave a great shrug of desolation.

Eccellenza replied with a foreigner's broken shrug,—a shrug of sufficiently correct construction, but wanting the tonic accent, as one may say, though expressing, however imperfectly, an equal desolation.

It appeared to be the part of wisdom not to go ahead, but to go back if we could; and we re-entered the water we had just crossed. It had risen a little, meanwhile, and the road could now be traced only by the telegraph-poles. The diligence before us went safely through; but our driver, trusting rather to inspiration than precedent, did not follow it carefully, and directly drove us over the side of a small viaduct. All the baggage of the train having been lodged upon the roof of our diligence, the unwieldy vehicle now lurched heavily, hesitated, as if preparing, like Cæsar, to fall decently, and went over on its side, with a stately deliberation that gave us ample time to arrange our plans for getting out.

The torrent was only some three feet deep, but it was swift and muddy, and it was with a fine sense of shipwreck that Eccellenza felt his boots filling with water, while a conviction that it would have been better, after all, to have taken the steamer, struck coldly home to him. We opened the window in the top side of the diligence, and lifted the ladies through it, and the conductor, in the character of life-boat, bore them ashore; while the driver cursed his horses in a sullen whisper, and could with difficulty be diverted from that employment to cut the lines and save one of them from drowning.

Here our compatriot, whose conversation with the Englishman at the Ombrone we had lately admired, showed traits of strict and severe method which afterwards came into bolder relief. The

ladies being rescued, he applied himself to the rescue of their hats, cloaks, rubbers, muffs, books, and bags, and handed them up through the window with tireless perseverance, making an effort to wring or dry each article in turn. The other gentleman on top received them all rather grimly, and had not perhaps been amused by the situation but for the exploit of his hat. It was of the sort called in Italian as in English slang a stove-pipe (*canna*), and, having been made in Italy, it was of course too large for its wearer. It had never been anything but a horror and reproach to him, and he was now inexpressibly delighted to see it steal out of the diligence in company with one of the red-leather cushions, and glide darkly down the flood. It nodded and nodded to the cushion with a superhuman tenderness and elegance, and had a preposterous air of whispering, as it drifted out of sight,—

"It may be we shall reach the Happy Isles,—
It may be that the gulfs shall wash us down."

The romantic interest of this episode had hardly died away, when our adventure acquired an idyllic flavor from the appearance on the scene of four peasants in an ox-cart. These the conductor tried to engage to bring out the baggage and right the fallen diligence; and they, after making him a little speech upon the value of their health, which might be injured, asked him, tentatively, two hundred francs for the service. The simple incident taught us, that, if Italians sometimes take advantage of strangers, they are equally willing to prey upon each other; but I doubt if anything could have taught a foreigner the sweetness with which our conductor bore the enormity, and turned quietly from those brigands to carry the Portland man from the wreck, on which he lingered, to the shore.

Here in the gathering twilight the passengers of both diligences grouped themselves, and made merry over the common disaster. As the conductor and the drivers brought off the luggage our spirits rose with the arrival of each trunk, and we were pleased

or not as we found it soaked or dry. We applauded and admired the greater sufferers among us: a lady who opened a dripping box was felt to have perpetrated a pleasantry; and a Brazilian gentleman, whose luggage dropped to pieces and was scattered in the flood about the diligence, was looked upon as a very subtle humorist. Our own contribution to these witty passages was the epigrammatic display of a reeking trunk full of the pretty rubbish people bring away from Rome and Naples,—copies of Pompeian frescos more ruinous than the originals; photographs floating loose from their cards; little earthen busts reduced to the lumpishness of common clay; Roman scarfs stained and blotted out of all memory of their recent hues; Roman pearls clinging together in jelly-like, clammy masses.

We were a band of brothers and sisters, as we all crowded into one diligence and returned to Grossetto. Arrived there, our party, knowing that a public conveyance in Italy—and everywhere else—always stops at the worst inn in a place, made bold to seek another, and found it without ado, though the person who undertook to show it spoke of it mysteriously and as of difficult access, and tried to make the simple affair as like a scene of grand opera as he could.

We took one of the ancient rooms in which there was a vast fireplace, as already mentioned, and we there kindled such a fire as could not have been known in that fuel-sparing land for ages. The drying of the clothes was an affair that drew out all the energy and method of our compatriot, and at a late hour we left him moving about among the garments that dangled and dripped from pegs and hooks and lines, dealing with them as a physician with his sick, and tenderly nursing his dress-coat, which he wrung and shook and smoothed and pulled this way and that with a never-satisfied anxiety. At midnight, he hired a watcher to keep up the fire and turn the steaming raiment, and, returning at

four o'clock, found his watcher dead asleep before the empty fireplace. But I rather applaud than blame the watcher for this. He must have been a man of iron nerve to fall asleep amid all that phantasmal show of masks and disguises. What if those reeking silks had forsaken their nails, and, decking themselves with the blotted Roman scarfs and the slimy Roman pearls, had invited the dress-coats to look over the dripping photographs? Or if all those drowned garments had assumed the characters of the people whom they had grown to resemble, and had sat down to hear the ghost of Pia de' Tolommei rehearse the story of her sad fate in the Maremma? I say, if a watcher could sleep in such company, he was right to do so.

On the third day after our return to Grossetto, we gathered together our damaged effects, and packed them into refractory trunks. Then we held the customary discussion with the landlord concerning the effrontery of his account, and drove off once more towards Follonica. We could scarcely recognize the route for the one we had recently passed over; and it was not until we came to the scene of our wreck, and found the diligence stranded high and dry upon the roadside, that we could believe the whole landscape about us had been flooded three days before. The offending stream had shrunk back to its channel, and now seemed to feign an unconsciousness of its late excess, and had a virtuous air of not knowing how in the world to account for that upturned diligence. The waters, we learned, had begun to subside the night after our disaster; and the vehicle might have been righted and drawn off—for it was not in the least injured—forty-eight hours previously; but I suppose it was not *en règle* to touch it without orders from Rome. I picture it to myself still lying there, in the heart of the marshes, and thrilling sympathetic travel with the spectacle of its ultimate ruin:

“Disfecemi Maremma.”

We reached Follonica at last, and then the cars hurried us to Leghorn. We were thoroughly humbled in spirit, and had no longer any doubt that we did ill to take the diligence at Civita Vecchia instead of the steamer; for we had been, not nineteen hours, but four days on the road, and we had suffered as afore mentioned.

But we were destined to be partially restored to our self-esteem, if not entirely comforted for our losses,

when we sat down to dinner in the Hotel Washington, and the urbane head-waiter, catching the drift of our English discourse, asked us,—

“Have the signori heard that the French steamer, which left Civita Vecchia the same day with their diligence, had to put back and lie in port forty-eight hours on account of the storm? She is but now come into Leghorn, after a very dangerous passage.”

THE GUERDON.

ALAIN, the poet, fell asleep one day
In the lords' chamber, when it chanced the Queen
With her twelve maids of honor passed that way,—
She like a slim white lily set between
Twelve glossy leaves, for they were robed in green.

A forest of gold pillars propped the roof,
And from the heavy corbels of carved stone
Yawned drowsy dwarfs, with satyr's face and hoof:
Like one of those bright pillars overthrown,
The slanted sunlight through the casement shone,

Gleaming across the body of Alain,—
As if the airy column in its fall
Had caught and crushed him. So the laughing train
Came on him suddenly, and one and all
Drew back, affrighted, midway in the hall.

Like some huge beetle curled up in the sun
Was this man lying in the noontide glare,
Deformed, and hideous to look upon,
With sunken eyes and masses of coarse hair,
And sallow cheeks deep seamed with time and care.

Forth from her maidens stood Queen Margaret:
The royal blood up to her temples crept
Like a wild vine with faint red roses set,
As she across the pillared chamber swept,
And, kneeling, kissed the poet while he slept.

Then from her knees uprose the stately Queen,
 And, seeing her ladies titter, 'gan to frown
 With those great eyes wherein methinks were seen
 Lights that outflashed the lustres in her crown,—
 Great eyes that looked the shallow women down.

“Nay, not for love,”—’t was like a sudden bliss,
 The full sweet measured music of her tongue,—
 “Nay, not for love’s sake did I give the kiss,
 Not for his beauty who ’s nor fair nor young,
 But for the songs which those mute lips have sung!”

RECOLLECTIONS OF JOHN VANDERLYN, THE ARTIST.

THE visitor to the Rotunda, in the Capitol at Washington, sees, among the large historical pictures placed there by government, “The Landing of Columbus,” by Vanderlyn. In the Hall of Representatives is the full-length portrait of Washington, by the same artist. These, with one in the City Hall in New York (I think, the full-length portrait of President Monroe), are the only public works left to preserve alive the memory of one who, had he been careful of himself and attentive to his profession, would have been without a superior among American artists.

Vanderlyn was a *protégé* of Aaron Burr. He belonged to a Dutch family at Kingston, Ulster County, New York, where his father was a farmer. Near this place my father had a country residence, at which I spent all my early summers; and it was to this circumstance that I owed my acquaintance with Vanderlyn, who had returned thither after the ruin of his patron.

When quite young, he was apprenticed to a wagon-painter, and in his employment remained until nearly twenty-one. Colonel Burr, in the day of his political and social elevation, when stopping at the tavern at Kingston, was shown some drawings by this country boy, in which he discovered the marks

of genius. He sent for him, learned his condition and employment, and parted from him with the remark, “When you wish to change your situation, put a clean shirt in your pocket, come to New York, and ask for Colonel Burr.”

The manner in which Vanderlyn availed himself of this invitation showed the eccentricity of genius. A few months afterwards, while Burr was at breakfast, a rough country boy presented himself at the door and asked to see him. The servant made some difficulty about his admission, when he fairly forced his way into the breakfast-room. Instead of standing just inside the door, shuffling and bowing, as most boys in his situation would have done, he walked straight up to the table where Burr was breakfasting, pulled a coarse clean shirt from his pocket, and silently laid it down before him. The action at once recalled to Burr his speech, and, taken perhaps in some measure by its oddity, he immediately adopted Vanderlyn as his *protégé*.

Mr. Parton, in his Life of Burr, has given a modified account of this incident. I give it as received from Vanderlyn himself.

Every advantage was afforded the young artist in his profession, and he soon justified the good opinion of his patron. He was sent to Europe to

remain for several years, and returned in 1801, at which time Burr thus mentions him in a letter to Thomas Morris: "Mr. Vanderlyn, the young painter from Esopus, who went about six years ago to Paris, has recently returned, having improved his time and talents in a manner that does very great honor to himself, his friends, and his country. From some samples which he has left here, he is pronounced to be the first painter that now is or ever has been in America."

It was at this time that he painted the portraits of Colonel Burr and his daughter (both profile likenesses) from which are copied the engravings prefixed to Davis's Life of Burr. "Vanderlyn," writes Burr to his daughter, December 4, 1802, "has finished your picture in the most beautiful style imaginable."

When his patron was compelled to flee to Europe, in 1808, Vanderlyn was there, and remained faithful when all the rest of the world seemed to have abandoned the fallen statesman. He shared his poverty, and was the only individual who fully knew the secret history of those days. When Burr was in humble lodgings in London, "at eight shillings a week," and when, we are told by his biographer, "one American friend only was admitted to the secret," Vanderlyn was undoubtedly the "one." He was always exceedingly chary of speaking of those times, particularly when the information was wanted for the press. Just after Burr's death, a writer in New York got up a popularized biography of him (long since forgotten), and called on Vanderlyn for materials, but could extract no information from him.

"But," said the writer, "tell me something about Burr's private life."

"You had better let Burr's private life alone," was Vanderlyn's significant reply.

He once told me that Burr, while they were in Paris, got him to draw a picture of a rock in the ocean, with the waves wildly dashing about it, surrounded by the motto, "Nothing moves

me." He wished to have it engraved for a seal, and Vanderlyn says it was perfectly illustrative of Burr's character. I have heard, indeed, from one of Burr's friends, that it was a favorite saying of Burr, "Accept the inevitable without repining." It condensed into a short sentence the philosophy of his life.

Another little story which Vanderlyn once told me, has often occurred to me during life, when wondering how people could have the conscience to do different things. While with Vanderlyn in France, Burr one day wanted him to do something from which he rather shrank, when the following conversation took place.

V. "The fact is, Colonel, I can't do it; my conscience won't let me."

B. "Pooh! pooh! have n't other people consciences, too?"

V. "Yes, Colonel, *but not all of the same kind.*"

When Burr returned to America, in 1812, after his exile, he suddenly appeared in New York, and this generation cannot imagine how the city was electrified one morning by the brief notice in the paper: "Aaron Burr has returned to the city, and resumed the practice of the law at — Nassau Street." At that time the community could not imagine how he reached New York. Vanderlyn once told me the story of this return,—of Burr's struggles in Europe, of his departure from France, and of his voyage home under the name of Arnot. He and Vanderlyn were in Paris together, and were both, as usual, entirely out of funds, (Burr writes in his journal, "presque sans sous,") when Vanderlyn negotiated with three gentlemen to furnish Burr with the passage-money, and painted their portraits in payment. Mr. Parton gives an account of Burr's borrowing money in Paris for this purpose.

In 1807, the Emperor Napoleon offered a gold medal for the best original picture at the Exhibition of the Louvre, for the following year. Vanderlyn was then in Rome, where he

painted his great picture of "Marius on the Ruins of Carthage," and submitted it for the prize. There were twelve hundred pictures exhibited by European artists, but the "Marius" took the medal.

Napoleon himself is said to have been exceedingly struck with the grandeur of its design. He was anxious indeed to become the purchaser of the picture, and to have it placed permanently in the Louvre; but Vanderlyn declined, as he wished to carry it to his own country. It is stated that the Emperor passed through the gallery, accompanied by the Baron Denon and his artistic staff, and inspected all the pictures. Then he walked quickly back to the "Marius," and bringing down his forefinger, as he pointed to it, said, in his usual rapid way, "Give the medal to that!"

After the peace of 1815, Vanderlyn brought the picture to America, and when it had been exhibited for some time in our Atlantic cities, the painter, failing in his hopes of founding a great public gallery, (for at that time there was little taste for art in our country,) sold it to the late Leonard Kip, Esq., of New York. In the correspondence on this subject, Mr. Kip said, in one of his letters: "The principal reason which induces me to make this offer for it is, that it is not only the work of an American artist, but of one who is a descendant, like myself, of a Dutchman, and one of the old settlers of the country." In his reply, Vanderlyn writes: "I prefer that the picture should belong to a public gallery. If I fail, I am not aware that I can place it in better hands, with reference to individuals, than your own, or where the same flattering considerations in behalf of the author would be entertained, — considerations which have their full value with an artist of the Dutch school."

The work is intended to represent Marius, when, after his defeat by Sylla, and the desertion of his friends, he had taken refuge in Africa. He had just landed, when an officer came and thus addressed him: "Marius, I come from

the Prætor Sextilius, to tell you that he forbids you to set foot in Africa. If you obey not, he will support the Senate's decree, and treat you as the public enemy." Marius, struck dumb with indignation on hearing this, uttered not a word for some time, but regarded the officer with a menacing aspect. At length, being asked what answer should be carried to the governor, "Go and tell him," said he, "that thou hast seen Marius sitting on the ruins of Carthage." Thus, in the happiest manner, he held up the fate of that city and his own as a warning to the Prætor.

He sits, after having delivered this answer, with his toga just falling off his shoulders, and leaning on his short Roman sword. His helmet is at his feet; the ruins of Rome's old rival are around him; and at a distance, through the arches of the aqueduct, are seen the blue waters of the Mediterranean. Under his left hand is the opening of one of those mighty sewers which now form the only remains of ancient Carthage, and at his right elbow is an overthrown Phœnician altar, on which we can trace the sculptured ram's head and garlands. In the distance is a temple, with one of its pillars fallen, while a fox is seen among the ruins in front of its portico.

The figure of Marius was copied by Vanderlyn, in Rome, from one of the Pope's guards, remarkable for his Herculean proportions, and the head was taken from a bust of Marius, bearing his name, which had been dug up in Italy. Any one familiar with the ruins in the South of Europe will at once recognize the composition of the different parts of the picture. The temple in the background is similar to the Parthenon at Athens; the massive remains which tower over the head of Marius are like those of the villa of Hadrian, near Rome; while the ruined aqueduct in the distance is copied from the Claudian aqueduct, which, with its broken arches, sweeps over the desolate Campagna, from the city to the distant Alban Hills.

The picture itself is one with regard to which the judgment of all acquainted with such subjects has, for the last sixty years, confirmed the decision of the French Academy. It is something utterly unlike most modern paintings, —devoid of their light, glaring, chalky appearance, and characterized by the deep-toned coloring and severe simplicity of the old masters. The tension of the muscles of Marius's right arm, compared with the relaxed languor of the left, the fine disposition of light and shade, the reflection of the crimson toga on the body, the anatomical skill in the drawing of the figure, and the stern expression of the countenance, are points on which artists have always dwelt. Tuckerman, in his "Artist Life," has thus summed up his description: "The picture of Marius embodies the Roman character in its grandest phase, that of endurance; and suggests its noblest association, that of patriotism. It is a type of manhood in its serious, resisting energy and indomitable courage, triumphant over thwarted ambition, —a stern, heroic figure, self-sustained and calm, seated in meditation amid prostrate columns, which symbolize his fallen fortunes, and an outward solitude, which reflects the desolation of his exile."

I have dwelt at some length upon this picture, because it is Vanderlyn's great work, and certainly one of the most celebrated historical pictures in the country; and because, having belonged to a private family for two generations, it is now known to the public only by reputation, or through the medium of an indifferent engraving published by the New York Art Union in 1842. The two grand traits of the painting —its massiveness and deep-toned coloring—could not be represented in any way by an engraving. Some interesting facts with regard to it are contained in a letter addressed to the writer by Vanderlyn, and here printed *verbatim*.

"The picture was painted in Rome, during the second year of my stay there, —1807. Rome was well adapt-

ed for the painting of such a subject, abounding in classical ruins, of which I endeavored to avail myself, and I think it also furnishes better models and specimens of the human form and character than our own country, or even France or England. And it is much more free from the fashion and frivolities of life than most all other places. The reception Marius met in Rome, when exhibited, from the artists there from various parts of Europe, was full as flattering to me as the award of the Napoleon gold medal which it received the next year in Paris. It gave me reputation there, and from an impartial source, mostly strangers to me. I had the pleasure of having Washington Allston for a neighbor in Rome, —an excellent friend and companion, whose encouraging counsels I found useful to me, as in all my embarrassments he readily sympathized with me. We were the only American students of art in Rome at that time, and regretted not to have had a few more, as was the case with those from most other countries. In a stroll on the Campagna, between Rome, Albano, and Frascati, in the month of May, in company with a couple of other students, one a Russian, we came upon the old ruins of Roma Vecchia, where a fox was started from its hiding-place; and this was the cause of my introducing one in the distance of my picture, —too trifling a fact, perhaps, to mention.

"I left Rome in December, and arrived in Paris in the beginning of 1808, and exhibited my picture there in the spring, at the public exhibition of the Louvre, where it received the medal through the hands of Baron Denon. He had first seen it in my studio, and expressed himself thus in favor of the picture: 'Cela porte un grand caractère,' —which was precisely what I had aimed at. Denon was an excellent judge of pictures, and well qualified to be at the head of the direction of the *Musée Royale*, &c. I never made any effort there to procure a sale for it, as my wish was to take it home, to form the origin of a gallery for our city, which

was always my desire. But when I became embarrassed through the cost of my "Rotunda," I would have been glad to have found a purchaser, and was willing to cede the picture to your esteemed father."

It would probably have been better for Vanderlyn had he remained in Europe. There, he was in an atmosphere of art; his triumph over the European artists had given him a high reputation; he was on the road to fame and fortune; and he had every incentive to labor. As it was, he returned to settle down into indolence. He first built in New York, for the exhibition of panoramas, the "Rotunda" which for many years stood behind the City Hall. But the enterprise did not succeed; he was unable to pay the builder, and the edifice passed out of his hands. This seemed to dispirit and sour him; he found there was no taste for art in that new community; and for the remainder of his long life he seemed to be embittered against the country for not properly appreciating his works.

He returned to Kingston, his birthplace, and there, as I have before mentioned, I often saw him during my boyhood. For nearly twenty years there seems to have been an entire blank in his life. During all that time he painted scarcely any portraits, and no other works of which I am aware except his exquisite picture of Ariadne (a full-length female figure, perfectly nude), which I have lost sight of for many years, and his full-length portraits of Monroe and Washington, to which I have before alluded. For the latter, he was to have been paid one thousand dollars, but when it was placed in the Hall of Representatives, the members of Congress were so much pleased with it that they voted him twenty-five hundred.

Vanderlyn painted very slowly and elaborately, as I know to my cost. Believing that Burr's estimate of him was correct, and that he was our ablest American artist, I had always been very desirous to have him paint the

portraits of my father and mother. In 1833, accidentally meeting him in New York, I proposed to him to undertake the work; but he declined, alleging that he had no studio. I found him living at an obscure French boarding-house in Church Street, and I proposed to him to come to my father's house and use the library as a studio. So he came, blocked up the windows, except a square place in the top of one of them, and began his pictures. It was in the autumn when he commenced, and the winter was nearly over when he finished. I wanted to use the library for my studies, and tired enough I was at the long exclusion. My mother sat for a couple of hours in the morning, and my father in the afternoon, and each of them had about sixty sittings. In this way the whole winter was spent. He made fine pictures, of course, but the victimized sitters felt that the cost was too great.

During this time my father accidentally discovered that the Napoleon gold medal was pawned in New York for thirty dollars, and redeemed it. After keeping it some time, he returned it to Vanderlyn. The Napoleon medals, executed under the direction of the Baron Denon, were celebrated in Europe. This one was the medal always used by the Emperor for rewarding civil services. On one side was a splendid head of Napoleon, and on the other a wreath of laurel, within which was the vacant space for engraving the name of the recipient, and the reason of the award. Vanderlyn's medal had engraved on it, —

EXPOSITION
AU SALON
DE 1808.
—♦—
JOHN
VANDERLYN
PEINTRE.

The year 1842 brought what should have been a gleam of sunshine to the disappointed artist. Congress resolved to fill the remaining panels in the Rotunda of the Capitol with historical pictures, and one of them was allotted to

Vanderlyn. He was to receive twelve thousand dollars, which sum was paid him in instalments while the work was going on. He went immediately to France, as a more convenient place for executing a great work, and there began his "Landing of Columbus." The relief, however, had come too late. The enthusiasm for art which marked his early years was gone; he was old and broken in health and spirits, and his professional pride had given way in the mere struggle for money.

In 1844 I was in Paris, and, inquiring about the picture, found that it was advancing under the hand of a clever French artist whom Vanderlyn had employed. Of course, the conception and design were his own, but I believe little of the actual work. In fact, no one familiar with Vanderlyn's early style could ever imagine the "Columbus" to be his. Place it by the side of the "Marius," and you see that they are evidently executed by different artists. The "Marius" has the dark, severe tone of the old masters; the "Landing of Columbus" is a flashy modern French painting.

Wishing to see whether I could not procure the Napoleon medal, I sought for Vanderlyn, and at length found him in the gallery of the Louvre, where he was copying pictures for some gentleman in Boston. I soon discovered that he was in an awful humor, perfectly embittered against his country, notwithstanding the late government patronage. In the course of our conversation, he ended one of his usual tirades with this remark: "No one but a professional quack can live in America. There's the Lawrence family in New York; they brought forward a quack"

This alluded to the fact that they had been the patrons of —, then a distinguished artist, and had brought him into notice. The remark, however, was intended for my own particular and especial benefit, as he knew that I had married one of the Lawrence family. Without apparently noticing the personal character of his speech, I

quietly remarked, "You remember, Mr. Vanderlyn, that Mr. Lawrence, in the latter part of his life, did not employ —, but took up Inman."

"Humph! he was another charlatan," was his reply; — so I found I had not gained anything by attempting a diversion.

One day, being with him in the Louvre, I determined to plunge into the subject of the medal. I felt very much interested about it, for the medal was of course worth more to us than to any one else, and should accompany the picture. I was afraid, too, that it would be pawned in Paris, and that, as Vanderlyn was getting old, it might after his death be entirely lost to us. So I began my inquiries in this wise, feeling my way.

"Mr. Vanderlyn, I was at the mint to-day, and saw the bronze copies of the series of French medals. I wished to get a copy of the Napoleon medal; but it is so many years since I have seen it, I could not remember which it was. Will you let me have it for a day to select the copy?"

V. (curtly.) "No, sir, I will not."

A pause, — during which I said to myself, he has not got the medal.

V. (resuming.) "The fact is, sir, the medal is not now in my possession."

Another pause, while I thought, It is as I suspected; he has pawned it again.

V. (going on.) "The truth is, sir, that, being in want of funds, I was obliged to place it in the hands of a friend. I shall keep the medal as long as I live, and then I don't care what becomes of it."

This was the confirmation of my fears, and, believing the case hopeless, we parted.

That evening I went to the American Legation. Our Minister, William Rufus King (who died while Vice-President of the United States), was not at home, and I saw Mr. Martin, the Secretary of Legation. I was telling him some of Vanderlyn's speeches, illustrating his bitterness, when he said, "I can show you something as good as that!"

He opened a drawer and took out a manuscript, which he informed me was a memorial addressed by Vanderlyn to the American Minister, detailing his grievances. These were certainly very amusing, and for the most part entirely imaginary, the paper being a general complaint against Mr. Cass, our former Minister to France. Two of the wrongs will do for specimens.

Mr. Cass had actually sent Vanderlyn an invitation to his balls! "As if," writes Vanderlyn, "such places of vanity and fashion were fit places for me!" Probably, if he had not been invited, that neglect would have been cited as the cause of complaint.

Again, Mr. Cass, in speaking to Vanderlyn about Healy, — a young American artist patronized by Louis Philippe, — had expressed his admiration of him for not letting his success "turn his head," and had commended his simplicity and modesty. Whereupon the indignant Vanderlyn comments thus: "I considered these remarks as a reflection on myself, implying that I was marked by the opposite qualities."

It is evident from this how perfectly morbid he had become.

A couple of years later, Vanderlyn returned home with his picture, which is now in the Capitol, and which is altogether inferior to his earlier works. Some time after, in January, 1848, Kellogg, the artist, came over in charge of Powers's Greek Slave, and went to my mother's (as lovers of art often did), with the request that he might see the "Marius." My brother-in-law, the late Bishop (Burgess) of Maine, being there at the time, went in to show it. He wrote me, that he had gathered, from his conversation with Kellogg, that the Napoleon medal had been brought to this country.

Whereupon I made another effort to procure it. I wrote to Vanderlyn, and finally he informed me that it was in the hands of a gentleman in New York, who had brought it from Paris, and held it for a loan of some fifty-six dollars. After some correspondence he allowed me to redeem it, and papers

were exchanged by which I became bound to restore it only to himself personally.

A few months afterwards, Crawford, the sculptor, sent to me, in the name of a number of artists, to inquire whether they could redeem the medal, which they wished to present as a compliment to Vanderlyn. I declined, for it was the second time it had been in the possession of my family, and, if returned to Vanderlyn, it would probably soon again pass out of his hands. It was best that it should go with the picture. And so it remained with me. Within the next six months, both Vanderlyn and Crawford died.

Vanderlyn had come back to the country, as poor as ever. He had spent the instalments of his twelve thousand dollars as fast as he received them. Age, too, was creeping over him, and he must before this time have reached his threescore years and ten. After my father's death he used to write to me occasionally, — for he seemed to consider my ownership of the "Marius" a tie between us; — generally to complain of his treatment by the world, and once to tell me of a raffle he had arranged to dispose of his two pictures of Niagara Falls. The drawing never took place, nor did I ever hear what became of the paintings. From my recollection of them, I do not think they possessed great merit. Landscape-painting was not his forte.

He had retreated back to Kingston, where he died in poverty about 1850, ending life where it began. Some years after his death, I cut from a newspaper the following account of a visit to his grave: "The writer yesterday stood beside the grave of Vanderlyn, the artist. He is buried near the southern extremity of the beautiful village of the dead, called 'Wiltwyck Cemetery,' at Kingston, N. Y. There is no stone, nor even mound, to mark the spot: only a few vines twining and intertwining, like the network of the life that was, but which now is forever ended. Patches of snow lay on the ground, and the trees still stood disrobed, save

where, here and there, on the compact foliage of the cedars, the snow clung, making them seem like those twilight spectres which, in the old Norse legends, were said to haunt ruins."

Such is the melancholy story of one who might have been one of the first artists our country has produced. He left, however, little behind him. Besides the pictures I have mentioned, there are only a few portraits among some of the old New York families. Why he did not paint more, I do not know. Burr, in writing to his daughter, in 1802, says: "Vanderlyn is run down with applications for portraits, all of which, without discrimination, he refuses." Probably he neglected portraits while dreaming of grand historical pictures which he never had application enough to paint.

As is usual in such cases, no sooner was he dead, than the community began to wake up to an appreciation of his merits as an artist. It was the realization of what I found in a letter of my father to him, in reply to his complaints that the world undervalued his works. The "Marius," he writes to him in 1834, "will probably be more valued, when you and I care nothing about it." The people of Kingston began suddenly to feel a pride in the fame of their townsman, and wrote to me to ask if I would sell them the "Marius" to place in the court-house of their village. A number of public galleries made the

same proposal; but the propositions were declined, and the "Marius" is now on the Pacific coast, where, at the time when Vanderlyn was sketching his hero in the "Eternal City," the soil was trodden only by the wild Indian or the Franciscan missionary.

And now, as I write, I look up at Marius, and there he is, as grand as when he came from the artist's hand, so many years ago. More than two generations have passed away since that time; his early admirers are dust; the Roman artists, the great Emperor, the Baron Denon and his artistic staff, the men who gathered before the picture when first shown in New York, all are gone; but Marius still looks out from the canvas, the tints of which are only mellowed and softened by time. I think of the old Jeronymite monk who, when Wilkie was in the Refectory of the Escorial, looking at Titian's famous picture of the Last Supper, said to him: "I have sat daily in sight of that picture for nearly threescore years. During that time my companions have dropped off, one after another,—all who were my seniors, all who were my contemporaries, and many or most of those who were younger than myself; more than one generation has passed away, and there the figures in the picture have remained unchanged! I look at them, till I sometimes think that they are the realities, and we are but the shadows!"

THE REPUBLICAN ALLIANCE.

IF from the late war, and the peace now concluded, Italy should fail to learn a decisive lesson for the future, and the democratic party fail to perceive the path to be followed in pursuit of that future, we should be driven to despair of both.

War for Venice, a war to regain our

own territory and our own frontier, had become a necessity,—the supreme and sole condition both of security and honor. All men felt that, until the national question was solved, and Italy secure from foreign attack, no stable internal organization of the country was possible. All felt that, if we de-

sired to place ourselves in a condition which would enable us, in the probable case of the non-fulfilment of the September Convention, to concentrate all the forces of the country upon the solution of the Roman question, it was of the first necessity to secure ourselves against an Austrian invasion, by gaining possession of the Rhetic, Noric, and Carnic Alps.

The Venetians, owing to the exertions of our party, were preparing for insurrection. The ruinous state of Italian finance imperatively demanded such reforms and such economy as were impossible of realization so long as the Damoclean sword of war was suspended over our heads. It had become impossible for our monarchy to hold back any longer without serious risk. Action was decided upon. Had they really *willed* it, victory was certain.

The monarchy had had five years to prepare; it had had unlimited supplies of money, an obsequious parliament, and a country resigned to any amount of misgovernment, provided only the promise of action was kept. War once declared, the whole of Italy rose up in a ferment of enthusiasm, and ready for every description of sacrifice in blood or money.

The monarchy, in order to remain the sole unwatched master of the field, demanded unlimited powers, both financial and political: they were granted. Reluctantly, and only under the pressure of public opinion, it demanded twenty thousand volunteers: seventy thousand eagerly answered the call. It demanded that all parties should signify their adhesion to the war: it was done. It demanded of Garibaldi the support of his name and the aid of his genius, without conditions: he gave both.

These concessions, so blindly made to a power that had repeatedly betrayed alike the desires and the rights of the nation, were mistakes; but our present purpose is only to show that the monarchy obtained everything it demanded, and everything that was

necessary for the overthrow of every obstacle in its path. The majority of the republicans — albeit full of distrust and evil presentiment — believed that, although the national question of unity and the internal question of liberty were based upon one and the same principle, yet their field of application was different; they held that, by uniting with the monarchy in the endeavor to emancipate upwards of two millions of Italians from a foreign yoke, they did not for a single day abdicate their right of republican apostolate; and they considered that that right would be strengthened and confirmed by the fulfilment of the duty of combating Austria in aid of their Italian brothers. They remembered that the nation, although still unprepared to adopt a better system of internal government, was eagerly desirous for war; and they knew that the true method for those who sought to educate and convince the nation could never be that of holding themselves aloof. They knew that, if left alone in the field, the monarchy would in case of triumph assume the entire honor of the victory, and in case of defeat attribute the dishonor to the dualism engendered in the national camp by the separation of the republicans. They felt how grave would be the danger, and how immense the disgrace, of a Napoleonic intervention in the Italian war; they knew that the monarchy would invoke that intervention on the slightest pretext; and they considered it their duty to deprive the monarchy of all such pretext, by affording it all the assistance and all the men required. They therefore hastened to action in the ranks of the volunteers.

The monarchy entered the field with three hundred and fifty thousand regular troops, one hundred thousand*

* The official accounts stated at the commencement of the war that the government had four hundred and fifty thousand troops ready for action. They now state that they were only two hundred thousand. They lied then, as they lie now: the first time, in order that the country, confident of success, might leave everything to them; the second time, in order to explain the fact of their having done nothing. The above are the correct figures.

mobilized national guards, thirty thousand volunteers, and the whole nation ready to act as a reserve upon territory whereon every single man was a sworn foe to the enemy.

Austria had one hundred and fifty thousand men in Italy. The war with Prussia rendered it impossible to augment that number in any case. Yet more; on each side of the Alps, on each side of the Save, by the shores of the Danube, along the Carpathian chain, in Hungary, Galicia, and Bohemia, in Servia, — half of the population of which is under Austria, — among the Roumain race, — a large portion of which is in Transylvania, — in the Banat and other Austrian provinces, among the Southern Slavonians, — eagerly desirous of constituting a widely extended Illyria, — Italy had allies at hand; all of them ready, nay, eager, and entreating a word of encouragement or a movement on our part. The government knew these things. Agents from those provinces were in correspondence and contact with us, and with the government at the same time.

The war, if rightly conducted, would have carried dissolution into the very heart of the Austrian empire; it would have insured to Italy the *initiative* of the movement of the nations; it would have gained for her those indissoluble alliances founded on gratitude, which would have opened up the path of Italian economic progress in the East; it would have constituted Italy a first-class power, and rendered her arbiter of the European question at one bound.

In this, the first war to be fought with our own forces, Heaven set before us a glorious opportunity of cancelling that stigma of vassalage which has oppressed and weighed down our languid existence since Villafranca, and of transforming that existence into vigorous life, the life of giants, — respected as powerful, and beloved as benefactors.

In a case like ours, a national republican government would have ac-

cepted the vast and holy mission set before them, blessing and adoring the God of Italy. A national government would have felt that Italy only exists in virtue of the right of revolution; that she had naught to do with diplomacies, naught to do with treaties and alliances, save with those peoples called, like herself, to the conquest of their own freedom; that her banner is the banner of a *principle*, — the principle of nationality, — and they would have boldly raised that banner in the face of friends and foes.

A national government would have understood that, in order to preserve the country from the ruin of repeated wars, and to vanquish Austria, not once, but forever, it was necessary to dismember her; and that this necessity for the dismemberment of the Austrian empire pointed out the Danube, Vienna, and Southern Slavonia as the objective points of the war.

A national government would have instantly convoked an Italian parliament, — had none such been already assembled, — and bade them watch over the internal security of the country, and keep open every path through which aid might reach the holy war, saying to them, *Watch also over us, and see that neither from weakness nor incapacity we fail in our sacred mission.*

A national government would have issued a proclamation to the Italian people, saying, *Hold yourselves in threatening readiness as our reserve force, so long as we do our duty and go forward; and be also ready to punish us should we offer to draw back while one inch of Italian ground remains to be conquered.*

A national government would have addressed another proclamation to the peoples now subject to Austria, saying to them, "Arise! the Italian army is your army; yours the ports along the eastern coast of the Adriatic, — beyond Istria, which we shall set free, — across which sea we will form the alliance of freemen with you."

A national government would have

opened unlimited registers of volunteers ; would have organized the Hungarian legions, and the thousands of Poles, — sons of the last insurrection, — now wandering over Europe ; it would have placed them with their national flags 'in the vanguard of our army ; then, leaving two intrenched camps behind to guard Lombardy and the extreme Po, would have sent two hundred thousand regulars to push on by way of Laybach and Udine to Vienna, would have given the command of our fleet to Garibaldi, and, when he had destroyed the enemy's fleet, would have poured fifty thousand volunteers beyond the Adriatic into Croatia and Hungary.

Had this plan appeared too daring, — which, however, it was not, — a national government would have arranged to have an insurrectionary outbreak *precede* the war along the zone of the Alps, and, first occupying the Trentino to its farthest frontiers by the regular troops, would have brought the main body of the army into the field between the Quadrilateral and Venice ; in either case contriving a simultaneous movement by the volunteers in Southern Slavonia.

The monarchy, however, — as if desirous of proving to Europe that insurgent Italy would have no other allies than the agents of despotism, — chose for its sole ally Bismarck ; who, being decided to make war upon Austria for his own purposes, would have afforded Italy all the aid she required from the mere force of things, and without any effort on her part.

The monarchy — as if dreading above all things that the people should acquire the consciousness of their own strength — elevated distrust into a system ; dismissed the parliament ; sanctioned exceptional laws against the press, and against all public meetings or associations. It first refused all aid from the volunteers, and then, when compelled by the public excitement to accept them, limited their number to twenty thousand ; then, urged again by the threatening attitude of the people,

agreed to accept double that number, but refused to allow either riflemen or guides (indispensable elements of every army) among them ; then, — once more compelled to yield, — stipulated that they should provide their own horses and rifles.

The monarchy purposely introduced an unworthy element among the volunteers ; gave them unpopular and incapable superior officers ; armed them with old muskets, carrying only one fourth as far as the rifles of the enemy ; and, in order to make them appear useless and incapable, first sent them to do battle amid almost inaccessible mountains, and then abruptly recalled them to occupy points already strongly defended.

The monarchy refused Garibaldi's request when he asked the command of the fleet ; refused him all access to the Adriatic ; disallowed all insurrection in Venice and the Trentino before the war ; abstained from occupying Trieste, though it was left, as the government well knew, for more than twenty days without a single soldier, in the sole keeping of the National Guard, three fourths of whom were Italians ; declined the movement offered by the Southern Slavonians ; held back the fleet in absolute inaction, and then, as if in mockery of the outcry raised by the country, sent it to sea unprovided with the most necessary stores of war, and under the command of a man already notorious for his utter incapacity, to the meaningless enterprise upon Lissa, which ended in defeat.

The monarchy, rejecting the advice of Prussia and of the best military men of Italy, in order to follow suggestions from Paris, sent a portion of the army, under the command of the author of all the disasters of 1848, upon an impossible enterprise against the Quadrilateral, which, combined with the fabulous disorder of all the secondary operations, and the total want of *ensemble* in marches and manœuvres, resulted in the overthrow of Custozza. After this, whether from cowardice or some unknown cause, exaggerating the im-

portance of the defeat, the monarchy inexplicably rested on its arms, until, when already in treaty for peace, it despatched Cialdini to invade where there were no enemies, and recalled Medici — the only one of the regular generals who had attempted any serious operation — from the Trentino, when he was within a few miles of the capital.

The iniquitous flight from Milan in 1848, Novara, Custoza, and Lissa, — such have been the results of the only wars our monarchy has undertaken without foreign aid. Foreign rulers, — we say it with a grief that passes words, — though at times guilty of crime, have at least shrunk from dishonor.

It was natural that the peace that followed should be upon a par with the war; but the monarchy contrived even to surpass the point of disgrace already reached.

The monarchy has submitted to hear Austria declare: *I do not give back this Italian territory to those who are unable and unworthy to conquer it for themselves. I fling the now useless encumbrance at the feet of the despot who has already wrung an Italian province from your cowardice, and who still deprives you of your own metropolis. Take it as an alms from him, if he chooses to bestow it upon you.*

The monarchy has submitted to hear the usurper of Rome and Nice declare: *I, a foreigner, bestow upon you as alms this Italian province which you are incapable of winning for yourselves by force of arms. You shall henceforth do homage as vassals, not to Austria, but to me.*

And the monarchy has swallowed the double insult. Had it not, a few years before, upon ground yet teeming with Italian blood, swallowed the insult of a peace concluded by an ally, who, though but a few steps distant from the king, yet deigned no word to him, — I will not say to ask counsel, but not even to inform him of the abrupt decision?

And this peace, — though this is of small moment compared to dishonor, —

this peace is ruinous to Italy. Intrenched within the Alps; master of Istria, the key of our eastern frontier; master of the poor betrayed Trentino, the key of Venetian Lombardy; master of all the passes through which he has been wont to descend into Italy, — the enemy can lie in wait to seize the favorable moment, which the embarrassed position of Italy will surely offer, to fall upon us. A peace such as the present carries with it the necessity of another war, — a war which — it is needless to deceive ourselves — will find Austria stronger than before. Rejected by Germany, she will be compelled by the force of things, and by the numerical superiority of the Slavonian element, to transform herself into a Slavonian power; and the Southern Slavonians, despairing henceforth of Italian aid, and certain of preponderance in the Empire, will at length rally round our enemy, and become enemies in their turn.

Meanwhile, the certainty of having sooner or later to engage in a new war will compel Italy to maintain her army undiminished, place her in the necessity of making fresh preparations, and render any important reduction in her expenditure impossible. It will force upon her a progressive increase of liabilities, threatening the state with bankruptcy; reduce her to a constant condition of commercial uncertainty, alarm, and consequent inactivity of capital; compel her to new loans, new taxes, and the indefinite interruption of every great industrial, agricultural, or commercial enterprise.

Ruin and disgrace. A monarchy which, with a people like ours, with half a million of men under arms, with an army of approved courage, with soldiers and sailors such as those who sank in the Palestro, crying, "Viva l'Italia!" coldly brings this vassalage, poverty, and dishonor upon the country, may yet exist for a brief period upon the corruption and cowardice of others; but, before God and man, its doom is sealed.

Why is it that Italy patiently sub-

mits to all this accumulation of disgrace and wrong? How is it that no cry bursts forth from the army,—special guardian of a country's honor, to whom a stain upon the banner is worse than death,—from the corps of more than thirty thousand volunteers, the majority of whom had sworn not to lay down their arms till Italy was united,—from those cities which hailed with delight the signal of an Italian war they believed destined to initiate a new era, and to be the baptism of our emancipation from direct or indirect foreign rule,—how is it that from these no cry bursts forth of *Out, cowards!* *Be all this shame and infamy upon your heads alone. We tear asunder the unrighteous compact. We will ourselves carry on the war you either cannot or will not conduct.*

The causes of this silence are many, both individual and collective; nor need I enumerate them here. But, as regards our masses, the causes may all be summed up in one,—distrust: distrust, discontent, suspicion of all things and of all men. They have met with so many delusions in a few years, that they fear a new deception in every change, and shrink from the unknown future.

This distrust,—the parent of inertia,—this want of all confidence in their own forces, this disposition to disbelief in the capacity and power of the nation to save herself, is the result of the long lessons of immorality taught the country, deliberately by some, unconsciously and from an intellectual habit nurtured in slavery, by others.

Our country, a land seeking regeneration, has been taught and retaught by a press unworthy of Italy, by the example of men whose services in the past had endeared them to the people, and by an entire governmental hierarchy apt in assuming the credit of the work done by others, and in boasting their devotion to that unity which, but a few years since, they derided as the dream of our martyrs,—*You shall rule your life by a sham. Truth is not the law of the times, and the times are your master; say nothing of your rights, for fear*

the monarchies of Europe should grow suspicious of you, and turn their forces against you; say nothing of duty,—the word is odious to those who acknowledge no duty; seek only utility, a temporary and partial UTILITY,—it matters little if achieved at the price of servility and hypocrisy; falsehood, if successful, is but prudent statesmanship. Caress the foreign tyrant, even while abhorring him in your hearts; hail the Pope as spiritual sovereign and Vicar of Christ, although you know that he has trampled under foot and falsified all true religion through lust of dominion: from the first you will soon be freed by death; and you will overthrow the temporal power—the sole importance—of the second more easily by the help of genuflexions and imposture. Extol monarchy, even though the old republican blood of your fathers boil within you; proclaim the constitutional system an ARCANUM of science, even though its most devoted supporters confess it a fiction, and the Piedmontese STATUTO inviolable, though you know it to be a wretched creation extorted in a moment of fear. Declare the monarch sacred and unimpeachable, even when he yields up Italian soil to the foreigner; Europe is alarmed at the word “republic,” and the king has an army. There will come a time,—but as yet it is too soon. Substitute for the war of principles ignoble skirmishes about men; but do not attempt to strike higher than ministers. The men who, from Socrates to Jesus, have preached and fulfilled what they believed the whole truth, were but sublime dreamers, and they perished; hold fast by Machiavelli, your sole guide.

Teachings such as these have poisoned and still poison the sources of all moral and intellectual development in an infant nation, which, though full of magnificent instincts, has but just emerged from the darkness of slavery, by depriving them of all true *criteria* by which to judge the true worth of men or things.

When artifice and falsehood are once admitted as means of realizing the just and true, who shall venture to con-

demn the minister who lies? who shall say he did not lie for the purpose of securing their triumph? who shall venture to condemn the writer who recants his early opinions or creed, — the deputy who swears the reverse of his former oaths, — when it *may* be that they are only making a sacrifice to *utility*, and taking a hidden and less dangerous path to the goal we are all endeavoring to attain? Who shall venture to say to the king, when he yields up Italian territory to the foreigner, *You are unfaithful to your mission and to the country*, when it may be that still graver dangers, which to reveal would be to increase, are hanging over the nation, and compelling him to the cession?

In this state of perennial doubt, hesitating in the obscurity of this moral twilight, wandering through a labyrinth of personal questions, led hither and thither by the promises of each political *coterie*, without the escort of any principle to guide their judgment, the moral sense of the people is gradually blunted, and they become accustomed to accept as the only signs by which to direct their choice of men, first, talent, — which when unaccompanied by virtue is a source of evil, — and then success, — which, when immediate, is too often the fugitive result of mere force or cunning.

In this alternation of delusion and deception, the mind becomes contaminated by scepticism; and scepticism is by degrees transformed into indifference. The people, wearied and disgusted, lose all manly energy of purpose, and end by regarding the succession of events that passes them by without producing any real improvement in the state of things as a matter in which they have no concern, and by accepting as inevitable the fatal dualism that exists between their own life and that of the governing power.

When things reach this point, if no speedy effort be made to put an end to it by a sudden initiative, a country is lost. It will inevitably sink into egotism, that gangrene of the soul which is the destruction of the future.

But a few more years of the actual

system, and of the tneoretic and practical teachings of its supporters, and Italy will reach this point. The force of circumstances may restore us this or that fragment of our own soil, this or that limited development of material force; but the great soul of Italy will sink once more into the sepulchre from which it strove to rise. Without morality, without the consciousness of a mission, without faith in the power of truth, no nation can exist. We shall be, not a people, but the inane, despised phantom of a people.

A people can neither be revived through Jesuitism, nor regenerated through falsehood. Jesuitism is the instrument of religions in decay; falsehood, the art of peoples condemned to slavery. Socrates and Jesus died by the hand of the executioner; but it was the death of the body only. Their souls still live immortal, and are transfused from age to age into the worthiest life of the generations. Every moral and philosophical progress which has been realized for two thousand years recalls the name of the first; an entire epoch of civilization and emancipation was informed and inspired by the sacred name of Jesus. All the science of Machiavelli did but furnish a funeral lamp to illumine the tomb of Italy's second life; and could that great anatomist of a period of infamy and decay see the pygmies who, standing round the cradle of her third life at the present day, yet strive to ape his work, it would fill him with noble rage and indignation.

A nation is a *conscience*; — the consciousness of a great idea to be reduced to action; of a collective *duty* to be followed as authority; of an invincible force brought to bear upon the fulfilment of the duty of all, by all. So long as this conscience remains bright, clear, and uncontaminated, that people will be great; so soon as it becomes darkened, so soon as the worship of *utility* is substituted for the worship of the *idea*, the spirit of calculation and interest for that of duty, a timid, servile hope in others for a calm

trust in their own strength, that people will dwindle and decay, until fate points them out as the victim of other nations.

Truth alone is fruitful. Shams are barren; they dissolve, but cannot create; they are to truth as galvanism is to life. Our martyrs, by bearing testimony to the truth we had taught, generated the necessity which compelled others to clear the way, however incompletely, for the advance of Italy. The policy of shams led to naught but the cession of Nice, and the series of disgraces which threatens to force her to recede upon her path.

One instinctive glimpse of this consciousness of truth and duty was enough to enable the unarmed population of Milan to drive out the Austrians, and win back their native land in five days. Shams and tactics, nice calculations made in the service of a lie, gave us back the Austrians then, as they now give us Custozza, Lissa, and Venice flung to us as an alms—the future will reveal upon what conditions—by the foreigner.

The history of Italy is the history of all peoples and of all periods. Great initiatives and great enterprises have always sprung from movements made either by the people or by individuals in a moment of holy enthusiasm for an idea,—an idea of sacrifice and progress, a tradition recovered from the tomb of their fathers, before which they had knelt in spirit, to arise, saying, "We have faith in ourselves." And sham has ever followed after to render the initiative barren, or to seize its fruits,—to lull into inertia, or to excite into anarchy.

The great sham for us,—we have now a double right to declare it,—the lie that falsifies the whole life of Italy, and generates an interminable series of secondary lies,—is monarchy. This is the source of our misfortunes and our impotence; nor will they cease, happen what may, until monarchy shall cease to be.

Monarchy,—all who have read our history know this,—monarchy is not a

national institution in Italy. We are no Utopians; we do not condemn monarchy at all times and in all places, because, historically speaking, the republic is the better form of government. Like the Papacy, monarchy has had in certain nations an historic function, a mission. In France it aided the constitution of the national unity; in England it stood between the rising commons and the arbitrary power of the nobles, sons of the Conquest. But in Italy monarchy has never represented any element of progress, has never identified itself with the life of the country. It entered Italy with the foreigner, and foreign it has ever remained. Servile in its origin, it ever was and is servile,—formerly to France, Spain, and Austria alternately, now to France alone; but should Louis Napoleon fall, it would sink again under one of the others.

Nor has monarchy inscribed any of those historic pages in the records of Italy which mark some progress in the destinies of the country. Our wool-combers have played a more brilliant and useful part in our Italian life than all our kings put together. The communes which diffused the germs of Italian civilization before the days of Rome were republics composed of heads of families. The period of Rome's true greatness, and of her grand unifying mission, was republican; the Empire came later, and came but to usurp and dismember. It was without any aid from our princes, in spite of foreign rulers, and beneath a republican banner, that our people overmastered the feudal nobility, and it was beneath a republican banner that our arts, industry, commerce, colonial influence, and literature grew, flourished, and were diffused among the various peoples of Europe. The brave men who have, from time to time, protested by dagger, conspiracy, or pen, and handed down to us a tradition of liberty, even amid the darkness of slavery, were republicans; and republicans are they who, in our own day, have treasured up the promise contained in that tradition.

Monarchy never achieved aught either for the liberty or unity of the country; it has always persecuted the apostles of both; and only when it perceived the result to be inevitable has it stepped forward to appropriate the fruits of their labors. At the present day it corrupts and destroys the life and moral greatness that should spring from their work.

The true Utopians — stupid and ignorant Utopians — are they who, in spite of the natural law which ordains that the institutions of a people are always the issue of the national traditions, fecundated by an instinct of the future, (and this instinct is republican all over Europe at the present day,) imagine that they can work out the progress and greatness of Italy through the medium of an improvised monarchy, unsustained by a powerful aristocracy, destitute of all great memories, without a spark of genius, without faith in its own mission or power, — in all things a mere copyist of the foreigner.

Without faith in its own mission or power. Herein lies the source of that corruption which would, were monarchy to last, destroy the very soul of our people, — and, at the same time, this is the reason why it is impossible that the monarchy should improve.

Our monarchy feels itself a foreigner in Italy; it has a sense of the fatality by which it is pursued; it feels that it is not beloved even by those, not believers, but *opportunists* (the barbarous word is of their own forging), who, from lust of power, greed of gain, or fear of imperial France, pretend to revere it.

The monarchy distrusts, inevitably and irrevocably distrusts, the people. Hence the necessity it is under of begging for foreign aid, — the necessity of begging that aid from despots, that they may be ready to step in between it and the dreaded demand for liberty; hence the necessity of servile concessions, in order to preserve that alliance, and the necessity of constituting the government as a government *resistance*; hence the necessity of a permanent standing army, with such leaders and a mode of organization so calculated as to render it an

instrument of repression, and transform its functions into those of a machine; hence the necessity of rejecting every plan of national armament, or the organization of a militia on the Swiss or American system; hence the necessity of creating an immense mob of *employés*, — a sort of civil army bound to the duty of watching over and falsifying public opinion in the interest of the government; hence the necessity of keeping all these, except the highest grades, underpaid, which creates a constant incitement to fraud and wrong; hence the necessity of corrupting the weak by means of place, industrial concessions, public or private pensions, and of terrifying the strong by means of exceptional laws, the sequestration of newspapers, and arbitrary prosecutions; hence the necessity of avoiding all irritation of the Catholic element, and therefore of hypocritical caresses bestowed on the Pope; hence the unwillingness to boldly cut the knot of the Roman question, and the necessity — sad lesson of immorality — of hailing with applause those deserters from the opposite camp deserving only of contempt; hence the necessity of surrounding the monarchy with ministers and men devoted to its petty traditions and its foreign allies; hence the necessity of supplying the expenses of its artificial existence by a progressive increase of loans and taxes; hence the necessity of restrictions on the suffrage, the press, and public associations, and of impeding as much as possible the liberal education of the people, and the free expression of their will.

All these and other dire necessities are the logical consequences of a state of distrust and peril; they are the weapons and defences inseparably belonging to a monarchy doomed to *fear* and *resist*. You may change as you will the individuals at the head of the government, the fatal idea will govern them.

The evils we have but slightly sketched will not decrease, but always increase in intensity. It is the *cause* of these evils that must be destroyed.

The government must be converted into an educational institution of liberty

and progress. The government must learn to regard itself as the *minister* of the nation, bound to promote every branch of individual and collective activity. It must become the application of a *principle*,—a principle which includes and involves the unity of the country,—association founded on the free consent of all her sons in one *aim*,—the moral law of duty, according to the fulfilment of which each man shall be judged, punished, or promoted to office, and the inviolable reverence for those rights which spring from duties fulfilled.

It must be a government which, by the nature of its constitution, cannot have any motives or interests different from the general *aim* and common welfare, and all the members of the government must be regarded, and regard themselves, as *securities* for the fulfilment of that aim, and consequently responsible for the acts of the government.

The name of this government is Republic.

It is the sole possible solution of the problem which now torments Italy. Most Italians are at heart convinced of this; but, for various reasons, they conceal it.

We declare it.

We declare it all the more decidedly and deliberately for having so long kept silence. None, save the intentionally unjust, can accuse us of having shown an exclusive and intolerant spirit. We have patiently submitted to await the result of the trial the nation chose to give monarchy; the greater number of us have even actively aided and assisted the monarchy; none of us have interposed any obstacles in its path; some of us have even carried our abnegation so far as to overlook the increase of vigor which success would have afforded to the institution, and to point out to the monarchy the means by which success might have been secured.

But this trial must come to an end.

A country which, after seven years of delusions and deceptions, still sub-

mits to dishonor for itself, its army, and its volunteers, deserves destruction, and must resign itself to destruction.

We have not deserved this dishonor, and we will not let Italy perish. We now therefore speak the severe language of truth.

The democratic party—vigilant sentinel of the country—is henceforth bound to adopt the republican banner, which we hereby raise with the deliberate determination never to lower it again. In the state to which the country is now reduced, the duty of the democratic party resolves itself into *action* or *education*.

Facts have too clearly proved that the necessity for action is not understood. The present duty of the democratic party, then, is to educate the people, and to remember that the basis of all education is truth. Italian democracy is bound to teach the truth, trusting that it will bear fruit in time.

The friends of monarchy will tell you that the people are corrupted, degraded by the habits of a servile past; and that, before we found a republic, we must have a people possessed of republican habits and republican virtues.

Tell them that monarchical institutions will never teach republican virtues; that only a republic can create republicans; that the institutions of a country are precisely its most potent means of public education; that even the sudden earnest *affirmation* of a great principle and solemn truth has a transforming power over the peoples who witness it; that the tendency of the mass is to look upward, to be guided by example, and to shape their own conduct upon the example set by the governing power; that it is therefore important to reform the governing power, and to publicly teach, by the very *programme* of the nation, that the surest means of curing those afflicted by epidemic pestilence is to remove them at once from the infected atmosphere into a purer air, even though purified by tempest.

Tell them that peoples may be transformed and taught to act according to

the character of the initiative taken, if taken by a virtuous and determined minority; that the French people were more corrupted by the depravity of the regency and the reign of Louis XV. than our own are now, and that they were so transformed by the initiative taken by a minority, and were led to perform such prodigies of valor that even yet we bow down (though wrongly at the present day) before France.

Tell them that the affirmation and the official acts of the republic in 1849 transformed Romans and Venetians, in no way superior to the Romans and Venetians of the present day, into a population of heroes both in valor and sacrifice, and that the history of all nations and all times confirms these examples.

They will tell you that the proclamation of a republic would turn the arms of all Europe against Italy.

Tell them that all Europe was defeated by republican France, then possessing a population of twenty-five millions only; that France remained invincible by all Europe until she was reduced to a monarchy by Napoleon.

Tell them that little republican Switzerland has successfully defended her territory against Charles the Bold, the house of Austria, and every enemy by whom she has been assailed.

Tell them that, although Louis Napoleon was able to make war upon republican Rome when she stood alone, abandoned by the rest of Italy, he *cannot* go to war against a strong nation of twenty-five millions, able to call a million of men under arms in her defence. Tell them that imperial France has even now been compelled to recede before the refusal of Prussia to yield one inch of Rhenish soil; that England accepts every *fait accompli*; that Russia is wholly occupied with the Eastern question; that the whole soil of Europe is undermined by the republican element, ready to burst forth and follow the first step taken by a strong people, able and determined to win the first battle.

Tell those who deny this last asser-

tion, that even they would admit it if the initiative were taken by France, and that their objection, therefore, is reduced to the cowardly declaration, that *Italy alone, whether powerful or not, is disinherited of all initiative in Europe.*

We believe that Italy is her own mistress; the question is wholly and solely internal. The day on which we *will*, we may.

Fortified by a fraternal compact with all the representatives of our principle in Europe, and, recently, with the best men of the United States, we have founded in Italy, upon the ruins of the monarchical delusion, a Republican Alliance.

We call upon all democratic and progressive societies; upon the workingmen; upon those who, as if in sign of promise, have shed their blood on the rocks of the unhappy and forsaken Trentino; upon the young, who are still pure and free from every compact, save with the future of our common country; upon all the thinkers who, in the study of our great Italian traditions, have learned the path of Italy's future greatness; upon all those who have not sold their souls for the chance of place or power dependent upon a dying institution; upon all who do not believe Italy doomed forever to this alternation of servile delusions, who feel their brows burn with shame at the dishonor brought upon the common mother by the Italian monarchy,—to rally round our flag, and form one vast union of active endeavor and sacrifice.

We shall be victorious.

Italy is no lie: the parent of all great beginnings and sublime resurrections, she has not raised her head from the sepulchre wherein it has lain for ages only to sink again, humiliated and derided, or to be thrust back into the tomb by a few hundred pygmy unbelievers in her great destiny,—by profaners of that *intellect* which was once the sun of Europe,—whose only strength lies in their own vulgar cunning and accomplished mendacity, and in our foolish fears.

For the Alliance,

JOSEPH MAZZINI.

THE STAND-POINT OF THE BOARDING-HOUSE.

THE kernel has its meaning; and so, too, has each of its husks, if you can fairly get at them.

Now my object here is not to discuss the question of husks in general, for that would be a matter encyclopedic and endless. I propose rather to consider simply a mere variety of one of the physical husks of the soul, in connection with its parallel moral husk; in other words, to look at the boarding-house in the light of civilization. For the boarding-house is, I take it, the modern type of one of the soul's primeval husks,—the new-light version of the old-time idea of shelter and habitation, house and home, hearth and roof-tree,—the lineal descendant of wigwam, perch, cabin, cell, bungalow, booth, den, pagoda, and all the rest.

It was the theory of Vico that Nature repeats herself; that history, civilization, society, and polity come back at last into themselves, their progress being always in circles conformed to one great archetypal plan. So that every large fact or form is sure to reappear sooner or later in the course of ages, whenever its round has been completed. Goethe, while he adopted the substance of this view, modified it so far as to represent the course of history as a spiral, instead of a circle. A law of advance blends with the law of returns; and hence epochs and phases and forms and events return, not just as before, but changed somewhat, and farther on along the winding line. This has always seemed to me a true solution of the problem of civilization, and the only one, inasmuch as it alone reconciles and explains the two great necessary and coequal facts of change, and of the equality of action and reaction. Here we have the key to much in literature too, as well as in life. Within the past month I have read the words of an American Plotinus, an English Thucydides, and a Gallic Aristophanes. In each there was the old Greek, but moved forward.

So, too, these habitable husks which man makes from age to age for shelter and home have their appointed cycle of change. How different the roof-trees under which the centuries have dwelt! Yet each housing was an utterance of the spirit of the time, changing only with its informing spirit. Like man, like house. And as the race is sure to come back to the old traditions, and to stand by the old landmarks, sooner or later, so the household gods return after a while to their starting-point to sojourn for a period in their ancestral home, and quicken themselves at the native hearth.

"Tecta mutantur, nos et mutamur in illis."

In order to describe this household circle, at least three points must of course be fixed. In the present case, there seem to me to be four, all natural, necessary, and easily determined. For, leaving out of view all subordinate types and mere variations, men's local habitations reduce themselves to these simple forms,—the Tent, the Cabin, the Castle, the Home. The circle then completes itself in the boarding-house, which is at once both the original last form and the fac-simile or parody of the first form in the old circle, as well as the original first form in a succeeding series. The *locus* of the boarding-house, and its relations to society, I shall hope to define the more exactly by first outlining in a rough way the prominent features of each of its three predecessors just named. And,

I. The Tent. The type of this epoch is nomadism. Men live nowhere. They only exist, making bivouac for a night, and packing off in the morning. You don't know where to find them: they have no cities, no streets, no fixed numbers on their houses. The places through which they range—they never inhabit—are deserts, yielding no good thing. The occupation of society is chronic war, not satisfac-

tory internecine destruction, but daily bickerings, endless feuds, and cavalier one-horse engagements. Everybody fights with everybody. The result is seldom serious: at it they go again: it is hammer and tongs forever. The great question in life is about their daily food. They produce nothing, and consume much. Each tribe is domineered over by a patriarch, — some hoary ruffian who gains his place either by seniority in the family, or by being less scrupulous than his fellows. His word is law; his *ipse dixit* settles everything.

The arts and sciences never flourish here. The only talk is gossip, and speculations on the weather. The only reading, if there is reading at all, is the local news, and the war-bulletins of the patriarchs. The only fine art at all practised is music, which expresses itself partly in whistling, and partly in humming over plaintively the familiar airs of the country. There is also much thrumming of rude musical instruments; such as the jews-harp and its descendants; and the fierce clangor of the gong both urges the tribes to food, and launches them against the enemy. The chief aim of this vagabond people, in the brief intervals of war, is to kill time. To this end the men prey upon society; and the women watch the weather, the neighboring tents, and the tunics of casual travellers.

Humanity looks back with fond fancy to this epoch of the tent, and sees it loom radiant through the mists of long generations. It is called the Age of Gold, either on the *lucus-a-non-lucendo* principle, or on the *omne-ignotum-pro-magnifico* theory. Being most distant and different from the present, it is dreamed of, sighed for, and sung, as something never to be seen again. Yet it comes back, though changed.

II. By and by the Tent gives place to the Cabin. Restlessness, being tired, craves rest, and war subsides for a while into peace. As population increases, tillage begins, the land of itself not being able to feed swarms of idle roamers, who do nothing but graze and hunt and fight. So each man

builds his rude cabin, ties himself to the earth, turns the sod, watches nature, and sees his bread at his own door. This should be the true Age of Iron, the time of the ploughshare, the spade, the axe, and the sickle. It is the era of naturalism, when man lives close to nature, likening himself to vegetables and animals. He strives to get at the heart of nature, hoping to conquer and make it his servant. Humanity is one vast peasantry, whose business it is to make the earth ready for future generations. Hard hands are funding capital for the use of the more subtle brain, the finer sense, the nicer taste, which shall come after. It is a pioneer age, standing in the van of civilization, — an age which creates, develops, subdues, and accumulates. Its cabin is the shanty of a farm-hand.

III. Time goes on, and the reign of the Castle begins. Just as war before reacted into peace, so now in turn peace reacts into war. The cabin falls to the rear, and the castle steps to the front. The peasant's shanty yields the *pas* to the soldier's fort. Hard knocks are the order of the day; the strongest arm makes itself lord, and the weakest becomes vassal. Feudalism is the type of the age: a centralized society coheres in a series of successive links, all meeting at last in a suzerain who stands at the heart of things. Each dwelling becomes the centre of a wide circle, the focus of life far around. Each comes to stand for two facts. The first is Strength, and the second is Beauty, — a new revelation at the fireside. There must first be a strong-hold, then galleries, museums, and the decorations of art. The hoarded capital of the cabin epoch now blooms in luxury and splendor and airy forms: it is the radiant Age of Silver. The castle is the birthplace of much that is true and tender in our modern civilization, — first cradle of the arts, home of the graces, true shrine of social life. Here too, between the stormy blasts of war, were born or nurtured many of the finer virtues, — loyalty to woman, obedience, reverence, truth, the chastity of honor,

self-sacrifice, and — sublimest of all — martyrdom for an idea. Within these four walls lived cultured courtesy.

IV. At last the barons cut each others' throats for their ladies' sake, or die for king and crown, or leave house and land for fatal crusades. Then come the burghers, mortgagees of fair estates, apostles of the new era, lovers of peace. They are family men, true to domestic ties, fond of home. For the shelter of their dear ones they build a Home, and live in it. It matters not what its form may be, — whether it be of wood, or brick, or marble, — whether it have Doric peristyle, or Gothic spire, or Egyptian column. The spirit is all, the form nothing; for the material home is but the husk to cover the glory that lives within. Where home is, there only and there always are there homes.

The home is the era of good feeling, the Age of Love, which, beginning at the hearth, goes out to the ends of the universe. Neither silver nor gold can rightly typify this fairest of epochs: naught can be its emblem save that precious metal of the alchemists, combining in itself the virtues of all the rest.

At the hearthstone all things centre: it is the final cause of society. The arts and sciences, culture, taste, heroic deeds, the far-reaching thought, the soaring imagination, the sweet affections, the fine courtesies, and all right-mindedness, — these, and all the generous things of life, culminate in the home era. The family is the true fostering-mother of the highest worth. The Lares are the best helps to all high thinking, high living, and well doing. By the fireside each true thing finds best expression.

V. Generations pass, and the cycle of civilization completes itself. Home deliquesces into the Boarding-House, and the series of tabernacles is at an end. For the old nomadic instinct has never wholly died out; though long dormant, it still lives, and bursts out once more in undiminished vigor. The epoch of vagrancy returns: new editions of the tent, revised and cor-

rected, are scattered broadcast over the land. For what is the boarding-house but a tent with modern improvements and an L? Each is the very emblem of unrest, the home of the vagrant, the theatre of war. These two encampments, standing respectively in the van and at the rear, as the beginning and the end of civilization, serve to mark the limits of society, where extremes meet, and life returns into itself. If you will recall the outline of the first epoch, as sketched in Section I., you will find that many of its most characteristic features reappear under the *régime* of the boarding-house in the epoch of to-day.

The primary meaning of the boarding-house is, then, locomotion and unrest. Stung by a gad-fly within, which never dies nor tires, the modern Io is goaded up and down, and wanders uneasily over the face of the earth, finding no rest for the sole of her foot. Your representative nineteenth-century boarding-house man is only a developed Bedouin, a veneered and varnished Gypsy. He takes root nowhere; he has no flavor of the soil; he grows into no natural fruitage. He is only a consuming waif, self-driven from tent to tent, and picked up by one landlady after another. He, the flotsam and jetsam of humanity, is tossed about on the currents, and tumbled against the headlands of life, with the wreckers and salvors in his wake. The great question always arises within us in regard to the disposition of his body, What will he do with it? Where next will he carry it?

Look for a moment at the term, — "boarding-house." Turn it over, pick it to pieces, and what do you make of it? It is simply the word "board," and the word "house," most awkwardly tacked together, without moulding or blending in any degree. The terms do not mix, any more than oil and water. Now from this homeliness of make and texture, this awkwardness of juncture, this absence of welding, one or two inferences naturally follow. For, since all language is but the reflex of life, since words are but the images of things and

ideas, and the character of the thing or idea always modifies the character of its word in a certain definite way, — it follows that from the form, the moulding, and the currency of the word we can argue *a posteriori* as to the form, the moulding, and the currency of its parent idea. The word "boarding-house," then, is uncomely, simply because its idea is uncomely. The plain fact is simply this, — that our Anglo-Saxon likes not the idea of the boarding-house in life, and therefore shows no favor to the word boarding-house in language. The Saxon likes his home and believes in it, and therefore makes for it one of the sweetest and dearest of all words. He dislikes and disbelieves in the boarding-house, and, with characteristic frankness, will not stoop to veil his want of love and faith under any graceful circumlocution.

If it is argued that the want of honor for the boarding-house in our Saxon tongue comes simply from the inflexible nature of the language, making it impossible to mould a better term, I reply that whenever a strong desire is felt on the part of the community to Italicize some favorite thing, or to glorify a pet idea, no difficulty is found in magnifying the corresponding expression. And this is done either by inventing, or by substituting, or by transferring to the idea or thing in question some delicacy of diction, or some smooth and respectful word or paraphrase. If there is a general wish to pay honor, honor will be paid, or an attempt intended to pay honor will be made in good faith. Thus the tradesman, desiring not to sink, but to elevate the shop, is able, because the community consents, to dignify his place of business with the title of "bazaar," "emporium," "establishment." So, too, a house is called a "mansion"; a little patch of ground, an "estate"; a closet, an "apartment"; a school, a "college"; an academy, a "university"; and anything popular, an "institution." Partly for the same reason, and partly from a ridiculous squeamishness and false modesty, a leg is called a "limb," shirt and drawers "under-

wear," and so on. I do not bring forward these instances as worthy of imitation, or in order to defend their manifest vulgarity, but merely to show that the community can find, and do always find, when they choose to find, glorifying words, or — which amounts to the same thing — words intended and believed to glorify favorite ideas. The principle remains the same, no matter whether the glorifying word is in good or in bad taste. The only requisites to this sort of linguistic transformation are that the idea shall be popular, and its word unpopular; while, on the other hand, if the idea is unpopular, but its word popular, there will result linguistic degradation. The word must adjust itself to the idea. If both are popular, or both unpopular, in an equal degree, the word remains unchanged.

One more inference may be drawn from language, namely, that the boarding-house is of modern growth. This inference history also confirms. I cannot conceive of a boarding-house in the reign of Elizabeth. In the reigns of Charles II. and Anne, such a thing might have been possible sporadically among a certain caste, but not otherwise. It was never organized into an institution; the nation had nothing to do with it.

The word "boarding-house" does not occur in Walker or Webster, but is found in Worcester, who represents a generation or two later. The next W. who provides a dictionary will probably sanction that horrible monstrosity, boarding-house-keeper. The thing exists, and will exist, and must have a name. And unless society changes radically, and Saxon ceases to be Saxon, there can be no other name. Our language will only tolerate the thing: it will show it no favor, decorate it with no euphemism. The word "boarder" has a greater antiquity. Its former meaning, however, necessarily differed somewhat from the present, inasmuch as it indicated only unique specimens, anomalous offshoots of society. It never implied then, as now, a special class. For the boarder was

then the exception, not the rule,—a monstrosity, not a normal product. I doubt not that some confused perception of the analogies existing between the nautical and the land boarder may have led to the first terrene application of the term; it may have been thought that both are far from home, both are given to attack, both are devoted to the use of the knife, both rejoice in the grab-game, both are a law to themselves, and so on.

The boarding-house is simply an expression of materialism,—one phase in the religion of things. An age with materialism on the brain must have boarding-houses. As manufactures, motive-power, and all industrial interests grow, they grow: they are the home of the herding artisan, and from him come to permeate society. They are temples of the religion of the body, altars to the faith in things and the want of faith in ideas, propaganda of the gospel of conventions. Yet it is a mistake to say that the boarding-house is without an ideal: it has an ideal,—its front-parlor boarder. Its common faith and aspirations are unto him. So, too, it is not without worship: its homage is to the practical, to that which will pay. With it there is no success but success; and success is dollars and cents. It worships steam, percentage, corner lots, mines, stocks, fly-wheels, and the various devices by which man divests himself of his manhood.

The boarding-house is civilization gone to seed,—the anti-climax of society,—the last trituration and dilution of the art of living. Its epoch is the Age of Brass, that factitious metal whose sole virtue lies in its superficial resemblance to something better. So the boarding-house is a parody of home, a caricature of comfort, and a forgery of society. Here lies the great battle-ground of the fripperies and vanities of life; here is the arena in which the foibles of humanity contend without ceasing. No man cares to stand for what he is, to show himself in truth to his fellow-boarders; he wants, like debased coin, to utter himself for more

or other than he is worth. The homely virtues, the sweet sincerities of life, the truth of character, the high thought, the noble endeavor, the unselfish purpose, all languish here. A subtle poison gnaws at the very life of simplicity, integrity, and independence of character. Conventions take the place of convictions; shams are the maxims of life; the *ad captandum* is the aim of life; and appearances are the test of life.

No true art, poetry, or science can flourish in the sterile soil of the boarding-house: they are flowers of home-growth. Taste is vulgarized by cutting loose from the eternal fitness of things, and clinging to the shifting despotisms of coteries. The notion about science is, that it is a good help to labor-saving and money-making inventions. Literature worships the gods of the hour; poetry degenerates into ornament, and revels in the morbid excrescences of life and character; and art becomes upholstery. Do you think that Homer, Phidias, or Aristotle could have lived anywhere else than at home? And do you think that the stuff which heroes are made of is found at mercenary fire-sides? The heroic, like the homely virtues, wither when moved from their native hearths. Did you ever hear of a great thought born in a boarding-house,—of sublime love of honor, of stern devotion to principle, of lofty self-sacrifice? Such things, wherever they show themselves, were first nurtured at home. No nation ever fought for its boarding-houses. The wars of tent-dwelling races have always been raids for plunder, not strokes for principle. Conceive of a nation of boarding-houses,—what would they fight for but percentage and profit? Would Marathon and Thermopylæ have been fought, would Decius have devoted himself to death, would Regulus have kept his word, would the martyrs have welcomed the flames, if theirs had been ages of boarding-houses?

The highest culture, true conversation, and all real contact of mind with mind, are in the boarding-house utterly null. Talk is limited to gossip, colds,

and the weather. Gossip we know, and colds we know, and — thank Heaven for the weather! The weather, past, present, and future, — fair, foul, or dubious, — illimitable, fresh, omnipotent forever! Boundless stimulant of thought, neutral ground of the small affections, mother of small talk, nurse of sociality, regulator of the proprieties, sweet occasion of sweet offices, stop-gap of pauses, rippling stream through the desert ocean of strangerhood, fertilizer of friendship, herald of an era of good feeling, meeting-place of the conventionalities, pivot of society, — we hail thee, Weather, *sum-mum bonum* of the talking boarder, solace of the silent, leading-string to the diffident, spur to the balky, crutch to the lame, life-boat to the foundered! Great art thou alike in thy history, reality, and prophecy, — great alike, whether absolute, relative, or potential, — a blessing forever! What were the boarding-house without thee? A solecism. And what can they do in the tropics, where for months thou changest not?

The boarding-house, like the tent, has its patriarch. He is not, however, necessarily identical with the ideal alluded to on a preceding page. It matters not whether he dwells in garret or basement, or whether he is young or old; his title and office come from seniority as boarder in a given household, and are merely honorary. The only privileges thereto appertaining are the right of acting as mediator between the two contending factions of the house, and of having his utterances on all subjects quoted as the law of the family. His usual title is Father of the House. So great is the migration in American households, that the title may be speedily earned and often transferred. Though only a single man, of not remarkable antiquity, I recollect that in one case, after sojourning under one roof for only some six to eight months, the title fell to me; and I proposed to, and did, fight it out on that line all summer. In the early autumn a new champion of the table succeeded to a vacancy.

Think for a moment of the blessed influences going out from a true home.

The old hearthstone of the child glows in the eye of the youth like the star of hope; it is the rock of manhood, and in old age it is like the shadow of a great rock in a weary land.

Look then at a boarding-house child without home *in esse, posse, or meminisse*. Original castaway! Shuttlecock between the vanities and the inanities, bubble of bubbles, feather-tost on every wind of nothingness, young convert to materialism, unconscious martyr to the trumperies, human victim on the altar of the superficialities! What is he good for? What will he be good for? What will you do with him? He has no safeguards, no inspirations. Home is to him a word without meaning; it can never be anything more than sundry numbers in sundry streets. Whence is his motive-power? where are his ideals? whither his aspirations? A lady, having asked a former servant of hers where she was now living, received the answer, "I don't live, I board." The answer was true in a sense not thought of. To live is one thing; to board is another, — especially in the case of the young, whose character is still in the making. The child of the boarding-house only exists. He has no memories, no sanctities, no principles, no mainspring. Faith, and tenderness, and all spiritual things, are nipped in the bud; and the bloom and sweetness of innocence and purity are wiped away. And when he drags his existence to its prime, of what possible worth will he be to himself, to you, to me, to society?

We are now only in the beginning of the boarding-house era. But when the climax is reached, when the minima become maxima, when tendencies work themselves out into facts, when exceptions become rules, when the elements have shaped themselves into an organization, and the parts have adjusted themselves to a system, — when, in short, the boarding-house has grown into a world-wide institution, and men dwell only in vast caravansaries, — then tell me where, in the language of the popular play, — Where shall we all go to?

REVIEWS AND LITERARY NOTICES.

Battle-Pieces and Aspects of the War. By HERMAN MELVILLE. New York: Harper and Brothers.

MR. MELVILLE'S work possesses the negative virtues of originality in such degree that it not only reminds you of no poetry you have read, but of no life you have known. Is it possible—you ask yourself, after running over all these celebrative, inscriptive, and memorial verses—that there has really been a great war, with battles fought by men and bewailed by women? Or is it only that Mr. Melville's inner consciousness has been perturbed, and filled with the phantasms of enlistments, marches, fights in the air, parenthetic bulletin-boards, and tortured humanity shedding, not words and blood, but words alone?

Mr. Melville chooses you a simple and touching theme, like that of the young officer going from his bride to hunt Mosby in the forest, and being brought back to her with a guerilla's bullet in his heart,—a theme warm with human interests of love, war, and grief, and picturesque with green-wood lights and shadows,—and straight enchants it into a mystery of thirty-eight stanzas, each of which diligently repeats the name of Mosby, and deepens the spell, until you are lost to every sense of time or place, and become as callous at the end as the poet must have been at the beginning to all feeling involved, doubting that

"The living and the dead are but as pictures."

Here lies the fault. Mr. Melville's skill is so great that we fear he has not often felt the things of which he writes, since with all his skill he fails to move us. In some respects we find his poems admirable. He treats events as realistically as one can to whom they seem to have presented themselves as dreams; but at last they remain vagaries, and are none the more substantial because they have a modern speech and motion. We believe ghosts are not a whit more tangible now that they submit to be photographed in the sack-coats and hoop-skirts of this life, than before they left off winding-sheets, and disappeared if you spoke to them.

With certain moods or abstractions of the common mind during the war, Mr. Melville's faculty is well fitted to deal: the un-

rest, the strangeness and solitude, to which the first sense of the great danger reduced all souls, are reflected in his verse, and whatever purely mystic aspect occurrences had seems to have been felt by this poet, so little capable of giving their positive likeness.

The sentiment and character of the book are perhaps as well shown in its first poem as in any other part of it. Mr. Melville calls the verses "The Portent (1859)"; but we imagine he sees the portent, as most portents are seen, after the event portended.

"Hanging from the beam,
Slowly swaying (such the law),
Gaunt the shadow on your green,
Shenandoah!
The cut is on the crown
(Lo, John Brown),
And the stabs shall heal no more.

"Hidden in the cap
Is the anguish none can draw;
So your future veils its face,
Shenandoah!
But the streaming beard is shown
(Weird John Brown),
The meteor of the war."

There is not much of John Brown in this, but, as we intimated, a good deal of Mr. Melville's method, and some fine touches of picturesque poetry. Indeed, the book is full of pictures of many kinds,—often good,—though all with an heroic quality of remoteness, separating our weak human feelings from them by trackless distances. Take this of the death of General Lyon's horse a few moments before he was himself struck at Springfield,—a bit as far off from us as any of Ossian's, but undeniably noble:—

"There came a sound like the slitting of air
By a swift sharp sword—
A rush of the sound; and the sleek chest broad
Of black Orion
Heaved, and was fixed; the dead mane waved
toward Lyon."

We have never seen anywhere so true and beautiful a picture as the following of that sublime and thrilling sight,—a great body of soldiers marching:—

"The bladed guns are gleaming—
Drift in lengthened trim,
Files on files for hazy miles
Nebulously dim."

A tender and subtle music is felt in many of the verses, and the eccentric metres are gracefully managed. We received from

the following lines a pleasure which may perhaps fail to reach the reader, taking them from their context in the description of a hunt for guerillas, in the ballad already mentioned :—

"The morning-bugles lonely play,
Lonely the evening-bugle calls —
Unanswered voices in the wild ;
The settled hush of birds in nest
Becharms, and all the wood enthalls :
Memory's self is so beguiled
That Mosby seems a satyr's child."

He does so ; and the other persons in Mr. Melville's poetry seem as widely removed as he from our actual life. If all the Rebels were as pleasingly impalpable as those the poet portrays, we could forgive them without a pang, and admit them to Congress without a test-oath of any kind.

Superstition and Force. Essays on the Wager of Law, the Wager of Battle, the Ordeal, Torture. By HENRY C. LEA. Philadelphia : Henry C. Lea.

SOME one, whose identity has quite passed from our memory into his saying, once offered the sentiment, "Let me make the songs of a people, and I care not who makes their laws." It strikes the reader of Mr. Lea's book that this sage, having his wish, would certainly be engaged in a work as pleasing and benevolent as legislation, if not more potent. Those who have made the laws of nations in past times would seem to have been as foolish and unreasonable as ever the balladists and harpers, and to have been occupied, in their duller and formaller way, with the same idle fancies ; for there never has been anything in popular superstition and ignorance too gross to be put into songs and statutes.

Nor is the case so different in our own time. As we turn over the pages of this excellent and conscientious work, in which legislation shows to such poor advantage, and judicial wisdom appears as blind as Justice herself, we feel it well to guard against that flattering sense of superiority to the past which will no doubt charm posterity in looking back upon us. To be sure, it is something to have got beyond attempting to establish the truth by swearing to it over sainted relics an oath supported by that of a score of other hard swearers not in the least informed of the fact,—to have abandoned to armies the stupid cus-

tom of proving the right by killing and being killed,—to have left the folly of ordeals to the New York policemen (who do not employ hot or cold water, hot or cold iron, or even bread and cheese, but who, only last winter, confronted a supposed murderer and his victim's corpse with an effect very terribly described by the reporters),—to have got beyond all this, and even beyond the use of torture except that of the spirit as applied by legal gentlemen in bullying witnesses ; but at last we cannot boast that our laws do more than lag after our enlightenment. What, for example, shall the future say of our denial of suffrage to a whole race proven loyal and faithful to our government ? And would it not be as honorable to us to have our history written from the pages of a Democratic song-book, as from the black-laws of many of the Northern States ?

The spirit in which Mr. Lea's book is written is not iconoclastic. Indeed, he has to do with abuses already overthrown, and it is only his deep feeling for humanity in treating these which can reproach our own errors. This feeling pervades his work, but is more directly expressed in the few paragraphs of remark and summation which precede and follow each of his four essays, as a sentiment equally removed from sympathy with religious bigotry in the past, and with the mental pride which in modern times would sacrifice all psychical being to the intellect. The citation of innumerable original authorities evinces the fidelity and industry with which his work of research has been done, and the material thus amassed has been throughout very satisfactorily philosophized. Research so wide, of course, supplied him with great store of anecdote and dramatic illustration ; but he has used this rather sparingly, and he seems often to turn purposely from the picturesque aspects of his themes, and to strictly and severely treat the facts of superstition and force with reference to their effects upon man rather than upon men. When—half in spite of himself, as it appears—he sketches a scene or character in the history of legalized error and cruelty, he betrays so artistic a feeling, and a humor so fine and good, that he makes us regret it was not within his intent, as it was certainly within his power, to render the whole of his thorough work more popular in manner.

In whatever form we have it, however, we must acknowledge that "Superstition

and Force" is an addition of positive value to those studies of the past in which the scholars of a nation with only a present and a future have distinguished themselves.

Life and Letters of John Winthrop, from his Embarkation for New England in 1630, with the Charter and Company of the Massachusetts Bay, to his Death in 1649. By ROBERT C. WINTHROP. Boston: Ticknor and Fields.

THREE years ago we gave in these pages a hearty welcome to a volume, the subject of which, under a well-marked division of place and circumstance, is presented with equal interest and fidelity of treatment in the book before us. The discovery of a very valuable collection of family papers in Connecticut, and his own diligent researches in England, had given to the living representative of our first Governor such rich materials for his biography as would of themselves have suggested that use of them, had no previous motive or prompting of duty moved the inheritor of Winthrop's name and blood to the grateful work. The volume whose contents and theme we have already presented was wholly occupied with the ancestral family and domestic history of John Winthrop in the land of his birth, where he lived till he was in the forty-third year of his age. There his pure and noble character was developed and tested for the great enterprise of which he was the main inspiration and the devoted leader, and the triumphant success of which, fruitful as it has been of good for millions, is so largely referable to his conspicuous virtue and constancy.

The volume now in our hands is occupied with those nineteen years of his life which were passed on this soil. His arrival on the shores of New England, with the Massachusetts Company and their Charter, is dated June 22, 1630, when the Arbella was moored in the harbor of Salem. He died in his house in Boston (the Old South Church occupying the site of his garden), March 26, 1649. He was in office as Governor, serving his twelfth annual term, at the time of his death. There is something very significant, alike of the profound esteem and the exalted confidence attached to his character, and also of the jealous watchfulness of the founders of Massachusetts, in the circumstances which secured

his frequent re-election, and yet prevented the continuousness of his official trust, by giving a short tenure of the chair to other less competent and less esteemed men. He and his ablest associates seem to have had a prescience of the momentous and expanding issues which were to follow from their wilderness enterprise. More than any other company of men who have ever made a like adventure, they kept in view the wisdom and safety of all their leading measures as precedents, and religiously regarded the effect of their plans and doings upon their posterity. Winthrop would undoubtedly have been the only bearer of the title of Governor here, so long as his life and vigor were spared, had it not been for the cautious heed of his electors lest that office, or any other among them, should be regarded or claimed as of a life tenure. He was set aside often enough to make sure of that principle, and was gladly taken up again on the ground of his pre-eminent merits and services.

The ingenious but wholly groundless plea that a charge held here by John Endicott, previous to the transfer of the Company and the Charter, entitles him to the honor of being considered the first Governor, is very quietly and decidedly disposed of by this volume. Whatever the nature of Endicott's trust here, it was subordinate to the government of the Company then administered in England. While the Governor resided there, he of course could not be here; and when there was a real Governor here, established with actual occupancy, there was no longer one in England. When Winthrop landed, bearing that memorable roll of parchment, now hanging in the Secretary's office in our State-House, Endicott recognized his superior, not his substitute, nor his successor.

The lineal descendant of the Governor, in the seventh generation, now his biographer, is chary of encomium, and reticent even where he might, apart from any personal reference, fitly applaud rightful and noble positions taken by his honored ancestor for public ends. Not wishing to show himself the eulogist of that ancestor, he does not enter at any length, even into the exposition of his principles on subjects and occasions when he was compelled to maintain his ground against honorable or mistaken or jealous opponents. Never did a man perform, within the conditions of place and exigency, a more noble service with more of single-hearted devotion than

did John Winthrop. His character, too, was so lovable for its childlike and tender affectionateness, and so admirable for its high-toned integrity and constancy,—the oppositions which he encountered were of such sort in themselves and in their sources, and his triumph over them was always so gentle and complete,—that any biographer might have chosen him for the theme of unqualified and disinterested praise.

Next to a thoroughly manly and noble character grounded on true piety, and trained by a deep-seated sincerity in religion, the best claim of Governor Winthrop to the prime place of honor and service among the founders and the benefactors of Massachusetts is in the completeness of the devotion with which he gave himself and all that he possessed to the enterprise which he had undertaken. He was prompted in this, not by any wilfulness of purpose, nor any motive of thrift, nor even, as some have supposed, by religious fanaticism, but by an aim which was in itself ennobling, because unselfish and inspired by the prospective view of advantages to be secured by others. So far as profit was concerned, the contingencies of the case certainly left it doubtful whether the proprietary and trading Company, of which he had become a prominent member, would not reap more pecuniary advantage by agencies established here than by their own immigration hither. In the former volume of our author we read with what deliberation the enterprise was projected and resolved upon. There is evidence that some who had been solicited to take part in it were disheartened at its aspect. This fact required an emboldened resolution in those who committed themselves to it. From first to last, after the agreement was subscribed, John Winthrop was its acknowledged inspiration and its firmest adherent. Among his partners, he was the largest adventurer, and he had the most worldly substance, as well as the most self-sacrificing spirit. He parted with his manorial estate in green old England,—the home and burial-place of his ancestors,—and converted the proceeds into funds to be used in the stock and encouragement of the adventure. As far as those proceeds were available in cash, he used them freely to meet his own expenses and to lend to friends. A large part which, as a remainder, he was expecting to devote to the same purpose, while in the hands of an unworthy agent was lost to

him, and the good man before his life closed here felt the pinch of privation. His sacrifices and misfortunes were tenderly appreciated in this Colony, and he was willing to accept true sympathy as more and better than compensation, which circumstances put out of the question. He arrived here with a part of his family, and his beloved son Henry was drowned the day after landing on these shores. The Governor's wife, who was compelled to remain in England, expecting the birth of a child, followed him as soon as possible with the infant, which the father was never to see, for it died upon the ocean. Some of those who had put their hands to the plough, early disheartened by the straits and sufferings of exile in the wilderness, returned one by one, without, however, involving any serious peril to the enterprise. But hardly had the early struggles been encountered, and the pledges of success and permanency risen before those who had done the most for the cause and had everything to lose by its failure, than the heart of the Governor was sorely tried by an apprehension which was far worse to him than the decay of his own fortune. The turn of affairs in England had brought out into activity and influence the class of men and the principles engaged in the great experiment on these shores. Of course the tide set homeward. Restless and hopeful spirits—those discouraged here and excited by the prospect of turmoil and revolution in England—returned, giving up the Colony and its struggling cause. The fluctuations of trade at times swelled the cost here of all foreign commodities, and depreciated the value of the native products. A deep gloom settled over the hearts of those who must abide to the last by the venture they had made. Governor Winthrop, seeing some on whom he had most depended falling away, could not but yield to the melancholy which the prospect before him excited. Some of the most touching and beautiful sentences from his heart and pen, disclosing the tender and steadfast qualities of his fine nature, were written in this mood. But for himself there was no looking back, no regret, no calculation even of what had been lost, or of what might yet be saved. He came here to abide. He had consecrated his all, and he would reclaim nothing of it. He almost made up his mind once, though with great reluctance, to cross the ocean on a commission in behalf of the Colony. But had he gone,

it would have been only with a view to a quick return, for he wished to end his days and to find his mortal rest here. His beloved wife, Margaret, the pride and ornament of the Colony, the example of that matronly dignity and that fidelity which have furnished a model for the pious and helpful women of New England of the old stock, shared with him and sustained him under all his buffetings. His oldest son John, the Governor of Connecticut, loved and served her as if she had been his own mother, and Winthrop counted it as among the chief of his blessings from God that he had so noble and good a son.

The administration of the public interests of the Colony may seem to us to have been very easy, and the means and results of it are often pronounced upon in these latter days as narrow and trivial. Such may be the judgment of the ignorant and the conceited; but the thorough and appreciative students of our history judge quite otherwise. Our first Governor, during his twelve terms of service, had tasks and duties more exacting than have weighed on any one of his successors. If we regard the experimental nature of his trust, the sort of responsibilities attending it, and the momentous consequences which must follow the early legislation as establishing precedents, we may well say that he furnished the example and guide for all those successors. His associates in the government were men of strong will, of independent and often eccentric natures; and those whom they governed had also their crotchets and jeal-

ousies. He was the most evenly balanced among them all, and his breadth and fairness of view were least affected by the limitations and superstitions of the age. One of the most charming and suggestive of the personal disclosures made in Governor Winthrop's journal are the allusions to his variances with his rival, Governor Dudley, or rather, we should say, to Governor Dudley's manifest and ill-tempered jealousy of him.

It will ever be to the praise of Winthrop, that the only complaint ever brought against him was that of too great leniency. He vindicated himself from any fault on this score, by asserting the occasion for it, and by insisting upon it as the course of wisdom and rectitude. He was willing, however, to try to be more severe, more rigid, more like his associates. His partial success in these efforts almost led him into some mistakes. Only when he died was his full worth known to the Colony, as we learn to know it in the present most faithful biography of an excellent and great man.

We may add, that the biographer, being richly favored with materials of the highest value, — the Governor's own journals and the family papers, — has chosen to allow them to speak for themselves, with illustrative details and sparse comments from his own pen. Of the letter written by Winthrop on the day of his death, and sent by an Indian runner to his son in Connecticut, one of the most interesting of these papers, we are given a very acceptable fac-simile.

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CHAPTER VIII.

DOWN THE RIVER.

LOOK at the flower of a morning-glory the evening before the dawn which is to see it unfold. The delicate petals are twisted into a spiral, which at the appointed hour, when the sunlight touches the hidden springs of its life, will uncoil itself and let the day into the chamber of its virgin heart. But the spiral must unwind by its own law, and the hand that shall try to hasten the process will only spoil the blossom which would have expanded in symmetrical beauty under the rosy fingers of morning.

We may take a hint from Nature's handling of the flower in dealing with young souls, and especially with the souls of young girls, which, from their organization and conditions, require more careful treatment than those of their tougher-fibred brothers. Many parents reproach themselves for not having enforced their own convictions on their children in the face of every inborn antagonism they encountered. Let them not be too severe in their self-condemnation. A want of judgment in this

matter has sent many a young person to Bedlam, whose nature would have opened kindly enough if it had only been trusted to the sweet influences of morning sunshine. In such cases it may be that the state we call insanity is not always an unalloyed evil. It may take the place of something worse, — the wretchedness of a mind not yet dethroned, but subject to the perpetual interferences of another mind governed by laws alien and hostile to its own. Insanity may perhaps be the only palliative left to Nature in this extremity. But before she comes to that, she has many expedients. The mind does not know what diet it can feed on until it has been brought to the starvation point. Its experience is like that of those who have been long drifting about on rafts or in long-boats. There is nothing out of which it will not contrive to get some sustenance. A person of note, long held captive for a political offence, is said to have owed the preservation of his reason to a *pin*, out of which he contrived to get exercise and excitement by throwing it down carelessly on the dark floor of his dungeon, and then hunting for it in a series

of systematic explorations until he had found it.

Perhaps the most natural thing Myrtle Hazard could have done would have been to go crazy, and be sent to the nearest asylum, if Providence, which in its wisdom makes use of the most unexpected agencies, had not made a special provision for her mental welfare. She was in that arid household as the prophet in the land where there was no dew nor rain for these long years. But as he had the brook Cherith, and the bread and flesh in the morning and the bread and flesh in the evening which the ravens brought him, so she had the river and her secret store of books.

The river was light and life and music and companionship to her. She learned to row herself about upon it, to swim boldly in it, for it had sheltered nooks but a little way above The Poplars. But there was more than that in it,—it was infinitely sympathetic. A river is strangely like a human soul. It has its dark and bright days, its troubles from within, and its disturbances from without. It often runs over ragged rocks with a smooth surface, and is vexed with ripples as it slides over sands that are level as a floor. It betrays its various moods by aspects which are the commonplaces of poetry, as smiles and dimples and wrinkles and frowns. Its face is full of winking eyes, when the scattering rain-drops first fall upon it, and it scowls back at the storm-cloud, as with knitted brows, when the winds are let loose. It talks, too, in its own simple dialect, murmuring, as it were, with busy lips all the way to the ocean; as children seeking the mother's breast and impatient of delay. Prisoners who know what a flower or an insect has been to them in their solitary cell, invalids who have employed their vacant minds in studying the patterns of paper-hangings on the walls of their sick-chambers, can tell what the river was to the lonely, imaginative creature who used to sit looking into its depths, hour after hour, from the airy height of the Fire-hang-bird's Nest.

Of late a thought had mingled with

her fancies which had given to the river the aspect of something more than a friend and a companion. It appeared all at once as a *Deliverer*. Did not its waters lead, after long wanderings, to the great highway of the world, and open to her the gates of those cities from which she could take her departure unchallenged towards the lands of the morning or of the sunset? Often, after a freshet, she had seen a child's miniature boat floating down on its side past her window, and traced it in imagination back to some crystal brook flowing by the door of a cottage far up some blue mountain in the distance. So she now began to follow down the stream the airy shallop that held her bright fancies. These dreams of hers were colored by the rainbows of an enchanted fountain,—the books of adventure, the romances, the stories which fortune had placed in her hands,—the same over which the heart of the Pride of the County had throbbed in the last century, and on the pages of some of which the traces of her tears might still be seen.

The literature which was furnished for Myrtle's improvement was chiefly of a religious character, and, however interesting and valuable to those to whom it was adapted, had not been chosen with any wise regard to its fitness for her special conditions. Of what use was it to offer books like the "Saint's Rest" to a child whose idea of happiness was in perpetual activity? She read "Pilgrim's Progress," it is true, with great delight. She liked the idea of travelling with a pack on one's back, the odd shows at the House of the Interpreter, the fighting, the adventures, the pleasing young ladies at the palace the name of which was Beautiful, and their very interesting museum of curiosities. As for the allegorical meaning, it went through her consciousness like a peck of wheat through a bushel measure with the bottom out,—without touching.

But the very first book she got hold of out of the hidden treasury threw the "Pilgrim's Progress" quite into the

shade. It was the story of a youth who ran away and lived on an island,—one Crusoe,—a homely narrative, but evidently true, though full of remarkable adventures. There too was the history, coming much nearer home, of Deborah Sampson, the young woman who served as a soldier in the Revolutionary War, with a portrait of her in man's attire, looking intrepid rather than lovely. A virtuous young female she was, and married well, as she deserved to, and raised a family with as good a name as wife and mother as the best of them. But perhaps not one of these books and stories took such hold of her imagination as the tale of *Ras-selas*, which most young persons find less entertaining than the *Vicar of Wakefield*, with which it is now-a-days so commonly bound up. It was the prince's discontent in the Happy Valley, the iron gate opening to the sound of music, and closing forever on those it admitted, the rocky boundaries of the imprisoning valley, the visions of the world beyond, the projects of escape, and the long toil which ended in their accomplishment, which haunted her sleeping and waking. She too was a prisoner, but it was not in the Happy Valley. Of the romances and the love-letters we must take it for granted that she selected wisely, and read discreetly; at least we know nothing to the contrary.

There were mysterious reminiscences and hints of her past coming over her constantly. It was in the course of the long, weary spring before her disappearance, that a dangerous chord was struck which added to her growing restlessness. In an old closet were some sea-shells and coral-fans, and dried star-fishes and sea-horses, and a natural mummy of a rough-skinned dog-fish. She had not thought of them for years, but now she felt impelled to look after them. The dim sea-odors which still clung to them penetrated to the very inmost haunts of memory, and called up that longing for the ocean breeze which those who have once breathed and salted their blood with it never get

over, and which makes the sweetest inland airs seem to them at last tame and tasteless. She held a tiger-shell to her ear, and listened to that low, sleepy murmur, whether in the sense or in the soul we hardly know, like that which had so often been her lullaby,—a memory of the sea, as Landor and Wordsworth have sung.

"You are getting to look like your father," Aunt Silence said one day; "I never saw it before. I always thought you took after old Major Gideon Withers. Well, I hope you won't come to an early grave like poor Charles,—or, at any rate, that you may be prepared."

It did not seem very likely that the girl was going out of the world at present, but she looked Miss Silence in the face very seriously, and said, "Why not an early grave, aunt, if this world is such a bad place as you say it is?"

"I am afraid you are not fit for a better."

She wondered if Silence Withers and Cynthia Badlam were just ripe for heaven.

For some months Miss Cynthia Badlam, who, as was said, had been an habitual visitor at The Poplars, had lived there as a permanent resident. Between her and Silence Withers, Myrtle Hazard found no rest for her soul. Each of them was for untwisting the morning-glory without waiting for the sunshine to do it. Each had her own wrenches and pincers to use for that purpose. All this promised little for the nurture and admonition of the young girl, who, if her will could not be broken by imprisonment and starvation at three years old, was not likely to be over-tractable to any but gentle and reasonable treatment at fifteen.

Aunt Silence's engine was *responsibility*,—her own responsibility, and the dreadful consequences which would follow to her, Silence, if Myrtle should in any way go wrong. Ever since her failure in that moral *coup d'état* by which the simple dynasty of the natural self-determining power was to be dethroned, her attempts in the way of

education had been a series of feeble efforts followed by plaintive wails over their utter want of success. The face she turned upon the young girl in her solemn expostulations looked as if it were inscribed with the epitaphs of hope and virtue. Her utterances were pitched in such a forlorn tone, that the little bird in his cage, who always began twittering at the sound of Myrtle's voice, would stop in his song, and cock his head with a look of inquiry full of pathos, as if he wanted to know what was the matter, and whether he could do anything to help.

The specialty of Cynthia Badlam was to point out all the dangerous and unpardonable transgressions into which young people generally, and this young person in particular, were likely to run, to hold up examples of those who had fallen into evil ways and come to an evil end, to present the most exalted standard of ascetic virtue to the lively girl's apprehension, leading her naturally to the conclusion that a bright example of excellence stood before her in the irreproachable relative who addressed her. Especially with regard to the allurements which the world offers to the young and inexperienced female, Miss Cynthia Badlam was severe and eloquent. Sometimes poor Myrtle would stare, not seeing the meaning of her wise caution, sometimes look at Miss Cynthia with a feeling that there was something about her that was false and forced, that she had nothing in common with young people, that she had no pity for them, only hatred of their sins, whatever these might be,—a hatred which seemed to extend to those sources of frequent temptation, youth and beauty, as if they were in themselves objectionable.

Both the lone women at the Poplars were gifted with a thin vein of music. They gave it expression in psalmody, of course, in which Myrtle, who was a natural singer, was expected to bear her part. This would have been pleasanter if the airs most frequently selected had been cheerful or soothing, and if the favorite hymns had been of a sort

to inspire a love for what was lovely in this life, and to give some faint foretaste of the harmonies of a better world to come. But there is a fondness for minor keys and wailing cadences common to the monotonous chants of cannibals and savages generally, to such war-songs as the wild, implacable "Marseillaise," and to the favorite tunes of low-spirited Christian pessimists. That mournful "China," which one of our most agreeable story-tellers has justly singled out as the cry of despair itself, was often sung at The Poplars, sending such a sense of utter misery through the house, that poor Kitty Fagan would cross herself, and wring her hands, and think of funerals, and wonder who was going to die,—for she fancied she heard the *Banshee's* warning in those most dismal ululations.

On the first Saturday of June, a fortnight before her disappearance, Myrtle strolled off by the river-shore, along its lonely banks, and came home with her hands full of leaves and blossoms. Silence Withers looked at them as if they were a kind of melancholy manifestation of frivolity on the part of the wicked old earth. Not that she did not inhale their faint fragrance with a certain pleasure, and feel their beauty as none whose souls are not wholly shrivelled and hardened can help doing, but the world was, in her estimate, a vale of tears, and it was only by a momentary forgetfulness that she could be moved to smile at anything.

Miss Cynthia, a sharper-edged woman, had formed the habit of crushing everything for its moral, until it lost its sweetness and grew almost odious, as flower-de-luces do when handled roughly. "There's a worm in that leaf, Myrtle. He has rolled it all round him, and hidden himself from sight; but there is a horrid worm in it, for all it is so young and fresh. There is a worm in every young soul, Myrtle."

"But there is not a worm in every leaf, Miss Cynthia. Look," she said, "all these are open, and you can see all over and under them, and there is nothing there. Are there never any

worms in the leaves after they get old and yellow, Miss Cynthia?"

That was a pretty fair hit for a simple creature of fifteen,—but perhaps she was not so absolutely simple as one might have thought.

It was on the evening of this same day that they were sitting together. The sweet season was opening, and it seemed as if the whispering of the leaves, the voices of the birds, the softness of the air, the young life stirring in everything, called on all creatures to join the universal chorus of praise that was going up around them.

"What shall we sing this evening?" said Miss Silence.

"Give me one of the books, if you please, Cousin Silence," said Miss Cynthia. "It is Saturday evening. Holy time has begun. Let us prepare our minds for the solemnities of the Sabbath."

She took the book, one well known to the schools and churches of this nineteenth century.

"Book Second. Hymn 44. Long metre. I guess 'Putney' will be as good a tune as any to sing it to."

The trio began,—

"With holy fear, and humble song,"—

and got through the first verse together pretty well.

Then came the second verse:—

"Far in the deep where darkness dwells,
The land of horror and despair,
Justice has built a dismal hell,
And laid her stores of vengeance there."

Myrtle's voice trembled a little in singing this verse, and she hardly kept up her part with proper spirit.

"Sing out, Myrtle," said Miss Cynthia, and she struck up the third verse:—

"Eternal plagues and heavy chains,
Tormenting racks and fiery coals,
And darts t' inflict immortal pains,
Dyed in the blood of damned souls."

This last verse was a duet, and not a trio. Myrtle closed her lips while it was singing, and when it was done threw down the book with a look of anger and disgust. The hunted soul was at bay.

"I won't sing such words," she said, "and I won't stay here to hear them sung. The boys in the streets say just such words as that, and I am not going to sing them. You can't scare me into being good with your cruel hymn-book!"

She could not swear: she was not a boy. She would not cry: she felt proud, obdurate, scornful, outraged. All these images, borrowed from the Holy Inquisition, were meant to frighten her, and had simply irritated her. The blow of a weapon that glances off, stinging, but not penetrating, only enrages. It was a moment of fearful danger to her character, to her life itself.

Without heeding the cries of the two women, she sprang up stairs to her hanging chamber. She threw open the window and looked down into the stream. For one moment her head swam with the sudden, overwhelming, almost maddening thought that came over her,—the impulse to fling herself headlong into those running waters and dare the worst these dreadful women had threatened her with. Something—she often thought afterwards it was an invisible hand—held her back during that brief moment, and the paroxysm—just such a paroxysm as throws many a young girl into the Thames or the Seine—passed away. She remained looking, in a misty dream, into the water far below. Its murmur recalled the whisper of the ocean waves. And through the depths it seemed as if she saw into that strange, half-remembered world of palm-trees and white robes and dusky faces, and amidst them, looking upon her with ineffable love and tenderness, until all else faded from her sight, the face of a fair woman,—was it *hers*, so long, long dead, or that dear young mother's who was to her less a recollection than a dream?

Could it have been this vision that soothed her, so that she unclasped her hands and lifted her bowed head as if she had heard a voice whispering to her from that unknown world where she felt there was a spirit watching

over her? At any rate, her face was never more serene than when she went to meeting with the two maiden ladies on the following day, Sunday, and heard the Rev. Mr. Stoker preach a sermon from Luke vii. 48, which made both the women shed tears, but especially so excited Miss Cynthia that she was in a kind of half-hysterical condition all the rest of the day.

After that Myrtle was quieter and more docile than ever before. Could it be, Miss Silence thought, that the Rev. Mr. Stoker's sermon had touched her hard heart? However that was, she did not once wear the stormy look with which she had often met the complaining remonstrances Miss Silence constantly directed against all the spontaneous movements of the youthful and naturally vivacious subject of her discipline.

June is an uncertain month, as everybody knows, and there were frosts in many parts of New England in the June of 1859. But there were also beautiful days and nights, and the sun was warm enough to be fast ripening the strawberries,—also certain plans which had been in flower some little time. Some preparations had been going on in a quiet way, so that at the right moment a decisive movement could be made. Myrtle knew how to use her needle, and always had a dexterous way of shaping any article of dress or ornament,—a natural gift not very rare, but sometimes very needful, as it was now.

On the morning of the 15th of June she was wandering by the shores of the river, some distance above The Poplars, when a boat came drifting along by her, evidently broken loose from its fastenings farther up the stream. It was common for such waifs to show themselves after heavy rains had swollen the river. They might have run the gauntlet of nobody could tell how many farms, and perhaps passed by half a dozen towns and villages in the night, so that, if of common, cheap make, they were retained without scruple, by any who might find

them, until the owner called for them, if he cared to take the trouble.

Myrtle took a knife from her pocket, cut down a long, slender sapling, and coaxed the boat to the side of the bank. A pair of old oars lay in the bottom of the boat; she took one of these and paddled it into a little cove, where it could lie hid among the thick alders. Then she went home and busied herself about various little matters more interesting to her than to us.

She was never more amiable and gracious than on this day. But she looked often at the clock, as they remembered afterwards, and studied over a copy of the Farmer's Almanac which was lying in the kitchen with a somewhat singular interest. The days were nearly at their longest, the weather was mild, the night promised to be clear and bright.

The household was, to all appearance, asleep at the usual early hour. When all seemed quiet, Myrtle lighted her lamp, stood before her mirror, and untied the string that bound her long and beautiful dark hair, which fell in its abundance over her shoulders and below her girdle.

She lifted its heavy masses with one hand, and severed it with a strong pair of scissors, with remorseless exaction of every wandering curl, until she stood so changed by the loss of that outward glory of her womanhood, that she felt as if she had lost herself and found a brother she had never seen before.

"Good by, Myrtle!" she said, and, opening her window very gently, she flung the shining tresses upon the running water, and watched them for a few moments as they floated down the stream. Then she dressed herself in the character of her imaginary brother, took up the carpet-bag in which she had placed what she chose to carry with her, stole softly down stairs, and let herself out of a window on the lower floor, shutting it very carefully so as to be sure that nobody should be disturbed.

She glided along, looking all about her, fearing she might be seen by some

curious wanderer, and reached the cove where the boat she had concealed was lying. She got into it, and, taking the rude oars, pulled herself into the middle of the swollen stream. Her heart beat so that it seemed to her as if she could hear it between the strokes of the oar. The lights were not all out in the village, and she trembled lest she should see the figure of some watcher looking from the windows in sight of which she would have to pass, and that a glimpse of this boat stealing along at so late an hour might give the clew to the secret of her disappearance, with which the whole region was to be busied in the course of the next day.

Presently she came abreast of The Poplars. The house lay so still, so peaceful,—it would wake to such dismay! The boat slid along beneath her own overhanging chamber.

"No song to-morrow from the Fire-hang-bird's Nest!" she said. So she floated by the slumbering village, the flow of the river carrying her steadily on, and the careful strokes of the oars adding swiftness to her flight.

At last she came to the "Broad Meadows," and knew that she was alone, and felt confident that she had got away unseen. There was nothing, absolutely nothing, to point out which way she had gone. Her boat came from nobody knew where, her disguise had been got together at different times in such a manner as to lead to no suspicion, and not a human being ever had the slightest hint that she had planned and meant to carry out the enterprise which she had now so fortunately begun.

Not till the last straggling house had been long past, not till the meadows were stretched out behind her as well as before her, spreading far off into the distance on each side, did she give way to the sense of wild exultation which was coming fast over her. But then, at last, she drew a long, long breath, and, standing up in the boat, looked all around her. The stars were shining over her head and deep down beneath her. The cool wind

came fresh upon her cheek over the long grassy reaches. No living thing moved in all the wide level circle which lay about her. She had passed the Red Sea, and was alone in the Desert.

She threw down her oars, lifted her hands like a priestess, and her strong, sweet voice burst into song,—the song of the Jewish maiden when she went out before the chorus of women and sang that grand solo, which we all remember in its ancient words, and in their modern paraphrase,—

"Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea!
Jehovah hath triumphed, his people are free!"

The poor child's repertory was limited to songs of the religious sort mainly, but there was a choice among these. Her aunt's favorites, beside "China," already mentioned, were "Bangor," which the worthy old New England clergyman so admired that he actually had the down-east city called after it, and "Windsor," and "Funeral Hymn." But Myrtle was in no mood for these. She let off her ecstasy in "Ballerna," and "Arlington," and "Silver Street," and at last in that most bacchant of devotional hymns, which sounds as if it had been composed by a saint who had a cellar under his chapel,—*"Jordan."* So she let her wild spirits run loose; and then a tenderer feeling stole over her, and she sang herself into a more tranquil mood with the gentle music of *"Dundee."* And again she pulled quietly and steadily at her oars, until she reached the wooded region through which the river winds after leaving the "Broad Meadows."

The tumult in her blood was calmed, yet every sense and faculty was awake to the manifold delicious, mysterious impressions of that wonderful June night. The stars were shining between the tall trees, as if all the jewels of heaven had been set in one belt of midnight sky. The voices of the wind, as they sighed through the pines, seemed like the breath of a sleeping child, and then, as they lisped from the soft, tender leaves of beeches and maples, like the half-articulate whisper of the mother

hushing all the intrusive sounds that might awaken it. Then came the pulsating monotone of the frogs from a far-off pool, the harsh cry of an owl from an old tree that overhung it, the splash of a mink or musquash, and, nearer by, the light step of a woodchuck, as he cantered off in his quiet way to his hole in the nearest bank. The laurels were just coming into bloom, — the yellow lilies, earlier than their fairer sisters, pushing their golden cups through the water, not content, like those, to float on the surface of the stream that fed them, — emblems of showy wealth, and, like that, drawing all manner of insects to feed upon them. The miniature forests of ferns came down to the edge of the stream, their tall, bending plumes swaying in the night breeze. Sweet odors from oozing pines, from dewy flowers, from spicy leaves, stole out of the tangled thickets, and made the whole scene more dream-like with their faint, mingled suggestions.

By and by the banks of the river grew lower and marshy, and in place of the larger forest-trees which had covered them stood slender tamaracks, sickly, mossy, looking as if they had been moon-struck and were out of their wits, their tufts of leaves staring off every way from their spindling branches. The winds came cool and damp out of the hiding-places among their dark recesses. The country people about here called this region the "Witches' Hollow," and had many stories about the strange things that happened there. The Indians used to hold their "pow-wows," or magical incantations, upon a broad mound which rose out of the common level, and where some old hemlocks and beeches formed a dark grove, which served them as a temple for their demon-worship. There were many legends of more recent date connected with this spot, some of them hard to account for, and no superstitious or highly imaginative person would have cared to pass through it alone in the dead of the night, as this young girl was doing.

She knew nothing of all these fables

and fancies. Her own singular experiences in this enchanted region were certainly not suggested by anything she had heard, and may be considered psychologically curious by those who would not think of attributing any mystical meaning to them. We are at liberty to report many things without attempting to explain them, or committing ourselves to anything beyond the fact that so they were told us. [The reader will find Myrtle's "Vision," as written out at a later period from her recollections, at the end of this chapter.]

The night was passing, and she meant to be as far away as possible from the village she had left, before morning. But the boat, like all craft on country rivers, was leaky, and she had to work until tired, bailing it out, before she was ready for another long effort. The old tin measure, which was all she had to bail with, leaked as badly as the boat, and her task was a tedious one. At last she got it in good trim, and sat down to her oars with the determination to pull steadily as long as her strength would hold out.

Hour after hour she kept at her work, sweeping round the long bends where the river was hollowing out one bank and building new shore on the opposite one, so as gradually to shift its channel; by clipper-shaped islands, sharp at the bows looking up stream, sharp too at the stern, looking down, — their shape solving the navigator's problem of least resistance, as a certain young artist had pointed out; by slumbering villages; by outlying farm-houses; between cornfields where the young plants were springing up in little thready fountains; in the midst of stumps where the forest had just been felled; through patches where the fire of the last great autumnal drought had turned all the green beauty of the woods into brown desolation; and again amidst broad expanses of open meadow stretching as far as the eye could reach in the uncertain light. A faint yellow tinge was beginning to stain the eastern horizon. Her boat was floating quietly along, for she had at last taken

in her oars, and she was now almost tired out with toil and excitement. She rested her head upon her hands, and felt her eyelids closing in spite of herself. And now there stole upon her ear a low, gentle, distant murmur, so soft that it seemed almost to mingle with the sound of her own breathing, but so steady, so uniform, that it soothed her to sleep, as if it were the old cradle-song the ocean used to sing to her, or the lullaby of her fair young mother.

So she glided along slowly, slowly, down the course of the winding river, and the flushing dawn kindled around her as she slumbered, and the low, gentle murmur grew louder and louder, but still she slept, dreaming of the murmuring ocean.

APPENDIX TO CHAPTER VIII.

MYRTLE HAZARD'S STATEMENT.

"A VISION seen by me, Myrtle Hazard, aged fifteen, on the night of June 15, 1859. Written out at the request of a friend from my recollections.

"The place where I saw these sights is called, as I have been told since, Witches' Hollow. I had never been there before, and did not know that it was called so, or anything about it.

"The first strange thing that I noticed was on coming near a kind of hill or mound that rose out of the low meadows. I saw a *burning cross* lying on the slope of that mound. It burned with a pale greenish light, and did not waste, though I watched it for a long time, as the boat I was in moved slowly with the current and I had stopped rowing.

"I know that my eyes were open, and I was awake while I was looking at this cross. I think my eyes were open when I saw these other appearances, but I felt just as if I were dreaming while awake.

"I heard a faint rustling sound, and on looking up I saw many figures moving around me, and I seemed to see myself among them as if I were outside of myself.

"The figures did not walk, but slid or glided with an even movement, as if without any effort. They made many gestures, and seemed to speak, but I cannot tell whether I *heard* what they said, or knew its meaning in some other way.

"I knew the faces of some of these figures. They were the same I have seen in portraits, as long as I can remember, at the old house where I was brought up, called The Poplars. I saw my father and my mother as they look in the two small pictures; also my grandmother, and her father and mother and grandfather, and one other person, who lived a great while ago. All of these have been long dead, and the longer they had been dead the less like substance they looked and the more like shadows, so that the oldest was like one's breath of a frosty morning, but shaped like the living figure.

"There was no motion of their breasts, and their lips seemed to be moving as if they were saying, *Breath! Breath! Breath!* I thought they wanted to breathe the air of this world again in my shape, which I seemed to see as it were empty of myself and of these other selves, like a sponge that has water pressed out of it.

"Presently it seemed to me that I returned to myself, and then those others became part of me by being taken up, one by one, and so lost in my own life.

"My father and mother came up, hand in hand, looking more real than any of the rest. Their figures vanished, and they seemed to have become a part of me; for I felt all at once the longing to live over the life they had led, on the sea and in strange countries.

"Another figure was just like the one we called the Major, who was a very strong, hearty-looking man, and who is said to have drank hard sometimes, though there is nothing about it on his tombstone, which I used to read in the graveyard. It seemed to me that there was something about his life that I did not want to make a part of mine, but that there was some right

he had in me through my being of his blood, and so his health and his strength went all through me, and I was always to have what was left of his life in that shadow-like shape, forming a portion of mine.

"So in the same way with the shape answering to the portrait of that famous beauty who was the wife of my great-grandfather, and used to be called the Pride of the County.

"And so too with another figure which had the face of that portrait marked on the back, *Ruth Bradford*, who married one of my ancestors, and was before the court as I have heard in the time of the witchcraft trials.

"There was with the rest a dark, wild-looking woman, with a head-dress of feathers. She kept as it were in shadow, but I saw something of my own features in her face.

"It was on my mind very strongly that the shape of that woman of our blood who was burned long ago by the Papists came very close to me, and was in some way made one with mine, and that I feel her presence with me since, as if she lived again in me; but not always,—only at times,—and then I feel borne up as if I could do anything in the world. I had a feeling as if she were my guardian and protector.

"It seems to me that these, and more, whom I have not mentioned, do really live over some part of their past lives in my life. I do not understand it all, and perhaps it can be accounted for in some way I have not thought of. I write it down as nearly as I can give it from memory, by request, and if it is printed at this time had rather have all the real names withheld.

"MYRTLE HAZARD."

NOTE BY THE FRIEND.

"This statement must be accounted for in some way, or pass into the category of the supernatural. Probably it was one of those intuitions, with *objective projection*, which sometimes come to imaginative young persons, especially girls, in certain exalted nervous conditions. The study of the por-

traits, with the knowledge of some parts of the history of the persons they represented, and the consciousness of instincts inherited in all probability from these same ancestors, formed the basis of Myrtle's 'Vision.' The lives of our progenitors are, as we know, reproduced in different proportions in ourselves. *Whether they as individuals have any consciousness of it*, is another matter. It is possible that they do get a second as it were fractional life in us. It might seem that many of those whose blood flows in our veins struggle for the mastery, and by and by one or more get the predominance, so that we grow to be like father, or mother, or remoter ancestor, or two or more are blended in us, not to the exclusion, however, it must be understood, of a special personality of our own, about which these others are grouped. Independently of any possible scientific value, this 'Vision' serves to illustrate the above-mentioned fact of common experience, which is not sufficiently weighed by most moralists.

"How much it may be granted to certain young persons to see, not in virtue of their intellectual gifts, but through those direct channels which worldly wisdom may possibly close to the luminous influx, each reader must determine for himself by his own standards of faith and evidence.

"One statement of the narrative admits of a simple natural explanation, which does not allow the lovers of the marvellous to class it with the *quasi* miraculous appearance seen by Colonel Gardiner, and given in full by Dr. Doddridge in his Life of that remarkable Christian soldier. Decaying wood is often phosphorescent, as many readers must have seen for themselves. The country people are familiar with the sight of it in wild timber-land, and have given it the name of 'Fox-fire.' Two trunks of trees in this state, lying across each other, will account for the fact observed, and vindicate the truth of the young girl's story without requiring us to suppose any exceptional occurrence outside of natural laws."

CHAPTER IX.

MR. CLEMENT LINDSAY RECEIVES A LETTER, AND BEGINS HIS ANSWER.

It was already morning when a young man living in the town of Alderbank, after lying awake for an hour thinking the unutterable thoughts that nineteen years of life bring to the sleeping and waking dreams of young people, rose from his bed, and, half dressing himself, sat down at his desk, from which he took a letter, which he opened and read. It was written in a delicate, though hardly formed female hand, and crossed like a checker-board, as is usual with these redundant manuscripts. The letter was as follows : —

“OXBOW VILLAGE, JUNE 13, 1859.

“MY DEAREST CLEMENT, — You was so good to write me such a sweet little bit of a letter, — only, dear, you never seem to be in quite so good spirits as you used to be. I wish your Susie was with you to cheer you up ; but no, she must be patient, and you must be patient too, for you are so ambitious ! I have heard you say so many times that nobody could be a great artist without passing years and years at work, and growing pale and lean with thinking so hard. *You* won't grow pale and lean, I hope ; for I do so love to see that pretty color in your cheeks you have always had ever since I have known you ; and besides, I do not believe you will have to work so *very* hard to do something great, — you have so much *genius*, and people of genius do such beautiful things with so little trouble. You remember those beautiful lines out of our newspaper I sent you ? Well, Mr. Hopkins told me he wrote those lines *in one evening* without stopping ! I wish you could see Mr. Hopkins — he is a very talented person. I cut out this little piece about him from the paper on purpose to show you, — for genius loves genius, — and you would like to hear him read his own poetry — he reads it beautifully. Please send this piece from the paper back, as I want to put

it in my scrap-book, under his autograph : —

“Our young townsman, Mr. Gifted Hopkins, has proved himself worthy of the name he bears. His poetical effusions are equally creditable to his head and his heart, displaying the highest order of genius and powers of imagination and fancy hardly second to any writer of the age. He is destined to make a great sensation in the world of letters.”

“Mrs. Hopkins is the same good soul she always was. She is very proud of her son, as is natural, and keeps a copy of everything he writes. I believe she cries over them every time she reads them. You don't know how I take to little Sossy and Minthy, those two twins I have written to you about before. Poor little creatures, — what a cruel thing it was in their father and mother not to take care of them ! What do you think ? Old bachelor Gridley lets them come up into his room, and builds forts and castles for them with his big books ! ‘The world 's coming to an end,’ Mrs. Hopkins said the first time he did so. He looks so savage with that scowl of his, and talks so gruff when he is scolding at things in general, that nobody would have believed he would have let such little things come anywhere near him. But he seems to be growing kind to all of us and everybody. I saw him talking to the Fire-hang-bird the other day. You know who the Fire-hang-bird is, don't you ? Myrtle Hazard her name is. I wish you could see her. I don't know as I do, though. You would want to make a statue of her, or a painting, I know. She is so handsome that all the young men stand round to see her come out of meeting. Some say that Lawyer Bradshaw is after her ; but my ! he is ten years older than she is. She is nothing but a girl, though she looks as if she was eighteen. She lives up at a place called The Poplars, with an old woman that is her aunt or something, and nobody seems to be much acquainted with her except Olive Eveleth, who is the minister's daughter at Saint Bartholomew's Church. She never has *beaux* round her, as some young girls do — they say that she is not happy with her aunt and another woman that stays with her, and that is the reason she

keeps so much to herself. The minister came to see me the other day, — Mr. Stoker his name is. I was all alone, and it frightened me, for he looks, O, so solemn on Sundays! But he called me ‘My dear,’ and did n’t say anything horrid, you know, about my being such a dreadful, dreadful sinner, as I have heard of his saying to some people — but he looked very kindly at me, and took my hand, and laid his hand on my shoulder like a brother, and hoped I would come and see him in his study. I suppose I must go, but I don’t want to. I don’t seem to like him exactly.

“I hope you love me as well as ever you did. I can’t help feeling sometimes as if you was growing away from me, — you know what I mean, — getting to be too great a person for such a small person as I am. I know I can’t always understand you when you talk about *art*, and that you know a great deal too much for such a simple girl as I am. O, if I thought I could never make you happy! . . . There, now! I am almost ashamed to send this paper, so spotted. — Gifted Hopkins wrote some beautiful verses one day on ‘A Maiden Weeping.’ He compared the tears falling from her eyes to the drops of dew which one often sees upon the flowers in the morning. Is n’t it a pretty thought?

“I wish I loved *art* as well as I do poetry; but I am afraid I have not so much taste as some girls have. You remember how I liked that picture in the illustrated magazine, and you said it was *horrid*. I have been afraid since to like almost anything, for fear you should tell me some time or other it was *horrid*. Don’t you think I shall ever learn to know what is nice from what is n’t?

“O, dear Clement, I wish you would do one thing to please me. Don’t say no, for you can do everything you try to, — I am sure you can. I want you to write me some *poetry*, — just three or four little verses *TO SUSIE*. O, I should feel so proud to have some lines written all on purpose for me. Mr. Hopkins wrote some the other day, and printed them in the paper, ‘To M——e.’

I believe he meant them for Myrtle, — the first and last letter of her name, you see, ‘M’ and ‘e.’

“Your letter was a *dear* one, only *so* short! I wish you would tell me all about what you are doing at Alderbank. Have you made that model of Innocence that is to have my forehead, and hair parted like mine? Make it pretty, do, that is a darling.

“Now don’t make a face at my letter. It is n’t a very good one, I know; but your poor little Susie does the best she can, and she loves you *so* much!

“Now do be nice and write me one little bit of a mite of a poem, — it will make me just as happy!

“I am very well, and as happy as I can be when you are away.

“Your affectionate SUSIE.”

(Directed to Mr. Clement Lindsay, Alderbank.)

The envelope of this letter was unbroken, as was before said, when the young man took it from his desk. He did not tear it with the hot impatience of some lovers, but cut it open neatly, slowly, one would say sadly. He read it with an air of singular effort, and yet with a certain tenderness. When he had finished it, the drops were thick on his forehead; he groaned and put his hands to his face, which was burning red.

This was what the impulse of boyhood, years ago, had brought him to! He was a stately youth, of noble bearing, of high purpose, of fastidious taste; and, if his broad forehead, his clear, large blue eyes, his commanding features, his lips, firm, yet plastic to every change of thought and feeling, were not an empty mask, might not improbably claim that Promethean quality of which the girl’s letter had spoken, — the strange, divine, dread gift of genius.

This poor, simple, innocent, trusting creature, so utterly incapable of coming into any true relation with his aspiring mind, his large and strong emotions, — this mere child, all simplicity and goodness, but trivial and shallow as the little babbling brooklet that ran by his window to the river, to lose its insignifi-

cant being in the swift torrent he heard rushing over the rocks,—this pretty idol for a weak and kindly and easily satisfied worshipper, was to be enthroned as the queen of his affections, to be adopted as the companion of his labors! The boy, led by the commonest instinct, the mere attraction of biped to its female, which accident had favored, had thrown away the dearest possession of manhood,—liberty,—and this bawble was to be his life-long reward! And yet not a bawble either, for a pleasing person and a gentle and sweet nature, which had once made her seem to him the very paragon of loveliness, were still hers. Alas! her simple words were true,—he had grown away from her. Her only fault was that she had not grown with him, and surely he could not reproach her with that.

"No," he said to himself, "I will never leave her so long as her heart clings to me. I have been rash, but she shall not pay the forfeit. And if I may think of myself, my life need not be wretched because she cannot share all my being with me. The common human qualities are more than all exceptional gifts. She has a woman's heart; and what talent of mine is to be named by the love a true woman can offer in exchange for these divided and cold affections? If it had pleased God to mate me with one more equal in other ways, who could share my thoughts, who could kindle my inspiration, who had wings to rise into the air with me as well as feet to creep by my side upon the earth,—what cannot such a woman do for a man!

"What! cast away the flower I took in the bud because it does not show as I hoped it would when it opened? I will stand by my word; I will be all as a man that I promised as a boy. Thank God, she is true and pure and sweet. My nest will be a peaceful one; but I must take wing alone,—alone."

He drew one long sigh, and the cloud passed from his countenance. He must answer that letter now,—at

once. There were reasons, he thought, which made it important. And so, with the cheerfulness which it was kind and becoming to show, so far as possible, and yet with a little excitement on one particular point, which was the cause of his writing so promptly, he began his answer.

"ALDERBANK, Thursday morning,
June 16, 1859.

"MY DEAR SUSIE,—I have just been reading your pleasant letter; and if I do not send you the poem you ask for so eloquently, I will give you a little bit of advice, which will do just as well,—won't it, my dear? I was interested in your account of various things going on at Oxbow Village. I am very glad you find young Mr. Hopkins so agreeable a friend. His poetry is better than some which I see printed in the village papers, and seems generally unexceptionable in its subjects and tone. I do not believe he is a dangerous companion, though the habit of writing verse does not always improve the character. I think I have seen it make more than one of my acquaintances idle, conceited, sentimental, and frivolous,—perhaps it found them so already. Don't make too much of his talent, and particularly don't let him think that because he can write verses he has nothing else to do in this world. That is for his benefit, dear, and you must skillfully apply it.

"Now about yourself. My dear Susie, there was something in your letter that did not please me. You speak of a visit from the Rev. Mr. Stoker, and of his kind, brotherly treatment, his cordiality of behavior, and his asking you to visit him in his study. I am very glad to hear you say that you 'don't seem to like him.' He is very familiar, it seems to me, for so new an acquaintance. What business had he to be laying his hand on your shoulder? I should like to see him try these free-and-easy ways in my presence! He would not have taken that liberty, my dear! No, he was alone with you, and thought it safe to be disrespectfully

familiar. I want you to maintain your dignity always with such persons, and I beg you not to go to the study of this clergyman, unless some older friend goes with you on every occasion, and sits through the visit. I must speak plainly to you, my dear, as I have a right to. If the minister has anything of importance to say, let it come through the lips of some mature person. It may lose something of the fervor with which it would have been delivered at first hand, but the great rules of Christian life are not so dependent on the particular individual who speaks them, that you must go to this or that young man to find out what they are. If to any *man*, I should prefer the old gentleman whom you have mentioned in your letters, Father Pemberton. You understand me, my dear girl, and the subject is not grateful. You know how truly I am interested in all that relates to you,—that I regard you with an affection which —”

HELP! HELP! HELP!

A cry as of a young person's voice was heard faintly, coming from the direction of the river. Something in the tone of it struck to his heart, and he sprang as if he had been stabbed. He flung open his chamber window and leaped from it to the ground. He ran straight to the bank of the river by the side of which the village of Alderbank was built, a little farther down the stream than the house in which he was living.

Everybody that travels in that region knows the beautiful falls which break the course of the river just above that village; narrow and swift, and surrounded by rocks of such picturesque forms that they are sought and admired by tourists. The stream was now swollen, and rushed in a deep and rapid current over the ledges, through the rocky straits, plunging at last in tumult and foam, with loud, continuous roar, into the depths below the cliff from which it tumbled.

A short distance above the fall there projected from the water a rock which had, by parsimonious saving during a

long course of years, hoarded a little soil, out of which a small tuft of bushes struggled to support a decent vegetable existence. The high waters had nearly submerged it, but a few slender twigs were seen above their surface.

A skiff was lying close to this rock, between it and the brink of the fall, which was but a few rods farther down. In the skiff was a youth of fourteen or fifteen years, holding by the slender twigs, the boat dragging at them all the time, and threatening to tear them away and go over the fall. It was not likely that the boy would come to shore alive if it did. There were stories, it is true, that the Indians used to shoot the fall in their canoes with safety; but everybody knew that at least three persons had been lost by going over it since the town was settled; and more than one dead body had been found floating far down the river, with bruises and fractured bones, as if it had taken the same fatal plunge.

There was no time to lose. Clement ran a little way up the river-bank, flung off his shoes, and sprang from the bank as far as he could leap into the water. The current swept him toward the fall, but he worked nearer and nearer the middle of the stream. He was making for the rock, thinking he could plant his feet upon it and at the worst hold the boat until he could summon other help by shouting. He had barely got his feet upon the rock, when the twigs by which the boy was holding gave way. He seized the boat, but it dragged him from his uncertain footing, and with a desperate effort he clambered over its side, and found himself its second doomed passenger.

There was but an instant for thought.

“Sit still,” he said, “and, just as we go over, put your arms round me under mine, and don't let go for your life!”

He caught up the single oar, and with a few sharp paddle-strokes brought the skiff into the blackest centre of the current, where it was deepest, and would plunge them into the deepest pool.

“Hold your breath! God save us! Now!”

They rose, as if with one will, and stood for an instant, the arms of the younger closely embracing the other as he had directed.

A sliding away from beneath them of the floor on which they stood, as the drop fails under the feet of a felon. A great rush of air, and a mighty, awful, stunning roar, — an involuntary gasp, a choking flood of water that came bellowing after them, and hammered them down into the black depths so far that the young man, well used to diving and swimming long distances under water, had well-nigh yielded to the fearful need of air, and sucked in his death in so doing.

The boat came up to the surface, broken in twain, splintered, a load of firewood for those who raked the river lower down. It had turned cross-wise and struck the rocks. A cap rose to the surface, such a one as boys wear, — the same that boy had on. And then — after how many seconds by the watch cannot be known, but after a time long enough, as the young man remembered it, to live his whole life over in memory — Clement Lindsay felt the blessed air against his face, and, taking a great breath, came to his full consciousness. The arms of the boy were still locked around him as in

the embrace of death. A few strokes brought him to the shore, dragging his senseless burden with him.

He unclasped the arms that held him so closely encircled, and laid the slender form of the youth he had almost died to save gently upon the grass. It was as if dead. He loosed the ribbon that was round the neck, he tore open the checked shirt —

The story of Myrtle Hazard's sex was told ; but she was deaf to his cry of surprise, and no blush came to her cold cheek. Not too late, perhaps, to save her, — not too late to try to save her, at least !

He placed his lips to hers, and filled her breast with the air from his own panting chest. Again and again he renewed these efforts, hoping, doubting, despairing, — once more hoping, and at last, when he had almost ceased to hope, she gasped, she breathed, she moaned, and rolled her eyes wildly round her, — she was born again into this mortal life.

He caught her up in his arms, bore her to the house, laid her on a sofa, and, having spent his strength in this last effort, reeled and fell, and lay as one over whom have just been whispered the words, "He is gone."

OUT ON PICKET.

ONE can hardly imagine a body of men more disconsolate than a regiment suddenly transferred from an adventurous life in the enemy's country to the quiet of a sheltered camp, on safe and familiar ground. The men under my command were deeply dejected when, on a most appropriate day, — the First of April, 1863, — they found themselves unaccountably recalled from Florida, that region of delights which had seemed theirs by the right of conquest. My dusky soldiers, who based

their whole walk and conversation strictly on the ancient Israelites, felt that the prophecies were all set at naught, and that they were on the wrong side of the Red Sea ; indeed, I fear they regarded even me as a sort of reversed Moses, whose Pisgah fronted in the wrong direction. Had they foreseen that the next occupation of the Promised Land was destined to require twenty regiments instead of two, and to culminate, after all, in the tragic battle of Olustee, they might have acquiesced with more

of their wonted cheerfulness. As it was, we were very glad to receive, after a few days of discontented repose on the very ground where we had been so happy, an order to go out on picket at Port Royal Ferry, with the understanding that we might remain there for some time.

This picket station was regarded as a sort of military picnic by the regiments stationed at Beaufort, South Carolina; it meant blackberries and oysters, wild roses and magnolias, flowery lanes instead of sandy barrens, and a sort of guerilla existence in place of the camp routine. To the colored soldiers especially, with their love of country life, and their extensive personal acquaintance on the plantations, it seemed quite like a Christmas festival. Besides, they would be in sight of the enemy, and who knew but there might, by the blessing of Providence, be a raid or a skirmish? If they could not remain on the St. John's River, it was something to dwell on the Coosaw. In the end they enjoyed it as much as they expected, and though we "went out" several times subsequently, until it became an old story, the enjoyment never waned. And as even the march from the camp to the picket lines was something that could not possibly have been the same for any white regiment in the service, it is worth while to begin at the beginning and describe it.

A regiment ordered on picket was expected to have reveille at daybreak, and to be in line for departure by sunrise. This delighted our men, who always took a childlike pleasure in being out of bed at any unreasonable hour; and by the time I had emerged, the tents were nearly all struck, and the great wagons were lumbering into camp to receive them, with whatever else was to be transported. The first rays of the sun must fall upon the line of these wagons, moving away across the wide parade-ground, followed by the column of men, who would soon outstrip them. But on the occasion which I especially describe, the sun

was shrouded, and, when once upon the sandy plain, neither camp nor town nor river could be seen in the dimness; and when I rode forward and looked back, there was only visible the long, moving, shadowy column, seeming rather awful in its snake-like advance. There was a swaying of flags and multitudinous weapons that might have been camels' necks for all one could see, and the whole thing might have been a caravan upon the desert. Soon we debouched upon the "Shell Road," the wagon train drew on one side into the fog, and by the time the sun appeared the music ceased, the men took the "route step," and the fun began.

The "route step" is an abandonment of all military strictness, and nothing is required of the men but to keep four abreast, and not lag behind. They are not required to keep step, though, with the rhythmical ear of our soldiers, they almost always instinctively did so; talking and singing are allowed, and of this privilege, at least, they eagerly availed themselves. On this day they were at the top of exhilaration. There was one broad grin from one end of the column to the other; it might soon have been a caravan of elephants instead of camels, for the ivory and the blackness; the chatter and the laughter almost drowned the tramp of feet and the clatter of equipments. At cross-roads and plantation gates the colored people thronged to see us pass; every one found a friend and a greeting. "How you do, aunty?" "Huddy (how d' ye), Budder Benjamin?" "How you find yourself dis mornin', Tittawisa (sister Louisa)?" Such salutations rang out to everybody, known or unknown. In return, venerable kerchiefed matrons courtesied laboriously to every one, with an unfailing "Bress de Lord, budder." Grave little boys, blacker than ink, shook hands with our laughing and utterly unmanageable drummers, who greeted them with this sure word of prophecy: "Dem 's de drummers for de nex' war!" Pretty mulatto girls ogled and coquetted, and made eyes, as

Thackeray would say, at half the young fellows in the battalion. Meantime the singing was brisk along the whole column, and when I sometimes reined up to see them pass, the chant of each company, entering my ear, drove out from the other ear the strain of the preceding. Such an odd mixture of things, military and missionary, as the successive waves of song drifted by! First, "John Brown," of course; then, "What make old Satan for follow me so?" then, "Marching Along"; then "Hold your light on Canaan's shore"; then, "When this cruel war is over" (a new favorite, sung by a few); yielding presently to a grand burst of the favorite marching song among them all, and one at which every step instinctively quickened, so light and jubilant its rhythm, —

"All true children gwine in de wilderness,
Gwine in de wilderness, gwine in de wilderness,
True believers gwine in de wilderness,
To take away de sins ob de world," —

ending in a "Hoigh!" after each verse, — a sort of Irish yell. For all the songs, but especially for their own wild hymns, they constantly improvised simple verses, with the same odd mingling, — the little facts of to-day's march being interwoven with the depths of theological gloom, and the same jubilant chorus annexed to all; thus, —

"We 're gwine to de Ferry,
De bell done ringing;
Gwine to de landing,
De bell done ringing;
Trust, believer,
O, de bell done ringing;
Satan 's behind me.
De bell done ringing;
'T is a misty morning,
De bell done ringing;
O, de road am sandy,
De bell done ringing;
Hell been open,
De bell done ringing"; —

and so on indefinitely.

The little drum corps kept in advance, a jolly crew, their drums slung on their backs, and the drum-sticks perhaps balanced on their heads. With them went the officers' servant-boys, more uproarious still, always ready to lend their shrill treble to any song. At the head of the whole force there

walked, by some self-imposed pre-eminence, a respectable elderly female, one of the company laundresses, whose vigorous stride we never could quite overtake, and who had an enormous bundle balanced on her head, while she waved in her hand, like a sword, a long-handled tin dipper. Such a picturesque medley of fun, war, and music I believe no white regiment in the service could have shown; and yet there was no straggling, and a single tap of the drum would at any moment bring order out of this seeming chaos. So we marched our seven miles out upon the smooth and shaded road, — beneath jasmine clusters, and great pine-cones dropping, and great bunches of mistletoe still in bloom among the branches. Arrived at the station, the scene soon became busy and more confused; wagons were being unloaded, tents pitched, water brought, wood cut, fires made, while the "field and staff" could take possession of the abandoned quarters of their predecessors, and we could look round in the lovely summer morning to "survey our empire and behold our home."

The only thoroughfare by land between Beaufort and Charleston is the "Shell Road," a beautiful avenue, which, about nine miles from Beaufort, strikes a ferry across the Coosaw River. War abolished the ferry, and made the river the permanent barrier between the opposing picket lines. For ten miles, right and left, these lines extended, marked by well-worn foot-paths, following the endless windings of the stream; and they never varied until nearly the end of the war. Upon their maintenance depended our whole foothold on the Sea Islands; and upon that again finally depended the whole campaign of Sherman. But for the services of the colored troops, which finally formed the main garrison of the Department of the South, the Great March would never have been performed.

There were thus ten or twelve square miles of country of which I had exclusive military command. It was level,

but otherwise broken and bewildering to the last degree. No road traversed it, properly speaking, but the Shell Road. All the rest was a wild medley of cypress swamp, pine barren, muddy creek, and cultivated plantation, intersected by interminable lanes and bridle-paths, through which we must ride day and night, and which our horses soon knew better than ourselves. The regiment was distributed at different stations, the main force being under my immediate command, at a plantation close by the Shell Road, two miles from the ferry, and seven miles from Beaufort. Our first picket duty was just at the time of the first attack on Charleston, under Dupont and Hunter; and it was generally supposed that the Confederates would make an effort to recapture the Sea Islands. My orders were to watch the enemy closely, keep informed as to his position and movements, attempt no advance, and, in case any were attempted from the other side, to delay it as long as possible, sending instant notice to head-quarters. As to the delay, that could be easily guaranteed. There were causeways on the Shell Road which a single battery could hold against a large force; and the plantations were everywhere so intersected by hedges and dikes that they seemed expressly planned for defence. Although creeks wound in and out everywhere, yet these were only navigable at high tide, and at all other times were impassable marshes. There were but few posts where the enemy were within rifle range, and their occasional attacks at those points were soon stopped by our enforcement of a pithy order from General Hunter, "Give them as good as they send." So that, with every opportunity for being kept on the alert, there was small prospect of serious danger; and all promised an easy life, with only enough of care to make it pleasant. The picket station was therefore always a coveted post among the regiments, combining some undeniable importance with a kind of relaxation; and as we were there three months on our first tour

of duty, and returned there several times afterwards, we got well acquainted with it. The whole region always reminded me of the descriptions of La Vendée, and I always expected to meet Henri Larochejaquelein riding in the woods.

How can I ever describe the charm and picturesqueness of that summer life? Our house possessed four spacious rooms and a piazza; around it were grouped sheds and tents; the camp was a little way off on one side, the negro quarters of the plantation on the other; and all was immersed in a dense mass of waving and murmuring locust-blossoms. The spring days were always lovely, while the evenings were always conveniently damp; so that we never shut the windows by day, nor omitted our cheerful fire by night. Indoors, the main head-quarters seemed like the camp of some party of young engineers in time of peace, only with a little female society added, and a good many martial associations thrown in. A large, low, dilapidated room, with an immense fireplace, with walls darkened by the successive sketches or scrawls of many predecessors, and with window-panes chiefly broken, so that the sashes were still open even when closed,—such was our home. The room had the picturesqueness which comes everywhere from the natural grouping of articles of daily use,—swords, belts, pistols, rifles, field-glasses, spurs, canteens, gauntlets,—while wreaths of gray moss above the windows, and a pelican's wing three feet long over the high mantel-piece, indicated more deliberate decoration. This and the whole atmosphere of the place spoke of the refining presence of agreeable women; and it was pleasant when they held their little court in the evening, and pleasant all day, with the different visitors who were always streaming in and out;—officers and soldiers on various business; turbaned women from the plantations, coming with complaints or questionings; fugitives from the mainland to be interrogated; visitors riding up on horseback,

their hands full of jasmine and wild-roses ; baby in her scarlet cloak, with her stately observant serenity ; and the sweet sunny air all perfumed with magnolias and the Southern pine. From the neighboring camp there was a perpetual low hum. Louder voices and laughter re-echoed ; amid the sharp sounds of the axe, from the pine woods ; and sometimes, when the relieved pickets were discharging their pieces, there came the hollow sound of dropping rifle-shots, as in skirmishing, — perhaps the most unmistakable and fascinating association that war bequeaths to the memory of the ear.

Our domestic arrangements were of the oddest description. From the time when we began housekeeping by taking down the front door to complete therewith a little office for the surgeon on the piazza, everything seemed upside down. I slept on a shelf in the corner of the parlor, and undressed according to the weather ; if it was bright moonlight, so that nothing could happen, it was well to take my comfort ; if it was very dark and a trifle rainy, it seemed best to undress on Suwarrow's method, by taking off one spur. Then the arrangements for ablution were peculiar. We fitted up a bathing-place in a brook, which somehow got appropriated at once by the company laundresses ; but I had my revenge, for I took to bathing in the family wash-tub. After all, however, the kitchen department had the advantage, for they used my solitary napkin to wipe the mess-table. As for food, we found it impossible to get chickens, save in the immature shape of eggs ; fresh pork was prohibited by the surgeon, and other fresh meat came rarely. We could indeed hunt for wild turkeys, and even deer, but such hunting was found only to increase the appetite, without corresponding supply. Still we had our luxuries, — large, delicious drumfish, and alligator steaks, — like a more substantial fried halibut, — which might have afforded the theme for Charles Lamb's dissertation on Roast Pig, and by whose aid "for the first time in our lives we tasted *crackling*."

The post bakery yielded admirable bread ; and for vegetables and fruit we had very poor sweet potatoes, and (in their season) an unlimited supply of the largest blackberries. For beverage, we had the vapid milk of that region, in which, if you let it stand, the water sinks instead of the cream's rising ; and the delicious sugar-cane syrup, which we had brought from Florida, and which we drank at all hours. Old Floridians say that no one is justified in drinking whiskey, while he can get cane-juice ; it is sweet and spirited, without cloying, foams like ale, and there were little spots on the ceiling of the dining-room where our lively beverage had popped out its cork. We kept it in a whiskey-bottle ; and as whiskey itself was absolutely prohibited among us, it was amusing to see the surprise of our military visitors when this innocent substitute was brought in. They usually liked it in the end, but, like the old Frenchwoman over her glass of water, wished that it were a sin to give it a relish. As the foaming beakers of molasses and water were handed round, the guests would make with them the courteous little gestures of polite imbibing, and would then quaff the beverage, some with gusto, others with a slight after-look of dismay. But it was a delicious and cooling drink, while it lasted ; and at all events was the best and the worst we had.

We used to have reveille at six, and breakfast about seven ; then the mounted couriers began to arrive from half a dozen different directions, with written reports of what had happened during the night, — a boat seen, a picket fired on, a battery erecting. These must be consolidated and forwarded to headquarters, with the daily report of the command, — so many sick, so many on detached service, and all the rest. This was our morning newspaper, our Herald and Tribune ; I never got tired of it. Then the couriers must be furnished with countersign and instructions, and sent off again. Then Baby, the Baby of the Regiment, made her appearance, to be kissed and tossed for

a few moments, while the horses were brought round. Then we scattered to our various rides, all disguised as duty; one to inspect pickets, one to visit a sick soldier, one to build a bridge or clear a road, and still another to headquarters for ammunition or commissary stores. Galloping through green lanes, miles of triumphal arches of wild roses, — roses pale and large and fragrant, mingled with great boughs of the white cornel, fantastic masses, snowy surprises, — such were our rides, ranging from eight to fifteen and even twenty miles. Back to a late dinner with our various experiences, and perhaps specimens to match; — a thunder-snake, eight feet long; a live opossum, with the young clinging to the natural pouch; an armful of great white, scentless pond-lilies. After dinner, to the tangled garden for rose-buds or early magnolias, — whose cloying fragrance will always bring back to me the full zest of those summer days; then dress-parade and a little drill as the day grew cool. In the evening, tea; and then the piazza or the fireside, as the case might be, — chess, cards, — perhaps a little music by aid of the assistant surgeon's melodeon, a few pages of Jean Paul's "Titan," almost my only book, and carefully husbanded, — perhaps a mail, with its infinite felicities. Such was our day.

Night brought its own fascinations, more solitary and profound. The darker they were, the more clearly it was our duty to visit the pickets. The paths that had grown so familiar by day seemed a wholly new labyrinth by night; and every added shade of darkness seemed to shift and complicate them all anew, till at last man's skill grew utterly baffled, and the clew must be left to the instinct of the horse. Riding beneath the solemn starlight, or soft, gray mist, or densest blackness, the frogs croaking, the strange "chuck-will's-widow" droning his ominous note above my head, the mocking-bird dreaming in music, the great Southern fire-flies rising to the tree-tops, or hovering close to the ground like glow-

worms, till the horse raised his hoofs to avoid them; through pine woods and cypress swamps, or past sullen brooks, or white tents, or the dimly seen huts of sleeping negroes; down to the glimmering shore, where black statues leaned against trees or stood alert in the pathways; — never, though I live a thousand years, shall I forget the magic of those haunted nights.

We had nocturnal boat service, too, for it was a part of our instructions to obtain all possible information about the enemy's position; and we accordingly, as usual in such cases, incurred a great many risks that harmed nobody, and picked up much information which did nobody any good. The centre of these nightly reconnoissances, for a long time, was the wreck of the George Washington, the story of whose disaster is perhaps worth telling.

Till about the time when we went on picket, it had been the occasional habit of the smaller gunboats to make the circuit of Port Royal Island, — a practice which was deemed very essential to the safety of our position, but which the Rebels effectually stopped, a few days after our arrival, by destroying the army gunboat George Washington with a single shot from a light battery. I was roused soon after daybreak by the firing, and a courier soon came dashing in with the particulars. Forwarding these hastily to Beaufort, (for we had then no telegraph,) I was soon at the scene of action, five miles away. Approaching, I met on the picket paths man after man who had escaped from the wreck across a half-mile of almost impassable marsh. Never did I see such objects, — some stripped to their shirts, some fully clothed, but all having every garment literally pasted to their bodies with mud. Across the river, the Rebels were retiring, having done their work, but were still shelling, from greater and greater distances, the wood through which I rode. Arrived at the spot nearest the wreck, (a point opposite to what we called the Brick-yard Station,) I saw the burning vessel

aground beyond a long stretch of marsh, out of which the forlorn creatures were still floundering. Here and there in the mud and reeds we could see the laboring heads, slowly advancing, and could hear excruciating cries from wounded men in the more distant depths. It was the strangest mixture of war and Dante and Robinson Crusoe. Our energetic chaplain coming up, I sent him with four men, under a flag of truce, to the place whence the worst cries proceeded, while I went to another part of the marsh. During that morning we got them all out, our last achievement being the rescue of the pilot, an immense negro with a wooden leg,—an article so particularly unavailable for mud travelling, that it would have almost seemed better, as one of the men suggested, to cut the traces, and leave it behind.

A naval gunboat, too, which had originally accompanied this vessel, and should never have left it, now came back and took off the survivors, though there had been several deaths from scalding and shell. It proved that the wreck was not aground after all, but at anchor, having foolishly lingered till after daybreak, and having thus given time for the enemy to bring down their guns. The first shot had struck the boiler, and set the vessel on fire; after which the officer in command had raised a white flag, and then escaped with his men to our shore; and it was for this flight in the wrong direction that they were shelled in the marshes by the Rebels. The case furnished in this respect some parallel to that of the Kearsarge and Alabama, and it was afterwards cited, I believe, officially or unofficially, to show that the Rebels had claimed the right to punish, in this case, the course of action which they approved in Semmes. I know that they always asserted thenceforward, that the detachment on board the George Washington had become rightful prisoners of war, and were justly fired upon when they tried to escape.

This was at the time of the first

attack on Charleston, and the noise of this cannonading spread rapidly thither, and brought four regiments to reinforce Beaufort in a hurry, under the impression that the town was already taken, and that they must save what remnants they could. General Saxton, too, had made such capital plans for defending the post that he could not bear not to have it attacked; so, while the Rebels brought down a force to keep us from taking the guns off the wreck, I was also supplied with a section or two of regular artillery, and some additional infantry with which to keep them from it; and we tried to "make believe very hard," and rival the Charleston expedition on our own island. Indeed, our affair came to about as much,—nearly nothing,—and lasted decidedly longer; for both sides nibbled away at the guns, by night, for weeks afterward, though I believe the mud finally got them,—at least, we did not. We tried in vain to get the use of a steamboat or floating derrick of any kind; for it needed more mechanical ingenuity than we possessed to transfer anything so heavy to our small boats by night, while by day we did not go near the wreck in anything larger than a "dug-out."

One of these nocturnal visits to the wreck I recall with peculiar gusto, because it brought back that contest with catarrh and coughing among my own warriors which had so ludicrously beset me in Florida. It was always fascinating to be on those forbidden waters by night, stealing out with muffled oars through the creeks and reeds, our eyes always strained for other voyagers, our ears listening breathlessly to all the marsh sounds,—blackfish splashing, and little wakened reed-birds that fled wailing away over the dim river, equally safe on either side. But it always appeared to the watchful senses that we were making noise enough to be heard at Fort Sumter; and somehow the victims of catarrh seemed always the most eager for any enterprise requiring peculiar caution. In this case, I thought I had sifted them before-

hand; but as soon as we were afloat, one poor boy near me began to wheeze, and I turned upon him in exasperation. He saw his danger, and meekly said, "I won't cough, Cunnel!" and he kept his word. For two mortal hours he sat grasping his gun, with never a chirrup. But two unfortunates in the bow of the boat developed symptoms which I could not suppress; so, putting in at a picket station, with some risk I dumped them in mud knee-deep, and embarked a substitute, who after the first five minutes absolutely coughed louder than both the others united. Handkerchiefs, blankets, over-coats, suffocation in its direst forms, were all tried in vain, but apparently the Rebel pickets slept through it all, and we explored the wreck in safety. I think they were asleep, for certainly across the level marshes there came a nasal sound, as of the "Conthieveracy" in its slumbers. It may have been a bull-frog, but it sounded like a human snore.

Picket life was of course the place to feel the charm of natural beauty on the Sea Islands. We had a world of profuse and tangled vegetation around us, such as would have been a dream of delight to me, but for the constant sense of responsibility and care which came between. Amid this preoccupation, Nature seemed but a mirage, and not the close and intimate associate I had before known. I pressed no flowers, collected no insects or birds' eggs, made no notes on natural objects, reversing in these respects all previous habits. Yet now, in the retrospect, there seems to have been infused into me through every pore the voluptuous charm of the season and the place; and the slightest corresponding sound or odor now calls back the memory of those delicious days. Being afterwards on picket at almost every season, I tasted the sensations of all; and though I hardly then thought of such a result, the associations of beauty will remain forever.

In February, for instance, — though this was during a later period of picket service, — the woods were usually draped

with that "net of shining haze" which marks our Northern May; and the house was embowered in wild-plum-blossoms, small, white, profuse, and tenanted by murmuring bees. There were peach-blossoms too, and the yellow jasmine was opening its multitudinous buds, climbing over tall trees, and waving from bough to bough. There were fresh young ferns and white bloodroot in the edges of woods, matched by snowdrops in the garden, beneath budded myrtle and *Petisporum*. In this wilderness the birds were busy; the two main songsters being the mocking-bird and the cardinal-grosbeak, which monopolized all the parts of our more varied Northern orchestra save the tender and liquid notes, which in South Carolina seemed unattempted except by some stray blue-bird. Jays were as loud and busy as at the North in autumn; there were sparrows and wrens; and sometimes I noticed the shy and whimsical chewink.

From this early spring-time onward, there seemed no great difference in atmospheric sensations, and only a succession of bloom. After two months one's notions of the season grew bewildered, just as very early rising bewilders the day. In the army one is perhaps roused after a bivouac, marches before daybreak, halts, fights, somebody is killed, a long day's life has been lived, and after all it is not seven o'clock, and breakfast is not ready. So when we had lived in summer so long as hardly to remember winter, it suddenly occurred to us that it was not yet June. One escapes at the South that mixture of hunger and avarice which is felt in the Northern summer, counting each hour's joy with the sad consciousness that an hour is gone. The compensating loss is in missing those soft, sweet, liquid sensations of the Northern spring, that burst of life and joy, those days of heaven that even April brings; and this absence of childhood in the year creates a feeling of hardness in the season, like that I have suggested in the melody of the Southern birds. It seemed to me also that the woods had

not those pure, clean, *innocent* odors which so abound in the New England forest in early spring; but there was something luscious, voluptuous, almost oppressively fragrant about the magnolias, as if they belonged not to Hebe, but to Magdalen.

Such immense and lustrous butterflies I had never seen but in dreams; and not even dreams had prepared me for sand-flies. Almost too small to be seen, they inflicted a bite which appeared larger than themselves,—a positive wound, more torturing than that of a mosquito, and leaving more annoyance behind. These tormentors elevated dress-parade into the dignity of a military engagement. I had to stand motionless, with my head a mere nebula of winged atoms, while tears rolled profusely down my face, from mere muscular irritation. Had I stirred a finger, the whole battalion would have been slapping its cheeks. Such enemies were, however, a valuable aid to discipline, on the whole, as they abounded in the guard-house, and made that institution an object of unusual abhorrence among the men.

The presence of ladies, and the home-like air of everything, made the picket station a very popular resort while we were there. It was the one agreeable ride from Beaufort, and we often had a dozen people unexpectedly to dinner. On such occasions there was sometimes mounting in hot haste, and an eager search among the outlying plantations for additional chickens and eggs, or through the company kitchens for some of those villanous tin cans which everywhere marked the progress of our army. In those cans, so far as my observation went, all fruits relapsed into a common acidulation, and all meats into a similarity of tastelessness; while the "condensed milk" was best described by the men, who often unconsciously stumbled on a better joke than they knew, and always spoke of it as *condemned* milk.

We had our own excursions too,—to the Barnwell plantations, with their beautiful avenues and great live-oaks,

the perfection of Southern beauty,—to Hall's Island, debatable ground, close under the enemy's fire, where half-wild cattle were to be shot, under military precautions, like Scottish moss-trooping,—or to the ferry, where it was fascinating to the female mind to scan the Rebel pickets through a field-glass. Our horses liked the by-ways far better than the level hardness of the Shell Road, especially those we had brought from Florida, which enjoyed the wilderness as if they had belonged to Marion's men. They delighted to feel the long sedge brush their flanks, or to gallop down the narrow wood-paths, leaping the fallen trees, and scaring the bright little lizards which shot across our track like live rays broken from the sunbeams. We had an abundance of horses, mostly captured and left in our hands by some convenient delay of the post quartermaster. We had also two side-saddles, which, not being munitions of war, could not properly (as we explained) be transferred like other captured articles to the general stock; otherwise the P. Q. M. (a married man) would have showed no unnecessary delay in their case. For miscellaneous accommodation was there not an ambulance,—that most inestimable of army conveniences, equally ready to carry the merry to a feast or the wounded from a fray. "Ambulance" was one of those words, rather numerous, which Ethiopian lips were not framed by Nature to articulate. Only the highest stages of colored culture could compass it; on the tongue of the many it was transformed mystically as "amulet," or ambitiously as "epaulet," or in culinary fashion as "omelet." But it was our experience that an ambulance under any other name jolted equally hard.

Beside these diversions, we had more laborious vocations,—a good deal of fatigue, and genuine, though small, alarms. The men went on duty every third day at furthest, and the officers nearly as often,—most of the tours of duty lasting twenty-four hours, though the stream was considered to watch itself tolerably well by daylight. This

kind of responsibility suited the men ; and we had already found, as the whole army afterwards acknowledged, that the constitutional watchfulness and distrustfulness of the colored race made them admirable as sentinels. Soon after we went on picket, the commanding general sent an aid, with a cavalry escort, to visit all the stations, without my knowledge. They spent the whole night, and the officer reported that he could not get within thirty yards of any post without a challenge. This was a pleasant assurance for me ; since our position seemed so secure, compared with Jacksonville, that I had feared some relaxation of vigilance, while yet the safety of all depended on our thorough discharge of duty.

Jacksonville had also seasoned the men so well that they were no longer nervous, and did not waste much powder on false alarms. The Rebels made no formal attacks, and rarely attempted to capture pickets. Sometimes they came stealing through the creeks in "dug-outs," as we did on their side of the water, and occasionally an officer of ours was fired upon while making his rounds by night. Often some boat or scow would go adrift, and sometimes a mere dark mass of river-weed would be floated by the tide past the successive stations, eliciting a challenge and perhaps a shot from each. I remember the vivid way in which one of the men stated to his officer the manner in which a faithful picket should do his duty, after challenging, in case a boat came in sight. "Fus' thing I shoot, and den I shoot, and den I shoot again. Den I creep-creep up near de boat, and see who dey in 'em ; and s'pose anybody pop up he head, den I shoot again. S'pose I fire my forty rounds. I tink he hear at de camp and send more mans," — which seemed a reasonable presumption. This soldier's name was Paul Jones, a daring fellow, quite worthy of his namesake.

In time, however, they learned quieter methods, and would wade far out in the water, there standing motionless at last, hoping to surround and capture these

floating boats, though, to their great disappointment, the prize usually proved empty. On one occasion they tried a still profounder strategy ; for an officer visiting the pickets after midnight, and hearing in the stillness a portentous snore from the end of the causeway (our most important station), straightway hurried to the point of danger, with wrath in his soul. But the sergeant of the squad came out to meet him, imploring silence, and explaining that they had seen or suspected a boat hovering near, and were feigning sleep in order to lure and capture those who would entrap them.

The one military performance at the picket station of which my men were utterly intolerant was an occasional flag of truce, for which this was the appointed locality. These farces, for which it was our duty to furnish the stock actors, always struck them as being utterly despicable, and unworthy the serious business of war. They felt, I suppose, what Mr. Pickwick felt, when he heard his counsel remark to the counsel for the plaintiff, that it was a very fine morning. It goaded their souls to see the young officers from the two opposing armies salute each other courteously, and interchange cigars. They despised the object of such negotiations, which was usually to send over to the enemy some family of Rebel women who had made themselves quite intolerable on our side, but were not above collecting a subscription among the Union officers, before departure, to replenish their wardrobes. The men never showed disrespect to these women by word or deed, but they hated them from the bottom of their souls. Besides, there was a grievance behind all this. The Rebel order remained unrevoked which consigned the new colored troops and their officers to a felon's death, if captured ; and we all felt that we fought with ropes round our necks. "Dere 's no flags ob truce for us," the men would contemptuously say. "When de Secesh fight de *Fus' Souf*" (First South Carolina), "he fight in earnest." Indeed, I myself took it

as rather a compliment when the commander on the other side—though an old acquaintance of mine in Massachusetts and in Kansas—at first refused to negotiate through me or my officers,—a refusal which was kept up, greatly to the enemy's inconvenience, until our men finally captured some of the opposing pickets, and their friends had to waive all scruples in order to send them supplies. After this there was no trouble, and I think that the first Rebel officer in South Carolina who officially met my officer of colored troops under a flag of truce was Captain John C. Calhoun. In Florida we had been so

recognized long before; but that was when they wished to frighten us out of Jacksonville.

Such was our life on picket at Port Royal,—a thing whose memory is now fast melting into such stuff as dreams are made of. We stayed there more than two months at that time; the first attack on Charleston exploded with one puff, and had its end; General Hunter was ordered North, and the busy Gilmore reigned in his stead; and in June, when the blackberries were all eaten, we were summoned, nothing loath, to other scenes and encampments new.

GLACIAL PHENOMENA IN MAINE.

II.

ON returning to Bangor, I proceeded at once, according to my original intention, to Mount Desert; but before giving an account of the glacial phenomena on that island, I must say a few words of the physical features of the country between Bangor and the sea. This region is intersected by three distinct ranges of hills, without counting the low range between Brewer and Holden. The first divides the valley of the Penobscot from that of Union River, passing through the townships of Clifton, Holden, and Dedham; the second separates the valley of the Union River from the Coast Range; the third is the Coast Range itself, of which Mount Desert and the elevated islands on either side of it form a part; for all these islands, so broken and picturesque in their outlines, must be looked upon as the higher summits of a partly submerged mountainous ridge. These chains do not run exactly parallel with the coast, their trend being more to the north than that of the shore itself; so that the ridges extending from east

to west, across the country, are not exactly at right angles with the normal direction of the glacier marks, though nearly so. It is this formation of the surface of the land which makes the glacial phenomena so interesting between Bangor and the sea, especially where one can connect them with like traces farther north. The road from Bangor to Mount Desert passes in succession over all these ridges, ascending to the heights and descending into the intervening depressions; thus rising three times from the bottom of a valley over the ridge intervening between it and the next valley, before reaching the southern coast of the large shore islands.* Over all the elevations and in all the valley bottoms one may trace, in unbroken continuity, and almost at right angles with the direction of the mountains and of the valleys, the same set of lines or glacial marks that we have already traced to the north of Bangor, running due north and south until they disappear under the arm of the sea which separates

* Compare Chace's map of Maine.

Mount Desert from the coast. They reappear on the north shore of the island itself, passing over its higher summits to lose themselves finally under the level of the ocean. Not only are the characteristic marks to be followed along the entire length of the road, but the whole surface of the country is *moutonnée*; namely, worn into those rounded, knoll-like surfaces so frequently alluded to in this and previous articles, and so well known in Switzerland as due to glacial action. Bald Mountain is a striking example of this kind of hill.

This region is literally strewn with huge boulders, sometimes forty or fifty feet high. For the most part they seem to belong to the neighboring hills, and have not travelled a great distance. There are many of these boulders, however, which add their testimony to show that the path of the great ice-plough has been from north to south. This is especially the case with the granite rock of Dedham, so well characterized by its large feldspar crystals, detached masses of which are frequently found to the south of that locality, but never to the north of it. Occasional boulders of a much more northern origin are not wanting. Another link in the evidence is that, wherever the marks are preserved on any abruptly rising ground, they occur on its northern side, and do not appear on the southern one. Evidently the abrading agent advanced from the north, pushed up and over the face presented to it, while the southern face was comparatively protected, the rigid mass no doubt often bridging the opposite declivity without even touching it. I suppose these facts, which perhaps seem insignificant in themselves, must be far less expressive to the general observer than to one who has seen this whole set of phenomena in active operation. To me they have been for many years so familiar in the Alpine valleys, and their aspect in those regions is so identical with the facts above described, that, paradoxical as the statement may seem, the presence

of the ice is now an unimportant element to me in the study of glacial phenomena. It is no more essential to the investigator, who has once seen its connection with the facts, than is the flesh which once clothed it to the anatomist who studies the skeleton of a fossil animal. In the face of these facts it seems preposterous to assume that the loose materials and boulders scattered over this interval should have been stranded by icebergs driven inward from the sea-shore by currents or tidal waves. The whole movement, whatever its cause, was unquestionably in the opposite direction. The testimony of the loose materials and erratic boulders is the same all over the United States. They are always of northern birth. I have never seen a single fragment of rock from any more southern locality resting upon glaciated surfaces to the north of them, though I have searched for them from the Atlantic coast to Iowa.

The picturesque island of Mount Desert lies on the southern shore of Maine, in Hancock County, and is separated from the mainland by a narrow arm of the sea. Much higher in the centre than on the margin, its mountains seem, as one draws near, to rise abruptly from the sea. It is cleft through the middle by a deep fiord, known as Somes's Sound, dividing the southern half of the island into two unequal portions; and its shores are indented by countless bays and coves, which add greatly to its beauty. We entered the island on the northwestern side, from Trenton, and proceeded at once to Bar Harbor, on the eastern side, a favorite resort in summer on account of its broken, varied shore, and of the neighborhood of Green Mountain, with its exquisite lake, sunk in a cup-like depression half-way up the mountain-side, and its magnificent view from the summit. At the very entrance to the island, on passing over the toll-bridge of Trenton, there is an excellent locality for glacial tracks. The striae are admirably well preserved on some ledges at the Mount Desert end of the bridge.

The trend of these marks is north-northeast, instead of due north as in most localities; and here is one of the instances where this slight deflection of the lines is evidently due to the lay of the land. The island is not only highest towards the centre, but narrows at its northern end as it sinks toward the shore, from which it is separated on either side by two deep fiords running up into the coast of Maine, and known as Frenchman's Bay on the east, and Union Bay on the west. It is evident that the mass of ice passing from the mainland over this arm of the sea sunk eastward and westward into these two gorges, acquiring, no doubt, additional thickness thereby, and, in consequence of this change in its normal course, was slightly deflected from its usual direction in working its way up against the shore of Mount Desert. This is shown by the fact that the glacial marks on the northwest shore bear, as I have already said, slightly to the east, while those on the northeast shore bear slightly to the west. On approaching the centre of the island the marks converge towards each other, and regain their primitive direction due north and south, on its more elevated positions. I have often observed in Switzerland like instances, when from some local cause the direction of the movement was slightly deflected to the right and left, converging again at some little distance. In the valley of Hasli, between the Hospice of the Grimsel and Guttanen, are several knolls which afford examples in point. On the upper side of these knolls, facing the higher part of the valley, from which large glaciers formerly came down, marks are carried directly up the slope on to the back of the knoll, while on either side they fall away slightly to the right and left, converging again to meet and continue their straight course over the lower slope; showing that, though such knolls, entirely buried beneath the mass of the ice, are no obstacle to its advance, the inequalities of the bottom do affect in a slight degree the direction of the movement, and render the striæ

less even than over a level surface. Of course, where the ice is very thick, bottom inequalities will make little impression upon the onward movement of the whole mass; but in proportion as the ice grows less, it adapts itself to the depressions and knolls of the surface, in consequence of which the glacial marks lose the uniformity of their trend.

The morning following my arrival at Bar Harbor I spent in examining the glacial phenomena in its immediate neighborhood. At Bar Harbor itself, the marks bear north and north-northwest. A mile farther south they are all in a north-northwesterly direction. The cove of the Spouting-Horn, however, — a deep recess in the rock, where the surf acts with wonderful force, — is engraved on both sides with lines running due north. On the same side of the island, considerably to the south of Bar Harbor, there is a striking sea-wall composed of coarse materials, thrown up in a line along the shore, formed, no doubt, by some unusually severe storm, coinciding with high-water. It resembles the well-known sea-wall of Chelsea Beach. Behind this wall stretches an extensive marsh, formerly a part of the sea. Somewhat beyond it, on the shore, are two very distinct polished and grooved surfaces, with the lines running due north. On the afternoon of the same day, I ascended Green Mountain. Along the lower part of the road the marks run northwest, then north-northwest, converging more and more toward their normal course, until, after passing the first summit, and thence upward, they lose entirely the slanting direction impressed upon them by the deflection of the ice about Frenchman's Bay, and run due north again. All the way up the last slope of the mountain, wherever the rock is exposed, may be seen well-engraved flat surfaces of rose-colored protogine, on which the scratches and grooves sometimes run for twenty feet without any perceptible interruption. On the very summit is a quartz dike cut to the same level with the general outline of the knoll, on which

the marks are very distinct. I arrived on the extreme point—where the southern descent is so abrupt that the mountain seems to plunge into the ocean—just at sunset. The sea as far as the eye could reach was still glowing with color; amethyst clouds floated over the numerous islands to the southwest; while on the other side in the gathering shadows lay the little lake midway on the mountain slope, and, below, the many inlets, coves, and islands of Frenchman's Bay.

On the following day, we crossed to the opposite side of the island, skirting *Somes's Sound*, and the next morning entered the sound in a small schooner. A stiff breeze from the north, which obliged us to tack constantly, and made our progress very slow, prevented us from exploring this singular inlet for its whole length; but short as it was, our sail gave me ample opportunity for observing the glacial phenomena along its shores. At the mouth of the sound, before entering the narrows, there are several concentric terminal moraines on both sides of the fiord. No doubt they once stretched across it, and were broken through by the sea. On either side, to the right and left, in ascending the sound, are little valleys running down to the water; and evidently they have all had their local glaciers, for there are terminal moraines at the mouth of each one. These facts only confirmed my anticipations. I had seen, on passing the head of the fiord, in our drive of the previous day, that it must from its formation afford an admirable locality for glacial remains, unless they had been swept away by the sea. The small town of *Somesville* is beautifully situated at the head of the sound. Approaching it from the east, I observed that the glacial marks which had been pointing due north began to point west-northwest, while on the western side of the settlement they pointed east-northeast. Evidently there is an action here similar to that by which the marks are deflected on the northern shore of the island about Frenchman's Bay and

Union Bay. The mass of ice coming from the north had been gradually sinking into the fiord from opposite sides. Near *Somesville church* the marks run again due north.

The extensive surfaces of polished and scratched rocks in this locality recall the celebrated *Helle-Platten* of the valley of *Hasli*. From Southwest Harbor we followed the shore to Bass Harbor and Seal Cove. There are frequent indications of glacial action along this road, and one or two points of special interest. At Bass Harbor there is a large dike of green trap running at right angles with the tide current. Though regularly overflowed at high-water, the action of the sea has not affected the glacial characters, which are peculiarly distinct at this spot. Not only is the surface of the dike itself deeply scored with striæ and furrows running due north, but, being of a softer quality than the granitic rock which it intersects, it has been cut to a little lower level, and the vertical walls of the fissure are polished, scratched, and grooved in the same way. I met here with one of those incidents showing the character of the working-class in America which always strike a European with astonishment. There was a blacksmith's shop near this dike, and being extremely anxious to obtain a specimen from it on account of the clearness of its glacial characters, I requested the head workman, who had been watching my observations with a good deal of interest, to break me off a piece. It was not an easy task, for there were no angles, the dike being sunk below the surrounding surface and perfectly smooth. After a time, and not without some hard work, a wedge was driven in, and with the help of a crow-bar two or three very satisfactory specimens were pried out. I naturally wished to pay the man for his labor; but he refused to take anything, saying that he saw I was a geologist travelling for the sake of investigation. He added, that he subscribed for one or two papers and magazines: perhaps he should meet with some of the published results of

my journey one of these days, and that would be the best reward for the little help he had given. Seeing his interest in the object of my researches, I explained to him the significance of this dike, showed him the direction of the marks pointing straight to the north, and evidently entirely independent of tidal action, since they ran at right angles with it. As I bade him good by, he said, "Henceforth this dike shall be my compass; I shall know when the wind blows due north." The locality was, indeed, especially interesting from several points of view. It is one of the few instances I have seen in which a dike, being composed of a softer paste than the adjoining rock, has yielded more readily to the ice-plough, and is cut to a lower level, thus forming a broad, flat furrow, the upright walls of which are scored as deeply as the horizontal surface of the dike. Another most important fact is, that the tide daily flows across these marks. Evidently, then, they have not been made by water, since water has no power to erase them, or to obscure them by other lines of the same kind. A mile and a half to the south of Bass Harbor there is a ledge facing north, on which the glacial characters also point to the north. At Seal Cove, however, on the southwestern shore, the marks have again a north-northwesterly direction. South of Seal Cove all the surface inequalities are *moutonnées*, the striae running north-northwest. We returned to Trenton bridge by the western shore, having thus skirted the whole island.

Before closing these remarks I wish to allude, in passing, to some other facts connected with this investigation, which I could not easily notice at an earlier time without interrupting my narrative. East and south of Bangor there are considerable deposits of faintly laminated clays, used for the manufacture of bricks, in which striated pebbles and patches of sand are sparsely interspread. I take it for granted that the clays are morainic materials remodelled by the floods arising from the melting of the

great glaciers, and the pebbles and sands the droppings of icebergs floating upon these waters. This is the more probable, since accumulations of irregularly stratified sand are always found in the vicinity of such masses of sifted clays, containing scratched pebbles. I have seen similar deposits in the Western States, for instance, near Milwaukee and Chicago.

Between Bangor and Mount Desert the usual evidence of glaciation is very extensive. I would mention as particularly interesting the hills south of Holden and the hills about Dedham. On the route along Union Bay there are also extensive polished surfaces, especially in the vicinity of Bucksport. Near Ellsworth they are beautifully preserved, and all the eminences are *moutonnées*. At Ellsworth Falls, on both sides of the bridge, there are splendid polished surfaces, with scratches and furrows pointing due north. Between Ellsworth and Trenton, and westward of that meridian, in the direction of Bucksport, there are several longitudinal moraines parallel to one another, running from north to south, composed of large, angular boulders, resting upon ground moraines made up of rounded, scratched pebbles and sand mixed with clay. Such a superposition is utterly incompatible with the idea of currents passing over these tracks. Two miles west of Ellsworth a similar longitudinal moraine runs over the top of the hill, and about one mile farther west there is another, chiefly composed of the coarse Dedham granite. The bottom deposit, upon which these moraines rest, consists of fine sand and loam with scratched pebbles. Seven or eight miles west of West Ellsworth the hills, consisting of clay slates on edge, trending from east to west, are abraded, and upon the polished surfaces of their levelled edges rest two other longitudinal moraines, with angular boulders of Dedham granite, running from north to south, and resting upon an extensive ground moraine containing many smaller rounded and striated boulders. Ten miles west of Ellsworth there is still

another longitudinal moraine ; but the largest of all these parallel moraines is about three miles farther west, that is, about thirteen miles west of Ellsworth. Half a mile south of Bucksport the clay slates are nearly vertical, and their up-turned edges are evenly polished and scratched. These surfaces are partially covered with the mud of the Penobscot River. Similar facts may be traced all the way between Bucksport and Bangor. Everywhere the scratches point due north.

The coast range east and west of Somes's Sound is divided into a series of hills by transverse valleys, in most of which there are small lakes formed by transverse moraines at their southern extremity. Beginning east, and not counting the less-prominent peaks, we have, first, Newport Mountain ; next, Kebo and Green Mountains ; then, Jordan Mountain, Bobbey Mountain, Hadlock or Pond Mountain, and Westcot Mountain, all to the east of Somes's Sound ; then follow Dog Mountain, Defile Mountain, Beach Hill, and West Mountain, all on the west side of Somes's Sound. Denning's Pond, which I have examined more in detail, lies between Dog Mountain and Defile Mountain. The road along the lake follows the eastern or left lateral moraine of the glacier which once filled its basin ; and the lake itself is hemmed in by a crescent-shaped terminal moraine at its southern extremity. The lakes, eleven in number, intervening between the other mountains, are likewise bordered by moraines. We have thus satisfactory evidence that at an early period of the retreat of the great ice-field covering this continent, when it no longer moved over the highest summits of the land, local glaciers were left in the gorges facing the sea.

We have thus traced the glaciated surfaces over the whole width of the State of Maine, and over a part of its length, in a narrow track some hundred miles in extent, from the Katahdin Iron Works to the southern shore of Mount Desert, where they are lost in the ocean. I have, however, sup-

pressed a great amount of evidence which could not easily be presented without maps and sections. I may have an opportunity of publishing what has been omitted on some future occasion. Over this whole region, the glacial characters run due north and south, never deflected except by local causes, ascending, in undeviating rectilinear course, all the elevations, and descending into all the depressions. How is it possible to suppose that floating icebergs would advance over such an uneven country with this steadfast, straightforward march ? Instead of ascending the hills, they would be caught between them in the intervening depressions, or, if the land were completely submerged, floated over them. The advocates of the iceberg theory forget also that an amount of floating ice, so much larger than is now annually spreading over the Northern Atlantic, implies a far lower temperature ; and with it we have the conditions necessary to cover the mainland with glaciers, instead of simply increasing the field of icebergs. Equally impossible is it to suppose that anything so unstable as water has produced such straight and continuous lines.

Assuming, then, that these phenomena were produced by ice, let me add, in conclusion, that the glacial traces over the State of Maine, and especially between Bangor and the seacoast, afford means of estimating approximately the thickness of the ice-sheet which once moved over the whole land, as well as its limitations during a later period, when it had begun to wane. In order to advance across a hilly country and over mountainous ridges rising to a height of twelve and fifteen hundred feet in the southern part of the State, and to a much higher level in its northern portion, the ice must have been several times thicker than the height of the inequalities over which it passed ; otherwise it would have become encased between these elevations, which would have acted as walls to enclose it. We are therefore justified in supposing that the ice-fields, when they poured from

the north over New England to the sea, had a thickness of at least five or six thousand feet. On a future occasion I shall give an account of the drift phenomena along our Atlantic coast, showing also that at that period the ice-fields were not bounded by our present shore line, but extended considerably beyond it, over surfaces now occupied by the ocean. At a later time, during the shrinking and gradual dis-

appearance of the ice-sheet, the ice, no doubt, retreated within the shore-islands. The aspect of the coast of New England must then have been very similar to that of Greenland in its colder portions. Mount Desert itself must have been a miniature Spitzbergen, and colossal icebergs floated off from Somes Sound into the Atlantic Ocean, as they do now-a-days from Magdalena Bay.

THE RIVER.

YOUR life and mine, O constant Heart, are braided
Like two streams into one ;
We flow along, — and now our banks are shaded,
And now bloom in the sun.

For miles I wandered through the placid meadow
Wide stretching to the sky ;
In me the wild-flower watched his painted shadow,
In me the cloud on high.

But you on the great hillside freshly bubbled,
By secret sluices sent
From some deep source in the rock's heart untroubled,
Where sunbeam never bent.

Into the glad, free ether you came leaping,
The sunshine heard your tone,
And o'er the crested spur your wild way sweeping,
It made you all its own.

Sunshine, or streamlet, or the fleece of heaven ?
The valleys upward creep
Till your far voice beneath the starry seven
Falls singing them to sleep.

Still o'er the lofty ledges lightly dashing,
The echoes cry your way,
The morning radiance in your trail is flashing,
Wild roses catch your spray.

All noontide lustre and all rarest fragrance
About you brood and blow : —
The late chill moonbeams come like pallid vagrants
To reach earth swifter so.

By night, a shining thread of music flowing
Along the clear dark sky, —
The stars about you sparkling, dipping, going, —
Dreams floating down your sigh, —

By day and night, to your advancing murmur
The crystal in his niche
Gathers, the sapling drinks of you, and firmer
Plants him and grows more rich.

The plains, below, a royal sward are keeping
For your white feet to chide,
O joyous brook, that, out of heaven leaping,
Comes wandering to my side.

Two seasons, catching sunshine in our shallows,
Green glooming o'er our deeps,
We wind, where under lee of fertile fallows
Perpetual summer sleeps.

Upon our trace we fling a foam of blossom,
The showers trend down our way,
The sacred azure darkens in our bosom,
The landscapes toward us sway.

Deeper the channel wears, and ever broader
From the exhaustless wells
The rhythmic tides, in their mysterious order,
Slide on slow silvery swells.

A gracious stream, whose banks are set with blessing,
That under tranquil skies
And into calms of golden sunset pressing,
On the horizon dies?

Or drawn to seek the gray and wondrous fountains
Far sounding, shall it be,
A river rushing between mighty mountains
We burst upon the sea?

The hoary and illimitable ocean
That darkly to and fro
Rocks the vast volumes of its central motion
Where no wind dares to blow!

O life my own, let not that awful swinging
Sunder us far apart,
But the eternities confess our clinging,
And pulse us heart to heart!

GEORGE BEDILLION, KNIGHT.

A STORY IN TWO PARTS.

PART II.

CHAPTER III.

BACK in his shop-window, sitting hour after hour, picking at some minute flaws in a watch-spring, whistling bits of "Wind yer horn." The usual half-dozen cronies dropped in and out on their way to the post-office; looked over the yellow pages of the "Tarrytown News," which had lain on the counter for a week, and which they had read every day. David Aikens, the gray-haired, half-witted town-lounger, sat in the sunshine outside, on a chair tilted back, smoking pipe after pipe, until the old brown clock inside struck the hour of noon, when he sauntered off for dinner. They did not talk much: it was not the habit of Tarrytown gossips. "Lennard" was the subject whenever anything was said, or else "G'arge at Orleens." The good genius of the little drama loomed a gigantic and fascinating mystery to the townsfolk; a man who threw real, tangible fortunes about—so many acres of river-bottom, and so many shares of bank-stock—was something marvellous beyond Aladdin. Leonard, passing through the loungers on his way up stairs, nodded with an abstracted face. His dark eyes to-day were full of a dreamy, brilliant light,—the future opened so real and sweet and fair! The shade of deference which the people threw into their manner gave him, somehow, a certain solid footing on the earth; then there was Hetty, whose little face, full of all domestic comfort and love, he had seen in the garden through the nodding dahlias and hollyhocks a moment ago. He felt himself towering into a manhood somewhat akin to that of this unseen brother; although around George there was a glamour which no one else could

borrow,—an atmosphere of romance and mystery with which his Southern home and Len's vague notions of orange-groves and tropical heat and black troops of slaves had much to do.

Sim's lightish eyes stared unwinkingly at his watch-spring all day as he worked, stopping only to rub his sandy face with the red handkerchief lying beside him. Nobody heeded Sim's silence when he had a job in hand, or noticed the restless, serious look in his eyes when he did raise them to stare out of the window at the cornfields.

When they were all gone, in the afternoon, he put by his tools and turned uneasily to the three green-bound books which were the delight and recreation of his life; one a register of the births and deaths in Tarrytown; the next a record of the weather; and the last—in which Sim had allowed himself to become, moderately, an author—an account expanding into detail of the extraordinary events of the neighborhood,—of the calf with two heads born on Barker's place,—of the rise in Sloan Creek above the flood-mark three years ago,—and the like. Sim turned over the leaves of the last book, a gleam of satisfied pride coming out on his face. One thing, at least, he had done in life,—done well. But in a little while he put even these away with a sigh, and opened a little closet in which were ranged phials of exactly the same size, labelled "Eye-Wash." He took his pen, touching the labels here and there, examined the corks, viewed and reviewed them. There was no such cure for weak eyes, he knew, since the days of miracles. It was old Aunty Griffith's famous recipe which, dying, she had bequeathed to Sim, on condition that he should dis-

pense it without money so long as he lived. It is an old habit in the West to hand down secret prescriptions in this manner. The moment a price is asked and given for them, virtue leaves them; and, whatever may be the efficacy of the remedies, it is curious to observe that they are found almost invariably in the keeping of single-minded, pure-hearted men and women, in accordance, it may be, with some old tradition of those to whom was bestowed the gift of healing. In his secret soul Sim cherished an awe of the power thus intrusted to his hands. It had cost him already no little anxiety to decide whom this charge should descend to when he died.

He soon shut the cupboard and sat down, staring into the fire. He was contented with his lot. He had a good freehold in the world; there was no warmer, friendlier, better home than Tarrytown; and he had plenty of work and honor, glancing back at the shop, the books, and the phials. Nobody had such chances of making friends. When he died, there would be a funeral such as Tarrytown had not seen for many a day. He often thought of that.

And yet, the Judge's words had sowed nettles in his thoughts. Was there nothing more? "Home, wife, and children." Sim was a man, after all, with the passions and wants of a man. For the first time, the shop, the register, the thousand neighborly acts that kept him busy, palled; the days to come yawned miserably vacant.

Every one is some time tempted of the Devil; and usually the temptation begins with the consciousness that one is in the wilderness and alone. It dawned on the little barber that he had made a great sacrifice, and that he never should be thanked for it. He had given up money, name, identity even, for this boy, Len, whom he loved as his heart's blood; and now "the sorest rod in pickle for the boy's back" would be to know him as his brother. He thought of a certain busy little body, with quick, soft hands, and honest, sunshiny face. For years the girl

had been dear to him. If he had come to her, not as poor Sim Wicks the cow-doctor, but George Bedillion, with better blood and more power than all of these farmers by whose patronage she lived, it might be that she would have come into his outer life, as he had hidden her already in his heart.

He got up, stretching out his arms, a curious smile almost transforming his homely face and figure. With a flash came a thousand pictures of Hetty in his home,—making it the home of all the world; of Hetty, busy in her tidy, deft little fashion over the breakfast-table; of Hetty, sewing by the cosy shop-fire in the evening, walking gravely to church with Thad between them; of Hetty as wife, *mother*. The bald-headed little man turned gravely to the window, looking up to the quiet sky with tears in his eyes. The young girl that he loved had not a more clean or guileless heart than beat in the fidgety little body at which she so often laughed.

Presently Thad came in, as he did every day, and, climbing up on the counter, began scribbling with the pens he found there. Sim put a sheet of paper before him, and stood motionless. He remembered how often he had played with the child, detaining him until Leonard could finish his talk with Hetty over the briers by the gate. He remembered when he first saw that there was something else which he must give up to Leonard beside name and money;—remembered when he first noted the pink flush creep over the girl's cheek and neck when Len's bright eyes and curly hair were thrust in at the half-open door; the flowers he brought her, the verses which she had brought, shy and laughing, to show to Sim; "for she allays was fond of me—as an uncle, or an old, bald-headed brother." But most he remembered the summer evenings when they had gone, arm in arm, strolling down the ravine by moonlight, and he, having sung Thad to sleep, had stolen after, like a miserable, cowardly wretch, slinking behind haw-

bushes and gum-trees, only to see the black curly hair and the bright chestnut near together, one head bent over the other drooping one; while he, mad with passion and pain, waited there — alone and forgotten — into the night.

Lately, they had never gone out together, — had been silent and pale when forced into contact. There seemed to be a secret between them, the nature of which Sim easily guessed. When Leonard's future was assured, he would share it with the girl he had chosen in poverty. He had fancied, too, that Hetty had shown a new tenderness in her manner to him lately, as if trying to console him for something he had lost.

Before poor Sim had reached this end to his thoughts, the selfish bitterness had disappeared from them, — outgrown, as a poison bee-sting by a wholesome peach. He thought he would go to Hetty and satisfy himself that he was right in his conjectures: to that, at least, he had a right. So, taking Thad by the hand, he went out of the back door of the shop into the garden. Len, just then, ran down the stairs, and out of the front door, taking the cigar from his mouth, and swinging his cap up with a boyish grace that became him well.

"God bless the boy! It's all right as it is." Sim's face flushed, as his heart swelled with self-condemnation. He went on, with his head down. Little Het, watching him from the back door of her house, where she sat sewing, (they had but one garden between them,) saw that trouble had been brewing somewhere for poor Sim. In spite of his sandy complexion, and surprised-looking snub nose, and lean red whiskers, Sim's face was capable of a smile curiously sweet and fine; and just now there was a pain lurking in it which the girl saw in an instant. She went out to meet him, but pretended to be adjusting the pieces of dyed cloth which had hung all day drying on the clothes-line, flapping in the wind. They were yellow and purple, clear, bright colors, and caught the sun finely as she threw the dried pieces in a heap on the grass. They were in keeping with the chrys-

anthemums, and wall-flowers, and other hot autumnal flowers, thrusting their heads out of the green bushes, and holding all the heat of the summer in them.

The pleasant evening light fell over the fragrant garden, — over Het's little porch where she had been sitting, with hop-vines trailed up its sides, and her pile of white sewing on the step, — over the apple and peach orchards, with their juicy fruit bending over the garden fence, — over Thad's flaxen hair, under the bushes, where he had crawled to find the ripest berries. But the centre and life of it all, to his eyes, was little freckle-faced Hetty as she worked with her cloths, — her trim little figure, in its close-fitting blue dress, with a dainty white apron setting it off, — her brown eyes dark and moist as she nodded, smiling, to him, poising herself in a dozen pretty ways in a minute.

Sim took up a corner of the cloth. "The color hes struck in well. There never was sech an expert little dyer, Hetty, I do believe."

She nodded briskly. "That's Mrs. Carr's blue merino. Eight parts logwood, three copperas, one alum."

Sim listened admiringly. "The question is, how did ye pick it up? I mind the day ye chose yer perfession, as one might say, — the day after we put her away."

Sim stopped. The girl said nothing; but she pulled and straightened her cloth, with her head sinking on her heaving breast, and her hands unsteady. Once, when Sim stooped, the big brown eyes, full of tears, were turned suddenly to the church-yard where her mother had been "put away," and then rested on the bald head and bent back of the man who had nursed the dying woman tenderly as another woman might, and had carried Hetty in his arms from the grave. Sim did not see her look.

"They was holdin' a committee of ways and means, like, to see what was to be done with you and Thaddy here. You was handy enough in any house. It was Thad that was the rub. When Squire Barker was hemming and haw-

ing, you raised up your little head from the bed. 'I'll keep the boy,' you spoke out, loud and clear. 'We want nobody's bread. I'll keep Thaddy from want,'—an' then you broke down. An' here 's the end of it," with a backward wave of his hand to the house, his face glowing. "Thad comes to the shop botherin' me with stories of kings' sons pickin' their way over stones, in fairy-land; but I says to him, 'Go home and see yer sister pickin' bread from day to day. That's a tale worth tellin'."

Little Het's tears dried, and she glanced askance at him, shyly smiling.

"Sometimes, I think," he said, seating himself on the end of the well-curb, "the place is like a toy place, what with your wee house and your little Kerry cow and bantam chicks. And you're but a mite yourself. When you're gone, I'll keep the place just the same, for old time's sake. But I ken't keep you."

"When I'm gone?" But her freckled cheeks flamed, and she bent over the cloth-heap again.

Sim shut his lips tight for a moment. Then he went on. "Yes. Married an' gone. When him you've waited for comes, as he allays does, in Thad's stories, and kerries you off to be a lady."

Little Het looked him straight in the face, with a clear spark of light in her eye. She had a clean-cut, firm mouth too, and it had an obstinate pucker in it now.

"I hope he will come," she said, quite clear and distinctly. "I'd be sorry if he never came. But he's a workingman. As for my being a lady, I never was meant for that. I was born to work, and I like it. Feel my wrists, the muscles in them,—they're like steel springs. I'm ashamed of you, Simeon Wicks."

Sim liked usually to tease her. It was as if a cricket chirped defiance. But now, as he touched the tiny wrist, his face grew unsmiling and white; the man's whole body shivered, and his eye fell before hers. She saw it, and

drew from him with a quick, startled breath.

"What sort of a fine lady would you make of *me*?" said the little body, balancing herself before him. "Can I sing? Can I dance? Books always put me to sleep. I'm only fit for work, and I like it. It suits me to manage the toy place, as you call it,—Thad's and mine,—and to come out clear with my accounts at the end of the year. Nobody shall buy me with money, to make a doll of me and tyrannize over Thad. Nobody shall tyrannize over Thad!" growing hotter with every word. "He's my child,—mine and yours," with a sudden, shy gentleness. "You've been very good to us, Simeon." She hastily took the child's hand and held it out towards him. A hot thrill passed over the poor little silversmith. What if he had been wrong from the beginning,—if she were still unwon?

"Do you mean that you never will give up the place? that you never will marry?"

"I—I did not say that."

Her head sank again, and her face turned from him. Her dress fluttered in the wind near him. He put his hand out, with a mad gesture of passion and pain, and touched it. Then a guilty sense rushed over him, like a flood: he was tampering with the love of his brother's wife. He left her, going up and down the alleys between the peach-trees. Little Het followed him, with wide, impatient eyes. He had cooled and mastered himself enough at last. He would cut down this hope himself,—root it out now, in his own eyes and in hers, that it never should grow again.

"Don't be independent in that fashion, Hetty. It's not wholesome nor good for a woman. There's one, I know, that 'u'd be glad to take you into his house, an' his life too. He'd be mighty kind to little Thad here. You've lain near into his heart this many a year." He stopped; it was not an easy task for him to picture Len and his love. "Do you know it, Hetty?"

She put her little brown hands over her burning face. "I have known it a long time," she said; and, after a moment, took them down, and looked at him, with a quiet, happy light shining in her still eyes.

"A long time." It was real then, — an old matter to them. All summer long they had sunned and feasted in each other's love; while he had hungered and whined for crumbs, like a fool, thankful for a kind word from either of them, while they had held the secret close. What was Sim Wicks, the cow-doctor, that they should have made a confidant of him?

"It's good news you tell me," he said at last. "Leonard will make a warm and loving home for you and Thad here." Cold and mean he felt the words to be as he uttered them; but it was all that nature could do.

"Leonard?" she cried. "Did Leonard bid you talk to me of this?"

"He told me nothing. You were all I had, — you two; and now you're grown to each other. I am outside, — outside. That's all right. You are rich: you have beauty, an' sense, an' love; — I am outside. You told me nothing."

The girl looked up and down the long tan-bark path, with a pale countenance. The grave face before her looked down with the power and dignity of some intense feeling which would not utter itself. Yet the words hurried from his lips. It seemed to him that the foundations of his life were broken up and the hidden depths oozing to the light.

"It's bitter to think you've made a great mistake of your life. I don't know ef I have. Sometimes I think ef I'd made more of myself I'd hev had better luck: when I see how I'm wrung, wrung, like a dry sponge, an' nobody gives to me. Sometimes, I think ef I'd let others alone and scrambled for my own footing, — ef I'd polished and rubbed at what sense I had, and come to you as something else than poor Sim Wicks, — for I loved you, Hetty —"

Her head was turned away; it did not stir an atom; but the red blood dyed her neck, her very hands.

"I want you to know it. Maybe it may make your home warmer to know there was one without who held you dear when you and Leonard was children together, fighting and squabbling. I set you apart even then. You were somethin' holy to me, — like one of the children in the Bible, Hetty. Since you were a woman —"

He took a step nearer. A bee, droning heavily through the warm evening air, suddenly darted towards a white flower fastened in the coil of her hair. She turned and looked in his eyes with her own, — dark, moist, a spark of light in their depths.

Quick change of feeling swept over the lovely face, like a cloud, as he spoke.

"Since you were a woman, you have not been like a holy child to me. I've loved you with every drop of my blood and every nerve in my flesh, Hetty. There has not been an hour when I have not thirsted for you. You've been mine, *mine*, — my wife."

The bee hummed drowsily away. For a moment all was silent; then she heard him say: "Some day I will be glad that you have married Leonard. It is only common sense that I should give him up what is his right. It's duty, — duty. But I'm not strong enough to do it now. I'm glad Len an' you will be happy. I — I think I will go away from Tarrytown."

She neither spoke nor moved. She felt him stand close by her. After a moment, he put his hand on her sleeve and touched it, — that was all. Then there was no living thing beside her, but Thad lying on the grass, and the bees hurrying into their hives for the night.

She listened to a footstep going down the grassy path outside into the street, — listened until it was gone quite out of hearing; then she laughed, sobbed out "Poor old Sim!" shrilly, and cried as if her heart would break.

The evening was cool and starlit. Generally, after nightfall, with the ex-

ception of a dog barking at the moon, or the plash of the creek over its stony bottom, no sound ever broke the silence in Tarrytown. But to-night there was a hurrying to and fro,—steps on the street, women's faces peering out of lower windows. Squire Barker's supper in honor of the stranger and Len was a matter in which the village justifiably concerned itself. In one sense it belonged to the public, though only three or four of the chief town magnates were invited. The thing, if done at all, must be done in a manner which would be remembered by Judge Atwater. Half a dozen of the best housekeepers in the neighborhood had been in daily consultation with Mrs. Barker. Mrs. Blenker, indeed, had undertaken the black cake herself, and Miss Sharpley, who had a regular city recipe for boning turkeys, had been staying at the Squire's for two or three days. Late in the afternoon, too, came three bottles of ten-year-old blackberry-bounce from Mrs. Vance, which she had been saving for her funeral. But the old lady had a proper pride in Tarrytown.

About dusk the lights were seen to glimmer through Squire Barker's dining-room shutters, and all Tarrytown knew that the hour had come.

Sim Wicks had closed his shop-windows at an early hour. He sat staring vacantly at the flaring lamp on his tool-stand, until he heard the Judge and Leonard coming down the outer stairs, when he took up his file and began to work.

The Judge came in, a roll of paper in his hand. "Have you decided, Bed-leon?"

Sim turned sharply. "How? What?"

"You have not forgotten, I presume. Do you mean to cut yourself out of this Kearns property for your brother?" holding out the paper. "You have had time to see the folly of it."

The silversmith opened the roll and scratched his name. "I don't make Injun gifts, to give and snatch back agin, Judge," he said, rubbing his ear with his pen, with a dreary laugh.

"You know your business best. But it is my business to tell the young puppy to-night where he can find his brother."

Sim's mouth tightened itself. "It don't matter," he said, quietly.

Len came in, a slightly pompous smile on his handsome face. It was natural for the boy to be conscious that he was the hero of the night. The Judge scanned him with a brief, contemptuous glance. He could not forget that the broadcloth suit he wore, the very gold cable chain stretched conspicuously across his waistcoat, were bought and chosen by Sim Wicks. Sim, looking at him, saw neither clothes nor chain, only the man that Hetty loved and whose rival he had been. His passion of an hour before seemed to him now not only futile, but a baseness at the remembrance of which he writhed. As the Judge and Len went out, the boy felt a sort of patronizing pity for the fellow who was so jolly a companion on ordinary times, but was exiled to-night on account of the strict social rules which it was quite proper to enforce. He hung back a little. He did not know anything more comforting to offer than a little confidence about himself.

"I think my position would gratify my brother, if he could see me to-night, Sim, eh? This foolish town seems bent on making a hero of me. I am sure," he added, with a flush of real feeling on his face, "if I have made myself worth anything, it is because I have had him for a model."

Sim gave a meaningless laugh, driving in a pivot.

"Well, good night, old fellow."

"Good night."

There were two or three taps at the door during the evening,—some of Sim's chums coming to gossip over the event of the day. He looked up listlessly when he heard them, and took no further heed. The little steel file and silver wire lay where he had dropped them; the fire smouldered, in a bed of white ashes, on the lower bars; the old brown clock ticked

on past the hours of nine, ten, eleven, and still the little man sat motionless, his head on his hands and his elbows on his knees, staring down on the brick hearth and listening.

He knew, as if he had had a clairvoyant's eye, how this evening crept on at Squire Barker's supper-table, until the moment came when his secret was to be made known. When the wine was brought on and Len's health was given, and he, rising with his flushed face and boyish awkwardness, proposed the health of the brother so dear to him, so ennobled in all of their eyes, whom he had never seen, — that would be the time when Atwater would tell the truth.

As the moment approached, the color left the poor silversmith's face. His jaws worked mechanically; his fingers beat his knees, like an hysterical woman's. He did not once think of the others, or how they would listen to this story.

It was Leonard — when he found himself the brother of the barber, — the cow-doctor. "He will curse the hour I was born," were the only words that Sim spoke even to himself.

At last the sound came he had waited for, — the shuffling of feet and clapping of hands from the lighted windows of the square brick house across the way. Then a dead silence. Atwater was up, speaking. He could hear the cracked, rasping voice even here, so strained was his hearing.

There followed a long pause. Sim got up. Surely Leonard would come, — barber or cow-doctor though he might be. He was his brother, bone and flesh the same, — he was his brother. After all — but how could the boy know how he had loved him?

The door of Squire Barker's house opened and closed; there was a lingering, uncertain step coming across the street; then the shop door fell back suddenly, and Leonard stood in the entrance. He had thrust back his carefully curled hair roughly; his face was pinched and livid, his cravat untied as if for breath. The two men

faced each other a moment in absolute silence.

"If this damnable story be true, why don't you claim me for your brother?" broke from the younger man.

There was no answer.

Len looked at the low, awkward, square figure, made up of Nature's odds and ends, at the commonplace red face with its ragged edge of light hair, at the worn brown clothes, — down into this had his ideal brother gone! He, — Leonard Bedillion, — who had struggled all his life to separate himself from the boors about him, had been living on the charity of one of the meanest of them all! He took up a glass of water and gulped it down.

"I'm not ungrateful, — I know what you have done, Sim — George —" He grew more colorless at the word, and stood silent.

"I do not claim that name," said Sim, in a low voice. "You need not call me by the name of Bedleon. Let that pass."

"I loved him. I loved George Bedillion as no brother ever loved another, and now —"

The little man put out his hand deprecatingly. "I've been mighty fond of you, Leonard," he said in a low voice.

Leonard did not hear. "Now George Bedillion is dead," he gasped. "He never was."

The old clock filled up the silence with its slow ticking. The first chill of the shock over, the manhood in Sim began to rise slowly, quietly asserting itself.

"There is no need for you to distress yourself, Leonard. It was not of my wish that I was known as yer brother. I giv' up the name of Bedleon years ago. I'll not trouble you long. It'll soon pass out of the minds of people that Sim Wicks was any kin to you. I'm goin' to leave Tarrytown."

"I cannot comprehend," with a long, bewildered stare, "that you are Knapp Bedillion's son. My father was —"

"Was a gentleman. Go on, Leon-

ard. I missed my chance from the beginning'. I've had no education, nor opportunity to make a clean thing of myself. I don't know as my birth need count to anybody, — I kin give that up," — an intense twinge of pain passing over his face. "The first few days of a man's life don't matter: it's the years afterwards that makes him. They've made me Sim Wicks, — nothin' but that, — an' you, Leonard Bedleon." He held out his hand. "Let us forget all that has been to-night, an' go back to the old ways ag'in."

Leonard took the hand sullenly and let it fall. "You cannot give me back my brother, and there's nothing you can give that will atone for that. As for the Kearns property, that is cursed folly. I will accept my due share and not a dollar more. As if, now that I know you —"

"You would take it from me? Give it to the almshouse, then. I'll have none of it. I wash my hands of all that belongs to the name of Bedleon to-night. Forever. I've been a fool, — fool! Leave me now, boy. I want to be alone."

When he was alone, — the flaring kerosene lamp throwing strange shadows over the little shop, the fire burnt out dead in the grate, — he sat like a dumb brute, only conscious of the slow tick, tick of the old brown clock above him.

His head throbbed with a full, hot pain; the throbbing mixed with the sound of the clock; and after a long while it seemed to him a voice speaking.

"Go away," it said. "Go away from here. You have given all away, and what have you gained? Where are the people you have served, the brother you sacrificed your life for, the woman you loved? They turn away from you, they live for themselves alone. There is no such thing as love in life. Self is the only true god."

He went, walking feebly across the shop, and looked at the phials. To how many he had helped to give God's good light again? He did not know

of one in this night of doubt and bitterness who would not laugh at his trouble.

He opened the old green books. Once, there was not a name of the old friends and neighbors, or a line written there, which had not seemed to him a link binding him to the living and the dead in one great loving family. Now, the brother who had lain in the same mother's arms, had suckled the same breast, cast him off — because he was poor and ignorant.

He staggered towards the clock; it tolled out its old words: "Live for yourself. Love yourself."

"My God!" cried the poor little man. "I will live alone! I can live alone!" — and, falling forward, his weight struck the floor heavily.

CHAPTER IV.

A FIRE burning cheerfully in a wide pleasant room. Leonard's room, — he knew that at a glance. A green baize-covered table piled with books beside him; two beds side by side at the other end of the room. He got up; his knees tottered under him; his hand, when he laid it on the table to support himself, was wasted and bloodless; his face, as he saw it in the mantel-glass, was haggard and white, with sad, anxious gray eyes looking out from under the sunken brows. Without, the hills and valley, covered with the winter's snow, were darkening in the twilight; Sloan Creek lay ice-bound below.

He stood trembling and irresolute. Had he been dead and come to life again? An actual heaviness oppressed his head. These were real books about him, — Leonard's room, Leonard's dressing-gown that he wore, Leonard's embroidered slippers on his feet.

The door opened and Leonard himself came in, followed by the village doctor, old William Akers. Sim saw the startled glance of both, and how the boy turned pale, and stopped. Doctor Akers came up quickly, and

took his hand, smiling and looking keenly in his eye.

"It is winter," said the silversmith. His voice had gone from him; the whisper that was left frightened him.

"Never mind," and the old man dexterously interposed his broad shoulders before him and the window. "I dropped in to chat awhile over our pipes. Light yours, Wicks."

He complied without question. All energy had so left him that he would have obeyed the bidding of a child. As they smoked, they talked in a drowsy, desultory way, till Akers, taking out his pipe, said: "That is the first meerschaum I ever saw. I've kept that pipe well. John Ridgway gave it to me, in '37."

"That cannot be," said Sim, eagerly, starting up. "John Ridgway died in December, '36. It was the year of the great pumpkin flood. I'll get my green book in an instant and convince you."

But the old man laid down his pipe and looked at him gravely. "No matter; I only tested your memory, sir. You ought to thank God, Mr. Bedleon," not without emotion in his voice. "He has brought you to-day out of a great danger."

"I have been ill?"

"Not dangerously ill in body. But you left your old self behind you in your sickness. Your reason has been gone for months. This is December. To-morrow will be Christmas-day."

"I understand," said George Bedleon, and he turned and looked into the fire, listening to the ticking of a watch that hung there.

The doctor glanced shrewdly from the one brother to the other. "There is no further danger: there never will be a relapse. I can't say that you would have recovered in body or in mind without more skilful care than mine. But Leonard gave it to you. He has not left you day or night. He has been as tender with you as a mother with her first-born."

When he turned laughing to Leonard, they saw that he had gone out of the room. Akers began to draw on

his coat. After an embarrassed pause, buttoning the ear-flaps of his fur cap, — "I'll go now. To-morrow is Christmas-day," he said, towering over the pale invalid like a red, burly St. Nicholas himself. "I — I'm a blunt man, Mr. Bedleon, and have n't words at my command. But I wanted to say to you that we all in Tarrytown know this thing that you've done all your life, and feel alike about it. I never thought Knapp Bedleon's name would be raised up again with the honor you've done it. I said to my boy, 'You don't need to go to history or Orleans, or God knows where, for men to copy. There was a real man here in the silversmith's shop, — copy him.' Well, good by. Keep hearty, and I'll be round to-morrow."

When he was gone, Leonard came in. The boy was thin and jaded. Somehow the twinkle of conceit had gone out of his eyes. They were earnest and steady, — a man's, whose soul had gone down into deep waters and come on shore at last. He came up to the table, and stood a moment, looking down at Sim. Then he touched his hand with cold and trembling fingers, — "Brother?"

"Boy! boy!" Sim cried, and put his arms about him.

"I think I know myself now, — and you. Will you forgive me?"

"I've nothing to forgive," said Sim in his weak whisper. "I'm going from Tarrytown. I'll be out of your way, dear boy. An' ther's things I'd rather forget."

"Yes. But to-night you will go to bed. To-morrow you shall go, if you wish it." The young man helped the other to undress, and in a little while George Bedleon slept as quietly as an infant.

Leonard took him out to drive the next day, when the sun was well up, and the air tempered a little; but it was still a keen winter's wind, and swept fiercely down the snow-clogged ravines. Leonard wrapped him snugly in the buffalo-robe and heaped straw on his feet. Sim had hoped some of the neighbors

would be out to welcome him, but he was disappointed. The street was deserted; pale rifts of smoke from slaked fires were creeping out of back chimneys; even the tavern doors were barred.

"All gone to some Christmas gathering," Leonard explained.

The sleigh slid swiftly along the silent road, the winter landscape defined sharply and clearly under a gray covered sky. They came to the Kearns place at last,—a snug homestead in the cove of a hill. There were fires within, shining through the windows; the carriage-road was beaten down; chickens were picking their way over the snow. All the little numberless signs of habitation caught Sim's eye as they drove within the gates. Leonard slackened the speed of the horse, and walked him slowly up the avenue. He fell, in some way, into the easy gossiping tone which he and Sim used to each other long ago. Both men settled themselves more comfortably in the seat as he did so.

"I have determined to leave Tarrytown," he said. "Judge Atwater advised me to go to a large Western city. There is quick practice and prompt pay there. In Tarrytown my mind would grow morbid and unhealthy. I wish that you should consent to let me play the part of the prodigal son,—'take the portion of goods that belongs to me and go my way.'"

"The portion, Leonard?"

Leonard colored. He turned his frank eyes full on his brother. "The Kearns property consists of this farm and bank stock,—nearly equal portions. I propose to take the latter, and leave this home as yours."

"Leonard! —"

"For God's sake," broke out the young man, "do not refuse to take this thing from me. Suffer me to feel like a man again. I want to be able to look you in the face, and then I can go to work." He dropped the reins, in his eagerness, and leaned forward:—"Brother?"

Sim's eyes filled with tears. "It shall be as you wish," he said.

"It is my Christmas gift," said Len, and he whipped up the horses and broke into a cheery whistle.

Now before this Sim had kept silence. There was not a vulgar word or accent that escaped his lips which did not drive this new-found love of his brother back from him, he fancied. But looking in Len's face now, the fancy seemed paltry and false. There was a kinship between them with which birth or education had nothing to do.

When they came to the house, Sim fancied he heard a buzzing sound of voices; but there was silence a moment after, and they alighted and came into the little living-room next to the parlor. A live room in truth, with the old home born into the new. There was the old brown clock over the mantel-shelf, Sim's chair before the fire, his knitted sack on the back, his slippers in front, a cupboard identical with that which held the eye-wash at home, and on the hearth the big earthen pitcher steaming full of apple-toddy. Sim sat down, pulled on the green wamuses and the slippers: Leonard had gone out to look after the horse, and he had a mind to humor the boy's whim of seeing him at home. The clock ticked away furiously; but what was this it said? Not the old words surely!

He put out his hand, and it fell on his green book. When he opened it, and his eye ran over the names of old friends and neighbors, living and dead, the old fancy came to him that it was a great family. He wondered if he belonged to it,—if, in their homes on Christmas, anybody thought of old Sim. Why, there was not a man or boy in Tarrytown whom the poor, solitary old fellow had not tried to make a friend of, some time in his life!

There was a low rustle behind him, the stealthy opening of a door, and when he turned there they were! All of them,—from Squire Barker to Joe the hostler. Tarrytown was but a hamlet, after all; so that they could crowd into Sim's parlor easily enough; but there was as much rejoicing and hearty welcome and fun in the faces of these people as

a whole cityful could have held. Something else than fun and welcome, — something in their looks made old Sim's head fall humbly on his breast as he stood up before them, and the words he would have spoken die in his throat. They all crowded about him then. Perhaps the best of it was that the feeling which had brought them there remained unexpressed. They spoke in low voices ; they laughed easily, — the women, as if tears were not far off, — there were so many of them who could remember how the wasted hands they shook had been the last to touch their children who were dead.

They took him here and there through the house ; they joked ; they told him the news ; they brought him, with the touch of their strong hands and friendly faces, out of the valley of the shadow of death and set him fairly in the living world again. Beyond the different name they gave him, no one told him, in words, that they knew the secret of his life ; yet there was not a face turned towards him on which he could not read the memory, never to be forgotten, of some kindness he had done them in old times. They had all brought some little present too ; something towards the furnishing of the house ; something durable, — keepsakes. It was the second great event of the winter : they made a regular house-warming of it. There was a committee of ladies who served up a supper, — which was the wonder of the country-side for months, — and cleared away the remnants afterwards. They buzzed everywhere, like flies. Sim, with little Thad, sat in the little living-room, a quiet smile on his face. Leonard bustled to and fro, as handsome and thorough-going as ever, they said, only a little pompous when he spoke of "my brother." Thad sat quite still beside his old friend. Sim pressed his chubby hand now and then ; but the two old-fashioned fellows were gravely silent. Sim saw little Hetty once in the crowd far off. In the evening, when they were all gone but Leonard

and Dr. Akers, she came where he sat in front of the fire, and stood before him, looking into his haggard face without speaking.

"You brought me no present, Hetty," he said. "Even Thad has knit me a wonderful pair of braces. You gave me nothing."

"No."

The little body moved a step back ; her great brown eyes wandered uneasily over his face. There was a look in them that drove the blood back to his heart. He got up and went out to his brother. When he came to him he put his hand on his shoulder. The wasted lips scarcely moved. "Leonard," he said, "Hetty?"

Leonard's eyes blanched. "There is nothing of that, Sim, — nothing. Long ago, before Atwater came, I knew it was of no use : she cared no more for me than for a cur at her heels. She's too old a head for me, — Hetty Barr. There's a little girl at Wood Centre that I want to tell you about, who is worth twenty of her."

He went back to the little room where she stood, still by the window. "Hetty," he said, "have you nothing to give me? — nothing?"

There was a long silence. She put her little freckled hand in his, softly. "Nothing but what I gave you long ago," she said.

Later in the evening, while George Bedleon sat by his own home fire, with Hetty near him, the old Doctor talked a long time of life and its uses.

"Heaven I have never seen," he said, decisively ; "but this world I have. And I know that an unselfish life never fails of its fruit ; and it has its recompense here, great and enduring, — a recompense, as surely as God lives, *here*."

Then Leonard and Hetty looked with one consent at the poor little silversmith. But Sim heard the Doctor's words as a general theory, and thought how all the world was one great family, and how glad he was on this day, when their Elder Brother came among them, to be one of them again.

MR. HARDHACK ON THE DERIVATION OF MAN FROM THE MONKEY.

I CAN stand it no longer, sir. I have been seething and boiling inwardly for a couple of years at this last and final insult which science has put upon human nature, and now I must speak, or, if you will, explode. And how is it, I want to know, that the duty of hurling imprecations at this infernal absurdity has devolved upon me? Don't we employ a professional class to look after the interests of the race? — fellows heavily feed to see to it that gorilla and chimpanzee keep their distance? — paid, sir, by me and you to proclaim that men — ay, and women too — are at the top of things in origin, as well as in nature and destiny? Why are these retained attorneys of humanity so confoundedly cool and philosophical, while humanity is thus outraged? What's the use of their asserting, Sunday after Sunday, that man was made a little lower than the angels, when right under their noses are a set of anatomical miscreants who contend that he is only a little higher than the monkeys? And the thing has now gone so far, that I'll be hanged if it is n't becoming a sign of a narrow and prejudiced mind to scout the idea that we are all descended from mindless beasts. You are a fossilized old fogey, in this day of scientific light, if you repudiate your relationship with any fossilized monstrosity which, from the glass case of a museum, mocks at you with a grin a thousand centuries old. To exalt a man's soul above his skeleton, is now to be behind the age. All questions of philosophy, sir, are fast declining into a question of bones, — and blasted dry ones they are! The largest minds are now all absorbed in the ugliest brutes, and the ape has passed from being the butt of the menagerie to become the glory of the dissecting-room. And let me tell you, sir, that, if you make any pretensions to be a natural-

ist, you will find those of your collaborators who defend the dominant theory as great masters of hard words as of big ones; and if you have the audacity to deny that man is derived from the monkey, it is ten chances to one they will forthwith proceed to treat you *like* one.

Now I go against the whole thing, sir. When the public mind first took its bent towards science, I, for one, foresaw that the Devil would soon be to pay with our cherished ideas. Under the plea of exercising some of the highest faculties of human nature, these scientific descendentalists have exclusively devoted themselves to the lowest objects of human concern. The meaner the creature, the more they think of it. You, sir, as a free and enlightened citizen of this great Republic, doubtless think something of yourself; but I can tell you there is n't one of these origin-of-species Solons who would n't pass you over as of no account in comparison with any anomalous rat which you would think it beneath your dignity to take the trouble of poisoning. There is n't a statesman, or philanthropist, or poet, or hero, or saint in the land, sir, that they would condescend to look at, when engaged in exploring the remains of some ignorant ass of the Stone Period. As for your ordinary Christian, he has no chance whatever. The only man they think worth the attention of scientific intelligence is pre-historic man, the man nearest the monkey. And this is called progress! This is the result of founding schools, colleges, and societies for the advancement of knowledge! No interest now in Homer, Dante, Shakespeare, and Milton, — in Leonidas, Epaminondas, Tell, and Washington, — in Alexander, Hannibal, Cæsar, and Napoleon. They, poor devils, were simply vertebrates; their structure is so well known that it is unworthy the attention of our modern

prowlers into the earth's crust in search of lower and obscurer specimens of the same great natural division. What do you think these resurrectionists on a great scale, these Jerry Crunchers of palæontology, care for you and me? Indeed, put Alfred Tennyson alive into one end of a museum, and one of those horrible monsters whose bones are being continually dug up into the other, and see which will be rated the more interesting object of the two by the "great minds" of the present day.

And now what is the consequence of thus inverting the proper objects of human concern? Why, if you estimate things according to their descent in the scale of dignity, and occupy your faculties exclusively with organized beings below man, you will tend to approach them. Evil communications corrupt good manners. You can't keep company with monkeys without insensibly getting be-monkeyed. Your mind feeds on them until its thoughts take their shape and nature. Into the "veins of your intellectual frame" monkey blood is injected. The monkey thus put into you naturally thinks that monkeydom is belied; and self-esteem, even, is not revolted by the idea of an ape genealogy. In this way the new theory of the origin of man originated. Huxley must have pretty thoroughly assimilated monkey before he recognized his ancestor in one. The poor beast himself may have made no pretensions to the honor, until he was mentally transformed into Huxley, entered into the substance of Huxley's mind, became inflamed with Huxley's arrogance. This is the true explanation, not perhaps of the origin of species, but of the origin of the theory of the origin; and I should like to thunder the great truth into the ears of all the scientific societies now talking monkey with the self-satisfied air of great discoverers. Yes, sir, and I should also be delighted to insinuate that this progress of monkey into man was not so great an example of "progressive development" as they seem inclined to suppose, and did n't require the long reaches of prehistoric time they consider necessary

to account for the phenomenon. Twenty years would be enough, in all conscience, to effect *that* development.

Thus I tell you, sir, it is n't monkey that rises anatomically into man, but rather man that descends mentally into monkey. Why, nothing is more common than to apply to us human beings the names of animals, when we display weaknesses analogous to their habitual characters. But this is metaphor, not classification; poetry, not science. Thus I, Solomon Hardhack, was called a donkey the other day by an intimate friend. Thought it merely a jocose reference to my obstinacy, and did not knock him down. Called the same name yesterday by a comparative anatomist. Thought it an insulting reference to my understanding, and did. But suppose that, in respect both to obstinacy and understanding, I had established, to my own satisfaction, a similarity between myself and that animal, do you imagine that I would be donkey enough to take the beast for my progenitor? Do you suppose that I would go even further, and, having established with the donkey a relation of descent, be mean enough to generalize the whole human race into participation in my calamity? No, sir, I am not sufficiently a man of science to commit that breach of good manners. Well, then, my proposition is, that nobody who reasons himself into a development from the monkey has the right to take mankind with him in his induction. His argument covers but one individual,—himself. As for the Hardhacks, they at least beg to be excused from joining him in that logical excursion, and insist on striking the monkey altogether out from their genealogical tree.

And speaking of genealogical trees, do the adherents of this mad theory realize the disgrace they are bringing on the most respectable families! There is not an aristocracy in Europe or America that can stand it one moment, for aristocracy is based on the greatness of forefathers. In America, you know, nobody is aristocratic who cannot count back at least to his great-

grandfather, who rode in a carriage, or —drove one. As for the Hardhacks, I may be allowed to say, though I despise family pride as much as any man, that they came in with the Conqueror, and went out with the Puritans. But if this horrible Huxleian theory be true, the farther a person is from his origin, the better; antiquity of descent is no longer a title to honor; and a man must pride himself in looking forward to his descendants rather than back to his ancestors. And what comfort is this to me, an unmarried man? With a monkey in the background, how can even a Hapsburg or a Gueff put on airs of superiority? How must he hide his face in shame to think, that, as his line lengthens into an obscure antiquity, the foreheads of his house slope, and their jaws project; that he has literally been all his life aping aristocracy, instead of being the real thing; and that, when he has reached his true beginning, his only consolation must be found in the fact that his great skulking, hulking, gibbering baboon of an ancestor rejoices, like himself, in the possession of "the third lobe," "the posterior cornu of the lateral ventricle," and "the hippocampus minor." Talk about radicalism, indeed! Why, I, who am considered an offence to my radical party for the extremes to which I run, cannot think of this swamping of all the families in the world without a thrill of horror and amazement! It makes my blood run cold to imagine this infernal Huxley pertly holding up the frontispiece of his book in the faces of the haughty nobility and gentry of his country, and saying, "Here, my friends, are drawings of the skeletons of gibbon, orang, chimpanzee, gorilla; select your ancestors; you pay your money and has your choice." I don't pretend to know anything about the temper of the present nobility and gentry of England; but if the fellow should do this thing to me, I would blow out of his skull everything in it which allied him with the apes, — taking a specially grim vengeance on "the posterior cornu of the lateral ventricle," — as sure as my

name's Hardhack, and as sure as there's any explosive power in gunpowder.

And in this connection, too, I should like to know how the champions of this man-monkey scheme get over a theological objection. Don't start, sir, and say I am unscientific. I am not going to introduce Christianity, or monotheism, or polytheism, or fetichism, but a religion which you know was before them all, and which consisted in the worship of ancestors. If you are in the custom of visiting in good society, you will find that that is a form of worship which has not yet altogether died out, but roots itself in the most orthodox creeds. Now you must admit that the people who worshipped their ancestors were the earliest people of whose religion we have any archæological record, and therefore a people who enjoyed the advantage of being nearer the ancestors of the race than any of the historical savages to whom you can appeal. I put it to you if this people, catching a glimpse of the monkey at the end of their line, if the monkey was really there, would have been such dolts as to worship it? A HE worship AN IT! Don't you see, that, if this early people had nothing human but human conceit, that would alone have prevented them from doing this thing? Don't you see that they would have preserved a wise reticence in regard to such a shocking bar-sinister in their escutcheons? Worship ancestors, when ancestors are known to have been baboons! Why, you might as well tell me our fashionable friend Eglantine would worship his grandfather, if he knew his grandfather was a hodman. No, sir. That early people worshipped their ancestors, because they knew their ancestors were higher and nobler than themselves. To suppose the contrary would be a cruel imputation on the character of worthy antediluvians, who unfortunately have left no written account of themselves, and therefore present peculiar claims on the charitable judgment of every candid mind.

You have been a boy, sir, and doubtless had your full share in that amuse-

ment, so congenial to ingenuous youth, of stirring up the monkeys. You remember what an agreeable feeling of elation, springing from a conscious sense of superiority to the animals pestered, accompanied that exhilarating game. But suppose, while you were engaged in it, the suspicion had flashed across your mind that you were worrying your own distant relations; that it was undeveloped humanity you were poking and deriding; that the frisking, chattering, snarling creature you were tormenting was trying all the while to say, in his unintelligible speech, "Am I not *to be* a man and a brother?" Would not such an appeal have dashed your innocent mirth? Would you afterwards have been so clamorous or beseeching for parental pennies, as soon as the dead walls of your native town flamed with pictorial announcements of the coming menagerie? No, sir, you couldn't have passed a menagerie without a shudder of loathing or a pang of remorse. How fortunate it was, that, for the full enjoyment of your youthful sports, you were ignorant of the affecting fact that the monkey's head as well as your own possessed the "hippocampus minor" and "the posterior cornu of the lateral ventricle"!

I admit that this last argument is not addressed to your understanding alone. I despise all arguments on this point that are. I, for one, am not to be reasoned out of my humanity, and I won't be diddled into turning baboon through deference for anybody's logic. My opinions may be up for argument, but I myself am not up for argument. In a question affecting human nature itself, all the qualities of that nature should be addressed. Self-respect, respect for your parentage and your race, your moral instincts, and that force in you which says "I," — all these, having an interest in such a discussion, should have a voice in it; and I execrate the flunkey who will allow himself to be swindled out of manhood, and swindled into monkeyhood, by that pitiful little logic-chopper he calls his understanding. I am not "open to con-

viction" on this point, thank God! I don't pretend to know whether a "third lobe" is in my head or not, but I do know that Solomon Hardhack is there, and as long as he has possession of the premises, you will find written on his brow, "No monkeys need apply!"

Do you tell me that this is a matter exclusively for anatomists and naturalists to decide? That's the most impudent pretension of all. Why, it's all the other way. Have I not a personal interest in the question greater than any possible interest I can have in the diabolical lingo of scientific terms in which those fellows state the results of their investigations? Have I delegated to any College of Surgeons the privilege of chimpanzeeizing my ancestors? No, sir. Just look at it. Here are the members of the human race, going daily about their various avocations, entirely ignorant that any conspiracy is on foot to trick them out of their fatherhood in Adam. While they are thus engaged in getting an honest living, a baker's dozen of unauthorized miscreants assemble in a dissecting-room, manipulate a lot of skulls, and decide that the whole batch of us did not descend from a human being. I tell you the whole thing is an atrocious violation of the rights of man. It's unconstitutional, sir! Talk about the glorious principle of "No taxation without representation"! That is simply a principle which affects our pockets, and we fought, bled, and died for it. Shall we not do a thousand times more for our souls? Shall we let our souls be voted away by a congress of dissectors, not chosen by our votes, — persons who not only don't represent, but infamously misrepresent us? Why, it's carrying the tactics of a New York Common Council from politics into metaphysics! And don't allow yourself to be humbugged by these assassins of your nature. I know the way they have of electioneering. It is, "My dear Mr. Hardhack, a man of your intelligence can't look at this ascending scale of skulls without seeing that the difference between Homo

and Pithecus is of small account,"—"A man of your candid mind, Mr. Hardhack, must admit that no absolutely structural line of demarcation, wider than that between the animals which immediately succeed us in the scale, can be drawn between the animal world and ourselves." And while I don't comprehend a word of this cursed gibberish, I am expected to bow, and look wise, and say, "Certainly," and "Just so," and "It's plain to the meanest capacity," and be soft-sawdered out of my humanity, and infamously acknowledge myself babooned. But they can't try it on me, sir. When a man talks to me in that fashion, I measure with *my* eyes "the structural line of demarcation" between *his*, and with my whole force plant there my fist.

Do you complain that I am speaking in a passion? It seems to me it's about time for all of us to be in a passion. Perhaps, if we show these men of science that there is in us a little righteous wrath, they may be considerate enough to stop with the monkey,—make the monkey "a finality," sir, and not go lower down in the scale of creation to find an ancestor for us. It is our meek submission to the monkey which is now urging them to attempt more desperate outrages still. What if Darwin had been treated as he deserved when he published the original edition of his villainous book? If I had been Chief Justice of England when that high priest of "natural selection" first tried to oust me out of the fee-simple of my species, I would have given him an illustration of "the struggle for existence" he would n't have relished. I would have hanged him on the highest gallows ever erected on this planet since the good old days of Haman. What has been the result of a mistaken clemency in his case? Why, he has just published a fourth edition of his treatise, and what do you think he now puts forward as our "probable" forefather? "It is probable," he says, "from what we know of the embryos of mammals, birds, fishes, and reptiles,

that all the members in these four great classes are the modified descendants of one ancient progenitor, which was furnished in its adult state with branchiæ, had a swim-bladder, four simple limbs, and a long tail fitted for an aquatic life." Probable, indeed! Why, it is also probable, I suppose, that this accounts for the latent tendency in the blood of our best-educated collegians to turn watermen, and abandon themselves with a kind of sacred fury to the fierce delight of rowing-matches. The "long tail" fitted for an aquatic life" will also "probably" come in course of time. Student-mammals of Harvard and Yale, what think you of your "one ancient progenitor"? Inheritors of his nature, are you sure you have yet succeeded in cutting off the entail of the estate?

We have been brought up, sir, in the delusive belief that "revolutions never go backwards." It's a lie, I tell you; for this new revolution in science does nothing else. It is going backwards and backwards and backwards, and it won't stop until it involves the whole of us in that nebulous mist of which, it seems, all things are but the "modified" development. Well, in for a penny, in for a pound. Let us not pause at that "long tail fitted for an aquatic life" which made our one ancient progenitor such an ornament of fluvial society, but boldly strike out into space, and clutch with our thoughts that primitive tail which flares behind the peacock of the heavens,—the comet. There's nebulous matter for your profound contemplation. That is the flimsy material out of which stars, earth, water, plants, jelly-fish, ancient progenitor, monkey, man, were all equally evolved. That is the grand original of all origins. We are such stuff as comets' tails are made of,— "third lobe," "hippocampus minor," "posterior cornu of the lateral ventricle," and all the rest. "Children of the Mist," we are made by this "sublime speculation" at home in the universe. Nebuchadnezzar, when he went to grass, only visited a distant connec-

tion. The stars over our heads have for thousands of years been winking their relationship with us, and we have never intelligently returned the jocose salutation, until science taught us the use of our eyes. We are now able to detect the giggle, as of feminine cousins, in the grain whose risibilities are touched by the wind. We can now cheer even the dull stone which we kick from our path with a comforting "Hail fellow, well met!" We must not be aristocrats and put on airs. We must hob and nob with all the orders of creation, saying alike to radiates, articulates, and mollusks, "Go ahead, my hearties! don't be shamefaced; you're as good as vertebrates, and only want, like some of our human political lights, a little backbone to have your claims admitted. You are all on your glorious course manward, *via* the ancient progenitor and the chimpanzee. It seems a confounded long journey; for Nature is a slow coach, and thinks nothing of a million of years to effect a little transformation. But one of these days our science may find means to expedite that old slug-gard, and hurry you through the intermediate grades in a way to astonish the venerable lady. Liberty, equality, and fraternity,—those are the words which will open the gates of your organized Bastiles, and send your souls on a career of swifter development. Trust in Darwin, and let creation ring with your song of "A good time coming, Invertebrates!"

Well, sir, you want logic, and there you have it with a vengeance! I have pitched you back into nebula, where these fellows tell me you belong, and I trust you're satisfied. Now what is my comfort, sir, after making my brain dizzy with this sublime speculation of theirs? Why, it's found in the fact, that, by their own concession, the thing

will not work, but must end in the biggest "catastrophe" ever heard of. The whole infernal humbug is to explode, sir, and by no exercise of their "hippocampus minor" can they prevent it. This fiery mist, which has hardened and rounded into our sun and planets, and developed into the monkey's "third lobe" and ours, does not lose the memory or the conceit of *its* origin, but is determined to get back into its first condition as quickly as circumstances will admit. It considers itself somehow to have been swindled in every step of the long process it has gone through in arriving at our brains. It don't think the speculation pays; prefers its lounging, vagabond, *dolce far niente* existence, loafing through the whole space between the sun and Neptune, to any satisfaction it finds in being concentrated in your thoughts or mine; and accordingly it meditates a *coup d'état* by which the planets are to fall into the sun at such a pace as to knock the whole system into eternal smash, and reduce it to its original condition of nebulous mist, sir. Do you like the prospect? I tell you there is no way of escaping from conclusions, if you are such a greenhorn as to admit premises. I have been over the whole chain of the logic, and find its only weak link is the monkey one. Knock that out, and you save the solar system as well as your own dignity as a man, sir; retain it, and some thousands of generations hence the brains of your descendants will be blown into a texture as gauzy as a comet's tail, and it will be millions of ages before, in the process of a new freak of development in the unquiet nebula, they can hope to arrive again at the honor of possessing that inestimable boon, dear equally to baboons and to men, "the posterior cornu of the lateral ventricle"!

KATHARINE MORNE.

PART V.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE next morning at breakfast I told my guardian that I had determined to take his advice, and go to Barberry Beach.

"I think I would, Katy,—give it a trial. Your home will still be here, you know, and your chamber kept for you all the same; and the oftener you come into it, the pleasanter for us. Then I shall let Mr. Dudley know, for you?"

"O, if you only would! That will be so kind!"

Julia spattered her finger with hot water from the urn. She said it was not much hurt; but I saw the tears come into her eyes, and she bent her head over the cups lower than usual, as if she were near-sighted, while she poured out our "fluids."

My mind was made up, however, and neither my guardian nor myself, nor Julia in fact, saw any reason why I should change it.

All my thoughts now happily turned toward Barberry Beach. I grew eager to be gone. On the morning of Emma's wedding-day the gray ponies stopped at our door. I came out to it; and Miss Dudley, in her Siberian sables, sprang lightly from the *booby-hut*, and caught me in her arms, crying, in a tone that admitted no doubt of her satisfaction with her brother's arrangements, "I could not wait to send, you see! I had to come myself for my birthday present."

It was a sunny, glittering, silvery winter's day. The ponies tossed their heads, shook their bells, and soon had us in among the evergreens and Euonymus shrubs that, encased in the sleet of the day before, wore their emeralds and rubies set in diamonds.

Blooming Rose danced, as light as a shuttlecock, through the colored lights that fell from the stained-glass window on the stairs and across the

hall, on her light, elastic toes, to beg me to come straight up stairs and let her show me my chamber.

It did look out on the glorious water, and in it I caught my queen Lily in the act of putting the last touches to an exquisite nosegay of fresh flowers on the dressing-table. As I thanked her with delight, she explained, "O, I only put them in the glass. Paul went to the greenhouse for them."

"Because he wanted to do *something* for you," added Rose.

"And we wanted to keep him out of mischief," rejoined Lily, with a matronly air, as she helped me off with my bonnet, and handed it to Rose, who was hanging up my cloak. "O, he is such a boy!"

"Yes, indeed," said Rose. "It was such an escape, for one thing, that it was winter, and not summer. Do you know, Lily, he said he would n't have put in any green but birch, if he could only have got some?—and he would have put in Aaron's-rod and golden-rod and rhododendron. That 's because, Miss Morne, papa said you were willing to be so good as sometimes to help us with our lessons; and Paul told me he was going to be very kind, and make you a couple of fool's-caps for us, and help you in every way. But I don't think you 'll want that kind of help, shall you?"

"Nonsense, Rose!" cried Lily, half laughing, while she gave a slight toss to her head, as if to reject the proposed decoration. "O Miss Morne, he 's always quizzing her; and she is always believing him! You know very well, Rose, that we need n't study at all afternoons, if we had n't coaxed papa so to let us keep on at Miss Tasker's school; and he says he is going to write and sign a great bundle of 'Please to excuses,' with blanks to fill up, for Miss Morne to give us and put in 'men-

tal arithmetic,' or geography, or anything else that we can't 'learn comfortably and cheerfully in one hour before tea,' with all the help we can get."

"Well," said Rose, "that will enable us to be much more faithful to our dolls."

"I hope you won't think we are dunces, though, Miss Morne," said Lily, anxiously. "I could learn my lessons by myself, I am sure, and so could Rose, too, I dare say, if she wanted to, if we might only study in the evening like the other girls. But papa says, if we did, we should be a great deal more likely to be dunces after we grew up; and of course, as papa says, so we do. He says he thinks he can do as much hard work in the twenty-four hours as most men; but *he* can't study till bedtime and sleep a good sleep after it, and what is too much for him can't be little enough for us. Now is there anything more you would like to have?—or would you rather take a look all round by yourself, and let us know afterwards?"

"Here is the bell," said Rose. "This door opens into your bath-room; and here, you know, is your cedar-closet. O, and here on the shelf—I forgot—is a pair of lamb's-wool soles and another of cork ones! Aunt Lizzy said you would need them in your shoes, on our bare floors, this cold weather."

"Aunt Lizzy told us to have everything put into your room that we should like for ourselves; but we thought we did not like a wardrobe."

"It is so filling-up; and when we go up in the dark, it comes running against our noses. This key locks all the drawers of your bureau, Miss Morne. Lily has been putting a purple cord in it, because she said purple was the most beautiful color, particularly for you," added Rose, lingering in a parting survey of the happy-looking little oak-panell'd room.

"Here are only Scott's Poems on your little book-case," said Lily, at the door. "I put them there because they are so grand, and the shelves looked so empty; but if they are in your way, or you would rather have anything else,

we will take them to the library again." She paused, and drew out a little gold watch about as broad as a silver dollar, —if anybody can remember in these silver-moneyless times how broad a dollar used to be, —and not much thicker. "O Rose-bud, it's half past ten; and Mr. Maddier was coming to paint us at eleven, and we are n't dressed! Excuse us, Miss Morne. Run, run!" Off they ran.

What a cordial, a cordial reception always is! As I smoothed my wind-tossed front-locks at the looking-glass, between the two windows that showed me the sea, I felt as if Care and I had parted company. Notwithstanding, it was with a little embarrassment that I hastened down to Miss Dudley's parlor to request her first commands.

"I have none to-day," answered she, "except that you do your best to enjoy yourself. All of us ladies take a holiday in honor of your advent and my birthday. You have your work-basket? That is *cosey*. Sit down here by me on the sofa. I hope the children have made you comfortable? I looked into your chamber when I left mine this morning, and I shall ask your leave to do so again at bedtime; but the doctor advises me not to climb the staircase more than once a day; and Paul recommends me to 'set up a mule or a lama.' You begin, no doubt, to see into the characters of the two girls."

"So far—if I am invited to criticise—as to see that they are peculiarly kind, well-bred, and engaging."

"No further? Do you see no difference between them?"

"I believe I am learning to. They shade into one another so that sometimes I am thrown back again quite at a loss; but generally it appears to me that, though each is sweet, and neither weak for a child of her age, Lily is the strongest, and Rose the sweetest."

"That is it precisely. As you say, they do shade into each other very much; and yet they are in some respects the very complements of one another. Paul called them one day 'Mind and Heart'; but I told him that

would not do, for it would never do to let one of his sisters get the idea into her little head that she could dispense with thought, or the other, that she could with feeling. The likeness is made still more puzzling than it would otherwise be, by the fact that in each there is a mixture of what are commonly accounted opposite qualities. Rose's sympathies are remarkably ready, and accordingly make her naturally more attentive to every-day matters affecting the comfort of others than Lily; though Lily is not, on the whole, regardless of them. But Rose is imaginative to credulity; and Lily, at present, a person of sharper perceptions in almost every way. Perhaps their difference is more a matter of accidental development than of original endowment. However, it is important that you should know them well; for no one can tell how much nor how soon," continued she, with a soft gravity of tone and expression, "they may be thrown upon your young hands."

"If I might only be taught the system which has made them what they seem to be, I should be most thankful to carry it out with them as often as they are intrusted to my care, or with any other children who might fall into my hands hereafter," said I, eagerly.

"I am afraid I scarcely have a system," answered she, playfully, "or that, if I had, it would require in another household to be changed or abandoned. In fact, don't you think that there lies the weak point in most printed theories of education, and one of the reasons why we find so little help in them? Are they not often merely generalizations of methods which have proved exactly suited to some one child, or set of children, in certain circumstances, and which, for that very reason, must be altered before they can suit different children in different circumstances? Unless I am very much mistaken, my love, no substitute can be furnished to us guardians of youth for the exercise of our own tact, observation, good sense, and good feeling. If we have and use these, we shall be

sure to do well, even with little second-hand theory or none. If we have them not, with the best theory that can be provided for us, we shall do very badly. My brother's management and mine has been on the simplest principles. We loved the children; therefore we loved to have them with us, and therefore they loved to be with us. We tried to do and say what we thought right; and what we did and said, they saw and heard. When they were naughty or unbearably noisy, and seldom but then, when we were in the house, they were sent to the nursery. There, whatever we might occasionally retrench in, I never spared money, time, or pains to keep them supplied with a maid whose *antecedents* I knew as you seldom can know those of any but your own countrywomen. Her place was almost always therefore filled by an American, — always by a person of whose conscientiousness I was assured, and whom I could rely upon to treat the children with uniform respect and good-temper, and to require respect and good-temper of them in her turn. Sending away from papa and aunty was always enough to bring Rose to repentance. Lily, now and then, had to be reported to me for contumacy, and to go into retreat in a room by herself; but all that is over long ago. A hint or a look is all that they want in the way of direct discipline, though all such young creatures must need watchfulness. As they have been for a longer time than they can remember the habitual associates of older persons whom they respect and love, Rose and Lily, I trust, usually know what is right, and wish to do it."

The hall-door bell rang. Presently after, Butler appeared, walked up to Miss Dudley, and said with his usual deferential undertone as she paused, "Mr. Madder, ma'am."

"You showed him into the painting-room, I suppose, Butler?"

He bowed.

"Let the young ladies know. My dear, would you like to come with me, and see them sit for their picture?"

I went with her to the apartment

which had been fitted up for a temporary studio. She had no more than time to greet the artist, present him to me, and ascertain that the light and temperature of the room were agreeable to him, before the twins came in, at a pace unlike their favorite scamper, and, by request, in the dresses in which he had seen them at the dinner-party. They went straight up to him, renewed their acquaintance very artlessly and gracefully, and then took their places opposite to him side by side.

They were to be represented holding by the mane, one on each side, Paul's pony, on which sat the sprite himself, without saddle or bridle. The St. Bernard was as usual in attendance, and Paul had urged the further introduction of Pettitoes, "for the historic truth of the thing"; but Mr. Madder hated "cats and *everything* ugly," and was on that point inexorable. The background was to be painted from a photograph of the shore.

The children were patient; but the light soon began to fade out of their faces. Mr. Madder was obliged to beg that some stories might be told or read to them, and I read from a volume of Hans Christian Andersen till Paul appeared, when nothing further was necessary.

Mr. Dudley soon followed, shook hands with me cordially, and thanked me for coming, with words, voice, eyes, and smile. Mr. Madder stayed to dinner; and as, seated between Miss Dudley and dear little Rose within the mirror-like mahogany panels, I listened to the lively, clever, kindly chat that ran from one to another round the table, I could fancy myself admitted to a partial *réchauffé* of the feast that was held the night that I sat on the cliff.

On leaving the dining-room, Miss Dudley wished for a nap, and sent for Bonner to bring her knitting and sit by her in her parlor. The children all went with the gentlemen to the library. I found myself at liberty to follow out my own desires, and betook myself to the pleasant little retreat of my chamber, which I longed to see again.

The soft-coal fire burned cheerily and safely behind the high wire fender, and seemed leaping and glancing there, like a caged, but living and loving thing to welcome me. I seated myself comfortably at the convenient table, and, wishing to secure to myself some memento of the memorable old year that was soon to be gone, I printed in black letter, upon some thick paper, the text which I had repeated to Nelly on the day of our grisly ride, "This I say unto you," &c. I began to illuminate it with a border of asphodel, cypress, amaranth, and arbor-vitæ. For a heading, I faintly indicated among the flowers a sable hearse, drawn by a pale horse, and driven by the angel of Death, with his inverted torch, standing and looking up to heaven. Time, shorn of his forelock, followed as chief mourner, his hour-glass broken, and his scythe reversed. This I intended to fasten up against my wall, where I should see it every day; and I meant, if the design caught Nelly's fancy, to make a similar talisman for her.

A clear and pretty lamp was punctually brought me as the twilight fell. I bestowed my limited wardrobe in my ample *accommodations*, at tea rejoined the family circle, and, being hospitably pressed to do so, ended the evening happily with them.

When I looked my good night at last to the stars, and the sea, my next neighbor, I said to myself: "Another time I will try not to be too sorry for anything till after it happens. Emma's wedding-day, that made me such a coward when I only had it to look forward to, has not been an unspeakably wretched day to me";—and when I knelt down presently to pray for blessings upon her and *him*, it was with a sincerely grateful heart, I trust, that I thanked God for my own.

CHAPTER XIV.

I WILL try to remember how I spent the next day also; for it was a fair sample of many succeeding days. The

chambermaid tapped at my door at seven; and I admitted her to make my fire. My bathing-room, I found, — unlike any of the chambers and sitting-rooms in the house, — was heated by a pipe from the warm-air furnace below the hall. By the time I returned from my ablutions, the servant was gone. For once, however, I could learn nothing from the open book beside my glass as I finished my toilet, for looking at the waves without, and the tasteful comforts within my chamber.

I have called it a happy-looking chamber. When I left it, I satisfied myself, even in the gray, early December morning, that the house was, as I had thought it, essentially a happy-looking house. Cheerfulness and elegance, rather than costliness, were its distinguishing characteristics. Wealth might underlie everything, but overlaid nothing. Where taste and comfort demanded expense, expense was evidently not spared. But there was no *shoddy*, — nothing that betokened that the inmates had more money than they were used to or knew what to do with, or that was expressly adapted to show that they had more dollars and less sense than their neighbors. The same delicious freshness, above all, still prevailed everywhere, that had given such an air of freedom to the establishment in the autumn. The doors of the sleeping-rooms all had ventilators at the top, and opened into an open gallery, with an old-fashioned white carved balustrade, such as one sees in ante-Revolutionary houses, which ran round the second story above the hall. As I was afterwards shown, there was on the south side of the story above an open window, provided with what Paul called a "respirator," — a triple network of iron steam-pipes, by whose heat the cold was tempered as the atmosphere breathed in.

I came slowly and uncertainly down the easy flight of stairs, that, differing from too many modern stair-cases, seemed more like a hill than it did like a ladder. While I paused on one of the square landings, to gaze at an ancestral-

looking picture, I was spied by Lily, who, in her garnet-colored cashmere, was evidently lying in wait for me. She ran up and took me by the hand. "Good morning, Miss Morne," cried she; "I hope you remembered to dream some good dreams to tell Rose, the first night in the new house. Aunt Lizzy sent me, with her love, to invite you to come in to prayers with me. She is not sick; but she did not sleep quite well, and so she will not be dressed in time."

She led me, just as the lacquered eight-day hall-clock clicked five minutes before eight o'clock, into the noble library. There sat Mr. Dudley already, at one side of the marble fireplace, looking stately and patriarchal, and turning over the leaves of a large old Bible. He rose to welcome me, and to kiss Lily, and then, reseating himself, rang the small silver bell at his side. Lily placed herself on his right hand, and me next to her. Rose followed; and Paul was our file-closer. The servants entered with the imposing Butler at their head, whose white wool made an Oriental turban over his black face.* Their master bade them a kind good morning. They bowed or courtesied, and seated themselves modestly at the opposite side of the fireplace.

When all was quiet, Mr. Dudley read, with his usual simplicity and dignity, but with an unconscious earnestness that surprised as much as it pleased me, after what I had heard of his creed or want of any, a passage from the Gospels or the Psalms. All then knelt, while he offered one of the inspired petitions of the Church of England, substituting, however, for the Trinitarian formulary at its close, the sublime ascription of St. Paul, "Now unto the King eternal, immortal, invisible, the only wise God, be honor and glory through Jesus Christ, for ever and ever. Amen!" The simple services

* Butler had been the body-servant of a South-Carolinian classmate and friend of Mr. Dudley at Cambridge, and, being emancipated by his master's will after his death, came to the North with a letter of recommendation to Mr. Dudley, and entered his service.

were concluded with the repetition, by all present, of the Lord's Prayer.

The servants withdrew. In a few minutes Butler returned to the threshold, and, with his usual pomp and circumstance, announced breakfast. Rose presided deftly and prettily, and had already served us all before Miss Dudley came down. The table was as tempting as silver, damask, cream, new-laid eggs and fresh butter, fruit and flowers, could make it; and the supply of good-breeding, good-humor, and good spirits, which I enjoyed so much the day before, seemed even at that sullen hour unexhausted and inexhaustible.

At nine — pen, pencils, and paint-box in hand — I went to Miss Dudley's parlor, and again reported myself for orders. She was already seated with a large handful of letters. "Correspondence first," said she. "My brother, like many other people, loves to receive letters, but not quite so well as I do to write them. He has more of other things to write. If you will read these aloud to me, Miss Morne, I will go on with my crochet, and afterwards, if you are at all at a loss for the answers, I ought, if there is any virtue in experience, to be able to show you how to write a very gentlemanly letter."

The question came to me sadly then, as it did often afterwards, whether she was not hastening to throw off upon me duties which were pleasures to her still, in order to make sure of training betimes a substitute to fill her place hereafter, so far as a hireling might. However, since I was at any rate, for whatever reason, to be secretary, I was greatly reassured by the offer of her instruction. It enabled me to approach with interest and pleasure a task which I must otherwise have attempted in consternation.

The letters were various in style and contents. Some of the most *intimate* of them were signed with famous names; and others were no less distinguished by tokens of goodness and intellect in the writers. One was indorsed simply, "3d person, — no!" "That is from some stranger," said Miss Dud-

ley, after I had read it to her. "A rather impertinent application! It is to be answered as concisely as may be, without rudeness. My brother says that forward persons are often spared far severer mortifications in the end, by a gentle check in the beginning. It must be owned that he gives it *con amore*. He utterly detests young Americanism." The next bore the superscription, "Yes, — cordially." "That is to be answered in the first person, as it is written," said she, "and to have a space left for my brother's signature." It was a request, expressed with equal manliness and modesty, from a clergyman, for a large sum of money for a charitable purpose. On those that seemed to be from personal friends, clauses — some of them playful, and all characteristic — were written in pencil. "My brother wrote those lines without *looking on*, to save his eyes," said Miss Dudley, as I referred them to her, "and wrote them in that large round hand to save ours."

"Are Mr. Dudley's eyes not strong?" I ventured to ask.

"They would be, if it were not for the microscope; that is the one luxury in regard to which he can neither use nor learn moderation. These letters are from old friends of his, who know his ways, and are glad to hear from him on his own terms. He meant to have a few words, at least, that showed they were his own, incorporated in the answers."

The last letter was read. Miss Dudley unlocked her French desk for me, laid a quire of water-lined paper before me, and began to dictate readily and gracefully, interrupting herself only to explain, with the most engaging kindness, one or another of those many little proprieties on which the elegance of letter-writing so much depends, which seem so obvious as soon as they have been once pointed out, but which so few people are likely to discover for themselves. In the midst of my business, I saw and congratulated myself that my very incomplete education had not come to a stand through

my coming to Barberry Beach. I hardly knew, in fact, which was the best part of the morning's work, the letter-writing or the letter-reading. The former was the best lesson in composition I ever received; but the latter a peep at rich and new chapters in that most interesting of all human books, the book of human life. At twelve, or just after, the last answer was finished.

"To-morrow, you shall have some painting," said Miss Dudley. "Now, will you please to read to me in Mr. Prescott's last History? He has sent us a copy; and I think you will enjoy it."

I did please, read, and enjoy till one o'clock; when the children came in, and we went to walk or drive.

Mr. Dudley gave the latter part of the day pretty regularly to his family. I could see that they all had it in mind to leave me quite free till six; and I was told that the dining-room was at my service, and that of any visitors whom I wished to receive.

About an hour before tea-time, Lily came to seek me there with her slate. "Miss Morne," said she, giving a pluck to one of her *cendré* locks, "do you know the reason that I wear ashes on my head? It must be because I go mourning all my days for arithmetic, — vulgar fractions just now; I can do them, but I can't see through them. They certainly never will go into my head through my eyes. Would you be so good as to see what can be done with my ears?"

"Try cuffing," suggested Paul, following her. "Where's Sweetbrier? *We* are going to do composition."

"In Aunt Lizzy's parlor, all ready," said Lily; "you will have it quite to yourselves. Aunty is in the library with papa."

Off went Paul.

"What is he really going to do?" asked I.

"O, he is going to tell Rose something for her to write down and put in stops and paragraphs. Miss Tasker did not like quite to let us off from

composition, for fear of making the other girls discontented; but papa said it would only make us write affectedly and badly to try to write finely when we were too young; so she said we might manage it in the most labor-saving way we could, if we would only bring her any sort of English exercises. So I am reading the most splendid parts I can find in Macaulay's History, and writing down what I can remember; but Rose always likes something romantic, and Paul said he would make her up a story to-night."

I sent Lily for three pippins, a plate, and a knife, and proceeded to a concrete demonstration of the abstractions, "one third of two, two thirds of one," and so forth, for about twenty minutes; at the end of which she owned a dawning of satisfaction, and Butler came to set the table.

"Let us go to Aunt Lizzy's parlor," said she, "and see if Rose is ready to learn our geography."

Rose was seated at the desk, writing eagerly and then looking up to Paul, who leaned against it at her side, with folded arms, and eyes apparently fixed, under their long curled lashes, on the floor, in all the abstraction of invention. There was a glow of color and expression on his little sister's face as she raised it towards him, that removed all my little wonder that Mr. Dudley should forbid her studying till bedtime. She started as we drew near, as if from a dream.

"Never mind! Go on, Rose," said Paul. "They will be so good as to whisper; and so will we. We are just in the most interesting part of our story," added he, turning to us beseechingly. "It is almost done."

We seated ourselves, and murmured accordingly very gently over Lily's book. But what we said, I did not know. In spite of himself, Paul whispered from time to time so loud, in the stir of his spirit, that I could not help catching such items as "The lists were of a grim and grisly gray. — The block, guarded by two gules, each bearing in his right hand a deadly haber-

geon, was spread with sable cramoisie. — The enchanter read a most unearthly spell from his spelling-book. — One beautiful eye she fixed indignantly upon her base accuser, and rolled the other full of transporting hope upon her champion —”

Lily could not stand it as well as I, — perhaps because she sat nearer. She presently darted from the room, without a word of apology; and peals of fairy-like laughter were heard from a neighboring pantry. (Lily, by nature, loved to swing herself about, clasp her hands over her curly head, and stamp her little feet like an elf, when she enjoyed a hearty laugh; but she was beginning to regard this as very unlady-like, and now practised it “only,” as Paul said, “in the retirement of the closet.”)

“There,” said Paul in a hurry; “now write ‘Finis.’”

“O,” said Rose, with a deep sigh, “thank you, dear, dear Polly! How beautiful it is! What got Lily?”

“The pantry,” said Paul, concisely.

“Don’t I hear her laugh?”

“I do.”

“What makes her?”

“She must be thinking of something.”

Lily returned, calm though blooming.

“Ready for *map questions*, now, Rosebud?”

“O dear, how stupid!” sighed poor Rose, undergoing a reaction. “How I do wish we were going to play *loto*! That plate of cut apple would make such a nice pool,—and I’m so tired!”

“We can have it for a pool for the questions,” said I, “and let the one who first spies a place have a piece.” Rose revived. “You have a globe? It is much better than a map. Now where is Algiers?”

“There! there!” cried Lily.

“Ah, but if you only say, ‘There, there!’ when Miss Tasker asks you, and if she says, ‘Where, where?’ you may not know what to answer. Now, without pointing, try to tell Rose and me exactly where it is, so that we shall see it, too. If we always put every-

thing we learn into plain words, we can say lessons the better, and remember them the better, and teach them the better. Lily has won the first piece of apple.”

Thus the lesson proceeded, with so much spirit on the part of the twins that the sociable Paul begged leave to join them. I consented, on condition of his promising to play us no tricks. He kept his promises, I soon found; and they were almost the only means I had of keeping him in order.

After tea, they all came round me again to beg for a song. I sang to them, and then made them try to sing to me. Paul, to my joy, proved to have a most sweet alto; and the twins could run in their clear, soft canary-bird tones higher than I dared to let them. A good ear and true taste were common to the little trio, Rose and Lily singing in unison above Paul’s stronger voice.

The song over, they went to the library “to see papa and Aunt Lizzy a little while,” but Rose returned presently to invite me to join them there with my work or book. At half past eight, bed-time came to the ladies, and at nine, to the lad.

When he was gone, Mr. Dudley suddenly exclaimed, with a queer expression, “Lizzy, I can’t tell, for my life, what we are ever going to do with that boy Paul of yours.”

“Well, Charles,” returned she, quaintly, “I can’t see, for my part, that *my* boy Paul is any worse than yours.”

“You have me there, I own,” said he, yielding to the laugh that had seemed impending before; and I fancied he might have been favored with a sight of Rose’s “composition.”

When he left the room, Miss Dudley commented: “Paul was left alone under my care for a year, when he was about two years old, while his father and mother were travelling, for her health, in Europe. She was my ward,—poor, dear child!—and one of the loveliest little beings ever seen. She died soon after their return; and Rose and Lily have been also under my care, jointly with their father’s, ever

since. But Paul has always been considered peculiarly mine, peculiarly like me, and perhaps peculiarly spoiled by me; though really I do not mean that he shall be. I do not pretend to understand the management of a boy of his age. That is his father's business. I know only how to love him; and if you have in any child honesty, modesty, affection, and truth, I think you can very well afford to wait a little while for perfection."

Mr. Dudley appeared to think so too. They did not tie up the lively youth very tight, but angled for him, as if he had been a tender-mouthed trout, with a long line, and watchfully, steadily, gently, and patiently secured him.

CHAPTER XV.

THERE was no other event, that winter, of any particular importance to me, except the arrival of a box of wedding-cake from Emma, which I gave to Julia. She knew I seldom liked to eat such things.

Two pleasant out-of-door interests I had, in my Sundays spent at my guardian's, where dear little Phil was learning to jump and crow when he saw me, and in my meetings with Nelly. Every Wednesday afternoon, I joined her at her sewing-school; and every Saturday she came to Barberry Beach for an hour or two to study French and Italian with me, which made a little change for both of us.

It was now a happier privilege than formerly to me to be with her. An alteration was taking place in her, which already inspired me with the warmest satisfaction and hope, and which was before many years were gone to win my more than esteem,—my reverence. If young people can but have a little help and guidance in turning any sharp corner in their lives, it is surprising to see how soon and how far they will sometimes outstrip their leaders. Nelly seemed to have driven round such a corner in the hearse. That adventure was the turning-point in her life.

I do not believe there is room for more than one ruling passion at one time in one mind. I should always advise anybody who wished to drive out one, to drive in another; and perhaps the very persistency of nature, which makes it so miserably hard for some persons to change any habit of thought or feeling into which they have unwarily slidden, has this compensation, that it gives to any principle which they choose to adopt a singularly steadfast power over them. Hereafter Nelly's ruling passion was to be the pursuit of holiness for herself and others; and she was learning to pursue it, in her lonely and disappointed lot, with a single-hearted devotion which I have never seen excelled, if equalled. Generous "Uncle Wardour" gladly furnished her with the material means of doing good. "Aunt Cumberland" was always much propitiated and entertained by the spectacle of "useful occupation," which was her term for any kind of homely bustle and manual labor. In spite of Nelly's constitutional indolence and particular aversion to such occupations, she not only made the *tame elephants* and their successors good cutters-out and sempstresses, but patiently learned, that she might teach them, the mysteries of the laundry, kitchen, and dairy. As many of them as proved deserving of such training, she trained to be sharers in her works of mercy. They sewed with her for the sick, and made for them, with her, under Mrs. Physick's direction, little wholesome delicacies. These she herself, often accompanied by one or another of her little disciples, carried to many a bedside, and administered with her own tender hands. Some part of every day she gave to charity. She brought to her sagacious old uncle, to be locked up for her "for ten years," her favorite poems of Byron, Moore, and Shelley,—the gifts of Mr. Blight,— "stimulants which, taken too early upon an empty head,"—according to my guardian,— "are apt to turn it," and spent her evenings in reading to Mr. Wardour the sound old

English classics, which he liked the best. Indeed, she made herself agreeable and important in all sorts of ways at home. Her health improved materially, when her attention was no longer "concentrated upon herself and her troubles"; and she grew up a lovely, thoughtful, vestal-looking girl.

However, I am anticipating now, and summing up in a few lines the work of more moons. Something else happened, the first spring that I spent at Barberry Beach.

On setting off for Nelly's sewing-school, one raw Wednesday afternoon, I was desired to take Dr. Physick's house in my way, and request that he would call to see Lily. She had returned from a visit of two or three days to a little friend in Boston, with a very sore throat.

On my return, as I put my pass-key into the lock of the front-door, it was suddenly opened by Mr. Dudley, as if he was upon the watch. "Miss Morne, this way, if you please," said he, pointing to the library. It was an unusual proceeding; and there was something unusual in his manner. He did not ask me to sit down, nor seat himself, but resumed abruptly, "Have you seen Dr. Physick?"

"No, he was out; but I wrote the message clearly on his slate. Has he not called? I hope nothing is wrong."

"He has called, and said that he would take you back with him willingly, if he met you. Lily's illness is diphtheria."

I did sit down unasked. "Why should I go?" exclaimed I, with abruptness equal to his. "Is my chamber wanted?"

"You know the nature of the disorder?"

I bowed.

"And you are not afraid to stay?"

"Certainly not."

"He said you would not be, and that he was not afraid to allow you to stay. He even wished me not to make known to you Lily's situation; as he maintained that it would only increase your anxiety, without making any difference

in your decision. But I cannot answer it to myself to let any one approach her in ignorance, except the other children. For them I choose as I choose for myself. Physick thinks that there is little danger — to any one but herself — unless a particle from her throat enters that of another person. We must hope that his opinion is well founded."

"Can I go to her now?"

"She has been wishing for you. Bonner cannot be with her; because she cannot be told the real state of the case. I have sent to Boston for an experienced nurse. My sister is relieved and asleep. She had a sharp attack in the heart this afternoon."

"O, I wish I had not gone!"

"My child," said he, looking at me, in the midst of his distress, with an expression of compassion and compunction which went to my soul, "I wish you may not have come back too soon for your own good! You will remember not to lean over her when she coughs?"

"Carefully, — and not to allow the other children to do it."

He smiled, shook hands, gave me the doctor's directions taken down in writing, and opened the door for me in silence.

I never knew before how dear the children were! How could any one of them be spared? how could more? I found them all together in the twins' large, pleasant nursery, with its two little white beds, two baby-houses, two bookcases, and everything in pairs except the large wood-fire. How light-hearted and unconscious they were, — poor, innocent darlings! — with such a doom hanging over them, of suffering, separation, and death! Rose was curled up at Lily's feet, fondling them. Paul, with Pettitoes on his knees, was reading to her in "The Lay of the Last Minstrel." Lily lay quietly watching the fire, and looking handsomer than ever, with cheeks redder than Rose's. She put out her hand to welcome me; and Paul stopped.

"I'll give you two kisses another time, and none now," said she. "I

mean to be stingy, and keep my sore-throat all to myself."

"It would be a great deal more sociable for me to have mine sore, too," said Rose. "We always have things just alike."

"If you had, I should be anxious; and it's bad enough to be sick. Just think of having a whole pot of black-currant jelly, when you can't swallow a spoonful!"

"I dare say I could for you," said Paul.

"Well, Rose, get him my doll's spoon and porringer, and let him try."

Paul tried, succeeded, fed Rose, and offered to feed me and Pettitoes.

"Some things are n't bad about it," resumed Lily. "Papa has been here almost all the afternoon; and he's going to sit up here all night, and only call the strange nurse if I want her. I think he'd a great deal better go to bed; but if he *will* not, it will be rather nicer, if I keep dreaming and waking up as I did last night, to have something so grand and kind to look at."

The days which followed were not so tranquil, even to the children. Lily suffered more, and Rose perhaps more still, in witnessing her sufferings. As to her danger, her sister, sanguine and credulous, was easily hoodwinked. In that respect the others were less happy.

Paul asked no questions but of the faces of those about him; but completely sobered, still, and pale, he hovered about Lily's bed, wasting away almost as fast as she did, and watching his chance to wait upon her from morning till night, except when his father sent him out for a ride. I had no idea up to that time of the depth of his attachment to her. Rose was his chief playmate, and Lily, in protecting her against his pranks, often his antagonist.

As silent and observant as her brother, Lily went on, from hour to hour and from day to day, with a patient firmness very remarkable in a child of her age and her excitable temperament. But at length one afternoon, when the doctor had paid a third visit since morning,

she beckoned to her father on his return to her chamber. It was very difficult for her now to speak. He came close.

"Papa, why does Dr. Physick come so often?"

"To try to relieve you, my dear little girl," replied he.

She rolled her head restlessly on her high pillows. "I know, but—papa!—he can't relieve me! Shall I have to die?"

What a question! He waited, and raised her in his arms before he answered it. The answer, when it came, was as frank as it was tender. "I hope not, my own darling; but that must be as our Heavenly Father says. He knows more than we can; and he will choose the best and kindest time to send for every one of us to come up to him. We have only to be like brave, obedient soldiers, ready to rush after our Captain, whenever and wherever God calls us."

I wondered how the little thing would bear it. She spoke again presently, as if such ideas were no strangers to her. The children, I knew, always talked with their father, on Sunday afternoon, in the library over the New Testament. "I would not be a coward," said Lily. "I am not afraid—much.—I hope I sha' n't be homesick in heaven.—I will try to be faithful and ready.—I should n't like to have Paul and Rose forget me, and leave off caring about me."

"We sha' n't leave off caring!" said Paul, coming out from some lurking-place. He broke off suddenly, and covered her little thin hand with passionate kisses.

"Perhaps Jesus will take me in his arms, and bless me," she went on. "*He* died, too."

"And when he died," said her father, in a soothing tone, "he had to leave his mother. My own dear little Lily, you would go to yours."

"You never told me about her, papa. Tell me now."

I believe he did; but I could not bear to hear any more. I only waited

in the passage without, lest I should be wanted. The nurse was getting some rest. Soon Rose appeared from her aunt's room; and I was desired to go with her to Lily, while her father took Paul down to supper. If I had wished to paint Mr. Dudley now, as he looked when he passed me, it would have been as Ugolino on the first day in the sealed tower.

"Open the window,—quick!" whispered Lily to me.

I had got half-way across the room, when a loud cry from Rose stopped me. Lily had started up in bed, and, with outstretched arms, was—choking! There are instants in life when we seem to be seized upon as mere instruments by some power above and beyond our own. Under such an impulse, I darted forward, caught her in my arms, and succeeded in relieving her from the obstruction that was suffocating the poor darling!

She gasped and sank back. The nurse came running in at one door, and Mr. Dudley at another. To my sorrow and shame, just then, of all times, for the first and last and only time in my life, I fainted away.

When I came to myself, I was on a bed, covered with shawls, in the nurse's room. The door was shut, but I heard sobs. The cool night air was blowing in at the window; and Mrs. Leach, the nurse, was passing hartshorn to and fro before my face. I started up. "Lily!" cried I.

Mrs. Leach replaced me on my pillows with professional decision. "I'm goin' back to her, Miss. You lay still; an' you leave cryin', Miss Rosy, an' see to Miss Morne, an' be thankful your sister was perserved; so now we've all got our orders, an' nothin' to do but jest to foller 'em."

She bustled off; and Rose began to kiss me industriously, by way of doing her part.

"Tell me, Rose."

"Lily got over it in a minute and said, 'O what have you done to me? I can breathe. Now I *must* go to sleep!'" You fell down on the floor. I thought

you were dead, and cried; and papa cried too, and took you up and laid you here, and told me I must be as brave as you, and command myself, and loosen your dress, while he went back to Lily, and sent Mrs. Leach. Then she —"

"Never mind her, little dear. Tell me about Lily."

"O, she is going to sleep, nurse says, quite comfortable and happy."

I lay still a few minutes, thanking God, from the very bottom of my heart, for this reprieve, even if it proved no more. Then I told my little attendant that, if she would help me to rearrange my dress, I thought that we had better go down to tea. I wished to restore so much efficiency as was natural to me, as soon as I could. Just as we were about to leave the room, however, we heard a fumbling knock at the door. Rose opened it, and admitted kind old Butler with a large tray spread with a most restorative meal, including a bowl of the beef-tea which was kept constantly in readiness for Lily. "Master thought that might be the most revivifying beverage for Miss Morne." I was in a measure "revivified," not only by the beef-tea, but by "master's" thoughtfulness, and still further, soon after, by Paul's coming, looking more like himself than I had seen him for a week, to say that Lily was sleeping beautifully; and Dr. Bowditch had been with Dr. Physick to see her, and they both felt very much encouraged.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE next morning when, after dreamy and restless slumbers, I left my chamber, I found Paul and Rose sitting on the stairs waiting for me, to whisper the news: "Lily slept all night without waking up once, except when Mrs. Leach gave her something to take; and Dr. Physick says she is a great deal better, and if she goes on so, she will be getting well before long."

Paul turned aside towards Miss Dud-

ley's room. Rose still clung about me, and said that Aunt Lizzy told her to go down with me, and see that I made a good breakfast; and after that, if I pleased, aunty would be glad to have me come to see her. "Papa told aunty that, when he came into the nursery, you were standing like Judith with the head of Holofernes. Who was Judith, and what was Holofernes?"

It would have been no easy matter to me to make a good breakfast that morning; and yet I lingered at the table, to put off, for once, obeying the summons of my own dear mistress. My "feelings" were seldom, to use an expression which Paul had somewhere picked up, "at high-water-mark"; but a slight shock will make a full cup overflow. The shock of the day before was not a slight one; and now I feared that the least further agitation would bring the unshed tears of many weeks into my eyes.

When at last I went to her, Miss Dudley clasped me in her arms, and kissed me many times before she said, "My child, what do we not owe to you? My brother has begged me to thank you for him; he cannot trust himself to speak to you of it."

"He need not, indeed he need not! I can hardly trust myself to think of it," faltered I.

"How did you come by such presence of mind?"

"It must have been the presence of God! If I had had a minute to think, I might not have dared to do what I did. I cannot bear to think of it now," I repeated.

"Dear child, you are not looking like yourself! It has been too much for you. If we could only repay you! But we never can!"

"O Miss Dudley, indeed you could repay me! I ask your pardon; but if you only would!"

She looked surprised, but pleased and rather amused, and asked me how.

"If you would only talk to me and teach me—all kinds of things!"

"In natural history?"

"O, no!" said I, with my cheeks growing warm; "about life and happiness and duty, and things like those. I have longed so to ask you before; but I could not take the liberty. O Miss Dudley," I exclaimed, with the tears in my eyes, "it is such an awful thing to be so young!"

"My dear Katharine!—I may call you Katharine, may I not? I always thought it a noble name; and it has lately been growing so dear to me!"—There was something so very *nice* in her way of pronouncing my Christian name, that I felt myself as if ennobled by it when I heard it from her.—"My dear Katharine, that is not like what most young people think."

"O, but they do not stand alone as I do! There are so many who have a right to advise and reprove them!"

She smiled still, with a soothing, cheering, sympathizing smile. "And you think you deserve, and suffer for, a little scolding now and then? Very well; I have not happened to notice it; but whenever you do, if you will come to me, I will endeavor to be very faithful to you."

"Perhaps it is rather a precautionary scolding that I want," said I, trying to muster up a little playfulness to answer hers; "somewhat like the boy who was whipped whenever his father had time, lest he should happen some other time to deserve a whipping."

"And accordingly am I to begin my course of lectures to-day? Egotism never comes naturally to you, I know, Katharine," (unsuspecting Miss Dudley! how little she dreamed that she was cherishing a future autobiographer!) "but am I to have *no* text for the sermon?"

"Here, I believe, I can find one," said I, opening a popular novel of the day, which lay on the table beside her; and I read aloud a passage in which the heroine, disappointed of a hero, set forth in glowing terms the opinion that there was nothing left for her in the world.

"My dear girl!" cried she, archly, "I begin to see cause to hope that my

scolding may for once flow forth more fluently than I feared. Have you really struggled through all those pages of such dismal nonsense?"

"No, Miss Dudley; I plead not guilty to that count," disclaimed I, laughing. "In fact, I do not believe you will see occasion to scold me for reading anything half so often as for forbearing to read. I never can understand how other people can read half so many books as they do. Real life is so much more interesting. It seems — only on a highly magnified scale — like that beautiful little German song-book in the library, brimful at once of poetry, pictures, music, and drolleries. Except when I almost ache with ignorance, I seldom love to read anything but the characters and doings round me, unless it may be now and then some really noble story or poem, whose author is trying honestly to give glimpses not merely at second hand of what life really is, but of how much grander and more beautiful it might be made. This novel did not look to me in the least like anything of that sort; but I read those few lines in it, because one day I found a poor young friend of mine crying so dreadfully over them, and saying how true they were. They struck me as false; but I could not well show her how, perhaps because I felt rather than saw the falsehood. Miss Dudley, what should you have said to the heroine, if she had talked so to you?"

"Ah, now it is my turn to clear myself! The book was sent me as a gift by one who loves me better than she knows me; and I have read little more about the heroine than you. I fear my exhortations would be quite thrown away on such a high-flown young person; but to your poor young friend I would say, 'Nothing left for you in the world?' In the world you have been living in, — in the world of romance? — Perhaps not; and if so, you had better make haste yourself and come out of it. In God's great real world, however, you will find, if you look into it, many worlds, wheel within wheel, sphere within sphere, circle in-

tersecting circle. As, for example, a world of charity and a world of suffering, — suffered not always because the sufferers have lost their favorite partners in the dance of life, but because at their side they see those partners suffer or see them sin, — for there are as many disappointments in married as in single life; — or suffered because they have sinned themselves, and know not where or how to find pardon and peace; or because they are poor, and at a loss how to live, or to feed their children's minds or bodies without debt and dishonesty; or because they are sick, and dread death more than you do life; or because they are bereaved parents; or, in a word, because they are human, and every human heart, sooner or later, knoweth its own bitterness. In one of these worlds, can you not always find something left for you," said she, fixing her eloquent dark eyes upon my face, "if not always to enjoy, at least to do, and worth your doing, — useful to man and acceptable to God?"

"Thank you! thank you!" cried I, as much for the look as for the words. "But will you not say more to me? I may need it for myself more than you think."

"If you would not think it flattery, I might say that perhaps my hearer's right place was my pulpit. The oldest people are not of necessity the wisest. Your example has sometimes preached to me. However, it would be unfair if a minister were never to be allowed to listen to a sermon. What is to be the text of my next?"

"Happiness, — how to find it. Is it wrong to seek it?"

"If it is wrong in plants to seek light and warmth; only we must seek it, as they do, by turning ourselves towards Heaven and the Sun. That in the first place. Secondly, get your own leave, my child, to be happy with such earthly materials for happiness as God chooses for you, whether or not they are such as you would choose for yourself. This often requires some humility, but it always brings much peace."

"Ah, but! ah, but! There is such

a difference between having what one likes, and only liking what one has !”

“That is true. Perhaps, properly speaking, there is all the difference that there is between happiness and contentment.”

“And contentment,” sighed I, “is only the pale ghost of happiness.”

“True again. But remember, Katharine, if it is paler, it is also less mortal. Transitoriness is in the essence of all earthly things ; therefore, the happiness that lives upon any specified earthly things must of necessity be short-lived. Further, — I am speaking now from experience, dear love, — where the affections are peculiarly satisfied below, it is sometimes peculiarly hard to keep them rightly fixed on things above.” She paused, and put her hand involuntarily to her heart. She was almost a stoic as regarded bodily pain ; but her soft brown eyes filled with tears, and I guessed that poor little Lily was not the only one of that household who feared that she might “be homesick in heaven.”

Of course, I would not have her talk more then. I read her to sleep, and went to Lily, who smiled brightly, patted me, and called me her St. Bernard ; but many and many a conversation I had with Miss Dudley afterwards, in which she poured out the very distilled essence of her lovely life into my mind and heart. Moreover, she did what in her lay to bind me to her apprentice in good works, putting at my disposal her wealth of experience and judgment, as well as of purse.

That was soon a pleasant spring at Barbary Beach. Rose recovered her spirits immediately, and Lily her health soon. The latter, though constitutionally the most reserved of the children, became perhaps even the most strongly attached to me of them all. Paul, no longer contented with assisting me in the education of his sisters, undertook the completion of my own, and insisted on administering to me, in homœopathic doses, his classics and mathematics. Poverty and anxiety had half wronged me out of my own childhood. It was a

great privilege to be allowed to go back and live it over now with these light-hearted, playful creatures.

Also Miss Dudley’s health showed a great and unlooked-for amendment.

“Katharine is the best of the many good remedies I owe you, Doctor, if you will not be hurt at my saying so,” said she, one day, to my guardian. “I feel so safe and easy about the young people when she is with them, that I can rest when I am not with them, and, with the usual perversity of humankind, the less I have to do, the more I feel myself able to do.”

She was less and less obliged to withdraw herself from the family. The two circles into which it had lately been divided becoming one, I saw more of every member of it ; and Paul quite forgot any more to call his father and me Castor and Pollux, or the sun and the moon, because the children could not see us both at the same time.

Even Mr. Dudley — who, when I first came, said little more to me than “Good morning,” “Good evening,” or “What shall I help you to, Miss Morne ?” — talked to me more and more delightfully, and began to include me among the participants in the budget with which he usually came back loaded from any trip to Boston. Something of small cost always fell to my share, such as I could accept without hesitation or embarrassment, but usually just what I happened to like, chosen as if by Miss Dudley’s own spirit of divination. Now it would be a noble hymn or song, then a wonderful little photograph of moonshiny water, and then a double blush hyacinth with a glass that fitted it, or one of Bates’s precious little stereoscopes of Dr. Holmes’s model, and next a packet of plates that suited the same. I was left out when the children clustered round him on his return, according to time-honored custom, to pick his pockets, and guess “which was whose” ; but there would be a brown paper parcel, at night when I went to bed, under the hat on the hall-table ; and in the morning, when I came down to breakfast, there would be the new something

on my particular tea-poy, and a twinkle in the deep blue eyes, which were with peculiar intentness scanning "The Daily Advertiser." Then, on taking my seat at the breakfast-table, I would confide to Miss Dudley the fact that I had received such or such an anonymous present, and perhaps beg her, if she could guess the donor, to make my grateful acknowledgments acceptable to him by presenting them herself; and a little laugh would go gurgling round the board, — for when people are happy, it is an easy matter to make them merry.

In a word, the whole family seemed from that time to adopt me. Before, I hardly saw how they could be kinder; but still, now I thought they were.

In May, my guardian presented me with the sum of two hundred and fifty dollars, and informed me that I was to receive the same amount regularly twice a year henceforward from the executor of my father's will. I asked how that could be. My father, as I believed, left nothing but some fancy mining-stock, which had for years been utterly unproductive. My guardian replied that, if I wanted to know, I could write and ask the executor. As I did not sufficiently want to know, I never did write and ask the executor; in which particular, I would advise my young readers, if they should ever be placed in similar circumstances, to follow my precept, and not my example.

Notwithstanding, I was very glad to receive the money. Though I could not see in it, as Julia professed to, any reason why I should at once give up working and return to playing with little Phil, yet I could not but regard my present situation as a very uncertain one. Supposing even that I filled it satisfactorily until the twins left school, I could scarcely expect to be needed in it after that. In the mean time, I wanted all the money I could honestly come by, "if not for myself, for a neighbor." Sensible people generally do; and if they have too little, or none, and will not work for it because they are, or suppose themselves to be, ladies,

and because it is not the fashion for ladies to work for money, then I no longer think they are sensible. I wanted it to give and to spend and to lay up for my old age. I wanted, by and by, a home of my own, with neat furniture, flowers, and friends in it, journeys if I should grow restless, and advice if I should grow ill; and for all these things I wished to be indebted to no hands and brains but my own, which I was determined to keep as busy as I could, as long as the strength of youth and middle age was in them. For the time being — though I was not particularly fond of fine clothes then, nor, I trust, have I been since — I was something of a *petite maitresse* in respect to the fit and freshness of my merinos, muslins, gloves, boots, and so forth; and it is not easy for even a genteel pauper to be perfectly tidy.

In June I did, to be sure, become somewhat fine in my own eyes. Miss Dudley handed me a list, in Mr. Dudley's pencilled handwriting, of names, including those of some of the most brilliant "dinners-out" of Boston and Cambridge, for invitations to a dinner-party. Among the names, as I wrote the notes, I came upon that of "Miss Morne." "What? Why?" I stammered.

Miss Dudley, on the sofa near, looked over my shoulder as I sat at the French desk. "O, there is no mistake!" said she; "my brother seldom makes any. But that lady is to have an especially pressing invitation. I hope, my dear, you will not have too much difficulty in persuading her to be present, for it is my particular desire that she should; and I beg you to be quick with your writing, because we must be at my dressmaker's before one o'clock."

Invited in this manner, what could I do but accept? Only one dinner-party had been given before since I had lived at Barberry Beach; and then I had, with a little proud shyness, prevented any possible embarrassment or mortification, by asking leave beforehand to go to Julia. "But what ought I to wear?" said I presently to myself, thinking aloud in my surprise.

"This," said Miss Dudley, taking a large paper parcel from the bag of her work-table, unfolding one end, and showing me one corner of a perfect *glacé* silk of the bluest lavender. "Clara Arden chose it for you at Hovey's last week; and from her taste there is no appeal. It is the very shade for you; and I will tell Miss Cutting myself how it is to be made. If I plunge you into the vortex, it is but fair that I should be permitted to furnish the diving-dress."

What a feast that dinner was! I could hardly have told, the next day, a single dish there was on the table; and that I take to be the test of the most exquisite banquet, in the highest sense of the word.

On that next day, Paul said, "Miss Morne, I have not heard you complain of any tingling in your ears."

"No," said I, putting my hand to them. "Do they burn? Why, no!"

"Then they are ungrateful. Yesterday evening, when I was with the gentlemen in the library, I heard an old friend of ours ask who you were. Then he said, how much tact you had; and another answered, 'Yes; Miss Morne seldom remembers herself, and never forgets herself!'"

Lily shook her head at him.

"What is the matter? I cannot hear so much as one idea rattle in your head. You ought to be careful how you do that with it," said he. "Lily-bell[e]s seldom have much in them, except bees in their bonnets; and their heads are apt to be very easily turned."

"It is not proper for us to tell people what papa says of them."

"Why do you, then?"

"I never do."

"Who told, who said that?"

"Well," said Lily, laughing and blushing, self-convicted, "if you repeat things that have the very tone of his voice in them, what difference does it make whether you or I tell any more or not?"

Perhaps Paul thought she was getting the best of the argument, for he made haste to give another turn to the

conversation. "Part of it, at any rate, was true, let who would say it. I can tell, whenever I walk down the street, what almost all the female women I meet are thinking about. One is thinking, 'How handsome I am! I hope people admire me.' And another, 'How useful I am! I hope people approve of me.' Another, 'How *calamitous* I am! I hope people feel for me.' And another, 'How out of health I am! I hope people are anxious about me.' But Miss Morne comes sailing along like the moon in a mist, in her maiden meditation; and all I can make out of it is, 'The world is a good-looking world; Barberry Beach is the blossom end of it; and O what a promising youth Paul is!'"

"Promising to become a sad little coxcomb, you mischief!" said I. But though I did my best to chide him, I could not be averse to the information that so nice a judge of manners as my host had not found a place for me among his guests a false position.

In finishing now the history of this year, I must, above all, not leave out its crowning blessing, — that in it, in the main, I struggled down the greatest struggle of my life. A certain conversation with Nelly it was that particularly helped me to do this. She complained to me that it was so hard for her to think right, about — I knew whom. She wished to be able to do so quite disinterestedly, as if she were his guardian angel; but the moment she began to think of him or pray for him, she could not help wondering if he thought of her, — if he had seen any one yet that he liked better, — if she should *ever* see him again; and then the old folly all came back.

"Pray once for all that God will always have him in His merciful mind, darling," said I, "and then put him out of yours. You cannot think wrongly about him, at any rate, if you don't think about him at all."

Afterwards, as I was wont to do, I asked myself whether the advice I gave her would not be good for me too to

follow. Soon it appeared to me that it would. I had been so impatient of bearing a sentiment which I could not justify, that I was constantly examining myself to see if it was not gone, and, like a hypochondriac, making the disorder worse by dwelling upon it. For, as a test of my lately sought indifference, I would imagine interviews; and they, as Nelly said, only brought "the old folly" rushing back again. If any such meeting had been likely to take place, to try to prepare myself for it by anticipation might have been necessary; but none such was likely to

take place. Wherefore I now determined, instead of making violent and vain efforts to drag the idol image at once out of the temple where it had no right to be, to wall it blankly up there, look on it no more, and leave it to crumble, in God's own time, away, in darkness and in silence.

Whether this would always be a good plan in such a case, I cannot tell. But it wrought out such speedy deliverance to me, that even the first anniversaries of the declaration and the marriage slipped by without my remembering either of them till it was over.

ALL HERE.

1829-1867.

IT is not what we say or sing
 That keeps our charm so long unbroken,
 Though every lightest leaf we bring
 May touch the heart as friendship's token;
 Not what we sing or what we say
 Can make us dearer each to other,—
 We love the singer and his lay,
 But love as well the silent brother!

Yet bring whate'er your garden grows,
 Thrice welcome to our smiles and praises;
 Thanks for the myrtle and the rose,
 Thanks for the marigolds and daisies;
 One flower ere long we all shall claim,
 Alas! unloved of Amaryllis,—
 Nature's last blossom,—need I name
 The wreath of threescore's silver lilies?

How many, brothers, meet to-night
 Around our boyhood's covered embers?
 Go read the treasured names aright
 The old triennial list remembers:
 Though twenty wear the starry sign
 That tells a life has broke its tether,
 The fifty-eight of 'twenty-nine—
 God bless THE BOYS!—are all together!

These come with joyous look and word,
 With friendly grasp and cheerful greeting, —
 Those smile unseen, and move unheard,
 The angel guests of every meeting;
 They cast no shadow in the flame
 That flushes from the gilded lustre,
 But count us, — we are still the same;
 One earthly band, one heavenly cluster!

Love dies not when he bows his head
 To pass beyond the narrow portals, —
 The light these glowing moments shed
 Wakes from their sleep our lost immortals;
 They come as in their joyous prime,
 Before their morning days were numbered, —
 Death stays the envious hand of Time, —
 The eyes have not grown dim that slumbered!

The paths that loving souls have trod
 Arch o'er the dust where worldlings grovel
 High as the zenith o'er the sod, —
 The cross above the sexton's shovel!
 We rise beyond the realms of day,
 They seem to stoop from spheres of glory
 With us one happy hour to stray
 While youth comes back in song and story.

Ah! ours is friendship true as steel
 That war has tried in edge and temper;
 It writes upon its sacred seal
 The priest's *ubique*, — *omnes*, — *semper*!
 It lends the sky a fairer sun
 That cheers our lives with rays as steady
 As if our footsteps had begun
 To print the golden streets already!

The tangling years have clenched its knot
 Too fast for mortal strength to sunder, —
 The lightning bolts of noon are shot, —
 No fear of evening's idle thunder!
 Too late! too late! — no graceless hand
 Shall stretch its cords in vain endeavor
 To rive the close encircling band
 That made and keeps us one forever!

So when upon the fated scroll
 The falling stars have all descended,
 And, blotted from the breathing roll,
 Our little page of life is ended,
 We ask but one memorial line
 Traced on thy tablet, Gracious Mother: —
 "My children. Boys of 'twenty-nine.
In pace. How they loved each other!"

CHICAGO.

WHEN Professor Goldwin Smith was preparing for his voyage to America, Mr. Richard Cobden said to him, "See two things in the United States, if nothing else,—Niagara and Chicago." Professor Smith acted upon this advice, and, while visiting Chicago, acknowledged that the two objects named by his friend were indeed the wonders of North America. Chicago can claim one point of superiority over its fellow-wonder. According to the geologists, the cataract has been about four hundred centuries in becoming what it is, but the city has come to pass in thirty-three years.

On Monday morning, October 4, 1834, word was brought to the people of Chicago that a large black bear had been seen in a strip of woods a quarter of a mile out of town. The male population seized their guns and made for the forest, where the bear was soon treed and shot. After so cheering an exploit, the hunters, disinclined to resume their ordinary labors, resolved to make a day of it, and have a dash at the wolves which then prowled nightly in every part of Chicago. Before the night closed in they had killed forty wolves, all on the site of the present Metropolis of the Northwest! The wolves, however, did not take the hint, since we learn that, as late as 1838, the howlings of this pest of the prairies were occasionally heard far within the present city limits. Yet even then the inhabitants of the place were bewildered at the rapidity of its growth, and spoke of the brilliant prospects before it very much as they now do.

In 1830, Chicago was what it had been for a quarter of a century,—a military post and fur station, consisting of twelve habitations. There was a log fort, with its garrison of two companies of United States troops. There was the fur agency. There were three taverns, so called, much haunted by idle, drunken Indians, who brought in furs,

and remained to drink up the proceeds. There were two stores supplied with such goods as Indians buy. There was a blacksmith's shop, a house for the interpreter of the station, and one occupied by Indian chiefs. All that part of Illinois swarmed with Indians. As many Indian trails then marked the prairie and concentrated at the agency-house as there are railroads now terminating in the city of Chicago; for the Indians brought furs to that point from beyond the Mississippi, as well as from the great prairies of the North and South. Once a year John Jacob Astor sent a schooner to the post to convey supplies to it, and take away the year's product of fur. Once a week in summer, twice a month in winter, a mail rider brought news to the place from the great world on the other side of the Lakes. In 1830, there resided at Chicago, besides the garrison and the fur agent, four white families. In 1831, there were twelve families; and when winter came on, the troops having been withdrawn, the whole population moved into the fort, and had a pleasant winter of it, with their debating society and balls. In 1832, the taxes amounted to nearly one hundred and fifty dollars, twelve of which were expended in the erection of Chicago's first public building,—a pound for stray cattle.

But in 1833, the rush began. Before that year closed there were fifty families floundering in Chicago mud. When the forty wolves were slain in 1834, there were, as it appears, nearly two thousand inhabitants in the town; and in November, 1835, more than three thousand.

The motive must have been powerful which could induce such large numbers of people to settle upon that most uninviting shore. A new town on a flat prairie, as seen from car-windows, has usually the aspect which is described as God-forsaken. Wagon-wheels have obliterated the only beauty the prairie

ever had, and streaked it with an excellent article of blacking. There may be but twenty little wooden houses in the place; but it is "laid out" with all the rigor of mathematics; and every visible object, whether animate or inanimate, the pigs that root in the soft black prairie mire, the boys, the horses, the wagons, the houses, the fences, the school-house, the steps of the store, the railroad platform, are all powdered or plastered with disturbed prairie. If, filled with compassion for the unhappy beings whom stern fate seems to have cast out upon that dismal plain, far from the abodes of men, the traveller enters into conversation with them, he finds them all hope and animation, and disposed to pity *him* because he neither owns any corner lots in that future metropolis, nor has intellect enough to see what a speculation it would be to buy a few. Pity! You might as well pity the Prince of Wales because he is not yet king.

Chicago, for fifteen years after it began its rapid increase, was perhaps of all prairie towns the most repulsive to every human sense. The place was in vile odor even among the Indians, since the name they gave it, — Chicago, — if it does not mean skunk, as some old hunters aver, signifies nothing of sweeter odor than wild onion.

The prairie on that part of the shore of Lake Michigan appears to the eye as flat as the lake itself, and its average height above the lake is about six feet. A gentleman who arrived at Chicago from the South in 1833 reports that he waded the last eight miles of his journey in water from one to three feet deep, — a sheet of water extending as far as the eye could reach over what is now the fashionable quarter of Chicago and its most elegant suburbs. Another traveller records, that, in 1831, in riding about what is now the very centre and heart of the business portion of the city, he often felt the water swashing through his stirrups. Even in dry summer weather that part of the prairie was very wet, and during the rainy seasons no one attempted to pass over it

on foot. "I would not have given sixpence an acre for the whole of it," said a gentleman, speaking of land much of which is now held at five hundred dollars a foot. It looked so unpromising to farmers' eyes, that Chicago imported a considerable part of its provisions from the eastern shores of Lake Michigan, as late as 1838. Chicago, that did this only twenty-eight years ago, now feeds states and kingdoms.

Why settle such a spot, when the same shore presented better sites? It was only because the Chicago River furnished there the possibility of a harbor on the coast of the stormiest of lakes. The Chicago River is not a river. The lake at that point had cut into the soft prairie, just as the ocean cuts deep, regular fissures into the rock-bound coast of New England and its rocky isles. This cutting, which was a hundred yards wide, ran straight into the prairie for three quarters of a mile, then divided into two forks, one running north, the other south, and both parallel to the lake shore. These two branches extend for several miles, and lose themselves at last in the prairie sloughs. There is no tide or flow to this curious inlet, except such as is caused by the winds blowing the waters of the lake into it, which flows out when the wind changes or subsides. Originally the inlet was twenty feet deep, but, the mouth being obstructed by a sand-bar, it only admitted vessels of thirty or forty tons. But the crevice was there, ready for the dredge, which has since made it capable of receiving the largest ships that sail the lakes, and given Chicago thirty miles of wharves. Considering the peculiar destiny of Chicago, as the great distributor of commodities, no engineer could have contrived a more convenient harbor; for, go where you will in the city, you cannot get far from it, and every mill, warehouse, elevator, and factory can have its branch or basin, and receive and send away merchandise in boats at its door. Those drawbridges, it is true, are rather in the way

at present. It is a trial to the patience to have to wait while seventeen little snorting tug-boats tow through the draw seventeen long three-masters from the lake; but nothing daunts Chicago. In three years from this time, those seventeen maddening draw-bridges will have been superseded by seventeen tunnels. Underneath that oozy prairie, which an hour's rain converts into Day and Martin, and an hour's sun into fine Maccoboy, there is an excellent clay which affords the finest tunnelling, and which indomitable Chicago turns to various account, as time reveals the need of it.

The growth of Chicago since 1833, though it strikes every mind with wonder, is not in the least mysterious. There the city stands, at the southern end of Lake Michigan, which gives it necessarily a leading share of the commerce of all the Lakes, and easy access by land, round the southern shore of Lake Michigan, to all the East and Southeast. But there Chicago was for thirty years without advancing beyond the rank of an outpost of civilization, and there it might have stood for ages in the same condition, if the region behind it had remained unpeopled. That muddy inlet, called the Chicago River, is a portal to the prairies, and Chicago has grown with the development and accessibility of that wonderful region, of which it is the grand depot, exchange, counting-house, and metropolis.

Those prairies, long undervalued, are now known to be that portion of the earth's surface where Nature has accumulated the greatest variety and quantity of what man needs for the sustenance and the decoration of his life, and where she has placed the fewest and smallest obstacles in his way. That is the region where a deep furrow can be drawn through the richest mould for thirty miles or more, without striking a pebble, a bog, or a root; and under almost every part of which there is deposited some kind of mineral—clay, coal, stone, lead, iron—useful to man. Besides being well watered by rivers, nowhere is it so easy to

make artificial highways, — roads, railroads, and canals. The climate, like all climates, has its inconveniences, but, upon the whole, there is none better. Not much of the prairie land is flat; most of it is undulating enough for utility and beauty. Blest are the eyes that see a rolling prairie at a season of the year when the grass is green and the sky is clear! It is an enchanting world of azure and billowy emerald, where, from the summit of a green wave twenty feet high, you can see whole counties. The absence of all dark objects, such as woods, roads, rocks, hills, and fences, gives the visitor the feeling that never before in all his life was he completely out of doors. It is a delicious sensation, when you inquire the way to a place ten miles off, to have it pointed out, and to make for it across the verdant elastic prairie, untrammelled by roads. The landscape has, too, such a finished aspect, that the traveller finds it difficult to believe that he is not wandering in a boundless park, refined by a thousand years of culture. When the country has been settled for many years, it does not lose this park-like appearance; it looks then as if some enlightened nobleman had turned democrat, torn down his park walls, and invited his neighbors to come in and build upon his rounded knolls and wave-like ridges.

And there is enough of this exquisite country for twelve great States, and to maintain a population of one hundred millions. It is sure to be the seat of empire forever. Chicago, the inevitable metropolis of the vigorous north-western third of the prairie world, has taken the lead in rendering the whole of it accessible. Her vocation is to put every good acre in all that region within ten miles of a railroad, and to connect every railroad with a system of ship-canals terminating in the Mississippi and the Atlantic Ocean. That is, has been, and will be for many a year to come Chicago's work; and her own growth will be exactly measured by her wisdom and efficiency in doing it. So far, every mile of railroad has yielded

its proportionable revenue to the great prairie exchange and banking-house; and this fact, now clearly seen by every creature in the town, guarantees the execution of the task.

They see it *now*; but it ought to moderate the boasting of some of the elders of Chicago, that they were full fifteen years in finding it out. The boasters should further consider, that the canal which connects Lake Michigan with the Illinois River and with the Mississippi was thought of in 1814, and authorized in 1825, when as yet there was no Chicago; and the foggy interest should ever be kept in mind that the projectors of the first railroad to the Mississippi had to encounter the opposition of most of the business men of the town, who were certain it would ruin Chicago by distributing its business along the line of the road. But, with these deductions allowed, there is enough in the early history of the city to justify more self-laudation than is generally becoming.

Those crowds of idle and dissolute Indians were the first obstacle to the growth of Chicago with which the early settlers had to contend. On a day in September, 1833, seven thousand of them gathered at the village to meet commissioners of the United States for the purpose of selling their lands in Illinois and Wisconsin. In a large tent on the bank of the river, the chiefs signed a treaty which ceded to the United States the best twenty million acres of the Northwest, and agreed to remove twenty days' journey west of the Mississippi. A year later, four thousand of the dusky nuisances assembled in Chicago to receive their first annual annuity. The goods to be distributed were heaped up on the prairie, and the Indians were made to sit down around the pile in circles, the squaws sitting demurely in the outer ring. Those who were selected to distribute the merchandise took armfuls from the heap, and tossed the articles to favorites seated on the ground. Those who were overlooked soon grew impatient, rose to their feet, pressed

forward, and at last rushed upon the pile, each struggling to seize something from it. So severe was the scramble, that those who had secured an armful could not get away, and the greater number of empty-handed could not get near the heap. Then those on the outside began to hurl heavy articles at the crowd, to clear the way for themselves, and the scramble ended in a fight, in which several of the Indians were killed, and a large number wounded. Night closed in on a wild debauch, and when the next morning arrived few of the Indians were the better off for the thirty thousand dollars' worth of goods which had been given them. Similar scenes, with similar bloody results, were enacted in the fall of 1835; but that was the last Indian payment Chicago ever saw. In September, 1835, a long train of forty wagons, each drawn by four oxen, conveyed away, across the prairies, the children and effects of the Pottawatomies, the men and able-bodied women walking alongside. In twenty days they crossed the Mississippi, and for twenty days longer continued their westward march, and Chicago was troubled with them no more. Walking in the imposing streets of the Chicago of to-day, how difficult it is to realize that thirty-two years have not elapsed since the red men were dispossessed of the very site on which the city stands, and were "toted" off in forty days to a point now reached in fifteen hours!

This was the work of our common Uncle, and Chicago does not boast of it. Nor can she claim the credit of the improvement of the harbor in 1833 and 1834, which first called the attention of the country to that frontier post. The United States spent thirty thousand dollars, in 1833, in dredging out the Chicago River; and in the spring of 1834 a most timely freshet swept away the bar at the mouth of the river, making it accessible to the largest lake craft. This made Chicago an important lake port at once. The town had taken its first stride toward greatness. In 1836 the population was four thousand.

Then there was a check to the prosperity of Chicago, as to that of Illinois and of the United States; and the population scarcely increased for five years, if, indeed, it did not diminish. Besides the mania for land speculation, which ended in prostrating the business of the whole country, Illinoisans had embarked the credit of the State in schemes of internal improvement too costly for the time, though since surpassed and executed by private enterprise. The State was bankrupt; work on the railroads ceased; and even the canal designed to connect Lake Michigan with the Illinois River was abandoned for a time. Chicago languished, and repented that it had ever dared to be anything but a military post. Those corner lots, those river sites, those lake borders, so eagerly sought in 1835, were loathsome to the sight of luckless holders in 1837. Some men in Chicago are millionnaires to-day only because they could not sell their land at any price during those years of desolation and despair. But it was in those very years, 1837 to 1842, that Chicago entered upon its career. A little beef had already been salted and sent across the lake; but in 1839 the business began to assume promising proportions, 3,000 cattle having been driven in from the prairies, barrelled, and exported. In 1838, a venturesome trader shipped thirty-nine two-bushel bags of wheat. Next year, nearly 4,000 bushels were exported; the next, 10,000; the next, 40,000. In 1842, the amount rose, all at once, from 40,000 to nearly 600,000, and announced to parties interested, that the "hard times" were coming to an end in Chicago. But the soft times were not. That mountain of grain was brought into this quagmire of a town from far back in the prairies, — twenty, fifty, one hundred, and even one hundred and fifty miles! The season for carrying grain to market is also the season of rain, and many a farmer in those times has seen his load hopelessly "slewed" within what is now Chicago. The streets used often to be utterly choked and impassable from the con-

course of wagons, which ground the roads into long vats of blacking. And yet, before there was a railroad begun or a canal finished, Chicago exported two and a quarter millions of bushels of grain in a year, and sent back, on most of the wagons that brought it, part of a load of merchandise.

The canal connecting the Chicago River with the Illinois, and through that river with the Mississippi, begun in 1836, and finished in 1848, opened to Chicago an immense area of uncultivated acres, which could then come into profitable cultivation. But the immediate effects of this great event upon the trade of the city were not great enough to open the eyes of its business men to the single condition upon which the growth of the town depended, namely, its accessibility to the Eastern cities and to the great prairie world. Chicago was still little more than a thriving country town, which received the products of adjacent farms, and gave in exchange merchandise brought in three weeks from the sea-shore. Middle-aged gentlemen of Chicago have a lively recollection of the opposition of storekeepers to the first project of a railroad to the Mississippi River. In 1850, the Chicago and Galena Railroad was completed for forty-two miles, to the rolling prairies by which the beautiful and vigorous town of Elgin is surrounded. From that time, there were indeed fewer ox-teams wallowing in Chicago mire, but trade increased and changed its character from retail to wholesale; and the wheat coming in by car-loads to the river shore was poured into the waiting vessels with a great saving of labor and expense. Still there were men in Chicago who did not take the idea. The money which built that forty-two miles of road had to be borrowed, in great part, on the personal responsibility of the directors, and the road could not have been built at all but for the fact that a prairie railroad is nothing but two ditches and a track. The railroads, said the fogies, will drain the country of its resources,

Chicago of its business, and place the welfare of Illinois at the mercy of Eastern capitalists. But when, in 1853, the road paid a dividend of eleven per cent, and it was found that Chicago had trebled its population in six years after the opening of the canal, and that every mile of the railroad had poured its quota of wealth into Chicago coffers, then the truth took possession of the whole mind of Chicago, and became its fixed idea, that every acre with which it could put itself into easy communication must pay tribute to it forever. From that time there has been no pause and no hesitation; but all the surplus force and revenue of Chicago have been expended in making itself the centre of a great system of railroads and canals.

It was in April, 1849, eighteen years ago, that the whistle of the locomotive was first heard on the prairies west of Chicago; and this locomotive drew a train to a distance of ten miles from the city, amid the cheers of the people who had little to lose, and the forebodings of most of those who had much. The railroad system of which Chicago is a centre now includes eight thousand miles of track, and the railroad system of which Chicago is *the* centre embraces nearly five thousand miles of track. A passenger train reaches or leaves the city every fifteen minutes of the twenty-four hours. Not less than two hundred trains arrive or depart in a day and night. No farm in Illinois is more than fifty miles from a station, and very few so far; the average distance, as near as we can compute so impossible a problem, is not more than seven miles. There are sixteen points on the Mississippi which have railroad communication with Chicago. The Illinois Central, with its seven hundred miles of road, lays open the central part of the long State of Illinois, and has brought into culture nearly two million acres of the best land in the world. The straight road to St. Louis renders accessible another line of Illinois counties, besides "tapping" the commerce of the Missouri

River at Alton, and that of the Lower Mississippi at St. Louis. Other roads stretch out long arms into the fertile prairies of Iowa, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Missouri, and extend far towards the mining region of Lake Superior; and on whatever lines railroads are building or contemplated to the Pacific, Chicago means to be ready with facilities for reaping her natural share of the advantages resulting from their completion. It is but fifteen years since Chicago first had railroad communication with the cities on the Atlantic coast, and the traveller now has his choice of three main lines, which branch out to every important intermediate point. Railroad depots, immense in extent and admirably convenient, are rising in Chicago in anticipation of the incalculable business of the future,—such depots as ought to put to shame the directors of some of our Eastern roads, who afford to their human freight accommodations less generous than Chicago bestows upon the pigs and cattle that pass through the city. There is one depot for passengers only, which has under cover three quarters of a mile of track, from which three trains can start at the same moment, without the least danger of interference, and wherein no passenger has to cross a track in changing cars. In every sphere of exertion, those Western men improve upon Eastern models and methods. They have sleeping-cars in those grand depots, built at a cost of twenty-five thousand dollars, in which a king would only be too happy to ride, sup, sleep, and play whist.

In some parts of the country, railroads have temporarily diminished the importance of water communication. This is not the case with the Great Lakes, nor with Chicago's lion's share of their commerce. It is but yesterday that Astor's single schooner of forty tons was the only vessel known to the Chicago River except Indian canoes. Chicago is now more than the Marseilles of our Mediterranean, though Marseilles was a place of note twenty-four hundred

years ago. Seventy-seven steamers, one hundred and eighteen barques, forty-three brigs, six hundred and thirteen schooners, fifty-three scows and barges, — in all, nine hundred and four vessels, carrying 218,215 tons, and employing ten thousand sailors, — now ply between Chicago and the other Lake ports. In the winter, after navigation has closed, four hundred vessels may be counted in the harbor, frozen up safely in the ice. On a certain day of last November, a favorable wind blew into port two hundred and eighteen vessels loaded with timber.

Provided thus with the means of gathering in and sending away the surplus products of the prairies, the granary of the world, and of supplying them with merchandise in return, Chicago has, for the last few years, transacted an amount of business that astonishes and bewilders herself, when she has time to pause and add up the figures. The export of grain, which began in 1838 with seventy-eight bushels, had run up to six millions and a half in 1853. In 1854, when there were two lines of railroad in operation across the State of Michigan to the East, the export of grain more than doubled, the quantity being nearly eleven millions of bushels. From that time, the export has been as follows: —

Year.	Bushels.
1854	12,932,320
1855	16,633,700
1856	21,583,221
1857	18,032,678
1858	20,035,166
1859	16,771,812
1860	31,108,759
1861	50,481,862
1862	56,484,110
1863	54,741,839
1864-5	47,124,494
1865-6	53,212,224

The ease, the quietness and celerity, with which this inconceivable quantity of grain is "handled," as they term it, although hands never touch it, is one of the wonders of Chicago. Whether it arrives by canal, railroad, or lake, it comes "in bulk," i. e. without bags or

barrels, loose in the car or boat. The train or the vessel stops at the side of one of those seventeen tall elevators, by which the grain is pumped into enormous bins, and poured out into other cars or vessels on the other side of the building, — the double operation being performed in a few minutes by steam. The utmost care is taken to do this business honestly. The grain is all inspected, and the brand of the inspector fixes its grade absolutely. The owner may have his grain deposited in the part of the elevator assigned to its quality, where it blends with a mountain of the same grade. He never sees his grain again, but he carries away the receipt of the clerk of the elevator, which represents his property as unquestionably as a certified check. Those little slips of paper, changing hands on 'Change, constitute the business of the "grain men" of Chicago. When Chicago exported a few thousands of bushels a year, the business blocked the streets and filled the town with commotion; but now that it exports fifty or sixty millions of bushels, a person might live a month at Chicago without being aware that anything was doing in grain.

Recently, Chicago has sought to economize in transportation, by sending away part of this great mass of food in the form of flour. The ten flour-mills there produce just one thousand barrels of flour every working day.

Saving in the cost of transportation being Chicago's special business and mission, and corn being the great product of the Northwest, it is in the transport of that grain that the most surprising economy has been effected. A way has been discovered of packing fifteen or twenty bushels of Indian corn in a single barrel. "The corn crop," as Mr. S. B. Ruggles remarked recently in Chicago, "is condensed and reduced in bulk by feeding it into an animal form, more portable. The hog eats the corn, and Europe eats the hog. Corn thus becomes incarnate; for what is a hog, but fifteen or twenty bushels of corn on four legs?" Mr. Ruggles fur-

ther observed, amid the laughter of his audience, that the three hundred millions of pounds of American pork exported to Europe in 1863 were equal to "a million and a half of hogs marching across the ocean."

The business of pork packing, as it is called, which can only be done to advantage on a great scale, has attained enormous proportions in Chicago, surpassing those of the same business in Cincinnati, where it originated. In one season of three months, Chicago has converted 904,659 hogs into pork; which was one third of all the hogs massacred in the Western country during the year. This was in 1863, a year of abundance; and it has not been equalled since. Walking in single file, close together, that number of hogs would form a line reaching from Chicago to New York.

During the last three years, the number of cattle received in Chicago from the prairies, and sent away in various forms to the East, has averaged about one thousand for each working day. In one year, the last year of the war, 92,459 of these cattle were killed, salted, and barrelled in Chicago. Nevertheless, a person might reside there for years, and never suspect that any business was done in cattle, never see a drove, never hear the bellow of an ox.

A bullock is an awkward piece of merchandise to "handle"; he has a will of his own, with much power to resist the will of other creatures; he cannot be pumped up into an elevator, nor shot into the hold of a vessel; he must have two pails of water every twelve hours, and he cannot go long without a large bundle of hay. There is also a Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, with an eloquent and resolute HENRY BERGH to see that cattle have their rights. Chicago has learned to conform to these circumstances, and now challenges mankind to admire the exquisite way in which those three hundred thousand cattle per annum, and that million and a half of hogs, sheep, and calves, are received, lodged, entertained, and despatched.

Out on the flat prairie, four miles south of the city, and two feet below the level of the river, — part of that eight miles which our traveller found under water in 1833, — may be seen the famous "Stock Yards," styled, in one of the Chicago guide-books, "THE GREAT BOVINE CITY OF THE WORLD." Two millions of dollars have been expended there in the construction of a cattle market. The company owning it have now nearly a square mile of land, 345 acres of which are already enclosed into cattle pens, — 150 of these acres being floored with plank. There is at the present time pen room for 20,000 cattle, 75,000 hogs, and 20,000 sheep, the sheep and hogs being provided with sheds; and no Thursday has passed since the yards were opened when they were not full, — Thursday being the fullest day. This bovine city of the world, like all other prairie cities, is laid out in streets and alleys, crossing at right angles. The projectors have paid New York the compliment of naming the principal street Broadway. It is a mile long and seventy-five feet wide, and is divided by a light fence into three paths, so that herds of cattle can pass one another without mingling, and leave an unobstructed road for the drovers. Nine railroads have constructed branches to the yards, and there is to be a canal connecting it with one of the forks of the Chicago River.

Nothing is more simple and easy than the working of the system of these stock yards. The sum of anguish annually endured in the United States will be greatly lessened when that system shall prevail all along the line from the prairies to the Atlantic. A cattle train stops along a street of pens; the side of each car is removed; a gently declining bridge woos the living freight down into a clean, planked enclosure, where on one side is a long trough, which the turn of a faucet fills with water, and on another side is a manger which can be immediately filled with hay. While the tired and hungry animals are enjoying this respite from the

torture of their ride, their owner or his agent finds comfort in the Hough House (so named from one of the chief promoters of the enterprise), a handsome hotel of yellow stone, built solely for the accommodation of the "cattle men," and capable of entertaining two hundred of them at once. A few steps from the hotel is the Cattle Exchange, another spacious and elegant edifice of yellow stone, wherein there is a great room for the chaffering or preliminary "gassing" (as the drovers term it) of buyers and sellers; also a bank solely for cattle men's use, with a daily business ranging from one hundred thousand to five hundred thousand dollars; also a telegraph office, which reports, from time to time, the price of beef, pork, and mutton in two hemispheres, and sends back to the cattle markets of mankind the condition of affairs in this, the great bovine city of the world. The "gassing" being accomplished, the cattle men leave this fine Exchange, and go forth to view the cattle which have been the subject of their conversation, and they move about in the midst of those prodigious herds, and inspect the occupants of any particular pen, with as much ease as a lady examines pictures in a window. The purchase completed, the cattle are driven along, through opening pens and broad streets, to the yards adjoining the railroad, by which they are to resume their journey. On the way to those yards, they are weighed at the rate of thirty cattle a minute, by merely pausing in the weighing pen as they pass. The men return to the Exchange, where the money is paid, all the cattle business being done for cash; after which they conclude the affair by dining together at the hotel, or at an excellent restaurant in the Exchange itself.

In this elegant Exchange room two classes of cattle men meet,—those who collect the cattle from the prairie States,—Texas, Missouri, Kansas, Illinois, Iowa, Wisconsin, Minnesota,—and those who distribute the cattle among the Eastern cities. One of the potent civilizers is doing business on the grand

scale. By means of this Cattle Exchange, a repulsive and barbarizing business is lifted out of the mire, and rendered clean, easy, respectable, and pleasant. The actual handling and supervision of the cattle require few men, who are themselves raised in the social scale by being parts of a great system; while the controlling minds are left free to work at the arithmetic and book-keeping of the business. We remember with pleasure the able and polite gentlemen the necessities of whose business suggested this enterprise, and who now control it. The economy of the system is something worth consideration. The design of the directors is to keep the rent of the pens at such rates as to exactly pay the cost of cleaning and preserving them, and to get the requisite profit only from the sale of hay and corn. One hundred tons of hay are frequently consumed in the yards in one day. If those yards were in New England, the sale of the manure would be an important part of the business; but in those fertile prairies, they are glad to sell it at ten cents a wagon-load, which is less than the cost of shovelling it up.

There is one commodity in which Chicago deals that makes a show proportioned to its importance. Six hundred and fourteen millions of feet of timber, equal to about fifty millions of ordinary pine boards, which Chicago sold last year, cannot be hidden in a corner. The prairies, to which Nature has been so variously bountiful, do lack this first necessity of the settler, and it is Chicago that sends up the lake for it and supplies it to the prairies. Miles of timber yards extend along one of the forks of the river; the harbor is choked with arriving timber vessels; timber trains shoot over the prairies in every direction. To economize transportation, they are now beginning to despatch timber in the form of ready-made houses. There is a firm in Chicago which is happy to furnish cottages, villas, school-houses, stores, taverns, churches, court-houses, or towns, wholesale and retail, and to for-

ward them, securely packed, to any part of the country. No doubt we shall soon have the exhilaration of reading advertisements of these town-makers, to the effect, that orders for the smallest villages will be thankfully received; county towns made to order; a metropolis furnished with punctuality and despatch; any town on our list sent, carriage paid, on receipt of price; rows of cottages always on hand; churches in every style. N. B. Clergymen and others are requested to call before purchasing elsewhere.

While this great business has been forming, Chicago itself has undergone many and strange transformations. The population, which numbered 70 in 1830, was 4,853 in 1840. During the next five years it nearly trebled, being 12,088 in 1845. In 1850, the year in which the railroad was opened to Elgin, the population had mounted to 29,963, and during the next ten years it quadrupled. In 1860, 110,973 persons lived in Chicago. In 1865, after four years of war, the population was 178,900. In this spring of 1867, if we include the suburban villages, which are numerous and flourishing, and which are as much Chicago as Harlem is New York, we may safely put down the population at 230,000. The closing of the war has not checked the growth of the city. We are assured by the moderate and conscientious "Chicago Tribune," that in 1866 the number of houses of all kinds built in Chicago was nine thousand; for the construction of which sixty-two millions of bricks were made from the clay over which the city stands. We learn, also, from a series of articles in the vigorous and enterprising "Chicago Republican," that in the young cities of the Northwest, which must ever flourish or decline with Chicago, there is the same astonishing activity in the building of houses.

The city is no longer a quagmire. For many years after Chicago began to be a flourishing town, its business men aimed to make a rapid fortune, and retire to the banks of the Hudson, or to

the pleasant places of New England, and enjoy it. Who could enjoy life on a wet prairie, made passable by pine boards, through the knot-holes and crevices of which water could be seen, and where a carriage would sink three or four feet within two miles of the court-house? But about fifteen years ago, when the effect of the first railroad revealed the future of Chicago, the leading men said to one another: "This city is to be the abode of a million or more of the American people. Meanwhile it is *our* home. Let us make it fit to live in. Let us make it pleasant for our children." Seldom have men taken hold of a task more repulsive or more difficult, and seldom has human labor produced such striking results in so short a time. The mud and water for a long period were the despair of the people, since water will only run down hill, and part of the town was below the level of the lake. Planking was a poor expedient, though unavoidable for a time. They tried a system of open ditches for a while, which in wet seasons only aggravated the difficulty. Many hollow places were filled up, but the whole prairie was in fault. It became clear, at length, that nothing would suffice short of raising the whole town; and, accordingly, a higher grade was established, to which all new buildings were required to conform. It soon appeared that this grade was not high enough, and one still higher was ordained. Even this proved inadequate; and the present grade was adopted, which lifts Chicago about twelve feet above the level of the prairie, and renders it perfectly drainable, and gives dry cellarage. It is as common now in Chicago to store such merchandise as dry goods, books, and tea in basements, as it is in sandy New York; and in nearly all the newer residences the dining-room and kitchen are in the basement. During the ten years while Chicago was going up out of the mud of the prairie to its present elevation, it was the best place in the world in which to develop the muscles of the lower half of the body. All the

newest houses were built, of course, upon the new grade, and some spirited owners raised old buildings to the proper level; but many houses were upon the grades previously established, and a large number were down upon the original prairie. The consequence was, that the plank sidewalks became a series of stairs. For half a block you would walk upon an elevated path, looking down upon the vehicles of the street many feet below; then, you would descend a flight of stairs to, perhaps, the lowest level of all, along which you would proceed only a few steps, when another flight of stairs assisted you to one of the other grades. Such, however, were the energy and public spirit of the people, that these inequalities, although their removal involved immense expenditure, have nearly all disappeared. The huge Tremont House, a solid hotel as large as the Astor, was raised bodily from its foundation and left at the proper height; and whole blocks of brick stores went up about the same time to the same serene elevation. To this day, however, there are places in the less important streets where the stranger can see at one view all the past grades of the town. The sidewalk will be upon the grade now established; the main street, upon the one that preceded the present and final level; the houses, upon the grade established when it was first determined to raise the town; while in the vacant lots near by portions of the undisturbed prairie may be discovered. The principal streets are now paved with stone, or else with that *ne plus ultra* of comfort for horse and rider, for passer-by and ladies living near, — the Nicholson pavement.

The people of Chicago have had a long and severe struggle with their river, and they have not yet made a complete conquest of it. The river and its two forks, as we have before remarked, so divide the town, that you cannot go far in any direction without crossing one of them. In old times the Indians carried people over in their canoes, and, for some time after the Indians had been wagoned off beyond

the Mississippi, a chance canoe was still the usual means of crossing. Ferries of canoes were then established, and, in course of time, the canoes expanded into commodious row-boats. Next, floating bridges were tried, much to the discontent of the mariners, who found it difficult to run in their swift vessels in time. One day, when a gale was blowing inward, a vessel came rushing into the river, and, before the bridge could be floated round, ran into it, cut it in halves, and kept on her way up the stream. The sailors much approved this manœuvre, and it had also the effect of inducing landmen to reconsider floating bridges. Draw-bridges then came in, seventeen of which now span the river and its branches. Better draw-bridges than these can nowhere be found; but the inconvenience to which they subject the busy "Chicagonese" (so their rivals style them) must be seen to be understood. Unfavorable winds sometimes detain vessels in the lake, until three hundred of them are waiting to enter. The wind changes; the whole fleet comes streaming in; in twelve hours, three hundred vessels are tugged through the draw-bridges, which is an average of more than two a minute. At all the bridges, and on both sides of them, crowds of impatient people, and long lines of vehicles extending back farther than the eye can reach, are waiting. Now and then the bridges can be closed for a short time, and then tremendous is the rush to cross. Often, before all the waiters have succeeded in getting over, the bell rings, the bridge is cleared, and the draw swings open to admit another procession of vessels, each towed by a puffing and snorting little propeller. These are exceptional days, and there are other exceptional days in which the bridges are seldom opened. But we were informed, that a business man who has any important appointment in a distant part of the town allows one hour for possible detention at the bridges. Omnibuses leaving the hotels for a depot a quarter of a mile dis-

tant, but on the other side of the river, start an hour before the departure of the train.

All this inconvenience will soon be a thing of the past. Perhaps before these lines are read the first tunnel under the river will have been opened. Others will be at once begun.

That river, which is not a river, and *because* it is not a river, is now giving Chicago another opportunity to exert its unconquerable energy and resolution. Into this forked inlet, all the drainage of the town is poured, and there is no current to carry it away into the lake. Despite incessant dredging, these streams of impurity fill the channel, and convert the water into a liquid resembling in color and consistency a rich pea-soup, such as the benevolent Farmer ladles out so plentifully to the poor women of New York. This evil, great already, must increase as rapidly as the town increases, and might in time render the place uninhabitable. Chicago is now expending two or three millions of dollars in changing that pool of abominations into a pure and running stream. The canal, before spoken of, which connects Lake Michigan with the Illinois River, begins at the end of one of the branches of the Chicago River, the water of which is now pumped up into the canal by steam. This canal Chicago is deepening, so that the water of the river will *flow* into it, and run down through all its length to the Illinois, and so carry away the impurities of the town to the Mississippi. Thus, by one operation, the pumping is obviated, the canal is improved, the river is purified, and the city is rendered more salubrious. The Chicago River will at length become a river; only, it will run backwards.

With regard to that two-mile tunnel under the blue lake, by which its purest water, all uncontaminated by the town, will soon flow, by ten thousand rills, into every room and closet of the place, it is not Chicago's fault if all the world does not understand it. Indeed, we are expressly informed by a guide-

book, that, "when the work was conceived, the whole civilized world was awed by the magnitude of the project." In what state of mind, then, will the whole civilized world find itself, when it learns that a work of such magnitude was executed in just three years, at a cost of less than a million dollars? The work is really something to be proud of, not for its magnitude, but for the simplicity, originality, and boldness of the idea.

Until within the last ten years, Chicago was little more than what we have previously named it,—the great Northwestern Exchange. It was a buyer and a seller on a great scale; but it *made* scarcely anything, depending upon the Eastern States for supplies of manufactured merchandise. Upon this fact was founded the ridiculous expectation, entertained at the beginning of the late war by the enemies of the Republic, of seeing the Western States secede from the Union. The Western man, however, has the eminent good fortune of not being a fool. Every business man in Chicago was intelligent enough to know that this dependence upon the East was a necessity of the case and time. Newly settled countries cannot manufacture their own pins, watches, and pianos, nor even their own boots, overcoats, and saucepans, and they are glad enough to give other communities some of their surplus produce in exchange for those articles. But, happily, there is FREE TRADE between the Eastern and Western States. The only and sufficient protective tariff imposed upon that trade is the cost of transportation. Consequently, we find that just as fast as it is best for *both* sections that the West should cease to depend upon the East, just so fast, and no faster, Chicago gets into manufacturing. In all the history of business there cannot be found a more exquisite illustration of the harmonious and safe working of untrammelled trade. At first, Chicago began to make on a small scale the rough and heavy implements of husbandry. That great factory, for

example, which now produces an excellent farm-wagon every seven minutes of every working day, was founded twenty-three years ago by its proprietor investing all his capital in the slow construction of one wagon. At the present time, almost every article of much bulk used upon railroads, in farming, in warming houses, in building houses, or in cooking, is made in Chicago. Three thousand persons are now employed there in manufacturing coarse boots and shoes. The prairie world is mowed and reaped by machines made in Chicago, whose people are feeling their way, too, into making woollen and cotton goods. Four or five miles out on the prairie, where until last May the ground had never been broken since the creation, there stands now the village of Austin, which consists of three large factory buildings, forty or fifty nice cottages for workmen, and two thousand young trees. This is the seat of the Chicago Clock Factory, the superintendent of which is that honest and ingenious man, Chauncey Jerome, the inventor of most of the wonderful machinery by which American clocks have been made so excellent and so cheap. After his melancholy failure in Connecticut, (wholly through the fault of others, for he had retired from active business,) he found an honorable asylum here, and is now giving to this establishment the benefit of his fifty-five years' experience in clock-making. The machinery now in operation can produce one hundred thousand clocks a year; and the proprietors had received orders for eight months' product before they had finished one clock. They expect to be able to sell these clocks at New Haven quite as cheap as those made in New Haven; since nearly every metal and wood employed in the construction of a clock can be bought cheaper in Chicago than in Connecticut. A few miles farther back on the prairies, at Elgin, there is the establishment of the National Watch Company, which expects soon to produce fifty watches a day, and to compete for a share of the ten or eleven

millions of dollars which the people of America pay every year for new watches. They are beginning to make pianos at Chicago, besides selling a hundred a week of those made in the East; and the great music house of Root and Cady are now engraving and printing all the music they publish. Melodeons are made in Chicago on a great scale.

It is in this gradual and safe manner that trade adjusts itself to circumstances when it is untrammelled by law, and such will be the working of free trade in all the nations of the earth, when, by and by, all the nations shall be in a condition to adopt it. For some years to come — so long, indeed, as the national debt is our king — we shall have to approach free trade with slow and cautious steps; but we need not lose sight of the truth, that universal free trade is the consummation at which the statesmanship of all lands is to aim.

Chicago is now intent upon four things, — the establishment of manufactures, the improvement of the city, the completion of railroads to the Pacific, the construction of ship canals from the Mississippi to the Atlantic Ocean. He who can lend a helping hand or head to any of these is welcome, and especially he who can make any useful article well. There, as everywhere, mere buyers and sellers are in excess. Those "Commercial Colleges" which abound in all the Western cities, useful as they are in many respects, appear to be luring young men from their proper vocation of producers and makers into the overcrowded business of distributing; so that even in busy Chicago, where every able man is doing two men's work, the merchants are pestered with applications for clerkships, and the salaries of clerks are generally low. These waiting youths are the only idle class in Chicago. There are no men of leisure there. No man thinks of stopping work because he has money enough for his personal use. In all the Western country, as a rule, the richer a man is, the harder he toils, and the more com-

pletely is he the servant of his fellow-citizens.

Chicago, already a handsome town, is going to be one of the most beautiful cities in the world. Twenty years ago, when the present court-house, or City Hall, was built, the corporation sent all the way to Lockport, in the State of New York, for the stone,—a dark granite. Long before the people had done boasting of this grand and gloomy edifice, the men who were digging the canal at Athens, a point about fourteen miles from the city, struck a deposit of soft, cream-colored stone, which proved to be an inexhaustible quarry. For some time this stone was supposed to be useless, and it was regarded only in the light of an obstruction to the excavation of the canal. It was discovered, a year or two after, that fragments of the stone which had been exposed to the air for a few months had become harder; and by very slow degrees the truth dawned upon a few interested minds, that Chicago had stumbled upon a treasure. It was, nevertheless, with much difficulty that builders were induced to give a trial to what is now recognized as the very best and most elegant building material in the country. Soft to the chisel, it is hard in the finished wall; and, devoid of the glare of white marble, it possesses that hue of the Parthenon which, Dr. Wordsworth says, looks as though it had been “quarried out of the golden light of an Athenian sunset.” The general use in Chicago of this light-colored stone, and of the light yellow brick of the prairie clay, gives to the principal streets a cheerful, airy, elegant aspect, which is enhanced by the promptitude with which all the new and pleasing effects in street architecture are introduced. The Western man, in all that he does, and in much that he thinks, is the creature of all the earth who is least trammelled by custom and tradition. His ruling aim, when he sets about anything, is to do it better than the same thing has ever been done before since the creation of man. We do not hesitate to say, that the best houses in the leading avenues

of Chicago are far more pleasing to the eye than those of the Fifth Avenue in New York, and that the general effect of the best streets is finer.

Of course, Chicago is still a forming city. It stretches along the lake about eight miles, but does not reach back into the prairie more than two. In the heart of the town the stranger beholds blocks of stores, solid, lofty, and in the most recent taste, hotels of great magnitude, and public buildings that would be creditable to any city. The streets are as crowded with vehicles and people as any in New York, and there is nothing exhibited in the windows of New York which may not be seen in those of Chicago. As the visitor passes along, he sees at every moment some new evidence that he has arrived at a rich metropolis. Now it is a gorgeous and enormous carpet-house that arrests his attention; now a huge dry-goods store, or vast depot of groceries. The next moment he finds himself peering into a restaurant, as splendid as a steamboat and larger than Taylor's; or into a dining-room window, where, in addition to other delicacies of the season, there is a spacious cake of ice, covered with naked frogs, reposing picturesquely in parsley. Farther on, he pauses before a jeweller's, brilliant with gold, silver, diamonds, and pictures, where a single item of last year's business was the sale of three thousand two hundred watches, of which one thousand were American. The number and extent of the book-stores is another striking feature, and it is impossible to go far without being strongly reminded that pianos and cabinet-organs are for sale in the city. Blessed are the people of Chicago, and blessed the strangers in their midst, in the article of malt liquor; for it is excellent, it is honest, and it is abundant. True, science has not yet positively ascertained whether or not the Coming Man will drink malt liquor; but the Coming Man has not come, and if people will drink beer, they had better drink it good.

Along the lake, south of the river, for two or three miles, extend the beautiful

avenues which change insensibly into those streets of cottages and gardens which have given to Chicago the name of the Garden City. This is a pleasant, umbrageous quarter, where glimpses are caught of the blue lake that stretches away to the east for sixty miles. On this shore is rising the monument to Douglas, and there is a shady street near by that will last longer than the monument, called Douglas Place. In all Chicago there is not one tenement house. Thrifty workmen own the houses they live in, and the rest can still hire a whole house; consequently seven tenths of Chicago consist of small wooden houses, in streets with wooden sidewalks and roadways of prairie black.

It is always interesting to a stranger to notice the names of the streets of a town which he visits for the first time. Chicago boasts a Goethe Street and a Schiller Street. There is also a Greeley, a Bremer, a Poe, a Kane, a Kosuth, a Bross, a Wentworth, and a Long John Street. Local history is commemorated in Calumet, Astor, Fur, Kinsie, Blackhawk, and Wahpanseh; and general history, in Blucher, Bonaparte, Buena Vista, Calhoun, Burnside, Cass, De Kalb, Carroll, Fabius, Macedonia, Garibaldi, Madison, Washington, Monroe, Lafayette, Franklin, Butler, Grant, Kansas, Lincoln, Mayflower, Napoleon, Randolph, Sigel, and Thomas. New York is called to mind in Broadway, the Bowery, and the Bloomingdale Road; and Philadelphia, in Chestnut Street. There is likewise a Rosebud Street, a Selah Street, a Queer Place, and a Grub Street.

When next the *Atlantic Monthly* chronicles the progress of Chicago, it will have to describe a grand Boulevard, furnishing a drive of fifteen miles round the city, shaded with trees, and lined with villas and gardens. This very spring, it is hoped, will see the work begun. A great park is also in contemplation, in which Chicago hopes to behold the strange spectacle of hill and dale. It is not unlikely that the park will enclose a range of mountains, the loftiest peaks of which will pierce

the air half a hundred feet; and up those giddy heights Chicago's boys will climb on Saturday afternoons, inhale the breath of liberty on the mountain-tops, and learn why Switzerland is free.

Would the stranger see the MEN whose public spirit and energy have created Chicago, and are guiding its destinies? Then he must go, about noon, to the beautiful edifice in the centre of the city, wherein the Board of Trade assembles. This is the Exchange of Chicago. Here, in a spacious and lofty apartment, decorated with fine fresco paintings by resident Italian artists, are daily gathered from a thousand to eighteen hundred of the men who control the collection and distribution of those grain mountains, those miles of timber stacks, and all that mass of produce of which we have spoken. Here are the buyers, the sellers, the insurers, and the forwarders, and loud is the roar of their talk. Groups of men cover the whole extent of the floor. A few minutes suffice to buy, insure, and despatch a ship-load of wheat; a few minutes suffice to convert a sanguine speculator into the lamest of ducks, or send him away rejoicing in the possession of new means of speculation. Suddenly, loud knocks are heard in a gallery above, which commands a view of the whole scene. The roar is instantly hushed, and all eyes and all ears are directed toward a gentleman in the gallery, who is Mr. John F. Beaty, the Secretary of the Board, who proceeds, in a sonorous voice, to read the last telegram of prices in New York and London. The instant he has finished, conversation sets in with renewed vigor; and the whole hall is filled with noise. At a semicircle of mahogany desks at one end of the room sit the gentlemen representing the press, who compile daily reports of the business of the city, which for completeness and extent are unequalled. In about an hour and a half the business of the day is done, and the room is empty, with half an inch of grain on the floor, ready bruised for the janitor's pig and chickens.

No body of men in this land were more heartily loyal to their country during the war than the Chicago Board of Trade. Adjoining the great exchange-room is a smaller apartment, handsomely furnished in black walnut, for the meetings of the Directors of the Board; and in this room are preserved the flags of the several regiments raised or equipped under the auspices and by the assistance of the Board. It so chanced, that while we were in the great room, a few weeks ago, Mr. Walter, of the London Times, passed through it, unobserved, escorted by Governor Bross, of the Chicago Tribune, who usually does the honors of the city—and no one could do them more agreeably or more intelligently—to visitors of distinction. When it transpired who it was that had accompanied Governor Bross, a difficult moral problem was discussed by some of those exceedingly uncompromising loyalists. The question was, Suppose Mr. Walter had been recognized, which ought to have been the controlling principle in the minds of those present,—courtesy to a stranger, or disapproval of a public enemy? In other words, would it have been right and becoming in the Board of Trade to have hissed Mr. Walter a little? From the tone of the remarks upon this abstruse question of morals, we fear that, if Mr. Walter *had* been generally recognized, he would not have been left in doubt as to the feelings of the Board toward a man who, the Board thought, gave us two years more of war than we should have had if *he* had not led England against us. Those radical and straightforward men of wheat and wool do not, perhaps, sufficiently consider that the great journals of the world are the world's paid servants, who seem to lead, but are in reality propelled.

The great question respecting Chicago,—and all other places under heaven,—is, What is the quality of the human life lived in it? It is well to have an abundance of beef, pork, grain, wool, and pine boards, so long as these are used as means to an end, and that

end is the production and nurture of happy, intelligent, virtuous, and robust human beings. This alone is success; all short of this is failure. Cheerful, healthy human life,—that is the wealth of the world; and the extreme of destitution is to have all the rest and not that. The stranger, therefore, looks about in this busy, thriving city, and endeavors to ascertain, above all else, how it fares there with human nature. In Chicago, as everywhere, human nature is weak and ignorant, temptable and tempted; and in considering the influences to which it is there subjected, we must only ask whether those influences are more or less favorable than elsewhere.

The climate, upon the whole, is good. The winters, short, sharp, and decisive, are healthful, of course. The summer heats are mitigated by the prairie breezes and the fresh cool winds from the lake. Occasionally a southern wind prevails, and gives Chicago some stifling days. To those who can afford it, the northern lakes offer an easy and complete escape from the hot weather, as well as a trip of almost unequalled variety and charm. With regard to food, Chicago has the pick of the best; nothing remains but to learn how to cook it. The West has much to acquire in this great art, and even many of the large hotels are wanting in their mission of setting an example of cookery. The raw material abounds. It is only necessary not to spoil it with grease, saleratus, and the lazy, odious frying-pan. We are happy to state, that excellent dinners are daily enjoyed in Chicago, though a prodigious number of bad ones are bolted.

Some parts of the mind are well cultivated there. Chicago is itself a college to all its inhabitants. When we see a boy reading in Roman history an account of the Appian Way, we all say that he is improving his mind. The Nicholson pavement has ten times more thought in it than the Appian Way; why is not an urchin improving his mind who stands, with his hands in his pockets, looking on while the work-

men arrange the little blocks and pour in the odoriferous tar? Then those mighty schemes for ship canals, and new, far-reaching railroads, and the improved methods, processes, models, — all these are the daily theme of conversation and keen discussion, with maps spread out and authorities at hand. A great and splendid city is rising from the prairie, in the view of all the people, who watch, criticise, compare, suggest. It is observed that the too respectable Bostonian, the staid Philadelphian, the self-indulgent and thoughtless New-Yorker, acquire, after living awhile in Chicago, a vivacity of mind, an interest in things around them, a public spirit, which they did not possess at home. It must be very difficult for a boy to grow up a fool in a Western city, unless, indeed, he takes to vice, which, there and everywhere, is deadly to the understanding.

It is with pleasure that we report to the people of the United States, that their fellow-citizens of Chicago are looking well to the interests of those who are to carry on their work when they are gone. The public schools of the city are among the very best in the United States. The buildings are large, handsome, and convenient; much care is taken with regard to the ventilation of the rooms and the exercise of the pupils; the salaries of the teachers range from four hundred to twenty-four hundred dollars a year; the gentlemen of the Board of Education are among the most respectable and capable of the citizens. In the High School, an institution of which any city in Christendom might be justly proud, colored lads and girls may be seen in most of the classes, mingled with the other pupils; and in the evening schools of the city colored men and women are received on precisely the same footing as white. Colored children also attend the common schools, and no one objects, or sees anything extraordinary in the fact. No little child is allowed to pass more than half an hour without exercise. In the higher classes, the physical exercises occur about once an hour; the windows are thrown open, the pupils rise,

and all the class imitate the motions of the teacher for five minutes. The boys in the High School have a lesson daily in out-door gymnastics, skilfully taught by a gentleman who left one of his legs before Vicksburg. The girls have a variety of curious exercises, which combine play and work in an agreeable manner. Connected with the High School, there is a small school of young children, for the purpose of giving young ladies who intend to become teachers an opportunity of practice, under the direction of a teacher already experienced. If in one room we regretted to see boys and girls expending their force in acquiring a smattering of Latin, we were consoled in another by discovering that those who are wise enough to prefer it can learn German or French.

The peril of America is the overschooling of her children. In Chicago, as everywhere else, the grand fault of the public schools is, that too much is attempted in them. The Board of Education is ambitious; the superintendent is ambitious; the teachers, the parents, the children, are ambitious; and there is nowhere in the system any one who stands between these co-operating ambitions and the delicate organization of the children. Five hours' school a day, with two hours' intermission, and no lessons learned at home, — these are our colors, and we nail them to the mast. Even on Sundays the poor children have no rest from eternal school and the stimulating influence of older minds.

Three medical colleges, two theological seminaries, a university, an academy of sciences, — all in their infancy, but full of young vigor, — exist in Chicago. It is startling to find on the western shore of Lake Michigan, where, thirty-two years ago, seven thousand Indians howled, an astronomical observatory of the most improved model, provided with a telescope which is considered the finest of its kind in the world, and a resident professor capable of using it. Chicago will have a museum before New York has one. Nine years

ago, a few gentlemen interested in science, particularly in natural history and geology, formed a society for the collection of specimens and the acquisition of knowledge. A year or two since, it occurred to one or two of the more zealous members that the time had come for the society to take a step forward. The merchants of Chicago have a finely developed talent for subscribing money, and before many days had gone by one hundred and twenty men had subscribed five hundred dollars each, for the purpose of establishing on a proper basis the Chicago Academy of Sciences. A lot has been purchased; a building will be begun in the spring; and Chicago will have a museum before the year is out. Already the society possesses many objects of particular interest,—among others, a specimen of the prairie squirrels *that cannot climb*, which ought to be put in the same case with the eyeless fish of the Mammoth Cave.

The daily mental food of the business men in Western cities is the daily newspaper; and many of them read nothing else. The daily press of Chicago is conducted with the vigor, enterprise, and liberality of expenditure which we should expect to see in a city pervaded with the spirit of advertising. Readers have not forgotten General Butler's famous apple-speech in front of the City Hall in New York, a few months ago, the report of which filled nearly two columns of the New York papers. It was *telegraphed*, with all the remarks and doings of the crowd, to "The Chicago Republican." "The Chicago Tribune" has excellent "own correspondents" in New York, London, Paris, and Washington, besides occasional contributors in twenty other cities. On almost any day of the year, this excellent newspaper publishes telegraphic news from as many as twenty-five points, and on extraordinary occasions the number of despatches has risen to seventy-five. In the office of the Republican is kept a list of seven hundred and sixty names of persons residing in different towns, to whom

the editor can send for detailed information when anything of interest has occurred within their reach. If the Mammoth Cave should cave in, or Niagara break down, there would be some one on the spot, an hour after, collecting details of the catastrophe for the Chicago Republican of the next morning. "The Evening Journal," too, though it cannot compete with morning papers in point of news, presents a singularly well-digested and tastefully selected variety of interesting reading.

The press of Chicago has opinions of its own. The Tribune, unlike its great New York namesake, inclines toward free trade. We believe the editors are prepared to recommend that the policy of protection should be carried no farther, and that future changes made in the tariff should lessen restrictions upon trade, not increase them. The young Republican, on the contrary, is a thorough-going protectionist. At least, it believes that the policy of protection should be maintained until Chicago has her manufacturing system well developed. Both these papers and the Evening Journal are radical Republican. Indeed, we may say that, in the Western country, the vast majority of Republicans are of the most radical description. "The Chicago Times" is the leading Democratic paper of the Northwest, but it advocates "impartial suffrage," as well as universal amnesty. It was the first paper of its party that had the ability to see that the one chance of the Democratic party's regaining power was to give the suffrage to the great mass of the negroes immediately. Ignorance is ignorance. Ignorance, always gravitating the wrong way, can be cajoled and bought. It is the demagogue's natural prey; honest men cannot get near enough to it for a shot. What a reproach to Tammany, that a politician in far-off Chicago should have been the first to see the mode of New-Yorkizing the politics of the South!

The community that possesses a large surplus of beef, pork, grain, wool, and timber, can have whatever other

purchasable commodity it desires. To Chicago, accordingly, painters come and paint pictures for its parlors, or send them from afar. There is a surprising taste there for every kind of artistic decoration. It is more common to see good engravings and tolerable paintings in the residences of Chicago than in those of New York. In a window of one of the stores, we noticed a very pretty statue of the boy Washington, executed by a resident sculptor. And we agree with the possessor of the Crosby Opera House, that he has just drawn in the lottery the most elegant interior in the country. We abhor superlatives, but we must claim the privilege of asserting, that, in the construction of buildings designed for the assembling together of many people, Chicago surpasses the rest of the world. There are, positively, no churches anywhere else in which elegance and convenience are so perfectly combined as in the newer churches of Chicago. That beautiful Opera House wants nothing but an opera. We heard within it, however, one of the concerts of the Philharmonic Society, at which the violin playing of Camilla Urso was listened to with rapture, while an abstruse symphony, performed by a German orchestra, was borne with the patient faith which we Northern barbarians generally exhibit on such occasions. We firmly believe the music is sublime; we are ashamed that we cannot enjoy it; and now and then, when the orchestra plays a little louder than usual, we wake from a reverie, and almost persuade ourselves that we are receiving pleasure. As in New York, so in Chicago. Only, the politer Chicago gentlemen do not talk, nor the ladies giggle.

But Chicago does more than listen patiently to foreign artists. It has music of its own. Those war-songs, which cheered ten thousand camp-fires, and solaced many a weary march,—“Tramp, tramp, tramp, the boys are marching,” “The Battle Cry of Freedom,” “Kingdom Coming,” “Wake, Nicodemus,” and twenty others, famil-

iar to the army and country,—were composed, printed, and published in Chicago. That worthy gentleman, Mr. George F. Root, of the firm of Root and Cady, composed several of the best of them. Mr. H. C. Work, connected with the same house, is the author of others, some of which had a wonderful run. Now, reader, mark how time brings its revenges! Many years ago, Alonzo Work, father of this composer, was walking along a road in Missouri, when he was overtaken by a party of fugitive slaves, who asked the way to a free State. He directed them on their course, and gave them some slight aid in money. For doing this, he was condemned to twenty years’ imprisonment at hard labor, and served several years of the term before he was pardoned. In 1861, his son, a poor invalid journeyman printer, climbed up to Mr. Root’s study, and laid upon his desk the music and words of a war song. Astonished that so forlorn an apparition should have ever had a thought of music in his soul, Mr. Root was still more astonished to discover that he had a genius for producing such music as the people love. Before he left the room he had engaged to compose for Messrs. Root and Cady for five years. His songs have been sung by millions of men, and he now has a pleasant cottage, paid for, and an income from copyrights of three thousand dollars a year.

Such books, too, as the people of Chicago and the Northwest are buying! Already three large book-houses are competing to supply the demand of this great market. The most attractive, as well as the most promising, indication of the healthful progress of Chicago is given in the quantities and character of the books offered for sale.

The book-houses, the shelves of which are crowded with the best literature, are not exotic. They come in obedience to the law of demand and supply. All our leading publishing houses have their lists of publications completely represented, and Chicago itself is rapidly becoming second only

to New York as a distributing point. The demand for foreign books, for costly books, for valuable books, is very great. You see in these large establishments an assortment almost as large and valuable as is to be found in any of our Atlantic cities. Here have been sold over fifteen hundred sets of Appleton's Encyclopædia, in sixteen volumes; and into this market several hundred sets of the Encyclopædia Britannica, in twenty-two volumes, worth two hundred dollars a set, have found their way. We were surprised to find here such works, for example, as Robertson's Holy Land, the works of Sir Joshua Reynolds, of Hogarth, Gilray, Doré, Jameson, Myrick, and many others, at prices varying from one hundred to four hundred and fifty dollars each. We were surprised, too, to read in a Chicago newspaper the programme of a course of twenty-four lectures to be delivered in the French language. Allied to the book business is the news business, which is not the least among the noteworthy things of this city. The business itself is an outgrowth of the express business, which, by its ramifications and punctuality, has, notwithstanding its extortionate charges, been a great public servant. The express has opened in almost every town, certainly in almost every respectable village, a news stand; and the influence of these cheap establishments in the diffusion of intelligence, as well as this other function, the provision of a peculiar class of *cheap* literature, it will be the duty of some future historian to determine.

The railroads running out from Chicago have given every facility to the development of the news business, and accordingly there has grown up in the city a very large and most admirably conducted establishment, — the Western News Company, under the management of its founder, Mr. John R. Walsh. It is, we believe, less than ten years since this establishment was started, in a small way, by Mr. Walsh, then a young man with a very limited

capital. It is now one of the institutions of Chicago, and transacts a business of nearly three quarters of a million of dollars a year. Hardly one of those trains that leave the city every fifteen minutes but takes out to other places some of its parcels. Hardly a cabin in the Northwest that is beyond the reach of its influence. Hardly a family that is not indebted to it for a cheerful visit during the week or month.

The truth is, that much of the best young brain, taste, and civilization of the country has gone to the Northwest; and Chicago, besides supplying it with an annual fifty millions of dollars' worth of dry goods, and no end of boards, has to minister to its nobler needs, and distribute over the country five millions of dollars' worth of books. At Chicago the other day, fifty graduates of Yale, all residents of the city, were gathered about one table.

The traveller who stays over a Sunday in Chicago witnesses as complete a suspension of labor as in Boston or Philadelphia. A great majority of the eager and busy population on that day resigns itself to the influence of its instructors; and the hundred and fifty churches are well filled with attentive people. There are nine Baptist, six Congregational, eleven Episcopal, ten Lutheran, eighteen Methodist, sixteen Presbyterian, two Dutch Reformed, fifteen Catholic, two Swedenborgian, two Unitarian, and two Universalist churches, besides various mission churches and a few others that decline classification, and four Synagogues. The social life of the people centres in their churches. Those superb church edifices in Wabash Avenue are not merely for the assembling of a congregation on Sunday; they are rather religious club-houses, and some of them are provided with a complete kitchen and restaurant apparatus, and contain extensive suites of apartments, in which, twice a month, the ladies give an entertainment to the congregation. The Sunday-school rooms are made inviting by pictures, elegant furniture, and in some instances by fountains and

natural flowers. The Rev. Mr. Hatfield, the eloquent Methodist clergyman, a recent acquisition to Chicago, who has preached in many cities, assured us that in no city of the United States are the local benevolent operations of the churches carried on with such sustained vigor, and on such a thorough, far-reaching system, as in Chicago. There is one mission Sunday school there which gathers every Sunday afternoon a thousand poor, neglected children into apartments replete with all the best modern apparatus of instruction, and full of pleasing objects. At Chicago it is evident that the good people are rapidly learning and fulfilling the final purpose of a Christian church ; which is *not* the promulgation of a barren and dividing opinion, but the diffusion among the whole community of the civilization hitherto enjoyed only by a few favored families.

Nowhere in the world are there such striking proofs of the inexhaustible vigor and power of Christianity as in this new prairie town. Here, far inland, on the shores of this blue lake, amid these grain mountains, these miles of tim-

ber, this entanglement of railroads, this mighty host of new-comers, even here it is still the voice from Palestine, coming across so many centuries, that delivers the needed message : " Rest not, Chicago, in planks, nor grain, nor railroads, nor in infinite pork. These are but means to an end. Never mind about cutting out St. Louis : try only which shall do most for the civilization of the prairie world." Chicago is not inattentive to this message, and is learning to interpret it aright. Those beautiful temples, those excellent schools, those local benevolences, that innocent social life, those ceaseless battlings with vice, that instinct of decoration, that conscientiously conducted press, those libraries and bookstores, all attest that Chicago does not mean to laboriously champ up the shells of the nut of life and throw the kernel away. It is our impression, that human nature there is subject to influences as favorable to its health and progress as in any city of the world, and that a family going to reside in Chicago from one of our older cities will be likely to find itself in a better place than that from which it came.

LABOR.

WHOSE work is then divinest? His who moulds
 With pallid finger the dark, ignorant clay,
 Making new radiance, as dawn goldens day, —
 Or his, for whom the hollow pipe enfolds
 Magic to melt the moon in tenderness, —
 Or his, whose orient memory in sad hours
 Shows color on north seas grown lustreless,
 While he but dreams on Persia's purple towers, —
 Or his, who pours out life upon a song?
 Ah! weak is toil as foam upon blown beaches,
 Unless the might of love shall make us strong,
 And weak our statues and sweet reedy reaches,
 Unless our love keep tideless overflow
 Round even the lowliest blossom earth can show.

MY FRIEND BINGHAM.

CONSCIOUS as I am of a deep aversion to stories of a painful nature, I have often asked myself whether, in the events here set forth, the element of pain is stronger than that of joy. An affirmative answer to this question would have stood as a veto upon the publication of my story, for it is my opinion that the literature of horrors needs no extension. Such an answer, however, I am unwilling to pronounce; while, on the other hand, I hesitate to assume the responsibility of a decided negative. I have therefore determined to leave the solution to the reader. I may add, that I am very sensible of the superficial manner in which I have handled my facts. I bore no other part in the accomplishment of these facts than that of a cordial observer; and it was impossible that, even with the best will in the world, I should fathom the emotions of the actors. Yet, as the very faintest reflection of human passions, under the pressure of fate, possesses an immortal interest, I am content to appeal to the reader's sympathy, and to assure him of my own fidelity.

Towards the close of summer, in my twenty-eighth year, I went down to the seaside to rest from a long term of work, and to enjoy, after several years of separation, a *lôte-à-lôte* with an intimate friend. My friend had just arrived from Europe, and we had agreed to spend my vacation together by the side of the sounding sea, and within easy reach of the city. On taking possession of our lodgings, we found that we should have no fellow-idlers, and we hailed joyously the prospect of the great marine solitudes which each of us declared that he found so abundantly peopled by the other. I hasten to impart to the reader the following facts in regard to the man whom I found so good a companion.

George Bingham had been born and bred among people for whom, as he grew to manhood, he learned to enter-

tain a most generous contempt,—people in whom the hereditary possession of a large property—for he assured me that the facts stood in the relation of cause and effect—had extinguished all intelligent purpose and principle. I trust that I do not speak rhetorically when I describe in these terms the combined ignorance and vanity of my friend's progenitors. It was their fortune to make a splendid figure while they lived, and I feel little compunction in hinting at their poverty in certain human essentials. Bingham was no declaimer, and indeed no great talker; and it was only now and then, in an allusion to the past as the field of a wasted youth, that he expressed his profound resentment. I read this for the most part in the severe humility with which he regarded the future, and under cover of which he seemed to salute it as void at least (whatever other ills it might contain) of those domestic embarrassments which had been the bane of his first manhood. I have no doubt that much may be said, within limits, for the graces of that society against which my friend embodied so violent a reaction, and especially for its good-humor,—that home-keeping benevolence which accompanies a sense of material repletion. It is equally probable that to persons of a simple constitution these graces may wear a look of delightful and enduring mystery; but poor Bingham was no simpleton. He was a man of opinions numerous, delicate, and profound. When, with the lapse of his youth, he awoke to a presentiment of these opinions, and cast his first interrogative glance upon the world, he found that in his own little section of it he and his opinions were a piece of melancholy impertinence. Left, at twenty-three years of age, by his father's death, in possession of a handsome property, and absolute master of his actions, he had thrown himself blindly into the world. But, as

he afterwards assured me, so superficial was his knowledge of the real world, — the world of labor and inquiry, — that he had found himself quite incapable of intelligent action. In this manner he had wasted a great deal of time. He had travelled much, however; and, being a keen observer of men and women, he had acquired a certain practical knowledge of human nature. Nevertheless, it was not till he was nearly thirty years old that he had begun to live for himself. "By myself," he explained, "I mean something else than this monstrous hereditary faculty for doing nothing and thinking of nothing." And he led me to believe, or I should rather say he allowed me to believe, that at this moment he had made a serious attempt to study. But upon this point he was not very explicit; for if he blushed for the manner in which he had slighted his opportunities, he blushed equally for the manner in which he had used them. It is my belief that he had but a limited capacity for study, and I am certain that to the end of his days there subsisted in his mind a very friendly relation between fancies and facts.

Bingham was *par excellence* a moralist, a man of sentiment. I know — he knew himself — that, in this busy Western world, this character represents no recognized avocation; but in the absence of such avocation, its exercise was nevertheless very dear to him. I protest that it was very dear to me, and that, at the end of a long morning devoted to my office-desk, I have often felt as if I had contributed less to the common cause than I have felt after moralizing — or, if you please, sentimentalizing — half an hour with my friend. He was an idler, assuredly; but his candor, his sagacity, his good taste, and, above all, a certain diffident enthusiasm which followed its objects with the exquisite trepidation of an unconfessed and despairing lover, — these things, and a hundred more, redeemed him from vulgarity. For three years before we came together, as I have intimated, my impressions of my friend had rested on his letters; and yet, from

the first hour which we spent together, I felt that they had done him no wrong. We were genuine friends. I don't know that I can offer better proof of this than by saying that, as our old personal relations resumed their force, and the time-shrunken outlines of character filled themselves out, I greeted the reappearance of each familiar foible on Bingham's part quite as warmly as I did that of the less punctual virtue. Compared, indeed, with the comrade of earlier years, my actual companion was a well-seasoned man of the world; but with all his acquired humility and his disciplined *bonhomie*, he had failed to divest himself of a certain fastidiousness of mind, a certain formalism of manner, which are the token and the prerogative of one who has not been obliged to address himself to practical questions. The charm bestowed by these facts upon Bingham's conversation — a charm often vainly invoked in their absence — is explained by his honest indifference to their action, and his indisposition to turn them to account in the interest of the picturesque, — an advantage but too easy of conquest for a young man, rich, accomplished, and endowed with good looks and a good name. I may say, perhaps, that to a critical mind my friend's prime distinction would have been his very positive refusal to drape himself, after the current taste, with those brilliant stuffs which fortune had strewn at his feet.

Of course, a great deal of our talk bore upon Bingham's recent travels, adventures, and sensations. One of these last he handled very frankly, and treated me to a bit of genuine romance. He had been in love, and had been cruelly jilted, but had now grown able to view the matter with much of the impartial spirit of those French critics whose works were his favorite reading. His account of the young lady's character and motives would indeed have done credit to many a clever *feuilleton*. I was the less surprised, however, at his severely dispassionate tone, when, in retracing the process of his opinions, I discerned the traces — the ravages, I

may almost say — of a solemn act of renunciation. Bingham had forsworn marriage. I made haste to assure him that I considered him quite too young for so austere a resolve.

"I can't help it," said he; "I feel a foreboding that I shall live and die alone."

"A foreboding?" said I. "What's a foreboding worth?"

"Well, then, rationally considered, my marriage is improbable."

"But it's not to be rationally considered," I objected. "It belongs to the province of sentiment."

"But you deny me sentiment. I fall back upon my foreboding."

"That's not sentiment, — it's superstition," I answered. "Your marrying will depend upon your falling in love; and your falling in love will certainly not depend upon yourself."

"Upon whom, then?"

"Upon some unknown fair one, — Miss A, B, or C."

"Well," said Bingham, submissively, "I wish she would make haste and reveal herself."

These remarks had been exchanged in the hollow of a cliff which sloped seaward, and where we had lazily stretched ourselves at length on the grass. The grass had grown very long and brown; and as we lay with our heads quite on a level with it, the view of the immediate beach and the gentle breakers was so completely obstructed by the rank, coarse herbage, that our prospect was reduced to a long, narrow band of deep blue ocean traversing its black fibres, and to the great vault of the sky. We had strolled out a couple of hours before, bearing each a borrowed shot-gun and accompanied by a friendly water-dog, somewhat languidly disposed towards the slaughter of wild ducks. We were neither of us genuine sportsmen, and it is certain that, on the whole, we meant very kindly to the ducks. It was at all events fated that on that day they should suffer but lightly at our hands. For the half-hour previous to the exchange of the remarks just cited, we had quite forgotten

our real business; and, with our pieces lost in the grass beside us, and our dog, weary of inaction, wandering far beyond call, we looked like any straw-picking truants. At last Bingham rose to his feet, with the asseveration that it would never do for us to return empty-handed. "But, behold," he exclaimed, as he looked down across the breadth of the beach, "there is our friend of the cottage, with the sick little boy."

I brought myself into a sitting posture, and glanced over the cliff. Down near the edge of the water sat a young woman, tossing stones into it for the amusement of a child, who stood lustily crowing and clapping his hands. Her title to be called our friend lay in the fact, that on our way to the beach we had observed her issuing from a cottage hard by the hotel, leading by the hand a pale-faced little boy, muffled like an invalid. The hotel, as I have said, was all but deserted, and this young woman had been the first person to engage our idle observation. We had seen that, although plainly dressed, she was young, pretty, and modest; and, in the absence of heavier cares, these facts had sufficed to make her interesting. The question had arisen between us, whether she was a native of the shore, or a visitor like ourselves. Bingham inclined to the former view of the case, and I to the latter. There was, indeed, a certain lowliness in her aspect; but I had contended that it was by no means a rustic lowliness. Her dress was simple, but it was well made and well worn; and I noticed that, as she strolled along, leading her little boy, she cast upon sky and sea the lingering glance of one to whom, in their integrity, these were unfamiliar objects. She was the wife of some small tradesman, I argued, who had brought her child to the seaside by the physician's decree. But Bingham declared that it was utterly illogical to suppose her to be a mother of five years' motherhood; and that, for his part, he saw nothing in her appearance inconsistent with rural influences. The child was her nephew, the son of a married sister, and she

a sentimental maiden aunt. Obviously the volume she had in her hand was Tennyson. In the absence on both sides of authentic data, of course the debate was not prolonged; and the subject of it had passed from our memories some time before we again met her on the beach. She soon became aware of our presence, however; and, with a natural sense of intrusion, we immediately resumed our walk. The last that I saw of her, as we rounded a turn in the cliff which concealed the backward prospect, was a sudden grasp of the child's arm, as if to withdraw him from the reach of a hastily advancing wave.

Half an hour's further walk led us to a point which we were not tempted to exceed. We shot between us some half a dozen birds; but as our dog, whose talents had been sadly misrepresented, proved very shy of the deep water, and succeeded in bringing no more than a couple of our victims to shore, we resolved to abstain from further destruction, and to return home quietly along the beach, upon which we had now descended.

"If we meet our young lady," said Bingham, "we can gallantly offer her our booty."

Some five minutes after he had uttered these words, a couple of great sea-gulls came flying landward over our heads, and, after a long gyration in mid-air, boldly settled themselves on the slope of the cliff at some three hundred yards in front of us, a point at which it projected almost into the waves. After a momentary halt, one of them rose again on his long pinions and soared away seaward; the other remained. He sat perched on a jutting boulder some fifteen feet high, sunning his fishy breast.

"I wonder if I could put a shot into him," said Bingham.

"Try," I answered; and, as he rapidly charged and levelled his piece, I remember idly repeating, while I looked at the great bird,

"God save thee, ancient mariner,
From the fiends that plague thee thus!

Why look'st thou so? 'With my cross-bow
I shot the albatross.'"

"He's going to rise," I added.

But Bingham had fired. The creature rose, indeed, half sluggishly, and yet with too hideous celerity. His movement drew from us a cry which was almost simultaneous with the report of Bingham's gun. I cannot express our relation to what followed it better than by saying that it exposed to our sight, beyond the space suddenly left vacant, the happy figure of the child from whom we had parted but an hour before. He stood with his little hands extended, and his face raised toward the retreating bird. Of the sickening sensation which assailed our common vision as we saw him throw back his hands to his head, and reel downwards out of sight, I can give no verbal account, nor of the rapidity with which we crossed the smooth interval of sand, and rounded the bluff.

The child's companion had scrambled up the rocky bank towards the low ledge from which he had fallen, and to which access was of course all too easy. She had sunk down upon the stones, and was wildly clasping the boy's body. I turned from this spectacle to my friend, as to an image of equal woe. Bingham, pale as death, bounded over the stones, and fell on his knees. The woman let him take the child out of her arms, and bent over, with her forehead on a rock, moaning. I have never seen helplessness so vividly embodied as in this momentary group.

"Did it strike his head?" cried Bingham. "What the devil was he doing up there?"

"I told him he'd get hurt," said the young woman, with harrowing simplicity. "To shoot straight at him! — He's killed!"

"Great heavens! Do you mean to say that I saw him?" roared Bingham. "How did I know he was there? Did you see us?"

The young woman shook her head. "Of course I did n't see you. I saw you with your guns before. Oh, he's killed!"

"He's not killed. It was mere duck shot. Don't talk such stuff. — My own poor little man!" cried George. "Charles, where *were* our eyes?"

"He wanted to catch the bird," moaned our companion. "Baby, my boy! open your eyes. Speak to your mother. For God's sake, get some help!"

She had put out her hands to take the child from Bingham, who had half angrily lifted him out of her reach. The senseless movement with which, as she disengaged him from Bingham's grasp, he sank into her arms, was clearly the senselessness of death. She burst into sobs. I went and examined the child.

"He *may* not be killed," I said, turning to Bingham; "keep your senses. It's not your fault. We *could n't* see each other."

Bingham rose stupidly to his feet.

"She must be got home," I said.

"We must get a carriage. Will you go or stay?"

I saw that he had seen the truth. He looked about him with an expression of miserable impotence. "Poor little devil!" he said, hoarsely.

"Will you go for a carriage?" I repeated, taking his hand, "or will you stay?"

Our companion's sobs redoubled their violence.

"I'll stay," said he. "Bring some woman."

I started at a hard run. I left the beach behind me, passed the white cottage at whose garden gate two women were gossiping, and reached the hotel stable, where I had the good fortune to find a vehicle at my disposal. I drove straight back to the white cottage. One of the women had disappeared, and the other was lingering among her flowers, — a middle-aged, keen-eyed person. As I descended and hastily addressed her, I read in her rapid glance an anticipation of evil tidings.

"The young woman who stays with you —" I began.

"Yes," she said, "my second-cousin. Well?"

"She's in trouble. She wants you to come to her. Her little boy has hurt himself." I had time to see that I need fear no hysterics.

"Where did you leave her?" asked my companion.

"On the beach."

"What's the matter with the child?"

"He fell from a rock. There's no time to be lost." There was a certain antique rigidity about the woman which was at once irritating and reassuring. I was impelled both to quicken her apprehensions and to confide in her self-control. "For all I know, ma'am," said I, "the child is killed."

She gave me an angry stare. "For all you know!" she exclaimed. "Where were your wits? Were you afraid to look at him?"

"Yes, half afraid."

She glanced over the paling at my vehicle. "Am I to get into that?" she asked.

"If you will be so good."

She turned short about, and re-entered the house, where, as I stood out among the dahlias and the pinks, I heard a rapid opening and shutting of drawers. She shortly reappeared, equipped for driving; and, having locked the house door, and pocketed the key, came and faced me, where I stood ready to help her into the wagon.

"We'll stop for the doctor," she began.

"The doctor," said I, "is of no use."

A few moments of hard driving brought us to my starting-point. The tide had fallen perceptibly in my absence; and I remember receiving a strange impression of the irretrievable nature of the recent event from the sight of poor Bingham, standing down at the low-water-mark, and looking seaward with his hands in his pockets. The mother of his little victim still sat on the heap of stones where she had fallen, pressing her child to her breast. I helped my companion to descend, which she did with great deliberation. It is my belief that, as we drove along the beach, she derived from the expression of Bingham's figure, and from

the patient aversion of his face, a suspicion of his relation to the opposite group. It was not till the elder woman had come within a few steps of her, that the younger became aware of her approach. I merely had time to catch the agonized appeal of her upward glance, and the broad compassion of the other's stooping movement, before I turned my back upon their encounter, and walked down towards my friend. The monotonous murmur of the waves had covered the sound of our wagon-wheels, and Bingham stood all unconscious of the coming of relief, — distilling I know not what divine relief from the simple beauty of sea and sky. I had laid my hand on his shoulder before he turned about. He looked towards the base of the cliff. I knew that a great effusion of feeling would occur in its natural order; but how should I help him across the interval?

"That's her cousin," I said at random. "She seems a very capable woman."

"The child is quite dead," said Bingham, for all answer. I was struck by the plainness of his statement. In the comparative freedom of my own thoughts I had failed to make allowance for the embarrassed movement of my friend's. It was not, therefore, until afterwards that I acknowledged he had thought to better purpose than I; inasmuch as the very simplicity of his tone implied a positive acceptance (for the moment) of the dreadful fact which he uttered.

"The sooner they get home, the better," I said. It was evident that the elder of our companions had already embraced this conviction. She had lifted the child and placed him in the carriage, and she was now turning towards his mother and inviting her to ascend. Even at the distance at which I stood, the mingled firmness and tenderness of her gestures were clearly apparent. They seemed, moreover, to express a certain indifference to our movements, an independence of our further interference, which — fanciful as the assertion may look — was not untinged with irony. It was plain that,

by whatever rapid process she had obtained it, she was already in possession of our story. "Thank God for strong-minded women!" I exclaimed; — and yet I could not repress a feeling that it behooved me, on behalf of my friend, to treat as an equal with the vulgar movement of antipathy which he was destined to encounter, and of which, in the irresistible sequence of events, the attitude of this good woman was an index.

We walked towards the carriage together. "I shall not come home directly," said Bingham; "but don't be alarmed about me."

I looked at my watch. "I give you two hours," I said, with all the authority of my affection.

The new-comer had placed herself on the back seat of the vehicle beside the sufferer, who on entering had again possessed herself of her child. As I went about to mount in front, Bingham came and stood by the wheel. I read his purpose in his face, — the desire to obtain from the woman he had wronged some recognition of his *human* character, some confession that she dimly distinguished him from a wild beast or a thunderbolt. One of her hands lay exposed, pressing together on her knee the lifeless little hands of her boy. Bingham removed his hat, and placed his right hand on that of the young woman. I saw that she started at his touch, and that he vehemently tightened his grasp.

"It's too soon to talk of forgiveness," said he, "for it's too soon for me to think intelligently of the wrong I have done you. God has brought us together in a very strange fashion."

The young woman raised her bowed head, and gave my friend, if not just the look he coveted, at least the most liberal glance at her command, — a look which, I fancy, helped him to face the immediate future. But these are matters too delicate to be put into words.

I spent the hours that elapsed before Bingham's return to the inn in gathering information about the occupants of the cottage. Impelled by that lively intuition of calamity which is

natural to women, the housekeeper of the hotel, a person of evident kindness and discretion, lost no time in winning my confidence. I was not unwilling that the tragic incident which had thus arrested our idleness should derive its earliest publicity from my own lips; and I was forcibly struck with the exquisite impartiality with which this homely creature bestowed her pity. Miss Horner, I learned, the mistress of the cottage, was the last representative of a most respectable family, native to the neighboring town. It had been for some years her practice to let lodgings during the summer. At the close of the present season she had invited her kinswoman, Mrs. Hicks, to spend the autumn with her. That this lady was the widow of a Baptist minister; that her husband had died some three years before; that she was very poor; that her child had been sickly, and that the care of his health had so impeded her exertions for a livelihood, that she had been intending to leave him with Miss Horner for the winter, and obtain a "situation" in town;—these facts were the salient points of the housekeeper's somewhat prolix recital.

The early autumn dusk had fallen when Bingham returned. He looked very tired. He had been walking for several hours, and, as I fancied, had grown in some degree familiar with his new responsibilities. He was very hungry, and made a vigorous attack upon his supper. I had been indisposed to eat, but the sight of his healthy appetite restored my own. I had grown weary of my thoughts, and I found something salutary in the apparent simplicity and rectitude of Bingham's state of mind.

"I find myself taking it very quietly," he said, in the course of his repast. "There is something so absolute in the nature of the calamity, that one is compelled to accept it. I don't see how I could endure to have mutilated the poor little mortal. To kill a human being is, after all, the least injury you can do him." He spoke these words

deliberately, with his eyes on mine, and with an expression of perfect candor. But as he paused, and in spite of my perfect assent to their meaning, I could not help mentally reverting to the really tragic phase of the affair; and I suppose my features revealed to Bingham's scrutiny the process of my thoughts. His pale face flushed a burning crimson, his lips trembled. "Yes, my boy!" he cried; "that's where it's damnable." He buried his head in his hands, and burst into tears.

We had a long talk. At the end of it, we lit our cigars, and came out upon the deserted piazza. There was a lovely starlight, and, after a few turns in silence, Bingham left my side and strolled off towards a bend in the road, in the direction of the sea. I saw him stand motionless for a long time, and then I heard him call me. When I reached his side, I saw that he had been watching a light in the window of the white cottage. We heard the village bell in the distance striking nine.

"Charles," said Bingham, "suppose you go down there and make some offer of your services. God knows whom the poor creatures have to look to. She has had a couple of men thrust into her life. She must take the good with the bad."

I lingered a moment. "It's a difficult task," I said. "What shall I say?"

Bingham silently puffed his cigar. He stood with his arms folded, and his head thrown back, slowly measuring the starry sky. "I wish she could come out here and look at that sky," he said at last. "It's a sight for bereaved mothers. Somehow, my dear boy," he pursued, "I never felt less depressed in my life. It's none of my doing."

"It would hardly do for me to tell her that," said I.

"I don't know," said Bingham. "This is n't an occasion for the exchange of compliments. I'll tell you what you may tell her. I suppose they will have some funeral services within a day or two. Tell her that I should like very much to be present."

I set off for the cottage. Its mistress in person introduced me into the little parlor.

"Well, sir?" she said, in hard, dry accents.

"I've come," I answered, "to ask whether I can be of any assistance to Mrs. Hicks."

Miss Horner shook her head in a manner which deprived her negation of half its dignity. "What assistance is possible?" she asked.

"A man," said I, "may relieve a woman of certain cares—"

"O, men are a blessed set! You had better leave Mrs. Hicks to me."

"But will you at least tell me how she is,—if she has in any degree recovered herself?"

At this moment the door of the adjoining room was opened, and Mrs. Hicks stood on the threshold, bearing a lamp,—a graceful and pathetic figure. I now had occasion to observe that she was a woman of decided beauty. Her fair hair was drawn back into a single knot behind her head, and the lamplight deepened the pallor of her face and the darkness of her eyes. She wore a calico dressing-gown and a shawl.

"What do you wish?" she asked, in a voice clarified, if I may so express it, by long weeping.

"He wants to know whether he can be of any assistance," said the elder lady.

Mrs. Hicks glanced over her shoulder into the room she had left. "Would you like to look at the child?" she asked, in a whisper.

"Lucy!" cried Miss Horner.

I walked straight over to Mrs. Hicks, who turned and led the way to a little bed. My conductress raised her lamp aloft, and let the light fall gently on the little white-draped figure. Even the bandage about the child's head had not dispelled his short-lived prettiness. Heaven knows that to remain silent was easy enough; but Heaven knows, too, that to break the silence—and to break it as I broke it—was equally easy. "He must have been a very pretty child," I said.

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"Yes, he was very pretty. He had black eyes. I don't know whether you noticed."

"No, I did n't notice," said I. "When is he to be buried?"

"The day after to-morrow. I am told that I shall be able to avoid an inquest."

"Mr. Bingham has attended to that," I said. And then I paused, revolving his petition.

But Mrs. Hicks anticipated it. "If you would like to be present at the funeral," she said, "you are welcome to come.—And so is your friend."

"Mr. Bingham bade me ask leave. There is a great deal that I should like to say to you for him," I added, "but I won't spoil it by trying. It's his own business."

The young woman looked at me with her deep, dark eyes. "I pity him from my heart," she said, pressing her hands to her breast. "I had rather have my sorrow than his."

"They are pretty much one sorrow," I answered. "I don't see that you can divide it. You are two to bear it. Bingham is a wise, good fellow," I went on. "I have shared a great many joys with him. In Heaven's name," I cried, "don't bear hard on him!"

"How can I bear hard?" she asked, opening her arms and letting them drop. The movement was so deeply expressive of weakness and loneliness, that, feeling all power to reply stifled in a rush of compassion, I silently made my exit.

On the following day, Bingham and I went up to town, and on the third day returned in time for the funeral. Besides the two ladies, there was no one present but ourselves and the village minister, who of course spoke as briefly as decency allowed. He had accompanied the ladies in a carriage to the graveyard, while Bingham and I had come on foot. As we turned away from the grave, I saw my friend approach Mrs. Hicks. They stood talking beside the freshly-turned earth, while the minister and I attended Miss

Horner to the carriage. After she had seated herself, I lingered at the door, exchanging sober commonplaces with the reverend gentleman. At last Mrs. Hicks followed us, leaning on Bingham's arm.

"Margaret," she said, "Mr. Bingham and I are going to stay here awhile. Mr. Bingham will walk home with me. I'm *very* much obliged to you, Mr. Bland," she added, turning to the minister and extending her hand.

I bestowed upon my friend a glance which I felt to be half interrogative and half sympathetic. He gave me his hand, and answered the benediction by its pressure, while he answered the inquiry by his words. "If you are still disposed to go back to town this afternoon," he said, "you had better not wait for me. I may not have time to catch the boat."

I of course made no scruple of returning immediately to the city. Some ten days elapsed before I again saw Bingham; but I found my attention so deeply engrossed with work, that I scarcely measured the interval. At last, one morning, he came into my office.

"I take for granted," I said, "that you have not been all this time at B——."

"No; I've been on my travels. I came to town the day after you came. I found at my rooms a letter from a lawyer in Baltimore, proposing the sale of some of my property there, and I seized upon it as an excuse for making a journey to that city. I felt the need of movement, of action of some kind. But when I reached Baltimore, I did n't even go to see my correspondent. I pushed on to Washington, walked about for thirty-six hours, and came home."

He had placed his arm on my desk, and stood supporting his head on his hand, with a look of great physical exhaustion.

"You look very tired," said I.

"I have n't slept," said he. "I had such a talk with that woman!"

"I'm sorry that you should have felt the worse for it."

"I feel both the worse and the better. She talked about the child."

"It's well for her," said I, "that she was able to do it."

"She was n't able, strictly speaking. She began calmly enough, but she very soon broke down."

"Did you see her again?"

"I called upon her the next day, to tell her that I was going to town, and to ask if I could be useful to her. But she seems to stand in perfect isolation. She assured me that she was in want of nothing."

"What sort of a woman does she seem to be, taking her in herself?"

"Bless your soul! I can't take her in herself!" cried Bingham, with some vehemence. "And yet, stay," he added; "she's a very pleasing woman."

"She's very pretty."

"Yes; she's very pretty. In years, she's little more than a young girl. In her ideas, she's one of 'the people.'"

"It seems to me," said I, "that the frankness of her conduct toward you is very much to her credit."

"It does n't offend you, then?"

"Offend me? It gratifies me beyond measure."

"I think that, if you had seen her as I have seen her, it would interest you deeply. I'm at a loss to determine whether it's the result of great simplicity or great sagacity. Of course, it's absurd to suppose that, ten days ago, it could have been the result of anything but a beautiful impulse. I think that, to-morrow I shall again go down to B——."

I allowed Bingham time to have made his visit and to have brought me an account of his further impressions; but as three days went by without his re-appearance, I called at his lodgings. He was still out of town. The fifth day, however, brought him again to my office.

"I've been at B—— constantly," he said, "and I've had several interviews with our friend."

"Well; how fares it?"

"It fares well. I'm forcibly struck with her good sense. In matters of mind—in matters of soul, I may say—she has the touch of an angel, or

rather the touch of a woman. That 's quite sufficient."

"Does she keep her composure?"

"Perfectly. You can imagine nothing simpler and less sentimental than her manner. She makes me forget myself most divinely. The child's death colors our talk; but it does n't confine or obstruct it. You see she has her religion: she can afford to be natural."

Weary as my friend looked, and shaken by his sudden subjection to care, it yet seemed to me, as he pronounced these words, that his eye had borrowed a purer light and his voice a fresher tone. In short, where I discerned it, how I detected it, I know not; but I felt that he carried a secret. He sat poking with his walking-stick at a nail in the carpet, with his eyes dropped. I saw about his mouth the faint promise of a distant smile, — a smile which six months would bring to maturity.

"George," said I, "I have a fancy."

He looked up. "What is it?"

"You 've lost your heart."

He stared a moment, with a sudden frown. "To whom?" he asked.

"To Mrs. Hicks."

With a frown, I say, but a frown that was as a smile to the effect of my rejoinder. He rose to his feet; all his color deserted his face and rushed to his eyes.

"I beg your pardon if I 'm wrong," I said.

Bingham had turned again from pale to crimson. "Don't beg *my* pardon," he cried. "You may say what you please. Beg *hers*!" he added, bitterly.

I resented the charge of injustice. "I've done *her* no wrong!" I answered. "I have n't said," I went on with a certain gleeful sense that I was dealing with massive truths, — "I have n't said that she had lost her heart to you!"

"Good God, Charles!" cried Bingham, "what a horrid imagination you have!"

"I am not responsible for my imagination."

"Upon my soul, I hope I'm not!"

cried Bingham, passionately. "I have enough without that."

"George," I said, after a moment's reflection, "if I thought I had insulted you, I would make amends. But I have said nothing to be ashamed of. I believe that I have hit the truth. Your emotion proves it. I spoke hastily; but you must admit that, having caught a glimpse of the truth, I could n't stand indifferent to it."

"The truth! the truth! What truth?"

"Are n't you in love with Mrs. Hicks? Admit it like a man."

"Like a man! Like a brute. Have n't I done the woman wrong enough?"

"Quite enough, I hope."

"Have n't I turned her simple joys to bitterness?"

"I grant it."

"And now you want me to insult her by telling her that I love her?"

"I want you to tell her nothing. What you tell her is your own affair. Remember that, George. It 's as little mine as it is the rest of the world's."

Bingham stood listening, with a contracted brow and his hand grasping his stick. He walked to the dusty office-window and halted a moment, watching the great human throng in the street. Then he turned and came towards me. Suddenly he stopped short. "God forgive me!" he cried; "I believe I do love her."

The fountains of my soul were stirred. "Combining my own hasty impressions of Mrs. Hicks with yours, George," I said, "the consummation seems to me exquisitely natural."

It was in these simple words that we celebrated the sacred fact. It seemed as if, by tacit agreement, the evolution of this fact was result enough for a single interview.

A few days after this interview, in the evening, I called at Bingham's lodgings. His servant informed me that my friend was out of town, although he was unable to indicate his whereabouts. But as I turned away from the door a hack drew up, and the object of my quest descended, equipped with a trav-

elling-bag. I went down and greeted him under the gas-lamp.

"Shall I go in with you?" I asked; "or shall I go my way?"

"You had better come in," said Bingham. "I have something to say. — I have been down to B——," he resumed, when the servant had left us alone in his sitting-room. His tone bore the least possible tinge of a confession; but of course it was not as a confessor that I listened.

"Well," said I, "how is our friend?"

"Our friend—" answered Bingham.

"Will you have a cigar?"

"No, I thank you."

"Our friend— Ah, Charles, it's a long story."

"I sha'n't mind that, if it's an interesting one."

"To a certain extent it's a painful one. It's painful to come into collision with incurable vulgarity of feeling."

I was puzzled. "Has that been your fortune?" I asked.

"It has been my fortune to bring Mrs. Hicks into a great deal of trouble. The case, in three words, is this. Miss Horner has seen fit to resent, in no moderate terms, what she calls the 'extraordinary intimacy' existing between Mrs. Hicks and myself. Mrs. Hicks, as was perfectly natural, has resented her cousin's pretension to regulate her conduct. Her expression of this feeling has led to her expulsion from Miss Horner's house."

"Has she any other friend to turn to?"

"No one, except some relatives of her husband, who are very poor people, and of whom she wishes to ask no favors."

"Where has she placed herself?"

"She is in town. We came up together this afternoon. I went with her to some lodgings which she had formerly occupied, and which were fortunately vacant."

"I suppose it's not to be regretted that she has left B——. She breaks with sad associations."

"Yes; but she renews them too, on coming to town."

"How so?"

"Why, damn it," said Bingham, with a tremor in his voice, "the woman is utterly poor."

"Has she no resources whatever?"

"A hundred dollars a year, I believe, — worse than nothing."

"Has she any marketable talents or accomplishments?"

"I believe she is up to some pitiful needle-work or other. Such a woman! O horrible world!"

"Does *she* say so?" I asked.

"She? No indeed. She thinks it's all for the best. I suppose it is. But it seems but a bad best."

"I wonder," said I, after a pause, "whether I might see Mrs. Hicks. Do you think she would receive me?"

Bingham looked at me an instant keenly. "I suppose so," said he. "You can try."

"I shall go, not out of curiosity," I resumed, "but out of—"

"Out of what?"

"Well, in fine, I should like to see her again."

Bingham gave me Mrs. Hicks's address, and in the course of a few evenings I called upon her. I had abstained from bestowing a fine name upon the impulse which dictated this act; but I am nevertheless free to declare that kindness and courtesy had a large part in it. Mrs. Hicks had taken up her residence in a plain, small house, in a decent by-street, where, upon presenting myself, I was ushered into a homely sitting-room (apparently her own), and left to await her coming. Her greeting was simple and cordial, and not untinged with a certain implication of gratitude. She had taken for granted, on my part, all possible sympathy and good-will; but as she had regarded me besides as a man of many cares, she had thought it improbable that we should meet again. It was no long time before I became conscious of that generous charm which Bingham had rigorously denominated her good-sense. Good-sense assuredly was there, but good-sense mated and prolific. Never had I seen,

it seemed to me, as the moments elapsed, so exquisitely modest a use of such charming faculties,—an intelligence so sensible of its obligations and so indifferent to its privileges. It was obvious that she had been a woman of plain associations: her allusions were to homely facts, and her manner direct and unstudied; and yet, in spite of these limitations, it was equally obvious that she was a person to be neither patronized, dazzled, nor deluded. O the satisfaction which, in the course of that quiet dialogue, I took in this sweet infallibility! How it effaced her loneliness and poverty, and added dignity to her youth and beauty! It made her, potentially at least, a woman of the world. It was an anticipation of the self-possession, the wisdom, and perhaps even in some degree of the wit, which comes through the experience of society,—the result, on Mrs. Hicks's part, of I know not what hours of suffering, despondency, and self-dependence. With whatever intentions, therefore, I might have come before her, I should have found it impossible to address her as any other than an equal, and to regard her affliction as anything less than an absolute mystery. In fact, we hardly touched upon it; and it was only covertly that we alluded to Bingham's melancholy position. I will not deny that in a certain sense I regretted Mrs. Hicks's reserve. It is true that I had a very informal claim upon her confidence; but I had gone to her with a half-defined hope that this claim would be liberally interpreted. It was not even recognized; my vague intentions of counsel and assistance had lain undivined; and I departed with the impression that my social horizon had been considerably enlarged, but that my charity had by no means secured a pensioner.*

Mrs. Hicks had given me permission to repeat my visit, and after the lapse of a fortnight I determined to do so. I had seen Bingham several times in the interval. He was of course much interested in my impressions of our friend; and I fancied that my admira-

tion gave him even more pleasure than he allowed himself to express. On entering Mrs. Hicks's parlor a second time, I found him in person standing before the fireplace, and talking apparently with some vehemence to Mrs. Hicks, who sat listening on the sofa. Bingham turned impatiently to the door as I crossed the threshold, and Mrs. Hicks rose to welcome me with all due composure. I was nevertheless sensible that my entrance was ill-timed; yet a retreat was impossible. Bingham kept his place on the hearth-rug, and mechanically gave me his hand,—standing irresolute, as I thought, between annoyance and elation. The fact that I had interrupted a somewhat passionate interview was somehow so obvious, that, at the prompting of a very delicate feeling, Mrs. Hicks hastened to anticipate my apologies.

"Mr. Bingham was giving me a lecture," she said; and there was perhaps in her accent a faint suspicion of bitterness. "He will doubtless be glad of another auditor."

"No," said Bingham, "Charles is a better talker than listener. You shall have two lectures instead of one." He uttered this sally without even an attempt to smile.

"What is your subject?" said I. "Until I know that, I shall promise neither to talk nor to listen."

Bingham laid his hand on my arm. "He represents the world," he said, addressing our hostess. "You're afraid of the world. There, make your appeal."

Mrs. Hicks stood silent a moment, with a contracted brow and a look of pain on her face. Then she turned to me with a half-smile. "I don't believe you represent the world," she said; "you are too good."

"She flatters you," said Bingham. "You wish to corrupt him, Mrs. Hicks."

Mrs. Hicks glanced for an instant from my friend to myself. There burned in her eyes a far-searching light, which consecrated the faint irony of the smile which played about her lips. "O you men!" she said,— "you are so wise, so deep!" It was on Bingham

that her eyes rested last ; but after a pause, extending her hand, she transferred them to me. "Mr. Bingham," she pursued, "seems to wish you to be admitted to our counsels. There is every reason why his friends should be my friends. You will be interested to know that he has asked me to be his wife."

"Have you given him an answer?" I asked.

"He was pressing me for an answer when you came in. He conceives me to have a great fear of the judgments of men, and he was saying very hard things about them. But they have very little, after all, to do with the matter. The world may heed it, that Mr. Bingham should marry Mrs. Hicks, but it will care very little whether or no Mrs. Hicks marries Mr. Bingham. You are the world, for me," she cried with beautiful inconsequence, turning to her suitor; "I know no other." She put out her hands, and he took them.

I am at a loss to express the condensed force of these rapid words,—the amount of passion, of reflection, of experience, which they seemed to embody. They were the simple utterance of a solemn and intelligent choice; and, as such, the whole phalanx of the Best Society assembled in judgment could not have done less than salute them. What honest George Bingham said, what I said, is of little account. The

proper conclusion of my story lies in the highly dramatic fact that out of the depths of her bereavement—out of her loneliness and her pity—this richly gifted woman had emerged, responsive to the passion of him who had wronged her all but as deeply as he loved her. The reader will decide, I think, that this catastrophe offers as little occasion for smiles as for tears. My narrative is a piece of genuine prose.

It was not until six months had elapsed that Bingham's marriage took place. It has been a truly happy one. Mrs. Bingham is now, in the fulness of her bloom, with a single exception, the most charming woman I know. I have often assured her—once too often, possibly—that, thanks to that invaluable good-sense of hers, she is also the happiest. She has made a devoted wife; but—and in occasional moments of insight it has seemed to me that this portion of her fate is a delicate tribute to a fantastic principle of equity—she has never again become a mother. In saying that she has made a devoted wife, it may seem that I have written Bingham's own later history. Yet as the friend of his younger days, the comrade of his *belle jeunesse*, the partaker of his dreams, I would fain give him a sentence apart. What shall it be? He is a truly incorruptible soul; he is a confirmed philosopher; he has grown quite stout.

ON A MARBLE BY DUBOIS.

FOR ages in a trance she lay,
Hid in Carrara's hills from sight,
Till Genius tore the veil away,
And brought her to the eternal light.

As pure, the unsullied marble gives
Her sweet short life in spotless stone;
So truly, that again she lives,
And Love regenerate clasps its own.

A GLIMPSE OF GENOA.

I TOOK my note-book with me on the journey which brought me to Genoa, and pledged myself to make notes in it. And, indeed, I did really do something of the kind, though the result of my labors is by no means so voluminous as I would like it to be, now when the work of wishing there were more notes is so easy. We spent but one day in Genoa, and I find such a marvellous succinct record of this in my book that I am tempted to give it here, after the fashion of that Historical Heavyweight who writes the Life of Frederick the Great.

"Genoa, November 13. — Breakfast à la fourchette excellently and cheaply. I buy a hat. We go to seek the Consul, and, after finding everything else for two hours, find him. Genoa is the most magnificent city I ever saw; and the new monument to Columbus about the weakest possible monument. Walk through the city with Consul; Doge's palace; cathedral; girl turning somersaults in the street; blind madman on the cathedral steps. We leave for Naples at twelve midnight."

As for the breakfast, it was eaten at one of the many good *cafés* in Genoa, and perhaps some statistician will like to know that for a beef-steak and potatoes, with a half-bottle of Ligurian wine, we paid a franc. For this money we had also the society of an unoccupied waiter, who leaned against a marble column and looked on, with that gentle, half-compassionate interest in our appetites which seems native to the tribe of waiters. A slight dash of surprise is in this professional manner; and there is a faint smile on the solemn professional countenance, which is perhaps prompted by too intimate knowledge of the mysteries of the kitchen and the habits of the cook. The man who passes his life among beef-steaks cannot be expected to love them, or to regard without wonder the avidity with which others

devour them. I imagine that service in restaurants must beget simple and natural tastes in eating, and that the jaded men who minister there to our pampered appetites demand only for themselves

"A scrip with herbs and fruits supplied,
And water from the spring."

Turning from this thought to the purchase of my hat, I do not believe that literary art can interest the reader in that purely personal transaction, though I have no doubt that a great deal might be said about buying hats as a principle. I prefer, therefore, to pass to our search for the Consul.

A former Consul at ———, whom I know, has told me a good many stories about the pieces of popular mind which he received at different times from the travelling public, in reproof of his difficulty of discovery; and I think it must be one of the most jealously guarded rights of American citizens in foreign lands to declare the national representative hard to find, if there is no other complaint to lodge against him. It seems to be, in peculiar degree, a quality of consulship at ——— to be found remote and inaccessible. My friend says that even at New York, before setting out for his post, when inquiring into the history of his predecessors, he heard that they were one and all hard to find; and he relates that on the steamer, going over, there was a low fellow who set the table in a roar by a vulgar anecdote of this effect: —

"There was once a Consul at ——— who indicated his office-hours by the legend on his door, 'In from ten to one.' An old ship-captain, who kept coming for about a week without finding the Consul, at last furiously wrote, in the terms of wager, under this legend, 'Ten to one, you're out!'"

My friend also states, that one day a visitor of his remarked: "I'm rather surprised to find you in. As a general rule, I never do find consuls in." Ha-

bitually, his fellow-countrymen entertained him with accounts of their misadventures in reaching him. It was useless to represent to them that his house was in the most convenient locality in —, where, indeed, no stranger can walk twenty rods from his hotel without losing himself; that their guide was an ass, or their courier a rogue. They listened to him politely, but they never pardoned him in the least; and neither will I forgive the Consul at Genoa. I had no earthly consular business with him, but a private favor to ask. It was Sunday, and I could not reasonably expect to find him at his office, or anybody to tell me where he lived; but I have seldom had so keen a sense of personal wrong and national neglect as in my search for that Consul's house.

In Italy there is no species of fact with which any human being you meet will not pretend to have perfect acquaintance, and of course the driver whose fiacre we took professed himself a complete guide to the Consul's whereabouts, and took us successively to the residences of the consuls of all the South American republics. It occurred to me that it might be well to inquire of these officials where their colleague was to be found; but it is true that not one consul of them was at home! Their doors were opened by vacant old women, in whom a vague intelligence feebly guttered, like the wick of an expiring candle, and who, after feigning to throw floods of light on the object of my search, successively flickered out, and left me in total darkness.

Till that day, I never knew of what lofty flights stairs were capable. As out of doors, in Genoa, it is either all up or down hill, so in doors it is either all up or down stairs. Ascending and descending, in one palace after another, those infinite marble steps, it became a question not solved to this hour, whether it was worse to ascend or descend, — each ordeal in its turn seemed so much more terrible than the other.

At last I resolved to come to an understanding with the driver, and I

spent what little breath I had left — it was dry and hot as the simoom — in blowing up that infamous man. "You are a great driver," I said, "not to know your own city. What are you good for, if you can't take a foreigner to his Consul's?" "Signore," answered the driver patiently, "you would have to get a book in two volumes by heart, in order to be able to find everybody in Genoa. This city is a labyrinth."

Truly, it had so proved, and I could scarcely believe in my good luck when I actually found my friend, and set out with him on a ramble through its toils.

A very great number of the streets in Genoa are footways merely, and these are as narrow, as dark, as full of jutting chimney-places, balconies, and opened window-shutters, and as picturesque, as the little alleys in Venice. They wander at will around the bases of the gloomy old stone palaces, and seem to have a vagabond fondness for creeping down to the port, and losing themselves there in a certain cavernous arcade which curves round the water with the flexion of the shore, and makes itself a twilight at noonday. Under it are clangorous shops of iron-smiths, and sizzling shops of marine cooks, and, looking down its dim perspective, one beholds chiefly sea-legs coming and going, more or less affected by strong waters; and as the faces to which these sea-legs belong draw near, one discerns sailors from all parts of the world, — tawny men from Sicily and Norway, as diverse in their tawiness as olive and train oil; sharp faces from Nantucket and from the Piræus, likewise mightily different in their sharpness; blond Germans and blond Englishmen; and now and then a colored brother also in the seafaring line, with sea-legs, also, more or less affected by strong waters like the rest.

What curious people are these seafarers! They coast the whole world, and know nothing of it; being more ignorant and helpless than children, on shore. I spoke with the Yankee mate of a ship one day, at Venice and asked him how he liked the city.

Well, he had not been ashore yet.

He was told he had better go ashore; that the Piazza San Marco was worth seeing.

Well, he knew it; he had seen pictures of it; but he guessed he would n't go ashore.

Why not, now he was here?

Well, he laid out to go ashore the next time he came to Venice.

And so, bless his honest soul, he lay three weeks at Venice with his ship, after a voyage of two months, and he sailed away without ever setting his foot on that enchanted ground.

I should have liked to stop some of those seafarers and ask them what they thought of Genoa.

It must have been in the little streets, impassable for horses, that the people sat and talked, as Heine fabled, in their doorways, and touched knees with the people sitting and talking on the thresholds of the opposite side. But we saw no gossipers there on our Sunday in Genoa; and I think the domestic race of Heine's day no longer lives in Genoa, for everybody we saw on the streets was gayly dressed in the idea of the last fashions, and was to be met chiefly in the public promenades. The fashions were French; but here still lingers the lovely phantom of the old national costume of Genoa, and snow-white veils fluttered from many a dark head, and caressed many an olive cheek. It is the kindest and charitablest of attirements, this white veil, and, while decking beauty to the most perilous effect, befriends and modifies age and ugliness.

The pleasure with which I look at the splendor of an Italian crowd in winter is always touched with melancholy. I know that, at the time of its noonday promenade, it has nothing but a cup of coffee in its stomach; that it has emerged from a house as cold and dim as a cellar; and that it will presently go home to dine on rice and boiled beef. I know that chilblains secretly gnaw the hands inside of its kid gloves, and I see in the rawness of its faces the anguish of winter-long suffering from

cold. But I also look at many in this crowd with the eye of the economist, and wonder how people practising even so great self-denial as they can contrive to make so much display on their little means, — how those clerks of public offices, who have rarely an income of five hundred dollars a year, can dress with such peerless gorgeousness. I suppose the national instinct teaches them ways and means unknown to us. The passion for dress is universal: the men are as fond of it as the women; and, happily, clothes are comparatively cheap. It is no great harm in itself, this display: it is only a pity that there is often nothing, or worse than nothing, under the shining surface.

We walked with the brilliant Genoese crowd upon the hill where the public promenade overlooks a landscape of city and country, houses and gardens, vines and olives, which it makes the heart ache to behold, it is so faultlessly beautiful. Behind us the fountain was

"Shaking its loosened silver in the sun";

the birds were singing; and there were innumerable fair girls going by, about whom one might have made romances if one had not known better. Our friend pointed out to us the "pink jail" in which Dickens lived while at Genoa, and showed us on the brow of a distant upland the villa, called *Il Paradiso*, which Byron had occupied. I dare say this Genoese joke is already in print: That the Devil re-entered Paradise when Byron took this villa. Though, in loveliest Italy, one is half persuaded that the Devil had never left Paradise.

After lingering a little longer on that delicious height, we turned and went down for a stroll through the city.

My note-book says that Genoa is the most magnificent city I ever saw, and I hold by my note-book, though I hardly know how to prove it. Venice is, and remains, the most beautiful city in the world; but her ancient rival impresses you with greater splendor. I suppose that the exclusively Renaissance architecture, which Ruskin declares the

architecture of pride, lends itself powerfully to this effect in Genoa. It is here in its best mood, and there is little grotesque Renaissance to be seen, though the palaces are, as usual, loaded with ornament. The Via Nuova is the chief thoroughfare of the city, and the crowd pours through this avenue between long lines of palaces. Height on height rise the stately, sculptured façades, colonnaded, statued, pierced by mighty doorways and lofty windows; and the palaces seem to gain a kind of aristocratic *hauteur* from the fact that there are for the most part no sidewalks, and that the carriages, rolling insolently through the crowd, threaten constantly to grind the pedestrian up against their carven marbles, and immolate him to their stony pride. There is something gracious and gentle in the grandeur of Venice, and much that the heart loves to cling to; but in Genoa no sense of kindness is touched by the magnificence of the city.

It was an unspeakable relief, after such a street, to come, on a sudden, upon the Duomo, one of the few Gothic buildings in Genoa, and rest our jaded eyes on that architecture which Heaven seems truly to have put into the thoughts of man together with the Christian faith. O beloved beauty of aspiring arches, of slender and clustered columns, of flowering capitals and window-traceries, of many-carven breadths and heights, wherein all nature breathes and blossoms again! There is neither Greek perfection, nor winning Byzantine languor, nor insolent Renaissance opulence, which may compare with this loveliness of yours! Alas that the interior of this Gothic temple of Genoa should abound in the abomination of rococo restoration! They say that the dust of St. John the Baptist lies there within a costly shrine; and I wonder that it can sleep in peace amid all that heathenish show of bad taste. But the poor saints have to suffer a great deal in Italy.

Outside, in the piazza before the church, there was an idle, cruel crowd, amusing itself with the efforts of a

blind old man to find the entrance. He had a number of books which he desperately laid down while he ran his helpless hands over the clustered columns, and which he then desperately caught up again, in fear of losing them. At other times he paused, and wildly clasped his hands upon his eyes, or wildly threw up his arms; and then began to run to and fro again uneasily, while the crowd laughed and jeered. Doubtless a taint of madness afflicted him; but not the less he seemed the type of a blind soul that gropes darkly about through life, to find the doorway of some divine truth or beauty, — touched by the heavenly harmonies from within, and miserably failing, amid the scornful cries and bitter glee of those who have no will but to mock aspiration.

The girl turning somersaults in another place had far more popular sympathy than the blind madman at the temple door, but she was hardly a more cheerful spectacle. For all her festive spangles and fairy-like brevity of skirts, she had quite a work-a-day look upon her honest, blood-red face, as if this were business though it looked like sport, and her part of the diversion were as practical as that of the famous captain of the waiters, who gave the act of peeling a sack of potatoes a playful effect by standing on his head. The poor damsel was going over and over, to the sound of most dismal drumming and braying, in front of the immense old palace of the Genoese Doges, — a classic building, stilted on a rustic base, and quite worthy of Palladio, if anybody thinks that is praise.

There was little left of our day when we had dined; but having seen the outside of Genoa, and not hoping to see the inside, we found even this little heavy on our hands, and were glad as the hour drew near when we were to take the steamer for Naples.

It had been one of the noisiest days spent during several years in clamorous Italy, whose voiceful uproar strikes to the summits of her guardian Alps, and greets the coming stranger, and whose loud Addio would stun him at parting,

if he had not meanwhile become habituated to the operatic pitch of her every-day tones. In Genoa, the hotels, taking counsel of the vagabond streets, stand about the cavernous arcade already mentioned, and all the noise of the shipping reaches their guests. We rose early that Sunday morning to the sound of a fleet unloading cargoes of wrought-iron, and of the hard swearing of all nations of seafaring men. The whole day long the tumult followed us, and seemed to culminate at last in the screams of a parrot, who thought it fine to cry, "*Piove! piove! piove!*"—"It rains! it rains! it rains!"—and had, no doubt, a secret interest in some umbrella-shop. This unprincipled bird dwelt somewhere in the neighborhood of the street where you see the awful tablet in the wall devoting to infamy the citizens of the old republic that were false to their country. The sight of that pitiless stone recalls with a thrill the picturesque, unhappy past, with all the wandering, half-benighted efforts of the people to rend their liberty from now a foreign and now a native lord. At best, they only knew how to avenge their wrongs; but now, let us hope, they have learnt, with all Italy, to prevent them. The will was never wanting of old to the Ligurian race, and in this time they have done their full share to establish Italian freedom.

I do not know why it should have been so surprising to hear the boatman who rowed us to the steamer's anchorage speak English; but, after his harsh Genoese profanity in getting his boat into open water, it was the last thing we expected from him. It had somehow the effect of a furious beast addressing you in your native tongue, and telling you it was "Wary poordy wedder"; and it made us cling to his good-nature with the trembling solicitude of Little Red-Riding-Hood, when she begins to have the first faint suspicions of her grandmother. However, our boatman was no wild beast, but

took our six cents of *buonamano* with the base servility of a Christian man, when he had put our luggage in the cabin of the steamer. I wonder how he should have known us for Americans? He did so know us, and said he had been at New York in better days, when he voyaged upon higher seas than those he now navigated.

On board, we watched with compassion an old gentleman in the cabin making a hearty meal of sardines and fruit-pie, and I asked him if he had ever been at sea. No, he said. I could have wept over that innocent old gentleman's childlike confidence of appetite, and guileless trust of the deep.

We went on deck, where one of the gentle beings of our party declared that she would remain as long as Genoa was in sight; and to tell the truth, the scene was worthy of the promised devotion. There, in a half-circle before us, blazed the lights of the quay; above these twinkled the lamps of the steep streets and climbing palaces; over and behind all hung the darkness on the heights,—a sable cloud dotted with ruddy points of flame burning in the windows of invisible houses.

"Merrily did we drop"

down the bay, and presently caught the heavy swell of the open sea. The other gentle being of our party then clutched my shoulder with a dreadful shudder, and, after gasping, "O Mr. Scribbler, why *will* the ship roll so?" was meekly hurried below by her sister, who did not return for a last glimpse of Genoa the Proud.

In a moment heaven's sweet pity flapped away as with the sea-gull's wings, and I too felt that there was no help for it, and that I must go and lie down in the cabin. With anguished eyes I beheld upon the shelf opposite to mine the innocent old gentleman who had lately supped so confidently on sardines and fruit-pie. He lay upon his back, groaning softly to himself.

R A G S.

EVERY guild has its principles, and the point of honor among the stationers of Boston was, never by any chance to be found in possession of the particular size of paper upon which alone it is possible for Miselle to write.

The struggle arising from this difference of opinion had been, like all wars of principle, bitter and protracted, but it terminated with a startling abruptness in the moment when a despairing stationer, driven to bay, turned upon his oppressor with the inquiry, "Had n't you better have your paper made to order?"

"Can one do that?" asked Miselle, incredulously.

"Certainly. There are paper-mills all over the State, and nothing would be easier than to send for some of just the right size," suggested the stationer, abating somewhat his look of terrified perplexity.

"My cousins in Dalton have paper-mills," whispered Miselle's companion, who, like the fairy Paribanou, possesses the admirable habit of always having in her pocket the article indispensable at that moment to the comfort of her friends, let that article be a threaded needle, a paper-mill, or a scrap of shrewd and kindly counsel.

"And how long will it take us to go to Dalton?"

"To go? Why, it is in the heart of the Berkshire Hills, a hundred and fifty miles from here," replied Paribanou, somewhat aghast.

"Charming! It is nice weather for the mountains, and just the time of the year for it to continue. When shall we start?"

"The next train for Albany leaves at half past two. It is now half past one," said Paribanou, examining her watch with quiet irony.

"I am ready," answered Miselle, settling her casaque and testing the security of her bonnet-strings.

"So shall I be—in a week," rejoined

Paribanou, heroically; and upon the Monday following, Paribanou, with Miselle and the escort, took refuge from the east wind of a Bostonian May in the recesses of the Worcester Depot, whence at half past two of the clock they were whirled westward upon an Albany express train. Scenery, chat, the Railway Guide, and the luncheon-basket helped on the afternoon, until at sunset the little party grew suddenly quiet, travelled each on his own cloud into his own especial dream-land, nor returned until, at nine o'clock, the conductor slammed open the door to roar, "Dawltown!" with the nasal twang so dear to New England ears and tongues.

Breakfast over, next morning, the party set forth under conduct of the fair Territory, who led them by a winding path along the river-bank, and through the shadow of Semanthy Day's Mountain, and beside a copse wonderful with morning melody, to the bold curve of the Housatonic, where stand, beside their picturesque dam and foot-bridge, the Wacannah Paper-Works.

Superintending some workmen between the mill and the dwelling-house they found the proprietor, a fine-looking young man, who advanced to meet his guests with the soldierly step and bearing whose introduction among our people may be ranked as a blessing *per contra* to the penalties of war.

"Your cousin has served in the army, has he not?" inquired Miselle of Territory.

"O yes. He was a captain in the —th, and saw a good deal of service at Port Hudson and otherwheres," hastily replied the young lady; and then followed introductions, and an intimation that the visitors had come to the Wacannah Mills to be instructed in the whole art and mystery of paper-making.

The Captain, professing himself delighted at the interruption, gave a few hurried directions to his workmen, and

led the way down a flight of undecided steps to a rambling pile of buildings, which he apologetically remarked were soon to be replaced by a larger and more substantial structure.

"You won't care to see the rags, I suppose?" suggested the Captain, pausing just within the door; but being assured that the neophytes desired to prove every point of the mystery by ocular and digital demonstration, he led the way at once to a loft extending over the entire building, and nearly filled with large bales, some compact, square, and firmly hooped with iron, others less exact in shape, and bound merely with ropes.

"These," said the Captain, bestowing a complimentary kick upon one of the iron-bound bales, "are Italian rags, mostly from Florence, and of prime quality, being pure linen and perfectly clean. A great many rags are imported from the Levant and the East; but we never use them, considering them inferior to these, which, indeed, are the best in the market."

While speaking, the Captain had cut a great gash in the outer covering of the bale, and, drawing out a tattered garment, held it up for inspection. It was the white jacket of a peasant, and Miselle, taking it in her hands, was rapt of a sudden in a vision of the Val d' Arno, with the Apennines behind, the Boboli Gardens, the Pitti Palace, the Duomo and Campanile, the Ponte Vecchio with its amphibious dwellings, the galleries, churches, palaces, piazzas, the blue Italian sky, the dreamy Italian air,—when the Captain's cheery voice broke upon her dream.

"These," indicating other bales, "are domestic cotton rags. Some are from Philadelphia and the South, some from our own State. This bale is from a shirt-factory, and is all new bits of bleached cloth,—very nice stock, too. Then here are old sails, bleached as white as snow, you see, by wind and rain, although they started on their voyage flax-colored. They would never have done for us then, if we could have got them, and, in fact, no new lin-

en is serviceable; we prefer it worn considerably. It makes a smoother and finer paper after the fibre has been broken by use and the many scrubbing an old garment must have undergone. And now we will see the first process of turning rags into paper."

With these words, the Captain led the way to the other end of the loft, where, in a room partitioned off but not finished, stood several square frames, not unlike kitchen sinks, with a floor of coarse wire netting. Around the sides of these frames were set a number of scythe blades, with their edges turned inward; and behind each blade stood a young woman, her head swathed in a handkerchief, busily shredding handfuls of rags by drawing them down the keen edge of the scythe, the dust and finer particles falling through the wire floor, and the handful of shreds being thrown upon a heap behind the work-woman.

The air was heavy with dust; the women's clothes, faces, eyelashes, and even the backs of their hands were white with it; and Miselle, coughing and choking, asked a merry-looking damsel, "Is not this very unhealthy work?"

"Well, I don't know. It pays pretty well," was the philosophic reply.

"I thought rag-cutting was done by machinery in these days," pursued Miselle.

"So it is, in some mills; but our boss is very particular, he is," said the girl complacently. "Every seam and hem and patch has got to be ripped up, so that the dirt underneath may soak out in the bleach; and every button and string must be cut off, and any piece that's badly stained thrown out. You won't find machines to do all that till they have eyes and fingers as well as knives."

The proposition was suggestive, and while pondering it, Miselle, groping among the rags, came upon a baby's frock, tattered, but still rich with lavish embroideries.

"Do you often find such pretty things as this?" asked she, holding it up.

"O yes! We get baby-clothes, and dead folks' clothes, and all that comes between. I tell the girls, sometimes, that working in a rag-room is most as bad as working in a graveyard," said the cheery young woman, shredding up a bit of lace which might once have been a bridal veil.

"There 's a silk handkerchief," said the Captain. "Now I dare say you fancy, like most ladies, that the thin paper so much in fashion now is made of silk, don't you?"

"I confess that I have been so informed."

"Well, it is not true. Silk won't make paper. No more will woollen, although a small portion of either may be dusted in, without doing any particular harm. They used, for instance, to mix a small proportion of colored silk, bandanna handkerchiefs mostly, with the stuff for bank-note paper. It gave a peculiar complexion, and was a preventive against counterfeits; but, bless my soul! I should like to see any man make paper of all silk, or half or three quarters silk! It's no more than pepper in a soup,—flavor, but not stock."

"The nicest paper is made wholly of linen, then?" asked Miselle, as the party left the dusty loft and descended the stairs.

"There, again," replied the Captain, with his cheery smile, "is another almost universal mistake. Paper is, to be sure, made wholly of linen, but is used for hardly anything except bank-notes and bonds. It is very thin and strong, and wears a great while, but is so stiff and crackly as to be quite unfit for ordinary purposes. Our 'stuff' is composed of one third linen to two thirds of the best cotton rags, all pure white, and all perfectly clean when they come to us, so that they do not need the dusting after shredding which is given to poorer stock. From the rag-room up stairs, the shreds are dropped through a trap into the lime-bleach vats, which we shall find in here."

He laid his hand upon the latch of a blackened door, but Miselle detained him. "I thought, at least I have been

told, that any rags, colored or dirty or woollen,—anything which had been woven,—could be made into paper."

"And so they can," replied the Captain patiently. "And very good paper for certain purposes, but not such paper as we make,—not first-class writing-paper. There are papers in the market, made, not of colored and dirty rags only, but of straw, wood, corn-husks, life-everlasting, and other weeds,—of hemp, tow, and flax. Almost anything possessing vegetable fibre, in short, can be, and has been, made into paper of one sort or another."

So saying, the Captain raised the latch, and ushered his guests into a steam-bath redolent of chlorine. Through the reek loomed sundry vast tubs, closed at the top, but oozing at every pore and crevice with a scalding vapor, highly suggestive as to odor of the disinfectants scattered about a hospital. Through this steam-fog rose the figure of the Captain, serene and spectral, his hand upon the side of one of the oozy caldrons.

"These are the lime-bleach vats," said he, "and here the rags are boiled, or rather steamed, at a temperature considerably above the boiling-point, in a solution of lime, for about ten hours. By that time they are 'done' very tender, and all stains or yellowness discharged. From these vats they are wheeled in barrows to the engine-room, in here."

He opened a door, and the visitors, hastening to escape, passed into a cooler atmosphere, wiped their eyes, and saw before them a large room occupied by half a dozen circular tanks or baths, filled with a mixture which in one looked like rice and milk, in another like an incipient bread-pudding, and in another like a family wash after an unusual course of rubbing-board, pounding-stick, and Hibernian muscle. Yet another was empty, and beside it a workman had just set down a barrow filled apparently with drowned white kittens. Toward this barrow the Captain led his pupils, saying: "In these engines are the rags at various stages

of their progress toward pulp, or 'stuff,' as it is technically called. These in the barrow are just from the lime bleach, and we will see the beginning of their journey through the engines. Pitch away, Bill!"

Bill obeyed the command with zeal; and in a few moments the contents of the barrow were transferred to the engine, the water let on, and the machinery set in motion.

From a post in the middle of the engine extended to its opposite sides, on the one hand, a roller armed with razor-like blades; on the other, a drum cylinder covered with wire gauze. At the upper end a pipe admitted a stream of pure water; and, as the armed roller rapidly revolved, it drew beneath it the mass of moistened rags which escaped at the other side, mere shreds and fragments of what they had been. Passing round to the other side of the engine, the shredded rags encountered the cylinder, which, dipping a few inches below the surface at each revolution, sucked away the foul water, and swept the solid matter on to be again mixed with the pure stream, and again pass beneath the knives of the roller.

"We are very proud of our spring water," said the Captain, catching a little in his hand and shaking it off, sparkling like diamonds in the sunshine. "And nothing is more important in the manufacture of paper than a supply of perfectly pure water. My neighbors have an Artesian well, but I do not like it. The water is more or less impregnated with mineral matter, and it must affect the color of the paper. This now is as colorless, as tasteless, and as vitalizing as the air of our Berkshire hills. Yes," he continued, "pure water is to paper what strength is to a man or modesty to a woman, and there is no fairer water in the world than the spring which feeds the Wacannah Mills."

Smiling at the touch of fancy, the realistic Miselle drew him back to the point of fact. "How long must the rags remain in the engine?"

"Six hours, as you see them now, ground in the time beneath these knives,

and washed in a constant stream of water. After that, the water will be turned off, the exhausting cylinder raised, and a certain amount of chemicals mixed with the pulp. In this mixture it will lie for three hours, when the water will be let on, the exhauster thrown into gear, and the chemicals thoroughly washed out. This will take another hour. The water will be again shut off, and the pulp ground and beat and slashed by the roller for six hours longer. So, you see, we get altogether sixteen hours in the engine, by which time the 'stuff' is in this condition."

The Captain pointed, as he spoke, to the vat containing the rice-and-milk compound, which a workman had been for some moments inspecting. As the party approached, he was bringing from the filtering aqueduct at the side of the room a basin half filled with water, into which he deftly scooped a portion of the stuff in the vat. This, mingling with the water, turned it of a milky hue, but left no substance visible except a few short and broken fibres.

"He is trying the stuff to see if it is ready to draw off," explained the Captain. "How is it, Smith?"

"All right, sir,"—and Smith, stopping the machinery, proceeded to open a valve trap in the bottom of the engine, through which the stuff escaped in a mimic maelstrom.

"We will follow it down, although not by the same road," suggested the Captain; and down a flight of feeble-minded steps the visitors were brought to the abode of The Machine, the wonderful Fourdrinier Machine, which at one end receives the "stuff" fresh from the engine, and in a few moments delivers it at the other in sheets of wire-wove, laid, or fancy letter-paper.

The Captain led the way to the head of the whirling, steaming, clattering monster, and pointed to a square metal box, very like that usually suspended over a bathing-tub.

"You remember," said he, "that from the engine the pulp is let off into a great vat called the stuff-chest, just under-

neath the engine-room. From this vat it is pumped up into this box, diluted with a considerable addition of water, and is then fed to the machine, as you see."

Pointing as he spoke, the Captain showed how a stream of pulp, thinned to the color and consistency of city milk, flowed from a pipe at the bottom of the iron box, and spread itself first over a frame set with horizontal slats perhaps an inch in depth, and then fell upon, and disappeared through, a fine brass sieve of peculiar construction.

"Both these are preparatory operations," resumed the Captain. "The grooves between the slats are intended to catch any particles of sand, or metals from the chemicals, possibly lingering in the stuff, and the brass sieve, as you call it, is to strain out any clots or threads, or substance of that sort, which may have escaped the engine. Its principal use, however, is to keep back the knots made by sempstresses at the ends of their thread. These, often made of waxed thread, are insoluble by the agents used for the rest of the material, and, if allowed to remain in the stuff, occasion the little lumps upon which it is so provoking to catch your pen when writing rapidly. From the box beneath the sieve, the stuff, as you see, falls upon this endless belt of wire gauze, which is in fact about thirty feet long, the 'endlessness' only referring to its circular shape. This belt, as you will notice, has a constant motion, not only onward, but from side to side, thus giving the pulp which covers it, and is prevented from running off by these strips of woolen at the sides, two distinct impulses, the one lateral and the other longitudinal, and weaving the fibre afresh into a sort of cloth, or rather felt, while at the same time it drains it of a portion of the water with which it has just been diluted. Stoop down, and you will see what a rain-storm is going on underneath."

The pupils obediently stooped, and saw, between the belt of wire cloth and a trough some inches below, a pattering fall of drops round and heavy as those which presage a thunder-shower.

"You will perceive," continued the Captain, "that, as the pulp travels down the belt, it becomes gradually more opaque and firmer in its consistency; but here you will see a more sudden alteration."

He pointed, as he spoke, to a stripe across the sheet of pulp, about six inches in width, where the material suddenly underwent a striking change from watery indecision to consistent self-assertion. A few inches farther on was another stripe of the same sort; and the Captain explained that these were suction-boxes, exhausted of air by means of a steam-pump, and therefore greedily dragging down the water still remaining in the pulp, to supply the abhorred vacuum. Between these boxes slowly revolved a hollow cylinder covered with a wire gauze divided by parallel bars into stripes of about an inch in width.

"This," said the Captain, "is the dandy-roll, but why so called, please don't ask, for I don't know. Its use, however, is to print in the semi-fluid pulp, or paper, as you may now call it, those lines distinguishing it as 'laid,' or 'wire-wove,' or 'fancy.' In fact, any sort of water-mark desired may be put in at this stage, and we have as many dandy-rolls as we make different patterns of paper. Some customers fancy having their own names and places of business put on their paper in this way, and in that case they provide their own dandy-rolls. And now you see our rags from pulp have been converted, since passing that last suction-box, into undeniable paper, very moist and unsubstantial, to be sure, but possessing texture and fibre, and ready to slide from off the wire gauze upon this second endless belt of thick felt, which carries it tenderly along until it is suddenly caught between these two great cylinders, called press-rolls, which squeeze and dry and consolidate it, until, after passing through all four sets, it is ready to say good-by to the felt which has brought it thus far; and, stretching across this little interval, it goes on all by itself to the hot cylin-

ders, great iron drums heated within by steam, and through these — eight there are of them — it winds in and out."

"In a regular Greek trimming pattern," murmured Miselle.

"Very likely; all trimmings are Greek to me," assented the Captain. "And now you see the belt of paper has gone through all the cylinders, and, in passing over this iron bar, is cut lengthwise by sharp knives into strips of the right width for a sheet of letter-paper. Of course, the knives can be altered to any desired width; but this is the regular size. From this bar the paper travels down, as you see, into a trough of sizing made of the same material as the gelatine used for calf's-foot jelly, and then through this final set of rollers, which press it nearly dry again, but not quite, for if all the moisture was removed so suddenly, the paper would be warped and uneven. At the end of all, this revolving cylinder, set with a horizontal blade, clips the strips into sheets of the proper size; and this apparatus, called a lay-boy, takes them almost as if with hands and hangs them over this frame, ready to be carried to the drying-room. And so we have fairly made our rags into paper, and now have only to finish it."

With a last affectionate and comprehensive glance at the beloved monster, the Captain led the way, up two flights of stairs, to a large hall called the drying-room, where were erected whole groves of parallel bars, like the drying-room of a laundry.

Upon these bars were hung the sheets of damp paper, two or three together, the edges of each group slightly overlapping the rest, so that, as presently shown, the entire contents of a bar might be swept together and removed at a single motion.

"The paper hangs here for four days, and by that time is thoroughly dry. The same effect could be produced in four minutes by hot cylinders, but the paper would show the difference," said the Captain, leading his guests from the drying to the finishing room, — a large, cheerful hall, with the sun stream-

ing in at its open windows, pots of plants, little pictures, and mirrors over the various work-benches, and just outside the merry river and the blithe summer day.

Here the first process is to press the paper, now quite dry, for some hours in an hydraulic press, from which it emerges smooth, but lustreless. It is next passed up in large masses to a young woman who, sitting ensconced in a sort of bower near the top of the room, strongly reminds one of the Fate Lady at a fair. From this bower to the floor extends a series of rollers, some of iron, some of consolidated paper, incredibly hard and smooth. Between the two uppermost of these rollers the Fate Lady inserts the edge of a sheet of paper, which immediately proves the "*Facilis descensus*" by darting down between all the various rollers to the bottom, where, hot, shining, and smooth as glass, it is seized by another young woman and laid upon a pile, where it may repose for a while, unless, indeed, it is intended to be a very super-extra style of paper, in which case it is carried up and sent down again.

This process is called "*calendering*," and the paper is thereafter trimmed in large masses under a powerful guillotine, and then carried to the ruling-machine, where sit two other young women, one at either end, the first feeding the machine with single sheets, — which pass through rollers and beneath a bar set with pens arranged at such width as is required, and fed with ink from a little trough above, — and the other removing them when finished.

From the ruling-machine the paper is taken to a long bench, where the expert fingers and eyes of the sorters whisk it over, sheet by sheet, detecting the slightest imperfection, and dividing it into three qualities, of which the second is nearly as good as the first, and the third by no means bad.

The faultless sheets are next passed on to the "*folder*," who, laying a pile before her, inserts the fingers of her left hand between the edges, and, grasp-

ing with a dexterous twist exactly six between each two fingers, lays the twenty-four sheets aside, thus counting them into quires almost as fast as they could be handled without counting.

Having a sufficient number of quires laid ready, the folder places beneath her right palm a block of hard wood, retained in position by a strap going over the back of the hand; and then, with her left hand picking up and doubling each quire, she gives it at the fold a downward and upward rub with the smoother, tossing it aside the next instant as accurately and sharply folded as if an hour had been given to the operation.

"The next process," resumes the Captain, "is stamping; and this is a more important matter than perhaps you would imagine;—that is, in the way of a test,—for it is only on our very best paper that we allow the name of the firm, or even of the mills, to appear. The second quality is decorated with an eagle, or the Capitol, or 'Ne plus ultra,' or some one of a dozen designs kept for the purpose, while the third quality is not stamped at all, but just sold anonymously. Here is the stamping-bench."

He paused, as he spoke, behind a young girl, who, with demure unconsciousness, continued her task of feeding one quire after another to a leisurely but implacable sort of hammer, working steadily up and down, and at every downward stroke smiting with a cruel craunch upon the quire held ready. The girl immediately withdrew this and substituted another, never pausing until the pile at her left hand had been all transferred to her right.

From her, Miselle went to look at another pretty girl folding half-ream packages of paper in gayly printed covers, sealing the ends, and stacking them, when finished, upon a bench beside her, to be presently carried away and boxed for transportation.

"And now, I believe," said the Captain, "you have seen the entire process, and are competent to become passed paperwrights on your own ac-

count. Next let me show you my house and my wife."

But although the cheerful house and pretty bride were pleasant things to see, as was also the Captain's dented sword slung from deer's antlers in the hall, our affair is not with these, but rather with the Collar-paper Factory, owned by another of the fair Territory's relatives, to which she presently brought her guests, and where they learned that Columbia wears about her neck annually nearly as many reams of paper as she uses to write upon, and that this collar-paper may be made of stock much inferior to that employed for letter-paper, the rags being of all colors and qualities, including some woollen and a considerable amount of old paper. After being assorted and shredded in a machine resembling a hay-cutter, these rags are placed in a large wooden cylinder covered with wire gauze, and whirled violently round for some time to remove the dust and lint adhering to them. Afterwards, they are subjected to nearly the same process as the stock for letter-paper, the principal point of difference being, that, after a certain "period" in the engine, the pulp is removed to large stone pits called draining vats, and there lies under the influence of certain strong chemicals for a considerable time, the object being both to destroy the texture and to discharge the colors of the multifarious mass.

In the Collar-paper Manufactory, the visitors were introduced, not only to their old friend, the Fourdrinier, but to his elder brother, the Cylinder Machine. In this, the pulp, when first drawn from the stuff-chest, is carried into a large trough, in which is partially immersed a ribbed cylinder covered with wire cloth. As the cylinder revolves in the mass of pulp, it takes up a thin coat of fibre, the water draining through into the interior of the drum, whence it is conducted away; and this coating of fibre, suddenly as it is formed, is in fact paper, sufficiently strong, by the time the cylinder has completed its revolution, to be transferred to a felt

belting, on which it is carried through nearly the same system of rollers and hot cylinders as in the Fourdrinier machine, the great difference being that, as the cylinder has no lateral motion, the fibre of the paper made upon it lies entirely in one direction, and the fabric is not nearly so strong as that made upon the Fourdrinier system. It is now seldom used as letter or printing paper.

Finally, the travellers were informed that American paper commands a higher price than any other in the market, and that much of the French and English note-paper so extensively sold is made in American mills, of inferior stock,

stamped with a fancy mark, and sold at less price than that bearing the manufacturer's own name. In fact, the foreign manufacturers can only compete with the American in price, through favor of their cheap labor, fuel, and chemicals, their processes and machinery being far inferior to ours.

And so, after several breezy drives, and a little sight-seeing in other directions beside paper-mills, our travellers bade good-by to their kind hostess and the fair Territory, confided a huge package of paper of "just the right size" to Adams's Express, and found themselves again upon the world for entertainment.

THE TRUE PROBLEM.

THE difficulties attending the problem of reconstruction are so great, and the necessity of doing something is apparently so pressing, that many well-meaning people, in their eager anxiety to accomplish immediate results, are but too apt to forget the future which lies behind the next two or three Presidential elections. That our civil war was a great political and social revolution, and that the Republic of the United States has entered upon a new era in her development, are truths for the statement of which no man can at the present time claim any merit of originality. They are denied only by those who desire to strip our victory over the Rebellion of its most valuable results, and to preserve those elements of strife and disintegration which, had not the Northern people been true to their mission, would have ended the history of this Republic at a moment when the fundamental principles of our democratic system of government were on the point of rising from the level of mere abstraction to that of living reality. The changes which the great Revolution has

wrought in the organism of the Republic stand in so strong a contrast to the constitutional ideas generally accepted before this period that, as soon as the moment had arrived for drawing up the balance-sheet of the past and tracing a new channel for our future career, a corresponding modification of our fundamental laws was pointed out by the unerring instinct of the popular mind as an absolute necessity. The abolition of slavery was accordingly sanctioned by an amendment to the Constitution. But no thinking man could fail to perceive that this mere negative step was far from completing the transformation of a community consisting of masters and bondmen into a community of citizens equal before the law. Measures of a more thorough-going character were felt to be necessary to prevent American society from relapsing into those antagonisms between the vital principles of democratic government and anomalous social and political institutions, which in our past history had wrought so much danger and disaster. A new constitutional basis had to be found for the develop-

ment of the Republic, broad enough for whatever increase of population and diversity of interests the future might bring us, and strong enough to stand above the danger of being subverted by local hostility or any combination of perverse aspirations. And this was, and is now, the true problem to be solved by what is commonly called the work of reconstruction.

The Republican majority in Congress applied itself to the task. Had they not found in their way a President who, with the maturest incapacity to understand the great tendencies of the times, unites an almost idiotic ambition to control them by autocratic action, and with the temper of a despot the profligate unscrupulousness of a demagogue, the Republicans would probably have acted upon their true instincts with boldness and consistency. But their situation was full of embarrassments. Their continuance in power was felt to be necessary to save the most important results of the war. They were threatened in front and rear by the Northern allies of the South, and a President whom they themselves had put upon the road to power. The danger appeared, perhaps, greater than it really was, and, in order to save their ascendancy, and with it the power of doing better in the future, the Republicans in Congress made a compromise with the traditional prejudices of the people, to which the President and his followers were artfully appealing. Andrew Johnson failed in defeating the Republican party before the people, but in the struggle for power he succeeded in forcing it to content itself for the time with a mere expedient. The result was the Constitutional Amendment now submitted to the State Legislatures for ratification.

The third and fourth sections of that Amendment, excluding certain classes of Rebels from office, and confirming the validity of the national debt, are only of temporary value, and have no bearing upon the great principles which are to govern the future development of the Republic. The first, intended

to engraft the main provisions of the Civil Rights Act upon the Constitution, throws the shield of the national authority over those rights of the emancipated slave, the denial of which would virtually reduce him to his former condition, and forms thus a necessary complement of the abolition of slavery. But only the second section of the amendment, restricting the basis of representation in those States which exclude the colored race from the elective franchise, touches the great question of the source of political power in our system of government. It touches it only to leave it unsolved. And just there is the pivot upon which the whole problem of our day turns.

In our political discussions we have fallen into the habit of speaking much of loyalty and disloyalty, as if disloyalty were a primitive and independent condition of a man's mind or heart. But it is only the symptom of a distemper, not the distemper itself. The cause of Southern disloyalty must be obvious to every thinking observer. It consisted in this, that in the South there existed peculiar institutions and interests which were antagonistic to the fundamental principles of our system of democratic government, and that the Southern people cherished those peculiar institutions and interests far above those which they had in common with the rest of the American people. And why was not disloyalty eradicated by the mere abolition of slavery? Simply because the habits of life and modes of thinking connected with slavery have not yet completely yielded to the habits of life and modes of thinking characteristic of free-labor society; because the Southern people, deluded by false hopes, are still struggling to restore as much as possible of the old order of things, instead of devoting their energies to a prompt and vigorous development of the new one; in other words, because the revolution, in its constructive phase, is not yet fully accomplished. As soon as the South, in obedience to recognized necessity, shall thus have fulfilled in her social and political organi-

zation all those conditions which form the basis of free-labor society, and as soon as the status of all classes of the Southern people shall be unalterably fixed in harmony with the ruling principles of our democratic system of government, we need no longer distress ourselves about their disloyalty. Loyalty will then become as natural to them as it is to us now.

A great social revolution, like the abolition of slavery and the substitution for it of free-labor society, can be carried through only in two ways. Either the power which has originated it must keep entire control of its development until it is completed and firmly established in all its results, or the emancipated class must be endowed with political rights sufficient to enable it to protect itself. There is no third method. The Czar of Russia, when emancipating the serfs, naturally adopted the former. He issued and enforced by his imperial authority all the decrees necessary for arranging and defining the status of the emancipated class, and held the whole development of the great reform in his powerful hand. This was entirely in accordance with the principles of the Russian government, but it would not be in harmony with the genius of our institutions. We may, indeed, by the direct action of our general government, remove the most dangerous obstacles standing in the way of the ends to be attained; but we cannot long continue to control the great transformation in all its details, without seriously changing the character of our governmental system. Whatever the Republicans may attempt to do during this period of transition, which is naturally somewhat revolutionary in its character, they must, while in power, take into consideration the possibility of losing it, and prepare for turning over the matter to the regular operations of self-government. Here the alternative appears, of either abandoning the results of the social revolution to the almost exclusive control of the Southern whites, which would be absurd as well as crim-

inal, or of investing the emancipated class with the political power enabling it to protect itself, and to co-operate in the control of the revolutionary results. In a government founded upon suffrage, this power can consist only in the right of voting; and it is obvious that the addition to the number of freemen and citizens brought about by emancipation must necessarily be accompanied with a corresponding enlargement of the democratic basis of our government.

In this respect the plan laid down by Congress in the second section of the Constitutional Amendment falls lamentably short of the exigencies of the case. It provides, indeed, that when in any State a class of citizens is excluded from the exercise of political rights, those excluding it shall not have the privilege of using it as a source of political power; but it does not provide that no class of citizens shall be excluded from political rights. It provides, indeed, that if the South wrongs the negro, the act shall result in a curtailment of Southern, and an increase of Northern, power in the national government; but it fails to establish the great principle, that in every State all the citizens must have the political means wherewith to make their rights respected. It provides, indeed, that no State may establish a government of classes with impunity, but it fails to provide that no State shall establish a government of classes at all. It indeed stigmatizes the arbitrary disfranchisement of millions of citizens with the disapprobation of Congress; but in recognizing the right of States to disfranchise citizens, it fails to lay down the great rule, the necessity of whose observance was proved by the Rebellion, that no State shall be recognized as truly republican whose organization does not rest upon a truly democratic basis, in harmony with the fundamental principles of our political organism. However serviceable it may have been as a makeshift, it is worth nothing as the basis of reconstruction.

That the intentions of those who passed it were good, we have no reason to doubt; but that these good intentions will go for nothing in the final result is hardly less doubtful. Many of the Republicans who voted for the Constitutional Amendment may have thought to arrive at universal suffrage by a circuitous route. But they forgot that the route might be so circuitous as to lead around the end, but not to it. Will not the Southern people be loath to suffer so heavy a reduction of their Congressional representation? No doubt they will. And will they not be willing to do something to avert so undesirable a result? Certainly. But whether they will accept the alternative presented by the Constitutional Amendment, and admit the negro to the ballot-box, is another question. It may turn out that the proposed effect of the Constitutional Amendment can be evaded. Already we learn that the public whipping of negroes for paltry offences is carried on in North Carolina on a large scale, for the reason that by the laws of that State every man who has been publicly whipped is excluded from the right of voting; so that, if equal suffrage should be imposed upon that State by the Constitutional Amendment, or other legislation not sufficiently guarded, a large proportion of the colored population would find itself disfranchised by the mere infliction of a barbarous punishment. How much time it would require thus to disfranchise every negro in the State is a mere arithmetical problem for the consciences of slavery-loving and negro-hating juries; and judges would probably not obstruct the operation. If the impartiality of such laws were questioned, they might go so far as to pick out here and there a worthless white vagabond, or perhaps an obnoxious Abolitionist, for the whipping-post.

But it may be said that such an evasion may be frustrated by Congressional legislation. We will admit this for argument's sake. But may not other tricks be invented leading to new

perplexities? And even if the most ingenious contrivances could be overcome by the untiring watchfulness of a Republican Congress, is it so certain that the control of the national legislature will never fall into the hands of a party inclined to wink at them, and to favor a reaction against the results of the war? And even if such a danger could be averted for many years to come, do not the Southern States still remain free to submit rather to a curtailment of their representation than to the enfranchisement of the colored race? Is it not just possible, nay, even probable, that they will rather be satisfied with the reduced political power they are sure to wield themselves, than, by endeavoring to enlarge it, to put the whole at the mercy of the colored vote? Will not three votes in Congress controlled by the whites exclusively be far more satisfactory to the aristocracy of South Carolina and their followers, than five or six controlled either wholly or in part by their late slaves? Is it well, then, that the completion of the great reform should be made dependent upon the will of those who once already have carried on the most reckless war against the vital ideas of the age?

From whatever point of view we may look at it, the Constitutional Amendment, as it stands, is rather calculated to complicate the problem than to solve it; and its worst feature is, that, by implication, it recognizes the right of a State to maintain an undemocratic government, instead of making it obligatory on all to harmonize their institutions with the fundamental principles upon which the political system of the Republic rests.

The question whether Congress has, under the Constitution, the right to regulate the franchise in the several States, has been ably argued in favor of the proposition. But, whatever may be said, it is certain that the uniform practice of the government is an almost insuperable argument against the assumption. It is true, there is a clause in the Constitution which, if we could

disconnect it from all historical precedent, and consider it as an isolated and independent proposition, would seem to affirm the right of the supreme law-giving authority of the Republic to say how far the right of suffrage in the States must be extended, and how far it may be restricted. It is this: "The United States shall guarantee to every State in this Union a republican form of government." What is a republican government? In answering this question upon its own merits, we should find it needless to consider what a republican government may have been understood to mean centuries ago; we should govern ourselves by the lights of to-day, and say that modern republicanism is democratic republicanism, — a government which, in all its ramifications, derives its powers from the suffrages of the people. The duty of the United States to guarantee to every State in this Union a republican form of government might then justly be argued to include the duty of seeing to it that each State, in the regulation of the franchise, complied with all the conditions of true democratic republicanism. But our history is against this interpretation. There is no precedent from which it could derive any strength. That the republican theory was fallacious where slavery existed, was already observed by Madison; but the idea of abolishing slavery by Federal action, on the ground that the constitutional duty of guaranteeing a republican form of government to every State must be fulfilled, was never countenanced by an American Congress. That most unrepugnant institution of slavery was suffered to exist, and the words of the Constitution were accepted as meaning only that no State should be permitted to have a non-elective head. Nor is it probable that the judicial branch of the national government, which still delights in incasing itself in walls of musty precedents, impervious to the sunlight of a new era, will, as at present constituted, sanction a construction more in accordance with the requirements of the times.

And yet nothing can be clearer than that the constitutional provision above quoted ought to mean something more. If the United States are to be a republic in the true sense of the word, they must be composed of none but truly republican parts. If the Republic of the United States is to be an harmonious whole, its central organ must have the power, as well as the duty, to guarantee to the people of the different States local governments republican not only in form, but republican in spirit, — in harmony with the principles underlying the whole political structure. And if the Constitution, according to the accepted construction, does not give the general government the power to enforce that guaranty, it is a defect, an incongruity in our constitutional system, which ought to be remedied in a manner so clear that even the Supreme Court cannot explain it away. In one word, the national Constitution must make it binding upon every State to comply with certain requirements without the fulfilment of which no government can have a truly democratic republican character.

There are two things which must be considered the main pillars of democratic republican institutions, — self-government on the broadest basis, exercised by suffrage, and popular instruction. The two serve as complements to one another. Self-government making it the duty as well as the privilege of the citizen to take part in the administration of public affairs, and thus inducing him to give his attention to matters outside of the narrow circle of his domestic concerns, is an incitement to mental activity and the acquisition of knowledge, while popular instruction, in its turn, fits the people for an intelligent exercise of the functions of self-government. Without the latter, the former would lack its most potent stimulus; without the former, the operations of the latter would be clumsy and erratic. To give these progressive forces their full effect, it is essential that their enjoyment should not be restricted beyond what is demanded by the nature of things. Human reason

can devise no argument to justify the exclusion of any human being from the benefits of education ; and as to the right of voting, by which self-government is exercised, no restrictions should be imposed which cannot easily be overcome by means placed within the reach of every man. These are the fundamental conditions of democratic republicanism according to the enlightened philosophy of this age, and they are the life-element of American civilization ; and just these are the points upon which the duty of the United States to guarantee to every State in this Union a republican form of government should be made to bear.

In order to accomplish this, an article should be added to the Constitution embodying the following features : that no State shall impose restrictions upon the right of voting which cannot easily be overcome by every citizen, — except on the ground of idiocy, high crimes, etc., — thus guarding not only against distinctions of color, race, etc., but also against all qualifications which would exclude large numbers of citizens from the franchise ; that each State shall be bound to establish and maintain a system of common schools, placing the benefit of primary instruction within the reach of every inhabitant without distinction of race, color, creed, or condition ; that Congress shall have power to enforce the foregoing by appropriate legislation, in case of contravention or default by any State ; and that the Senators and Representatives of any State which does not fully comply with the foregoing requirements shall not be admitted to Congress, such State not being regarded as republican in the meaning of the Constitution. For these propositions, here crudely expressed, a form might be found, so careful in its wording as to leave neither room for evasion nor arbitrary construction.

It will be objected that the execution of this plan would be an encroachment upon the rights of the States. The objection is absurd. True, it would go directly against that doctrine of State

rights which has so long been cherished by the South and the Democratic party. But how does that doctrine appear in the light of history and human reason ? It held that original sovereignty had its seat in an artificial organization called a State, forgetting that original sovereignty rests in the individual, and is only conferred upon the State in a limited measure by the collective individual, the people. It insisted that a State must have the right to inflict wrong upon its people. It proclaimed as a good "Democratic" tenet, that a State must have the right to institute and maintain an undemocratic government. It demanded, in the name of self-government, that if a State, by its assumed authority, made local self-government a sham and a mockery, no national authority should have a right to prevent or correct the mischief. This doctrine was forever consigned to ridicule, when Abraham Lincoln annihilated Senator Douglas's "great principle of non-intervention" by the pungent definition : If A attempts to make B a slave, C shall have no right to interfere. And there we leave it.

No man who understands the distinguishing features of our political system will deny that there are legitimate State rights which ought not to be infringed. No State ought to be restricted in the right to protect the liberties of its citizens. We might even go so far as to say, that if the general government should attempt to violate the natural rights of man, the machinery of local self-government in the State organization should furnish means of redress and a safe measure of protection. As an individual has the undoubted right to do right in accordance with the general laws of society, but has no right to do wrong, so a State must not only have the right, but it must be considered its duty, to do right in accordance with the fundamental principles ruling the society of States, but not to do wrong in violation of those principles. In the very nature of things, it is ridiculously absurd, it is utterly impossible, that, as a member of a

democratic republic, a State should have the right to establish and maintain its government upon an undemocratic basis.

Nor can it be truthfully said that a constitutional amendment like the one here proposed would put the government upon the course of a centralization of power. It leaves the States to arrange their home concerns, subject to certain injunctions and restrictions. Such restrictions are by no means without precedent. The Constitution says, that no State shall grant any title of nobility, or coin money, or maintain a military force in time of peace, or enter into any agreement or compact with another State, or pass any bill of attainder, *ex post facto* law, or law impairing the obligation of contracts, etc. Why all these restrictions? Because the things prohibited would violate the ruling principles and impair the stability of our system of government. Why then not prohibit other things which would violate the principles of the government in no less flagrant a manner? Would the granting of titles of nobility, distinguishing a few persons, be more dangerous to the Republic than a restriction of the franchise, degrading and rendering politically helpless millions of citizens?

Nor can it be said that a constitutional provision demanding the establishment and maintenance of a system of common schools in all the States would put the government upon the course of consolidation. It demands only what most of the States have already done, and what all of them ought to have done. That it is the interest as well as the duty of a democratic State to promote the education of the people, no thinking man will deny. Will it render a State weaker, if it does something to make its citizens more intelligent? On the contrary, it will render the State stronger in culture, in justice, and in all that constitutes true moral power. Far from desiring a centralization repulsive to the genius of this country, it is in the distinct interest of local self-government and legitimate State rights that we urge these propo-

sitions; and nothing can be more certain than that this is the only way in which a dangerous centralization of power in the hands of our general government can be prevented.

Observe the doings of Congress. In the absence of laws enabling the emancipated class in the South to protect itself by the appliances of local self-government, Congress has undertaken to provide for its protection by the machinery of the general government. Nor could, under the circumstances, Congress do otherwise. The Republic having emancipated the slaves, and promised them true freedom forever, the protection and enforcement of their rights is for Congress not a matter of choice, but a matter of duty. As long as the present condition of things continues, this duty will present itself again and again, in an endless variety of aspects, and lead to legislation directly interfering with the local doings of the Southern States. This will be the result as long as that duty is appreciated by the national legislature,—that is, as long as the ascendancy of Northern sentiment continues. That ascendancy may be temporarily interrupted by the accident of defeat; but it will soon be restored, for the simple reason that the natural centre of gravity in this Union is and will remain in that part of the Republic which most truly represents its democratic principles. Such acts derive a sufficient degree of constitutional authority from the Constitutional Amendment abolishing slavery. But is it not certain that the continued necessity of interference with the doings of the late Rebel States for the protection of the emancipated class, the wards of the nation, will gradually create a habit of overriding State rights in many respects? And yet this necessity cannot be obviated as long as the duty of the Republic toward the emancipated class remains the same. But as soon as the wards of the nation are declared of age, as soon as, by the extension of the franchise and by provisions for their education, they are enabled to protect themselves, this duty will cease. The matter is then

turned into the broad channel of self-government, where every wrong finds its remedy, and the States, at last organized upon a truly democratic basis, can and will be left to administer the affairs properly belonging to the sphere of local action without interference from above. The danger of centralization, greatly to be apprehended while the present condition of things lasts, and growing as it continues, will then have passed away; and, by strictly acknowledging and faithfully performing their constitutional duties, the States will save their rights.

How the passage and ratification of such a constitutional amendment by a sufficient number of States can be accomplished, it is not our purpose to discuss here at length. The perplexities of our situation, which arise not only from the obstinate prejudices of the Southern people, but from the factious temper of the President, which baffles the sagacity of the psychologist, and the stagnant dulness of a Supreme Court whose reasonings might be considered a fit subject for the investigations of the antiquarian, may prolong themselves in a struggle of years, unless cut short by the most determined and vigorous action on the part of the representa-

tives of the people. The objects to be immediately accomplished are many. Crime must be repressed, and security must be given to loyal men wherever they are in danger. A prompt removal of the Southern State governments instituted by the autocratic action of Andrew Johnson, and the substitution for them of new organizations upon a loyal basis, will go far towards accomplishing these ends. The same measure would undoubtedly also secure the ratification of any constitutional amendment judiciously proposed by the Congress of the United States. But whatever may be the vicissitudes of the political struggle, let those who have the work of reconstruction in hand never forget that they have not only to provide ingenious expedients to overcome the embarrassments of the moment, but that they have to build for coming centuries. The rejection of the Constitutional Amendment of the last session by the Southern States is one of the happiest incidents of this great crisis. Congress is again free to act. Since the formation of the Constitution, there never was so great an opportunity for American statesmanship. If it be thrown away, it may not again occur for generations.

REVIEWS AND LITERARY NOTICES.

The Life and Works of GOTTHOLD EPHRAIM LESSING, *from the German of* ADOLF STAHR. By E. P. EVANS, P. D., Professor of Modern Languages and Literature in the University of Michigan. Boston: William V. Spencer.

THOMAS CARLYLE, writing of German literature in the *Edinburgh Review* some forty years ago, exemplified the prevailing ignorance of that literature among the English in the early part of this century by the fact that in Pinkerton's *Geography*, published 1811, the sole representative of literary Germany named by the geographer is

Gottsched (misspelt Gottshed), who "first introduced," it is said, "a more refined style." The fact is even more significant than the Scotch reviewer has figured it. Not only was Gottsched at that time as obsolete in Germany as Blackmore or Dennis in England, and his name consigned to the dunciacs, but Lessing, the true founder of modern German literature, had been dead thirty years, and long since acknowledged by his fellow-countrymen as their intellectual leader in every department of literature illustrated by his genius.

England and America have learned something about Lessing since then, — enough

at least to receive with a cordial welcome the faithful portraiture of the man and his labors by his latest biographer, Adolf Stahr. In doing this work into English, Professor Evans has done a good thing, for which all lovers of German literature who may want access to the original, and not only they, but all who love to read of great men, will give him thanks. The translation is a happy thought most happily executed. No man in this country possesses greater qualifications for such an undertaking than Professor Evans. His easy, idiomatic, and yet faithful version gives ample proof of the author's many-sided fitness for the work, and the loving care bestowed upon it.

We have called Lessing the founder of modern German literature. There is scarcely another instance in literary history in which an individual represents with such prophetic originality, and marks with so sharp a separation, the commencement of a new epoch. Of the writers who preceded him in the province of what is called "polite literature," few only have survived the great revolution initiated by him,—survived as names, not as powers. Gellert alone, whom Frederick the Great pronounced "le plus raisonnable de tous les savans Allemands," has even in this century retained a wide popularity. Lessing's reform was an appeal from the arbitrary rules and artificial models of the French school which then dominated the German mind, to everlasting principles founded in the nature of man. In applying these principles to the drama, he was the first to liberate his countrymen from the thralldom of Gallicism, proving that the French tragedians in the matter of the "Unities," their standard and boast, had misinterpreted and misapplied the canons of Aristotle on which they relied. And what is more important, he was the first to assert, and on critical grounds to maintain, the transcendent greatness of Shakespeare,—the first not only in Germany, but the first in the world. He marks as distinctly a new era of Shakespeare criticism as of German literature. Apart from all other merits, his early championship of Shakespeare is a service for which England owes him everlasting thanks. Let it never be forgotten, that before his own nation had learned to fully appreciate the immortal dramatist,—at the time, and even before the time,* when Dr. Johnson, with very imperfect vis-

ion, was apologetically defending him, conceding very serious qualifications, such as, e. g., that in tragedy he comes short of the ability he displays in comedy, that "in his tragic scenes there is always something wanting," and that "neither his gentlemen nor his ladies have much delicacy,"—at a time when Hume pronounced him incapable of "furnishing proper entertainment to a refined and intelligent audience,"—this foreigner, this German, was instructing his compatriots to regard him as not only immeasurably superior to Corneille and Racine, but as occupying in dramatic poetry the same place of supreme elevation which the world accords to Homer in the epopee. Speaking of Weisse's protestation that in his (Weisse's) Richard III. he had not plagiarized Shakespeare, whose Richard indeed he had never read, Lessing says in the *Dramaturgie*: "That is supposing that a plagiarism from Shakespeare is possible. But what was said of Homer,—that one shall sooner wrest from Hercules his club than steal one of Homer's verses,—is perfectly applicable to Shakespeare. On the most insignificant of his beauties he has set a stamp which proclaims to the world, 'This is Shakespeare's,' and woe to the foreign beauty that has the hardihood to seek a place by its side!"

The large acquaintance not only with Shakespeare, but with his predecessors and successors on the English stage, the thorough knowledge of the English, French, Italian, Spanish, as well as the ancient drama displayed in these dramaturgical essays, is something marvellous even in a German, and yet is but a part of that immense erudition which belonged to the man, and which, being duly assimilated, quickened without encumbering the action of his mind.

His special vocation was criticism. In that province he has no superior in any land or age. Indeed, that higher kind of criticism of which the present century has produced so many illustrious examples, the criticism which deals not so much with the form and execution as with the interior organism and motive-springs of the works to which it is applied, may be said to have originated with him. In the *Laocoön*, which many regard as his best performance, the topic of criticism is art; and here he shows himself as much at home as in literature. This celebrated essay is allowed on all sides to be a model of art-criticism and of critical art, remarkable alike for depth of

* Lessing's *Hamburgische Dramaturgie* was mostly written in 1767; Dr. Johnson's Preface, in 1768.

insight and sharp discrimination. Taking for its text the well-known group which furnishes the title, it discusses the relative limits of poetry and painting. Lessing here controverts a position of Winkelmann, whose transcendent merit he reverently acknowledges. Winkelmann had stated the fundamental principle of the Greek masterpieces in painting and sculpture to be simplicity and repose; Lessing declares it to be beauty. From this fundamental law he deduces all the characteristics and rules of Greek art. It answers for him the much-vexed question why Laocoön is not represented as crying. He does not cry, says Lessing, because crying is a disfigurement of the countenance inadmissible in Grecian art. This law explains the difference between ancient and modern historical painting. With the modern artist, the primary object is the illustration of a passage in history; with the ancient, the passage in history is only an occasion for the exhibition of a more varied beauty.

Among his other accomplishments, Lessing was the best theologian of his day, and in theology, as everywhere else, was a path-breaker! His "Education of the Human Race," and his publication of the "Wolfenbüttel Fragments," exhibit the germs of all that is best in the German neology of recent time.

The leader of his day in every direction, he inaugurated the reign of Teutonic ideas which replaced the Gallic dynasty in the literature of Europe. Together with his great contemporary and compatriot, Kant, he heads the intellectual movement, which, originating in Germany, and spreading thence to the borders of Christendom, constitutes the age in which we live.

It was not modesty, as some aver, but conscientious criticism applied to himself, that led him to disclaim for himself the title of poet. He was not a poet in his own high sense of the term; but his "Emilia Galotti," which for four generations has had possession of the German stage, if not a masterpiece of poetic genius, is unquestionably a gem of dramatic art.

It is a proof of Lessing's greatness, that, after the lapse of nearly a century, he is still modern, still exercises an undiminished, nay, an increasing influence in the world of letters, justifying the saying of Kühne, which Mr. Evans has prefixed to his volumes,—"To return to Lessing is now to advance." The significance of this testimony is enhanced if we consider that

Lessing was contemporary with Dr. Johnson, who outlived him by two or three years, and whose influence, all powerful in his day, has been in this century a constantly diminishing quantity, and is now altogether effete. What English writer at present would take Dr. Johnson as model or guide? As a character he still interests us, as an intellectual power he was and is not.

The contrast is striking in another respect. Dr. Johnson's last years were crowned with temporal success. He had a government pension, which secured him a comfortable living; he enjoyed the reflection of himself in the admiring homage of his associates; he rioted in conscious importance, was flattered by obsequious deference, was a king in his sphere; and when torn from that sphere by death, he was laid away with distinguished honors in Westminster Abbey, among the honored of the land. Lessing bore to the last "the whips and scorns of time," and when his life's tragedy was over, "died so poor that the Duke of Brunswick was obliged to bury him at the expense of the state." And when, not many years since, a grateful posterity undertook the monument which now attests his undisputed claims, "every trace of the recollection of his grave had vanished, and only after a long and weary search did Dr. Charles Schiller succeed in finding hidden among weeds and briars a little headstone, which, cleared of moss and earth, revealed the name, — LESSING."

Harper's Hand-Book for Travellers in Europe and the East. By W. PEMBROKE FETRIDGE. Fifth Year. New York: Harper and Brothers.

AN eminent dental surgeon one day left his forceps and gold-foil and chloroform, and, turning away from the agonized faces of his patients, — they all insantly rejoiced for an instant that the teeth which ought to be drawn would not be drawn, — went to Europe. Arrived in Paris, he unfolded from the American flag, which many of our citizens carry abroad for the complication of the police authorities and customs officers on the Continent, a copy of Mr. Fetridge's guide-book. "Now, my dear," said this dentist to his Lady, who sat by, with a filigree spread-eagle of gold extending a protecting wing over the sparse parting of her hair, and a pin at her throat neatly imitated in enamel from a 7-30 \$500 bond, —

"now, my dear, we want to go to Munich; and our best plan will be to take one of the routes Mr. Fetridge has laid down, and follow it out faithfully, doing everything in it. We will take Route 60."

After a month's travel, the tourists found themselves at Frankfort and their wit's end. They had discovered, in doing everything in Route 60, that Munich was not there. Where could it be? It was a mystery about which the head-waiter—polite, but a little impervious—could not be consulted with success, and they hardly liked to ask the Consul-General. It appeared to them that they should die in Frankfort; and the doctor fell into a very low state, in which he was sustained only by enthusiasm for his art. He spent days in polishing his instruments, which he always took with him, and he plugged or pulled nearly all the teeth in the head of the *portier*.

One day just after these consolations had failed him, and as he sat mournfully gazing at Route 60 in the book, where it lay open on his case of instruments, there came a knock at the door, and who should enter but Parleyou, — that half-French American, who was educated in Paris, and who spends two thirds of his time abroad, who knows Europe better than Broadway, and speaks all foreign languages like an angel, — Parleyou, bound to the doctor by a sincere regard, and by gratitude for a double-tooth saved from the forceps after every other dentist had given it up.

The doctor all but caught him round the neck. He did not allow him a word of greeting. "Good heavens, Parleyou," he said, huskily, "where is Munich? Here is Harper's Hand-Book, which I bought in New York; and here is Route 60, which we took at Paris, — and Munich is n't in it!"

The reader, versed in polite fiction, foresees the *dénouement*: in twenty-four hours, Parleyou has persuaded the doctor to wrap up his Hand-Book in the national symbol again, has instructed him in the use of Bradshaw's Railway Guide, and has started him by the Schnellzug to Munich, and the doctor has the nightmare between the featherbeds of the Black Hen Hotel in the Bavarian capital.

But the doctor is too fair a man to give up a friend for a single fault, which he more than half suspects, after all, to be his own. Indeed, Mr. Fetridge's work has afforded him a vast deal of satisfaction in his journey through Great Britain, and he has found frequent occasion to agree with the

author's sentiments and opinions. When, standing before Milton's bust in the Poets' Corner of Westminster Abbey, he read, "With what admiration we look upon the author of Paradise Lost, and find ourselves lost [spirited and appropriate play upon words?] in the beauties of his work," — he felt that this was what he would himself have said; and he envied the author his use of language, where he remarks, in view of Shakespeare's statue, "How much sadness it awakens in the mind to think of such talent having passed forever to 'that undiscovered country from whose bourn no traveller returns.'" He agreed with Mr. Fetridge, also, that Paris is "*the city of the world*," and he did it almost to the letter of his directions.

Finishing Munich with like fidelity, he carries his Hand-Book with him over the Tyrolean Alps into Italy, and pauses at Verona, where his Lady wishes to see Juliet's tomb, and finds it, as Mr. Fetridge describes, doing "but little justice to her memory." They are both moved, at reading further: "Poor Romeo realized an unhappy termination to his anticipated union with his lovely Juliet. His admiration for her beauty is expressed in the following lines: —

'But soft! what light,' etc.

At Venice they are struck with the excellence of the criticism on the palaces, which are, "with the exception of those built by Palladio, Sansovino, Scamozzi, and a few other eminent architects, devoid of good taste, and are more remarkable for their gorgeous style and great display." While at Florence, they admire the just and bold applause of the galleries in the Villa Demidoff, "where the pictures are nearly all modern, but splendid productions, and how refreshing, after weeks' straining of the eyes, to see old masters' productions in dim and dingy churches! The gallery of sculpture contains *nothing but gems, but how dazzling and white!*"

It would be hard to say when or how the Hand-Book, so much prized, falls into disfavor; but it is certain that in Central Italy there is a dawn of dissatisfaction in the mind of the doctor's Lady, at least. She finds that friends who have been a year longer abroad are using Murray or some French guide, or the English Bædcker, and that they look askance at the handsome morocco covers of the work which the doctor is always reading and quoting. By this

time the filigree spread-eagle has taken flight from the sparse parting, and the miniature bond in enamel has yielded to a Florentine mosaic pin. It is not, however, till after purchase of a complete set of jewelry at Castellani's in Rome, that the doctor's Lady expresses all her disrespect for the Hand-Book, and overwhelms the doctor with surprise at a revulsion of the progress of which he was wholly ignorant. But he is told that he might have seen it long ago. Everybody laughs at the book, and at him for reading it. For the doctor's Lady's part, she never could endure it.

"Why, my dear," says the doctor, "I am sure that at the Specola in Florence, you praised Mr. Pettridge's forethought and delicacy in the warning he gave you: 'To ladies we would say, woman cannot sacrifice her womanliness for science at all times, and we must say it requires a considerable degree of resolution to overcome the feelings of repugnance and shame that any modest woman must feel at entering this room with a promiscuous party, although a sight more interesting or instructive is difficult to meet.' I got the passage by heart, for I never was able to make out whether the interesting and instructive sight meant the feelings of repugnance and shame, or the modest woman, or the physiological specimens, or the promiscuous party, — and I always intended to ask somebody."

For answer to this, the doctor's Lady merely says "Stuff!" and that she will have Murray for Rome, and the doctor shall not carry Harper unless he covers it, so that it shall not be known. And in a few weeks the doctor gives up the contest, and uses the Hand-Book of our hereditary enemies, while our own native guide lies wrapt in the flag at the bottom of his trunk, together with the enamelled bond, and the filigree spread-eagle.

There is a certain injustice in this fate of Mr. Pettridge's work; but it must be confessed that most of us are obliged, after a brief sojourn in Europe, to relinquish its companionship for one reason or other. It is a good enough guide, we believe, and if the hero of our little romance had taken another than "Route 60 from Paris," he could probably have got to Munich by it. But such a book is better adapted to the closet than to the gallery, the palace, or the ruin; it is written with a personal flavor and feeling so unusually strong, that a sort of sympathy is implied in its use, and

the tourist is inevitably identified with it. The truth is, we do get a little ashamed of it. Yet in what volume can you find more delightful reading than in this product of the native American Muse? It is not so much a guide-book as a New York Odyssey describing with Homeric freshness and simplicity the travels of a metropolitan Ulysses. It brightens throughout with timely jest, or apt philosophy, or pertinent indignation, or fine sentiment. The author is not a man to write apathetically of the historic and beautiful in the Old World, but is everywhere chatty and sociable, not only pointing out famous objects of interest, but suggesting those sprightly comments which many travellers love to make upon them. For example, in the Museo Borbonico, at Naples: "This hall," says he, "is exclusively devoted to the Venuses, — poor creatures! why not have a few Adonises?" — which is precisely what a lively observer would wish to ask. Nearly all the nude female figures in the museum have been collected in this hall. "We do not think, however, it would injure the morality of our friends much, especially as they have been greatly patched by restoration," says our author, with the sarcastic pleasantry of Charles Yellowplush, and the constructive felicity of Mrs. Malaprop, united to a vigilance for the delicacy of his reader which is peculiarly Mr. Pettridge's. He constantly warns ladies of what they are not to see; and if he lugs in an equivocal story in order to fix a place in the tourist's memory, he does not fail to turn it to the advantage of his soul by some such remark as, "Morals at that time were not at a high premium."

From nearly every page of this unique work you may cull some flower of fancy or of rhetoric. "In many respects the Bretons of the present day are what they were in Cæsar's time. Primitive, too, and world-old is now, as was then, the appearance of the country"; and in this unimproved district, on fair-days, the people are seen "bringing all imaginary articles to exchange for money!" Of Correggio we read that "he was remarkable for the coloring of his pictures, and the females which adorned them have always been considered models of perfection"; and of the apartments of the Queen of Holland, that they "are teeming with exquisite little gems of painting, statuettes, bronzes, etc." After describing the tomb of the Cid at Burgos, Mr. Pettridge adds: "His bones have made numerous changes

since they first were seated on a throne, when he knocked a Jew down with his brand who had dared to pluck the dead lion by the beard, up to their late removal to the Hôtel de Ville." And with like nobility of language and ingeniously blended shades of meaning, he says of Da Vinci's "Last Supper": "Many a tear has been shed by travellers while viewing this lovely, yet sad composition; lost in admiration of its magnificence, we sit before it and gaze upon the attractive features of John and Peter, expressing so much love and impulse, and turning from them to the miserable, wretched traitor, until we are moved by every touch of skill bestowed by so truthful and glorious a master."

It is in such passages as this last, in which Mr. Pettridge portrays the workings of a quick and impressive nature in the presence of the grand and the beautiful, that we are taught to regulate our own emotions, and, as it were, to set our sentiments to the proper tune. Whenever he makes us a personal confidence—for it is little less—of this kind, our author is unfailingly delicious; and when we say that his book abounds in like passages, we give some notion, we hope, of its amusing character. "Disgusting egotism!" he exclaims over an ultra-Anglican opinion in Mr. Ford's Guide-Book to Spain. At Seville, "the air is much like Cairo, of such a voluptuous softness that it reanimates one with youthful feelings. Morals, however, are at a very low ebb." The guide, Bensaken, at Granada, he thinks to have stolen his guide-book: "We would have given fifty dollars sooner than have been compelled to suspect him." Alluding to himself as "the author," he says that on entering the Holy Land, which he had long desired to see, "although his feelings were those of unbounded joy, they were soon changed to holy sorrow, as on every side the evidence was conclusive that he [Christ] indeed 'had risen,' when throughout the country there is hardly a symptom of either commerce, comfort, or happiness." "Be careful," at Killarney, he says, "you are not torn to pieces by beggars, guides, and other nuisances which infest this spot. The author, at the time of his last visit here, had his leg nearly broken by a kicking horse, which his owner stood in the pathway, because he could not hire him to us for two shillings, when we were already mounted upon one for which we had paid five. Unfortunately our stick broke at the first blow

over the scoundrel's head." From this complicated fact of plebeian selfishness and brutality, it is gratifying to turn to an instance of royal courtesy: "Although the Queen [of Holland] was occupying her apartments at the time the author's party called, she very kindly went out to walk, that we might have an opportunity to examine them." Only, it is a little shocking to find the person qualified to impart an all but state secret of this kind referring us to the "social circles of the Hague" for scandal about the same amiable sovereign!

As we said, the very virtues of Mr. Pettridge's book, as the receptacle of so much eloquent remark and personal reminiscence, go far to disqualify it for the ignoble office of *valet de place* with those who would have a guide chary of comment, reticent of everything but information, and rather grammatical than otherwise. Yet we should be sorry to be without it in literature; and we think the eminent dental surgeon referred to in the early part of this review has at last made a brave and proper use of it. In the awful parlor adjoining his operating-room, it lies upon the cold marble table, under the mirror that reflects the visages of his patients waiting their turn in chairs which no one has the courage to draw from the walls. It is full of the doctor's marginal notes, and its companions are the Directory, a copy of "The Course of Time," and a large volume of Dick's Works.

The Life and Times of Sagoyewatha, or Red Jacket. By the late WILLIAM L. STONE.
With a Memoir of the Author, by his Son.
Albany: J. Munsell.

THE current idea of the famous Indian orator, Red Jacket, is drawn from two sources,—his portrait by Wier, and Halleck's poem suggested by it. On the evidence of this picture Red Jacket has been called the most intellectual of the Indian race; and, in fact, if the portrait speaks the truth, the title might seem fairly enough applied; but on reading his life and his speeches, one cannot but suspect that the imagination of the artist has done something more than justice to his subject. Catlin, who is a painter and no artist, has portrayed the same features, but by no means animated them with the same expression of intellect and fire. Nevertheless, Red Jacket was no common man. If he was a coward, so have other orators been before

him; and if at times he played the part of a demagogue, here too, if he had studied history, he might have pointed to distinguished precedents. He had not all the virtues of an Indian, but he had a great many of the distinctive traits of the race. His intellect was not broad or expansive, but it was shrewd and subtle to a remarkable degree. He had a remarkable power of sarcasm, and some of his caustic sallies are the best parts of his oratory on record. On the other hand, it is almost impossible to judge fairly of an Indian orator from the wretched translations of rude, illiterate, and careless interpreters. We are told of the commanding effects of Red Jacket's eloquence on those who heard and understood him; and if the speech as reported was but a poor affair, we are by no means to conclude that it was so as he delivered it. There can be no doubt, however, that his fine presence, his powerful and melodious voice, and his expressive gestures contributed vastly to the effect of his words.

Red Jacket could never be made to understand that either Christianity or civilization had any advantages whatever, at least for Indians. Neither could the old Indian idea be dislodged from his mind, that there was one Divine government for his race, and another for white men. The missionaries, it is true, were rarely the men to enlighten him on these points, for the greater number of them were far more anxious to enforce some incomprehensible dogma on the minds of their perplexed listeners than to instruct them in the broad principles of Christianity. As for the examples from which Red Jacket might draw his impressions of civilization, they were, for the most part, land speculators, traders, and brutal borderers. Nevertheless, had he been what he is assumed to have been, —

the most intellectual of his race, — he was in a position to see very well that his favorite plan of preserving his people from destruction by a stiff adherence to their old savage way of life was mere political suicide.

Colonel Stone's book is the concluding volume of an uncompleted series, in which he proposed to portray the career and character of the famous confederacy of the Iroquois, or Six Nations. It contains a great deal for which we should look in vain elsewhere. The author was very zealous, and no less successful, in collecting materials. We sometimes suspect that he is betrayed into error by trusting too much to the strength of an excellent memory; and, on the other hand, we could often wish that, instead of giving us his material in its crude state, he had digested it and given us the results in a more compact form. Reports of Indian treaties are always hard reading, and are usually better placed in the appendix than in the body of the work. The book, however, is truly a book, and will probably always be the standard authority on the subject of which it treats.

In the present edition it is preceded by a biographical notice of the author, written by his son. It is wonderful that, with cares on his hands that would have engrossed the whole time of most men, Colonel Stone should have been able to do so great an amount of historical work, and do it so well. One of the most interesting and characteristic portions of this biographical sketch is the account of the part borne by Colonel Stone in procuring from Europe the invaluable documents, relating to the history of New York, which have been collected and published under the patronage of the State. In this matter the service rendered by Colonel Stone to the history, not only of his State, but of the whole country, can hardly be overrated.

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CHAPTER X.

MR. CLEMENT LINDSAY FINISHES HIS
LETTER. — WHAT CAME OF IT.

THE first thing Clement Lindsay did, when he was fairly himself again, was to finish his letter to Susan Posey. He took it up where it left off, "with an affection which" — and drew a long dash, as above. It was with great effort he wrote the lines which follow, for he had got an ugly blow on the forehead, and his eyes were "in mourning," as the gentlemen of the ring say, with unbecoming levity.

"An adventure! Just as I was writing these last words, I heard the cry of a young person, as it sounded, for help. I ran to the river and jumped in, and had the pleasure of saving a life. I got some bruises which have laid me up for a day or two; but I am getting over them very well now, and you need not worry about me at all. I will write again soon; so pray do not fret yourself, for I have had no hurt that will trouble me for any time."

Of course, poor Susan Posey burst out crying, and cried as if her heart would break. O dear! O dear! what

should she do! He was almost killed, she knew he was, or he had broken some of his bones. O dear! O dear! She would go and see him, there! — she must and would. He would die, she knew he would, — and so on.

It was a singular testimony to the evident presence of a human element in Mr. Byles Gridley that the poor girl, in her extreme trouble, should think of him as a counsellor. But the wonderful relenting kind of look on his grave features as he watched the little twins tumbling about his great books, and certain marks of real sympathy he had sometimes shown for her in her lesser woes, encouraged her, and she went straight to his study, letter in hand. She gave a timid knock at the door of that awful sanctuary.

"Come in, Susan Posey," was its answer, in a pleasant tone. The old master knew her light step and the maidenly touch of her small hand on the panel.

What a sight! There were Sossy and Minthy intrenched in a Sebastopol which must have cost a good half-hour's engineering, and the terrible Byles Gridley besieging the fortress

with hostile manifestations of the most singular character. He was actually discharging a large sugar-plum at the postern gate, which having been left unclosed the missile would certainly have reached one of the garrison, when he paused as the door opened, and the great round spectacles and four wide, staring infants' eyes were levelled at Miss Susan Posey.

She almost forgot her errand, grave as it was, in astonishment at this manifestation. The old man had emptied his shelves of half their folios to build up the fort, in the midst of which he had seated the two delighted and uproarious babes. There was his Cave's "Historia Literaria," and Sir Walter Raleigh's "History of the World," and a whole array of Christian Fathers, and Plato, and Aristotle, and Stanley's book of Philosophers, with Effigies, and the Junta Galen, and the Hippocrates of Foesusius, and Walton's Polyglot, supported by Father Sanchez on one side and Fox's "Acts and Monuments" on the other, — an odd collection, as folios from lower shelves are apt to be.

The besieger discharged his sugar-plum, which was so well aimed that it fell directly into the lap of Minthy, who acted with it as if the garrison had been on short rations for some time.

He saw at once, on looking up, that there was trouble. "What now, Susan Posey, my dear?"

"O Mr. Gridley, I am in such trouble! What shall I do? What shall I do?"

She turned back the name and the bottom of the letter in such a way that Mr. Gridley could read nothing but the few lines relating the "adventure."

"So Mr. Clement Lindsay has been saving a life, has he, and got some hard knocks doing it, hey, Susan Posey? Well, well, Clement Lindsay is a brave fellow, and there is no need of hiding his name, my child. Let me take the letter again a moment, Susan Posey. What is the date of it? June 16th. Yes, — yes, — yes!"

He read the paragraph over again,

and the signature too, if he wanted to; for poor Susan had found that her secret was hardly opaque to those round spectacles and the eyes behind them, and, with a not unbecoming blush, opened the fold of the letter before she handed it back.

"No, no, Susan Posey. He will come all right. His writing is steady, and if he had broken any bones he would have mentioned it. It's a thing his wife will be proud of, if he is ever married, Susan Posey," (blushes,) "and his children too," (more blushes, running up to her back hair,) "and there's nothing to be worried about. But I'll tell you what, my dear, I've got a little business that calls me down the river to-morrow, and I should n't mind stopping an hour at Alderbank and seeing how our young friend Clement Lindsay is; and then, if he was going to have a long time of it, why we could manage it somehow that any friend who had any special interest in him could visit him, just to while away the tiresomeness of being sick. That's it, exactly. I'll stop at Alderbank, Susan Posey. Just clear up these two children for me, will you, my dear? Isosceles, come now, — that's a good child. Helminthia, carry these sugar-plums down stairs for me, and take good care of them, mind!"

It was a case of gross bribery and corruption, for the fortress was immediately evacuated on the receipt of a large paper of red and white comfits, and the garrison marched down stairs much like conquerors, under the lead of the young lady, who was greatly eased in mind by the kind words and the promise of Mr. Byles Gridley.

But he, in the mean time, was busy with thoughts she did not suspect. "A young *person*," he said to himself, — "why a young *person*? Why not say a *boy*, if it was a boy? What if this should be our handsome truant? — 'June 16th, Thursday morning!' — About time to get to Alderbank by the river, I should think. None of the boats missing? What then? She may have made a raft, or picked up some stray skiff.

Who knows? And then 'got shipwrecked, very likely. There are rapids and falls further along the river. It will do no harm to go down there and look about, at any rate."

On Saturday morning, therefore, Mr. Byles Gridley set forth to procure a conveyance to make a visit, as he said, down the river, and perhaps be gone a day or two. He went to a stable in the village, and asked if they could let him have a horse.

The man looked at him with that air of native superiority which the companionship of the generous steed confers on all his associates, down to the lightest weight among the jockeys.

"Wal, I hain't got nothin' in the shape of a *hoss*, Mr. Gridley. I 've got a *mare* I s'pose I could let y' have."

"O, very well," said the old master, with a twinkle in his eye as sly as the other's wink, — he had parried a few jokes in his time, — "they charge half-price for mares always, I believe."

That was a new view of the subject. It rather took the wind out of the stable-keeper, and set a most ammoniacal fellow, who stood playing with a currycomb, grinning at his expense. But he rallied presently.

"Wal, I b'lieve they do for *some* mares, when they let 'em to *some* folks; but this here ain't one o' them mares, and you ain't one o' them folks. All my cattle's out but this critter, 'n' I don't jestly want to have nobody drive her that ain't pretty car'ful, — she's faäst, I tell ye, — don't want no whip. — How fur d'd y' want t' go?"

Mr. Gridley was quite serious now, and let the man know that he wanted the mare and a light covered wagon, at once, to be gone for one or two days, and would waive the question of sex in the matter of payment.

Alderbank was about twenty miles down the river by the road. On arriving there, he inquired for the house where a Mr. Lindsay lived. There was only one Lindsay family in town, — he must mean Dr. William Lindsay. His house was up there a little way above

the village, lying a few rods back from the river.

He found the house without difficulty, and knocked at the door. A motherly-looking woman opened it immediately, and held her hand up as if to ask him to speak and move softly.

"Does Mr. Clement Lindsay live here?"

"He is staying here for the present. He is a nephew of ours. He is in his bed from an injury."

"Nothing very serious, I hope?"

"A bruise on his head, — not very bad, — but the doctor was afraid of erysipelas. Seems to be doing well enough now."

"Is there a young person here, a stranger?"

"There is such a young person here. Do you come with any authority to make inquiries?"

"I do. A young friend of mine is missing, and I thought it possible I might learn something here about it. Can I see this young person?"

The matron came nearer to Byles Gridley, and said: "This person is a young woman disguised as a boy. She was rescued by my nephew at the risk of his life, and she has been delirious ever since she has recovered her consciousness. She was almost too far gone to be resuscitated, but Clement put his mouth to hers and kept her breathing until her own breath returned, and she gradually came to."

"Is she violent in her delirium?"

"Not now. No; she is quiet enough, but wandering, — wants to know where she is, and whose the strange faces are, — mine and my husband's, — that 's Dr. Lindsay, — and one of my daughters, who has watched with her."

"If that is so, I think I had better see her. If she is the person I suspect her to be, she will know me; and a familiar face may bring back her recollections and put a stop to her wanderings. If she does not know me, I will not stay talking with her. I think she will, if she is the one I am seeking after. There is no harm in trying."

Mrs. Lindsay took a good long look at

the old man. There was no mistaking his grave, honest, sturdy, wrinkled, scholarly face. His voice was assured and sincere in its tones. His decent black coat was just what a scholar's should be,—old, not untidy, a little shiny at the elbows with much leaning on his study-table, but neatly bound at the cuffs, where worthy Mrs. Hopkins had detected signs of fatigue and come to the rescue. His very hat looked honest as it lay on the table. It had moulded itself to a broad, noble head, that held nothing but what was true and fair, with a few harmless crotchets just to fill in with, and it seemed to know it.

The good woman gave him her confidence at once. "Is the person you are seeking a niece or other relative of yours?"

(Why did not she ask if the girl was *his daughter*? What is that look of paternity and of maternity which observing and experienced mothers and old nurses know so well in men and in women?)

"No, she is not a relative. But I am acting for those who are."

"Wait a moment and I will go and see that the room is all right."

She returned presently. "Follow me softly, if you please. She is asleep,—so beautiful,—so innocent!"

Byles Gridley, Master of Arts, retired professor, more than sixty years old, childless, loveless, stranded in a lonely study strewn with wrecks of the world's thought, his work in life finished, his one literary venture gone down with all it held, with nobody to care for him but accidental acquaintances, moved gently to the side of the bed and looked upon the pallid, still features of Myrtle Hazard. He strove hard against a strange feeling that was taking hold of him, that was making his face act rebelliously, and troubling his eyes with sudden films. He made a brief stand against this invasion. "A weakness,—a weakness!" he said to himself. "What does all this mean? Never such a thing for these twenty years! Poor child! poor child!—Excuse me, madam," he said, after a little

interval, but for what offence he did not mention. A great deal might be forgiven, even to a man as old as Byles Gridley, looking upon such a face,—so lovely, yet so marked with the traces of recent suffering, and even now showing by its changes that she was struggling in some fearful dream. Her forehead contracted, she started with a slight convulsive movement, and then her lips parted, and the cry escaped from them,—how heart-breaking when there is none to answer it,—*"Mother!"*

Gone back again through all the weary, chilling years of her girlhood to that hardly remembered morning of her life when the cry she uttered was answered by the light of loving eyes, the kiss of clinging lips, the embrace of caressing arms!

"It is better to wake her," Mrs. Lindsay said; "she is having a troubled dream. Wake up, my child, here is a friend waiting to see you."

She laid her hand very gently on Myrtle's forehead. Myrtle opened her eyes, but they were vacant as yet.

"Are we dead?" she said. "Where am I? This is n't heaven—there are no angels—O, no, no, no! don't send me to the other place—fifteen years,—only fifteen years old—no father, no mother—nobody loved me. *Was it wicked in me to live?*" Her whole theological training was condensed in that last brief question.

The old man took her hand and looked her in the face, with a wonderful tenderness in his squared features. "Wicked to live, my dear? No indeed! Here! look at me, Myrtle Hazard; don't you know your old friend, Byles Gridley?"

She was awake now. The sight of a familiar countenance brought back a natural train of thought. But her recollection passed over everything that had happened since Thursday morning.

"Where is the boat I was in?" she said. "I have just been in the water, and I was dreaming that I was drowned. O Mr. Gridley, is that you? Did you pull me out of the water?"

"No, my dear, but you are out of it,

and safe and sound: that is the main point. How do you feel now you are awake?"

She yawned, and stretched her arms and looked round, but did not answer at first. This was all natural, and a sign that she was coming right. She looked down at her dress. It was not inappropriate to her sex, being a loose gown that belonged to one of the girls in the house.

"I feel pretty well," she answered, "but a little confused. My boat will be gone, if you don't run and stop it now. How did you get me into dry clothes so quick?"

Master Byles Gridley found himself suddenly possessed by a large and luminous idea of the state of things, and made up his mind in a moment as to what he must do. There was no time to be lost. Every day, every hour, of Myrtle's absence was not only a source of anxiety and a cause of useless searching, but it gave room for inventive fancies to imagine evil. It was better to run some risk of health than to have her absence prolonged another day.

"Has this adventure been told about in the village, Mrs. Lindsay?"

"No, we thought it best to wait until she could tell her own story, expecting her return to consciousness every hour, and thinking there might be some reason for her disguise which it would be kinder to keep quiet about."

"You know nothing about her, then?"

"Not a word. It was a great question whether to tell the story and make inquiries; but she was safe, and could hardly bear disturbance, and, my dear sir, it seemed too probable that there was some sad story behind this escape in disguise, and that the poor child might need shelter and retirement. We meant to do as well as we could for her."

"All right, Mrs. Lindsay. You do not know who she is, then?"

"No, sir, except that I heard you call her name. I don't know any people by the name of Hazard about here."

"Very good, madam, — just as it

should be. And your family, — have they all been as discreet as yourself?"

"Not one word of the whole story has been told by any one of us. That was agreed upon among us."

"Now then, madam. My name, as you heard me say, is Byles Gridley. Your husband will know it, perhaps; at any rate I will wait until he comes back. This child is of good family and of good name. I know her well, and mean, with your kind help, to save her from the consequences which her foolish adventure might have brought upon her. Before the bells ring for meeting to-morrow morning this girl must be in her bed at her home, at Oxbow village, and we must keep her story to ourselves as far as may be. It will all blow over, if we do. The gossips will only know that she was upset in the river and cared for by some good people, — good people and sensible people too, Mrs. Lindsay. And now I want to see the young man that rescued my friend here, — Clement Lindsay, — I have heard his name before."

Clement was not a beauty for the moment, but Master Gridley saw well enough that he was a young man of the right kind. He knew them at sight, — fellows with lime enough in their bones and iron enough in their blood to begin with, — shapely, large-nerved, firm-fibred and fine-fibred, with well-spread bases to their heads for the ground-floor of the faculties, and well-vaulted arches for the upper range of apprehensions and combinations. "Plenty of basements," he used to say, "without attics and skylights. Plenty of skylights without rooms enough and space enough below." But here was "a three-story brain," he said to himself as he looked at it, and this was the youth who was to find his complement in our pretty little Susan Posey! His judgment may seem to have been hasty, but he took the measure of men of twenty at sight from long and sagacious observation, as Nurse Byloe knew the "heft" of a baby the moment she fixed her old eyes on it.

Clement was well acquainted with

Byles Gridley, though he had never seen him, for Susan's letters had had a good deal to say about him of late. It was agreed between them that the story should be kept as quiet as possible, and that Myrtle Hazard should not know the name of her deliverer,—it might save awkward complications. It was not likely that she would be disposed to talk of her adventure, which had ended so disastrously, and thus the whole story would soon die out.

The effect of the violent shock she had experienced was to change the whole nature of Myrtle for the time. Her mind was unsettled: she could hardly recall anything except the plunge over the fall. She was perfectly docile and plastic,—was ready to go anywhere Mr. Gridley wanted her to go, without any sign of reluctance. And so it was agreed that he should carry her back in his covered wagon that very night. All possible arrangements were made to render her journey comfortable. The fast mare had to trot very gently, and the old master would stop and adjust the pillows from time to time, and administer the restoratives which the physician had got ready, all as naturally and easily as if he had been bred a nurse, vastly to his own surprise, and with not a little gain to his self-appreciation. He was a serviceable kind of body on occasion, after all, was he not, hey, Mr. Byles Gridley? he said to himself.

At half past four o'clock on Sunday morning the shepherd brought the stray lamb into the paved yard at The Poplars, and roused the slumbering household to receive back the wanderer.

It was the Irishwoman, Kitty Fagan, huddled together in such amorphous guise, that she looked as if she had been fitted in a tempest of petticoats and a whirlwind of old shawls, who presented herself at the door.

But there was a very warm heart somewhere in that queer-looking bundle of clothes, and it was not one of those that can throb or break in silence. When she saw the long covered wagon, and the grave face of the old master, she thought it was all over with the poor

girl she loved, and that this was the undertaker's wagon bringing back only what had once been Myrtle Hazard. She screamed aloud,—so wildly that Myrtle lifted her head from the pillow against which she had rested it, and started forward.

The Irishwoman looked at her for a moment to assure herself that it was the girl she loved, and not her ghost. Then it all came over her,—she had been stolen by thieves, who had carried her off by night, and been rescued by the brave old man who had brought her back. What crying and kisses and prayers and blessings were poured forth, in a confusion of which her bodily costume was a fitting type, those who know the vocabulary and the enthusiasm of her eloquent race may imagine better than we could describe it.

The welcome of the two other women was far less demonstrative. There were awful questions to be answered before the kind of reception she was to have could be settled. What they were, it is needless to suggest; but while Miss Silence was weeping, first with joy that her "responsibility" was removed, then with a fair share of pity and kindness, and other lukewarm emotions,—while Miss Badlam waited for an explanation before giving way to her feelings,—Mr. Gridley put the essential facts before them in a few words. She had gone down the river some miles in her boat, which was upset by a rush of the current, and she had come very near being drowned. She was got out, however, by a person living near by, and cared for by some kind women in a house near the river, where he had been fortunate enough to discover her.—Who cut her hair off? Perhaps those good people,—she had been out of her head. She was alive and unharmed, at any rate, wanting only a few days' rest. They might be very thankful to get her back, and leave her to tell the rest of her story when she had got her strength and memory, for she was not quite herself yet, and might not be for some days.

And so there she was at last laid in her own bed, listening again to the

ripple of the waters beneath her, Miss Silence sitting on one side looking as sympathetic as her insufficient nature allowed her to look; the Irishwoman uncertain between delight at Myrtle's return, and sorrow for her condition; and Miss Cynthia Badlam occupying herself about house-matters, not unwilling to avoid the necessity of displaying her conflicting emotions.

Before he left the house, Mr. Gridley repeated the statement in the most precise manner,—some miles down the river—upset and nearly drowned—rescued almost dead—brought to and cared for by kind women in the house where he, Byles Gridley, found her. These were the facts, and nothing more than this was to be told at present. They had better be made known at once, and the shortest and best way would be to have it announced by the minister at meeting that forenoon. With their permission, he would himself write the note for Mr. Stoker to read, and tell the other ministers that they might announce it to their people.

The bells rang for meeting, but the little household at The Poplars did not add to the congregation that day. In the mean time Kitty Fagan had gone down with Mr. Byles Gridley's note, to carry it to the Rev. Mr. Stoker. But, on her way, she stopped at the house of one Mrs. Finegan, a particular friend of hers; and the great event of the morning furnishing matter for large discourse and various social allurements adding to the fascination of having a story to tell, Kitty Fagan forgot her note until meeting had begun and the minister had read the text of his sermon. 'Bless my soul! and sure I've forgot ahl about the letter!' she cried all at once, and away she tramped for the meeting-house. The sexton took the note, which was folded, and said he would hand it up to the pulpit after the sermon,—it would not do to interrupt the preacher.

The Rev. Mr. Stoker had, as was said, a somewhat remarkable gift in prayer,—an endowment by no means confined to profoundly spiritual per-

sons,—in fact, not rarely owing much of its force to a strong animal nature underlying the higher attributes. The sweet singer of Israel would never have written such petitions and such hymns if his manhood had been less complete; the flavor of remembered sin could not help giving a character to his most devout exercises, or they would not have come quite home to our common humanity. But there is no gift more dangerous to the humility and sincerity of a minister. While his spirit ought to be on its knees before the throne of grace, it is too apt to be on tiptoe, following with admiring look the flight of its own rhetoric. The essentially intellectual character of an extemporaneous composition spoken to the Creator with the consciousness that many of his creatures are listening to criticise or to admire, is the great argument for set forms of prayer.

The congregation on this particular Sunday was made up chiefly of women and old men. The young men were hunting after Myrtle Hazard. Mr. Byles Gridley was in his place, wondering why the minister did not read his notice before the prayer. This prayer was never reported, as is the questionable custom with regard to some of these performances, but it was wrought up with a good deal of rasping force and broad pathos. When he came to pray for "our youthful sister, missing from her pious home, perhaps nevermore to return to her afflicted relatives," and the women and old men began crying, Byles Gridley was on the very point of getting up and cutting short the whole matter by stating the simple fact that she had got back, all right, and suggesting that he had better pray for some of the older and tougher sinners before him. But on the whole it would be more decorous to wait, and perhaps he was willing to hear what the object of his favorite antipathy had to say about it. So he waited through the prayer. He waited through the hymn, "Life is the time." He waited to hear the sermon.

The minister gave out his text from the Book of Esther, second chapter, sev-

enth verse: "*For she had neither father nor mother, and the maid was fair and beautiful.*" It was to be expected that the reverend gentleman, who loved to produce a sensation, would avail himself of the excitable state of his audience to sweep the key-board of their emotions, while, as we may say, all the stops were drawn out. His sermon was from notes; for, though absolutely extemporaneous composition may be acceptable to one's Maker, it is not considered quite the thing in speaking to one's fellow-mortals. He discoursed for a time on the loss of parents, and on the dangers to which the unfortunate orphan is exposed. Then he spoke of the peculiar risks of the tender female child, left without its natural guardians. Warming with his subject, he dilated with wonderful unction on the temptations springing from personal attractions. He pictured the "fair and beautiful" women of Holy Writ, lingering over their names with lover-like devotion. He brought Esther before his audience, bathed and perfumed for the royal presence of Ahasuerus. He showed them the sweet young Ruth, lying down in her innocence at the feet of the lord of the manor. He dwelt with special luxury on the charms which seduced the royal psalmist,—the soldier's wife for whom he broke the commands of the decalogue, and the maiden for whose attentions, in his cooler years, he violated the dictates of prudence and propriety. All this time Byles Gridley had his stern eyes on him. And while he kindled into passionate eloquence on these inspiring themes, poor Bathsheba, whom her mother had sent to church that she might get a little respite from her home duties, felt her blood growing cold in her veins, as the pallid image of the invalid wife, lying on her bed of suffering, rose in the midst of the glowing pictures which borrowed such warmth from her husband's imagination.

The sermon, with its hinted application to the event of the past week, was over at last. The shoulders of the nervous women were twitching with sobs. The old men were crying in their vacant

way. But all the while the face of Byles Gridley, firm as a rock in the midst of this lachrymal inundation, was kept steadily on the preacher, who had often felt the look that came through the two round glasses searching into the very marrow of his bones.

As the sermon was finished, the sexton marched up through the broad aisle and handed the note over the door of the pulpit to the clergyman, who was wiping his face after the exertion of delivering his discourse. Mr. Stoker looked at it, started, changed color,—his vision of "The Dangers of Beauty, a Sermon printed by Request," had vanished,—and passed the note to Father Pemberton, who sat by him in the pulpit. With much pains he deciphered its contents, for his eyes were dim with years, and, having read it, bowed his head upon his hands in silent thanksgiving. Then he rose in the beauty of his tranquil and noble old age, so touched with the message he had to proclaim to his people, that the three deep furrows on his forehead, which some said he owed to the three dogmas of original sin, predestination, and endless torment, seemed smoothed for the moment, and his face was as that of an angel while he spoke.

"Sisters and Brethren,—Rejoice with us, for we have found our lamb which had strayed from the fold. This our daughter was dead and is alive again; she was lost and is found. Myrtle Hazard, rescued from great peril of the waters, and cared for by good Samaritans, is now in her home. Thou, O Lord, who didst let the water-flood overflow her, didst not let the deep swallow her up, nor the pit shut its mouth upon her. Let us return our thanks to the God of Abraham, the God of Isaac, the God of Jacob, who is our God and Father, and who hath wrought this great deliverance."

After his prayer, which it tried him sorely to utter in unbroken tones, he gave out the hymn,

"Lord, thou hast heard thy servant cry,
And rescued from the grave";

but it was hardly begun when the lead-

ing female voice trembled and stopped, — and another, — and then a third, — and Father Pemberton, seeing that they were all overcome, arose and stretched out his arms, and breathed over them his holy benediction.

The village was soon alive with the news. The sexton forgot the solemnity of the Sabbath, and the bell acted as if it was crazy, tumbling heels over head at such a rate, and with such a clamor, that a good many thought there was a fire, and, rushing out from every quarter, instantly caught the great news with which the air was ablaze.

A few of the young men who had come back went even further in their demonstrations. They got a small cannon in readiness, and, without waiting for the going down of the sun, began firing rapidly, upon which the Reverend Mr. Stoker sallied forth to put a stop to this violation of the Sabbath. But in the mean time it was heard on all the hills, far and near. Some said they were firing in the hope of raising the corpse; but many who heard the bells ringing their crazy peals guessed what had happened. Before night the parties were all in, one detachment bearing the body of the bob-tailed catamount swung over a pole, like the mighty cluster of grapes from Eshcol, and another conveying with wise precaution that monstrous snapping-turtle which those of our friends who wish to see will find among the specimens marked *Chelydra serpentina* in the great collection at Cambridge.

CHAPTER XL

VEXED WITH A DEVIL.

It was necessary at once to summon a physician to advise as to the treatment of Myrtle, who had received a shock, bodily and mental, not lightly to be got rid of, and very probably to be followed by serious and varied disturbances. Her very tranquillity was suspicious, for there must be something of exhaustion in it, and the reaction must come sooner or later.

Old Dr. Lemuel Hurlbut, at the age of ninety-two, very deaf, very nearly blind, very feeble, liable to odd lapses of memory, was yet a wise counsellor in doubtful and difficult cases, and on rare occasions was still called upon to exercise his ancient skill. Here was a case in which a few words from him might soothe the patient and give confidence to all who were interested in her. Miss Silence Withers went herself to see him.

"Miss Withers, father, wants to talk with you about her grand-niece, Miss Hazard," said Dr. Fordyce Hurlbut.

"Miss Withers, Miss Withers? — O, Silence Withers, — lives up at The Poplars. How's the Deacon, Miss Withers?" [Ob. 1810.]

"My father is not living, Dr. Hurlbut," she screamed into his ear.

"Dead, is he? Well, it is n't long since he was with us; and they come and go, — they come and go. I remember his father, Major Gideon Withers. He had a great red feather on training-days, — that was what made me remember him. Who did you say was sick and wanted to see me, Fordyce?"

"Myrtle Hazard, father, — she has had a narrow escape from drowning, and it has left her in a rather nervous state. They would like to have you go up to The Poplars and take a look at her. You remember Myrtle Hazard? She is the great-granddaughter of your old friend the Deacon."

He had to wait a minute before his thoughts would come to order; with a little time, the proper answer would be evolved by the slow automatic movement of the rusted mental machinery.

After the silent moment: "Myrtle Hazard, Myrtle Hazard, — yes, yes, to be sure! The old Withers stock — good constitutions — a little apt to be nervous, one or two of 'em. I've given 'em a good deal of valerian and assafetida, — not quite so much since the new blood came in. There is n't the change in folks people think, — same thing over and over again. I've seen six fingers on a child that had a six-fingered great-uncle, and I've seen that child's grand-

child born with six fingers. Does this girl like to have her own way pretty well, like the rest of the family?"

"A little too well, I suspect, father. You will remember all about her when you come to see her and talk with her. She would like to talk with you, and her aunt wants to see you too; they think there's nobody like the 'old Doctor.'"

He was not too old to be pleased with this preference, and said he was willing to go when they were ready. With no small labor of preparation he was at last got to the house, and crept with his son's aid up to the little room over the water, where his patient was still lying.

There was a little too much color in Myrtle's cheeks, and a glistening lustre in her eyes that told of unnatural excitement. It gave a strange brilliancy to her beauty, and might have deceived an unpractised observer. The old man looked at her long and curiously, his imperfect sight excusing the closeness of his scrutiny. He laid his trembling hand upon her forehead, and then felt her pulse with his shrivelled fingers. He asked her various questions about herself, which she answered with a tone not quite so calm as natural, but willingly and intelligently. They thought she seemed to the old Doctor to be doing very well, for he spoke cheerfully to her, and treated her in such a way that neither she nor any of those around her could be alarmed. The younger physician was disposed to think she was only suffering from temporary excitement, and that it would soon pass off.

They left the room to talk it over.

"It does not amount to much, I suppose, father," said Dr. Fordyce Hurlbut. "You made the pulse about ninety,—a little hard,—did n't you, as I did? Rest, and low diet for a day or two, and all will be right, won't it?"

Was it the feeling of sympathy, or was it the pride of superior sagacity, that changed the look of the old man's wrinkled features? "Not so fast,—not so fast, Fordyce," he said. "I've seen that look on another face of the

same blood,—it's a great many years ago, and she was dead before you were born, my boy,—but I've seen that look, and it meant trouble then, and I'm afraid it means trouble now. I see some danger of a brain fever. And if she does n't have that, then look out for some hysteric fits that will make mischief. Take that handkerchief off of her head, and cut her hair close, and keep her temples cool, and put some drawing plasters to the soles of her feet, and give her some of my *pilula composita*, and follow them with some doses of *sal polychrest*. I've been through it all before in that same house. Live folks are only dead folks warmed over. I can see 'em all in that girl's face,—Handsome Judith, to begin with. And that queer woman, the Deacon's mother,—there's where she gets that hysteric look. Yes, and the black-eyed woman with the Indian blood in her,—look out for that,—look out for that. And—and—my son, do you remember Major Gideon Withers?" [Ob. 1780.]

"Why, no, father, I can't say that I remember the Major; but I know the picture very well. Does she remind you of him?"

He paused again, until the thoughts came slowly straggling up to the point where the question left him. He shook his head solemnly, and turned his dim eyes on his son's face.

"Four generations—four generations, man and wife,—yes, five generations, for old Selah Withers took me in his arms when I was a child, and called me 'little gal,' for I was in girl's clothes,—five generations before this Hazard child I've looked on with these old eyes. And it seems to me that I can see something of almost every one of 'em in this child's face,—it's the forehead of this one, and it's the eyes of that one, and it's that other's mouth, and the look that I remember in another, and when she speaks, why, I've heard that same voice before—yes, yes—as long ago as when I was first married; for I remember Rachel used to think I praised Handsome Judith's voice more than it deserved,—and her face too, for that mat-

ter. You remember Rachel, my first wife, — don't you, Fordyce?"

"No, father, I don't remember her, but I know her portrait." (As he was the son of the old Doctor's second wife, he could hardly be expected to remember her predecessor.)

The old Doctor's sagacity was not in fault about the somewhat threatening aspect of Myrtle's condition. His directions were followed implicitly; for with the exception of the fact of sluggishness rather than loss of memory, and of that confusion of dates which in slighter degrees is often felt as early as middle-life, and increases in most persons from year to year, his mind was still penetrating, and his advice almost as trustworthy, as in his best days.

It was very fortunate that the old Doctor ordered Myrtle's hair to be cut, and Miss Silence took the scissors and trimmed it at once. So, whenever she got well and was seen about, there would be no mystery about the loss of her locks, — the Doctor had been afraid of brain fever, and ordered them to cut her hair.

Many things are uncertain in this world, and among them the effect of a large proportion of the remedies prescribed by physicians. Whether it was by the use of the means ordered by the old Doctor, or by the efforts of nature, or by both together, at any rate the first danger was averted, and the immediate risk from brain fever soon passed over. But the impression upon her mind and body had been too profound to be dissipated by a few days' rest. The hysteric state which the wise old man had apprehended began to manifest itself by its usual signs, if anything can be called usual in a condition the natural order of which is disorder and anomaly.

And now the reader, if such there be, who believes in the absolute independence and self-determination of the will, and the consequent total responsibility of every human being for every irregular nervous action and ill-governed muscular contraction, may as well lay down this narrative, or he may lose all faith

in poor Myrtle Hazard, and all patience with the writer who tells her story.

The mental excitement so long sustained, followed by a violent shock to the system, coming just at the period of rapid development, gave rise to that morbid condition, accompanied with a series of mental and moral perversions, which in ignorant ages and communities is attributed to the influence of evil spirits, but for the better-instructed is the malady which they call hysteria. Few households have ripened a growth of womanhood without witnessing some of its manifestations, and its phenomena are largely traded in by scientific pretenders and religious fanatics. Into this cloud, with all its risks and all its humiliations, Myrtle Hazard is about to enter. Will she pass through it unharmed, or wander from her path, and fall over one of those fearful precipices which lie before her?

After the ancient physician had settled the general plan of treatment, its details and practical application were left to the care of his son. Dr. Fordyce Hurlbut was a widower, not yet forty years old, a man of a fine masculine aspect and a vigorous nature. He was a favorite with his female patients, — perhaps many of them would have said because he was good-looking and pleasant in his manners, but some thought in virtue of a special magnetic power to which certain temperaments were impressible, though there was no explaining it. But he himself never claimed any such personal gift, and never attempted any of the exploits which some thought were in his power if he chose to exercise his faculty in that direction. This girl was, as it were, a child to him, for he had seen her grow up from infancy, and had often held her on his knee in her early years. The first thing he did was to get her a nurse, for he saw that neither of the two women about her exercised a quieting influence upon her nerves. So he got her old friend, Nurse Byloe, to come and take care of her.

The old nurse looked calm enough at one or two of his first visits, but the next morning her face showed that

something had been going wrong. "Well, what has been the trouble, Nurse?" the Doctor said, as soon as he could get her out of the room.

"She 's been attackted, Doctor, sence you been here, dreadful. It 's them high stirricks, Doctor, 'n' I never seen 'em higher, nor more of 'em. Laughin' as ef she would bust. Cryin' as ef she 'd lost all her friends, 'n' was a follerin' their corpse to their graves. And spassums — sech spassums! And ketchin' at her throat, 'n' sayin' there was a great ball a risin' into it from her stomnick. One time she had a kind o' lockjaw like. And one time she stretched herself out 'n' laid jest as stiff as ef she was dead. And she says now that her head feels as ef a nail had been driv' into it, — into the left temple, she says, and that 's what makes her look so distressed now."

The Doctor came once more to her bedside. He saw that her forehead was contracted, and that she was evidently suffering from severe pain somewhere.

"Where is your uneasiness, Myrtle?" he asked.

She moved her hand very slowly, and pressed it on her left temple. He laid his hand upon the same spot, kept it there a moment, and then removed it. She took it gently with her own, and placed it on her temple again. As he sat watching her, he saw that her features were growing easier, and in a short time her deep, even breathing showed that she was asleep.

"It beats all," the old Nurse said. "Why, she 's been a complainin' ever sence daylight, and she hain't slep' not a wink afore, sence twelve o'clock las' night! It 's jes' like them magnetizers, — I never heerd you was one o' them kind, Dr. Hulburt."

"I can't say how it is, Nurse, — I have heard people say my hand was magnetic, but I never thought of its quieting her so quickly. No sleep sence twelve o'clock last night, you say?"

"Not a wink, 'n' actin' as ef she was possessed a good deal o' the time. You read your Bible, Doctor, don't you?"

You're pious? Do you remember about that woman in Scriptur' out of whom the Lord cast seven devils? Well, I should ha' thought there was seventy devils in that gal last night, from the way she carr'd on. And now she lays there jest as peaceful as a new-born babe, — that is, accordin' to the sayin' about 'em; for as to peaceful new-born babes, I never see one that come t' anything, that did n't screech as ef the haouse was afire 'n' it wanted to call all the fire-ingines within ten mild."

The Doctor smiled, but he became thoughtful in a moment. Did he possess a hitherto unexercised personal power, which put the key of this young girl's nervous system into his hands? The remarkable tranquillizing effect of the contact of his hand with her forehead looked like an immediate physical action. It might have been a mere coincidence, however. He would not form an opinion until his next visit.

At that next visit it did seem as if some of Nurse Byloe's seventy devils had possession of her. All the strange spasmodic movements, the chokings, the odd sounds, the wild talk, the laughing and crying, were in full blast. All the remedies which had been ordered seemed to have been of no avail. The Doctor could hardly refuse trying his *quasi* magnetic influence, and placed the tips of his fingers on her forehead. The result was the same that had followed the similar proceeding the day before, — the storm was soon calmed, and after a little time she fell into a quiet sleep, as in the first instance.

Here was an awkward affair for the physician, to be sure! He held this power in his hands, which no remedy and no other person seemed to possess. How long would he be chained to her, and she to him, and what would be the consequence of the mysterious relation which must necessarily spring up between a man like him, in the plenitude of vital force, of strongly attractive personality, and a young girl organized for victory over the calmest blood and the steadiest resistance?

Every day after this made matters

worse. There was something almost partaking of the miraculous in the influence he was acquiring over her. His "Peace, be still!" was obeyed by the stormy elements of this young soul, as if it had been a supernatural command. How could he resist the dictate of humanity which called him to make his visits more frequent, that her intervals of rest might be more numerous? How could he refuse to sit at her bedside for a while in the evening, that she might be quieted, instead of beginning the night sleepless and agitated?

The Doctor was a man of refined feeling as well as of principle, and he had besides a sacred memory in the deepest heart of his affections. It was the common belief in the village that he would never marry again, but that his first and only love was buried in the grave of the wife of his youth. It did not easily occur to him to suspect himself of any weakness with regard to this patient of his, little more than a child in years. It did not at once suggest itself to him that she, in her strange, excited condition, might fasten her wandering thoughts upon him, too far removed by his age, as it seemed, to strike the fancy of a young girl under almost any conceivable conditions.

Thus it was that many of those beautiful summer evenings found him sitting by his patient, the river rippling and singing beneath them, the moon shining over them, sweet odors from the thickets on the banks of the stream stealing in on the soft air that came through the open window, and every time they were thus together, the subtle influence which bound them to each other bringing them more and more into inexplicable harmonies and almost spiritual identity.

But all this did not hinder the development of new and strange conditions in Myrtle Hazard. Her will was losing its power. "I cannot help it"—the hysteric motto—was her constant reply. It is not pleasant to confess the truth, but she was rapidly undergoing a singular change of her moral nature. She had been a truthful child. If she had

kept her secret about what she found in the garret, she thought she was exercising her rights, and she had never been obliged to tell any lies about it.

But now she seemed to have lost the healthy instincts for veracity and honesty. She feigned all sorts of odd symptoms, and showed a wonderful degree of cunning in giving an appearance of truth to them. It became next to impossible to tell what was real and what was simulated. At one time she could not be touched ever so lightly without shrinking and crying out. At another time she would squint, and again she would be half paralyzed for a time. She would pretend to fast for days, living on food she had concealed and took secretly in the night.

The nurse was getting worn out. Kitty Fagan would have had the priest come to the house and sprinkle it with holy water. The two women were beginning to get nervous themselves. The Rev. Mr. Stoker said in confidence to Miss Silence, that there was reason to fear she might have been given over for a time to the buffetings of Satan, and that perhaps his (Mr. Stoker's) personal attentions might be useful in that case. And so it appeared that the "young doctor" was the only being left with whom she had any complete relations and absolute sympathy. She had become so passive in his hands that it seemed as if her only healthy life was, as it were, transmitted through him, and that she depended on the transfer of his nervous power, as the plant upon the light for its essential living processes.

The two young men who had met in so unexpected a manner on board the ship *Swordfish* had been reasonably discreet in relating their adventures. Myrtle Hazard may or may not have had the plan they attributed to her; however that was, they had looked rather foolish when they met, and had not thought it worth while to be very communicative about the matter when they returned. It had at least given them a chance to become a little better acquainted with each other, and it was

an opportunity which the elder and more artful of the two meant to turn to advantage.

Of all Myrtle's few friends only one was in the habit of seeing her often during this period, namely, Olive Eveleth, a girl so quiet and sensible that she, if anybody, could be trusted with her. But Myrtle's whole character seemed to have changed, and Olive soon found that she was in some mystic way absorbed into another nature. Except when the physician's will was exerted upon her, she was drifting without any self-directing power, and then any one of those manifold impulses which would in some former ages have been counted as separate manifestations on the part of distinct demoniacal beings might take possession of her. Olive did little, therefore, but visit Myrtle from time to time to learn if any change had occurred in her condition. All this she reported to Cyprian, and all this was got out of him by Mr. William Murray Bradshaw.

That gentleman was far from being pleased with the look of things as they were represented. What if the Doctor, who was after all in the prime of life and younger-looking than some who were born half a dozen years after him, should get a hold on this young woman, — girl now, if you will, but in a very few years certain to come within possible, nay, not very improbable, matrimonial range of him? That would be pleasant, would n't it. It had happened sometimes, as he knew, that these magnetizing tricks had led to infatuation on the part of the subjects of the wonderful influence. So he concluded to be ill and consult the younger Dr. Hurlbut, and incidentally find out how the land lay.

The next question was, what to be ill with. Some not ungentlemanly malady, not hereditary, not incurable, not requiring any obvious change in habits of life. Dyspepsia would answer the purpose well enough; so Mr. Murray Bradshaw picked up a medical book and read ten minutes or more for that complaint. At the end of this time he was an accomplished dyspeptic; for

lawyers half learn a thing quicker than the members of any other profession.

He presented himself with a somewhat forlorn countenance to Dr. Fordyce Hurlbut, as suffering from some of the less formidable symptoms of that affection. He got into a very interesting conversation with him, especially about some nervous feelings which had accompanied his attack of indigestion. Thence to nervous complaints in general. Thence to the case of the young lady at The Poplars whom he was attending. The Doctor talked with a certain reserve, as became his professional relations with his patient; but it was plain enough that, if this kind of intercourse went on much longer, it would be liable to end in some emotional explosion or other, and there was no saying how it would at last turn out.

Murray Bradshaw was afraid to meddle directly. He knew a great deal more about the history of Myrtle's adventure than any of his neighbors, and, among other things, that it had given Mr. Byles Gridley a peculiar interest in her, of which he could take advantage. He therefore artfully hinted his fears to the old man, and left his hint to work itself out.

However suspicious Master Gridley was of him and his motives, he thought it worth while to call up at The Poplars and inquire for himself of the nurse what was this new relation growing up between the physician and his young patient.

She imparted her opinion to him in a private conversation with great freedom. "Sech doin's! sech doin's! The gal's jest as much bewitched as ever any gal was sence them that was possessed in Scriptur'. And every day it's wus and wus. Ef that Doctor don't stop comin', she won't breathe without his helpin' her to before long. And, Mr. Gridley, — I don't like to say so, — but I can't help thinkin' he's gettin' a little bewitched too. I don't believe he means to take no kind of advantage of her; but, Mr. Gridley, you've seen them millers fly round and round a candle, and you know how it generlly comes

out. Men is men and gals is gals. I would n't trust no man, not ef he was much under a hundud year old,—and as for a gal —!"

"*Mulieri ne mortuæ quidem credendum est*," said Mr. Gridley. "You would n't trust a woman even if she was dead, hey, Nurse?"

"Not till she was buried, 'n' the grass growin' a foot high over her," said Nurse Byloe, "unless I'd know'd her sence she was a baby. I've know'd this one sence she was two or three year old; but this gal ain't Myrtle Hazard no longer,—she's bewitched into somethin' different. I'll tell ye what, Mr. Gridley; you get old Dr. Hulburt to come and see her once a day for a week, and get the young doctor to stay away. I'll resk it. She'll have some dreadful tantrums at fust, but she'll come to it in two or three days."

Master Byles Gridley groaned in spirit. He had come to this village to end his days in peace, and here he was just going to make a martyr of himself for the sake of a young person to whom he was under no obligation, except that he had saved her from the consequences of her own foolish act, at the expense of a great overturn of all his domestic habits. There was no help for it. The nurse was right, and he must perform the disagreeable duty of letting the Doctor know that he was getting into a track which might very probably lead to mischief, and that he must back out as fast as he could.

At 2 P. M. Gifted Hopkins presented the following note at the Doctor's door:—

"Mr. Byles Gridley would be much obliged to Dr. Fordyce Hurlbut if he would call at his study this evening."

"Odd, is n't it, father, the old man's asking me to come and see him? Those old stub-twist constitutions never want patching."

"Old man! old man! Who's that you call old,—not Byles Gridley, hey? Old! old! Sixty year, more or less! How old was Floyer when he died, Fordyce? Ninety-odd, was n't it? Had the asthma though, or he'd have lived to be

as old as Dr. Holyoke,—a hundred year and over. That's old. But men live to be a good deal more than that sometimes. What does Byles Gridley want of you, did you say?"

"I'm sure I can't tell, father; I'll go and find out." So he went over to Mrs. Hopkins's in the evening, and was shown up into the study.

Master Gridley treated the Doctor to a cup of such tea as bachelors sometimes keep hid away in mysterious cad-dies. He presently began asking certain questions about the grand climacteric, which eventful period of life he was fast approaching. Then he discoursed of medicine, ancient and modern, tasking the Doctor's knowledge not a little, and evincing a good deal of acquaintance with old doctrines and authors. He had a few curious old medical books in his library, which he said he should like to show Dr. Hurlbut.

"There, now! What do you say to this copy of Joannes de Ketam, Venice, 1522? Look at these woodcuts,—the first anatomical pictures ever printed, Doctor, unless these others of Berengarius de Carpi are older! See this scene of the plague-patient, the doctor smelling at his pouncet-box, the old nurse standing square at the bedside, the young nurse with the bowl, holding back and turning her head away, and the old burial-hag behind her, shoving her forward,—a very curious book, Doctor, and has the first phrenological picture in it ever made. Take a look, too, at my Vesalius,—not the Leyden edition, Doctor, but the one with the grand old original figures,—so good that they laid them to Titian. And look here, Doctor, I could n't help getting this great folio Albinus, 1747,—and the nineteenth century can't touch it, Doctor,—can't touch it for completeness and magnificence,—so all the learned professors tell me! Brave old fellows, Doctor, and put their lives into their books as you gentlemen don't pretend to do now-a-days. And good old fellows, Doctor,—high-minded, scrupulous, conscientious, punctilious,—remembered their duties to man and to

woman, and felt all the responsibilities of their confidential relation to families. Did you ever read the oldest of medical documents, — the Oath of Hippocrates ?”

The Doctor thought he had read it, but did not remember much about it.

“It’s worth reading, Doctor, — it’s worth remembering; and, old as it is, it is just as good to-day as it was when it was laid down as a rule of conduct four hundred years before the Sermon on the Mount was delivered. Let me read it to you, Dr. Hurlbut.”

There was something in Master Gridley’s look that made the Doctor feel a little nervous; he did not know just what was coming.

Master Gridley took out his great Hippocrates, the edition of Foesius, and opened to the place. He turned so as to face the Doctor, and read the famous Oath aloud, Englishing it as he went along. When he came to these words which follow, he pronounced them very slowly and with special emphasis.

“My life shall be pure and holy.”

“Into whatever house I enter, I will go for the good of the patient: I will abstain from inflicting any voluntary injury, and from leading away any, whether man or woman, bond or free.”

The Doctor changed color as he listened, and the moisture broke out on his forehead.

Master Gridley saw it, and followed up his advantage. “Dr. Fordyce Hurlbut, are you not in danger of violating the sanctities of your honorable calling, and leading astray a young person committed to your sacred keeping?”

While saying these words, Master Gridley looked full upon him, with a face so charged with grave meaning, so impressed with the gravity of his warning accents, that the Doctor felt as if he were before some dread tribunal, and remained silent. He was a member of the Rev. Mr. Stoker’s church, and the words he had just listened to were those of a sinful old heathen who had never heard a sermon in his life; but they stung him, for all that, as the parable of the prophet stung the royal transgressor.

He spoke at length, for the plain honest words had touched the right spring of consciousness at the right moment; not too early, for he now saw whither he was tending, — not too late, for he was not yet in the inner spirals of the passion which whirls men and women to their doom in ever-narrowing coils, that will not unwind at the command of God or man.

He spoke as one who is humbled by self-accusation, yet in a manly way, as became his honorable and truthful character.

“Master Gridley,” he said, “I stand convicted before you. I know too well what you are thinking of. It is true, — I cannot continue my attendance on Myrtle — on Miss Hazard, for you mean her — without peril to both of us. She is not herself. God forbid that I should cease to be myself! I have been thinking of a summer tour, and I will at once set out upon it, and leave this patient in my father’s hands. I think he will find strength to visit her under the circumstances.”

The Doctor went off the next morning without saying a word to Myrtle Hazard, and his father made the customary visit in his place.

That night the spirit tare her, as may well be supposed, and so the second night. But there was no help for it: her doctor was gone, and the old physician, with great effort, came instead, sat by her, spoke kindly to her, left wise directions to her attendants, and above all assured them that, if they would have a little patience, they would see all this storm blow over.

On the third night after his visit, the spirit rent her sore, and came out of her, or, in the phrase of to-day, she had a fierce paroxysm, after which the violence of the conflict ceased, and she might be called convalescent so far as that was concerned.

But all this series of nervous disturbances left her in a very impressive and excitable condition. This was just the state to invite the spiritual manipulations of one of those theological practitioners who consider that the treat-

ment of all morbid states of mind short of raving madness belongs to them and not to the doctors. This same condition was equally favorable for the operations of any professional experimenter who would use the flame of religious excitement to light the torch of an earthly passion. So many fingers that begin on

the black keys stray to the white ones before the tune is played out!

If Myrtle Hazard was in charge of any angelic guardian, the time was at hand when she would need all celestial influences; for the Rev. Joseph Bellamy Stoker was about to take a deep interest in her spiritual welfare.

THE RESTLESS.

A SEA-BORN captain came,
A constant winter in his beard;
None knew what skies had harbored him, —
What shoals his heart had cleared.

He looked a very king;
You might have set him on a throne,
And king to king would nod and swear,
"He is bone of our bone."

"I need a ship," he said;
"Not a crank jade to start and cringe,
Though tempests unreluctant strike,
And the quick lightnings singe; —

"A clipper, class A 1;
Not for your tricky cotton bales,
But one to make my purpose hers,
With seldom idle sails."

The eager shipwrights eyed
A mighty oak, the sea-mark there,
And felled it; with unuttered fear,
They laid its gray heart bare.

One withered bough had borne
A woman; hoary elders said,
Her art had turned to seeming stone
Their sacramental bread.

The gaunt oak shrank beneath
The snap of ever-angry steel;
In every thought the witch's curse,
They hewed a lusty keel.

And often while they built,
A phantom navy held the coast;
It stayed the labor-prompted song, —
The master's ready boast.

And in an under breath
'T was said that other workmen wrought,
At night, beneath the captain's eye,
With clearer will and thought.

As one before a loom,
Of every touch secure and proud,
Sees not the shadow, Fate, who weaves
Or wedding-robe or shroud ;

So the chief builder stood
Before his handiwork ; he knew
'T is ill when hidden hammers fall,
And silent axes hew.

The troubled builder built,
The captain queried left and right ;
The ship, apparelled now, bird-like,
Shook in her dreams of flight.

To meet the sea's desire,
She fled one wild November day,
And after her the spectral fleet
Ran down the shuddering bay.

Each year the four winds brought
A fisherman from Labrador,
A merchantman from tropic seas,
Or sullen man-of-war.

And each sea-record said :
"A sail went flying by to-night,
With not a breath of wind, and left
A wake of branching light.

"We caught the hurried words,
'Report the Restless at St. Ann,
Report the Restless anywhere,'
The final order ran."

Men slowly came to know
The doom her tired pennons trailed,
While second childhood crooned this curse,
Upon the oak entailed : —

"Who builds it in a ship
May only look for her return
When tides refuse to go and come,
And stars forget to burn.

"Though she may long for land,
And grope for it with weary keel,
No harbor-light shall comfort her,
With my will at the wheel."

PIONEERING.

IT was a bright November morning when I went out alone from Mr. Herndon's house in Springfield, and walked quickly towards the Capitol. I wanted to stand within the walls which had thrilled so often to Abraham Lincoln's voice, to stand in the spot where his body had received the heart-felt honors of an uncounted crowd. No one followed me into the semicircular room, as plain as unpainted deals can make it, which is the hall of the House of Representatives for the State of Illinois; yet I did not fail of my purpose. I had heard two Englishmen—one of them a Professor at Oxford, another a member of Parliament struggling for popular rights—express in strong terms their sense of the service done for mankind within these walls. "I have known most of the great men of my time," said the latter,—"the great men of Europe, Asia, and America,—but I know of no speeches like these." As I stood there, the walls seemed to throw back the dead words, and some of the stir and tumult of 1839 passed into my veins. Half unconsciously I watched the old janitor, a man who loved to prate about the dead President, as he turned the key in the sacred lock, and then stopped before the door of the State Library, that he might show me, as he expressed it, "a power of books." As I entered the half-lighted hall, I did indeed start back, awed, but not by the power of *books*! The library had been temporarily turned into a studio for the artist who had just finished a magnificent portrait of Lincoln. As I entered, half a dozen finished portraits of Illinois men seemed to start from the canvas, and group themselves as in life. Some I had seen, and recognized at once, but without comprehending what subtle change had now emphasized their natural power. As I stood before them, the words, "And there were giants in those days," flitted across my mind; but the stalwart

or keenly strung frame of each tall man was balanced on the canvas by a brain ponderous in proportion. The liberty the artist had taken had spent itself on the tint of the skin; he had given to each of these men the wholesome, ruddy tint which it is to be hoped will belong to their grandchildren. "And these are the men who are to reign over us," I said to myself, seeing something quite other than New England acuteness in that grand group, and recognizing for the first time that, when Abraham Lincoln took his seat in the White House, it was not so much himself as *his race* that entered there. I tried to remember where I had seen frames like these, and I recalled the Houses of Congress, twenty-five years ago, with the sturdy shoulders of Southern men looming far above those of their Eastern brothers, and the counterfeit Duke of Sonora offering an arm which seemed on a natural level with the crown of a woman's head! Then I recalled Professor Gould's statement at the meeting of the National Academy, when he told us that the slaves of certain Southern States were taller and stronger than our free colored men, but added also that the same thing was true of the *white* citizens of the same States.

"Be a little patient, men of Southern blood," I thought as I sat there, "and you shall have back, in full measure, pressed down and running over, the power for which you pine. But it will not come to the men whom you have delighted to honor. The 'poor white trash' of your proud States, carrying such portion of your best blood as you gave them in hours of lawless indulgence, or haughty contempt, driven out of your borders by your denial of human rights, having had a hand-to-hand fight with nature and circumstance, having developed moral perceptions before they knew a moral life, having taken in the idea of God and justice

before they could master that of man and purity,—these men shall come back to reign over you,—to defeat, with the hot blood of your own hearts, with the strong muscles you strapped across their bones, the very purpose of your restless, ambitious lives.”

And here in Springfield two men had met, prepared, it would seem, by the Divine Hand, and held apart till the right moment, who were to wield such an influence over each other and over mankind,—who were to love each other with such passion, trust each other with such implicit faith,—as had hardly been since the days of the Paladins. These men, too, were to represent the two orders of poor whites;—the one born of good blood, but impoverished in his ancestry by a law of primogeniture, which the State of Virginia refused to repeal, yet born under the shelter of all legal helps and certainties, in a family which made a home, with a mother tender, devoted, and dignified, who honored God and freedom; the other born of that “poor white trash” which could not dare look back,—a race desperate, peculiar, undescribed, careless of legal restraints, scarce conscious of family centres, emigrating in hordes, kind-hearted, but with their hand against every man, as every man’s was against them.

Yet it was this stone, which any cunning builder of us all would have rejected, which was already bearing the Divine signet, marked “Head of the Corner!”

The history of William Henry Herndon cannot be indifferent to a nation which honors Abraham Lincoln, for these two men for twenty-five years complemented each other; and if the passionate idealism of the one had not leavened the plodding, conscientious intellectual processes of the other, we might never have had the Proclamation of Emancipation.

William Herndon was the grandson, on both sides, of men who had fought in the war of the Revolution. In 1781, his grandfather, Colonel Day, “desiring that no man should ever again call

him master,” emancipated his slaves in Western Virginia, and emigrated into Kentucky. He had received his small patrimony while the law of primogeniture was still in force; and when he parted with his slaves, he was compelled to work. One of his brothers had married the youngest sister of Patrick Henry, and the two families went together. “I was too young,” said old Mrs. Herndon, when she told me the story, “to remember much of the first hardship we encountered; but I know that we were comfortable then, compared to what I was afterwards in Illinois. We had to work, but not roughly, for there were slaves in the neighborhood who could be hired; and, wild as our life was, I grew up, like other Southern girls, without much care. When my husband asked me to come to Illinois, I consented, of course. I thought all places were alike.”

And what was Illinois in 1826, when the Herndons first came to it? I will tell you, in the very language of a pioneer; for it is fit that we should see it, if we can, with his eyes.

“We had no need of Agassiz out here to tell us what things meant,” began my friend. “It was written plain on the face of the prairie. Anybody who could run could read it. There was once a great lake stretching from the Alleghanies to the Rocky Mountains, and drenching all the land south of the Laurentian Hills. At last this sea broke bounds, and between the tall bluffs in Missouri and Kentucky, opposite St. Louis, it poured itself out. Three great ‘sucks,’ as we call them here,—the Ohio, the Missouri, and the Mississippi,—drained out the land; but at the best, the southern half of Indiana and Illinois was a great bog. Such a looking land as that water left! You laughed when I told you that this mud is twenty-five feet deep; but it is true. Underneath is a clay bed without a crack. The moisture can’t drain away. Either the sun will drink it, or *we* must. ‘Suckers’ we are and must be; for, till the water is out of the soil, it is a struggle with death. The coal-fields

all lie at the same depth. The bog which made the prairie was the very bottom of that sea,—its last rich fat mud. The glaciers, starting far above the Laurentian Hills, not only melted from their moorings and floated south; they were ‘sucked’ into the great lines of drainage, and dropped their burdens of boulder, drift, and gravel, in almost parallel ridges, up and down the land. The rich mud settled upon, fattened, and drained away from these rocks. The retreating wave naturally left its heaviest seed, the acorns or beech-mast, on these summits; so the oak openings came at last to bless the land. Beside this, the smaller ‘sucks,’ or rivers, which remained after the great sea had hurried to the ocean, brought down their share of gravel, and piled it right and left. These ridges are like gigantic furrows thrown upon the face of the soil. The summits crumble down, and build by crumbling a sort of descent into the dreary bog. These ridges were the salvation of the country,—not that we could ever have settled it without the ‘gopher,’ but farms had to be in the timber or on its edge. Neither men nor cattle could stand the undrained muck. On it the grass grew so high that one spark of household fire might at any moment have swept destruction over a whole township. In the cold weather the unbroken prairie-wind was too sharp for man or beast; in the hot, flies destroyed the cattle, and gallinippers drove desperate the men.”

“What are gallinippers?” I asked.

“Mosquitoes,” he replied, “with stings three quarters of an inch long.”

“But I thought those were mythical mosquitoes, invented on purpose to torment the womanly credulity of Ida Pfeiffer.”

“No, indeed,” said Mr. Herndon, “they were substantial facts. We looked abroad over the face of the land. Skeletons of elk and deer, of extinct creatures,—many of them now in the Museum at St. Louis,—and great herds of buffalo, stranded on the soil, were nuisances almost as great as the heaps of stone you take out of your ‘strong

land’ at the East. We settled first on the Sangamon. My father took the ferry; in his first ploughing he turned up horns of the elk that would have arched in a doorway. I have seen their curves meet over the head of a man seven feet high. There, too, I once fled at night from the Indians. I saw the savage lift my mother’s long hair and threaten to scalp her. I was but five years old, yet I shall never forget that. Make mother tell you.”

“We were none of us likely to forget it,” said the dignified Virginian, from her invalid’s seat by the fire. “We had to go ninety miles to mill at first, and thought ourselves fortunate when it came to be only forty. It was a cool October evening. My husband had been gone since daybreak, and there had been rumors of Indian slaughter not far off. At nightfall I saw the red men coming. I had to think quick. ‘Where is your man?’ said the foremost as he came up to me. ‘In the woodland,’ I answered. Some folks,” continued Mrs. Herndon, speaking with great deliberation, and in a musing mood,—“some folks say they never told a lie. I told a lie that night. ‘Go after him,’ replied the man. I turned back to the house to get my baby, and he thought I meant to cheat him. In a moment he had drawn out my comb, and, lifting my long hair, made a quick, warning sign with his scalping-knife. I heard William scream; his eye had caught the gleaming steel. I ran back to the house, put him through some open boards at the back, and told him to run to the wood for his life. I seized my shawl, and, hiding my baby under it, started after him. The Indians watched me, till the trees hid my retreating figure. Then they began to suspect. They mimicked my husband’s voice,—a baby’s cry,—the voices of the neighbors. Still I kept on. I had found William in the wood. I had only a mile and a half to go to our next neighbor’s; but, what with him and the baby, it was late at night when I got there. They were all in bed, but sleeping with one eye open

for fear. I cried out, and asked if they would take me in. 'Yes,' they said; 'but they could not open the door; no one could tell how near the red men were. I must crawl up over the logs.' In those days, we used to barricade doors and windows, and set our guns in the crevices of the logs, but leave an open hole in the roof, near the chimney. So I climbed the low roof, let my baby down through the hole, handed Will to my neighbor, and dropped in myself."

"We only stayed a few years at the Sangamon," resumed William Herndon; "and I well remember how we moved up to the ridge where Springfield now is. I have told you about the 'gopher.' The little animal always has the sense to make his hummocks higher than the winter rains will rise. The whole way was clear bog; father made a small board cart, into which he threw the chickens, the little pigs, and the young children. He and I and mother walked beside the cart, which had two wheels. We skipped from hill to hill; and when the wheels of the cart stuck or floundered, we lifted them out of the mud and balanced them somehow on one of the hummocks."

The "gopher," which ought to be borne on the shield of Illinois, is really a marmot, — a little squirrel with long hind legs, sitting like a watch-dog at the door of its lodge, and skipping over the ground like a tiny kangaroo. The name is given in Canada, not only to the prairie-dog, but to a long-legged rat, which naturalists decline to class with the marmots.

"We reached Springfield at last," said Mr. Herndon; "and a most unlikely place it was. We had to build our log cabin on the edge of a ridge, while we labored to subdue the muck. The marks of bears' claws were deep in the trees right round us. Ten years later I have killed a hundred snakes in the three quarters of a mile between my own house and my father's, so you may guess what it was then. There they all were, — rattlesnakes, vipers, adders, and copperheads."

"And what sort of a snake is the copperhead?" I asked.

"A mean thing. A rattlesnake rattles, a viper hisses, an adder spits, a black snake whistles, a water-snake blows, but a copperhead just sneaks! At nightfall we laid green logs in parallel rows, set them on fire, and drove the cattle between. Then whichever way the wind blew, we could keep off the mosquitoes and relieve the creatures. The dumb beasts knew what it meant, and we never had to drive them again. They went in of themselves. Words cannot make you understand this life. The prairies of Illinois are watered with the tears, and enriched by the graves, of her women. The first generation — have you any dim, glimmering sense of what men they must have been who turned this sea into dry land? — the first generation lived on mush and pork. Fencing was too costly to be obtained. No gardens could stand the herds of cattle, a thousand strong, which might come swooping over at any minute. Just as our corn was ripe, the bears would strip the ears; just as the pumpkins grew golden, herds of deer would hollow out the gourds. As we got more land, there was no transportation to carry away the crops. Butter was five cents a pound, eggs were three cents a dozen; corn was six cents a bushel, wheat twenty-five cents. A cow was worth five dollars, and a man's labor fifty cents a day. Do you wonder we clamored for railroads, lied for them, went in debt for them, — did anything till we got them?"

I remembered the thronging lines of railroad that I had often seen steering to some tiny depot in the vast prairie, and saw afresh that these lines were built for freight, not travel. The latter was an *accident*, happy or unhappy, as the case might be.

"And now we come to the saddest point," I said. "I want to understand the people born of this contest with the soil, the first white race born on it. Standing in a log cabin on the edge of a prairie, the other day, and looking over the half-drained surface, I said,

almost unconsciously, 'I am sure this land was settled before the Lord was willing.'

"I am thankful to hear you say so," said a woman at the wash-tub near me. "I have thought so ever since I came here; and that," she added with a sigh, "is nigh on thirty year."

"New England people, travelling through your large towns, rarely see any of this great controlling population of pioneers. How can I give them any idea of the race of men among which you and Abraham Lincoln grew up? It is easy to understand the low, stupid type of man represented by the dwellers in Lacustrian towns, who were set to conquer nature for the whole race; but to understand the pioneers, you must know, first, how civilization had wronged them as poor whites; next, how nature gradually restored what civilization took. Of the rude virtues, bravery, honesty, and generosity, it is easy to get some idea. The man at the corner refused to take any pay yesterday for six sheets of brown paper; the money was not worth speaking of, he said. In Chicago, where the Southern element has made itself felt, in a way, I must not as a guest pay for my postage, my omnibus fare, my telegrams; but no sooner had I passed into the Yankee atmosphere of Milwaukee, than I felt the change like a sudden chill. There, it was quite evident, the laws of thrift prevailed, and I must pay my own way, as at home. Nor am I quite sure that the terrible preponderance of vice in Chicago bears any real relation to the morals of the prairies. It may be only the natural proportion of a city which is so placed as to be a great thoroughfare for the lower classes of many nations. It may not be an exponent of this State. We know at the East something of your lawless classes; but I believe we think they all perished a century ago; we have no idea of what this lawlessness involves, nor have we dreamed, as yet, that among them and of them—sharing, for a time at least, all that we shrink from in

them, except drunkenness—Abraham Lincoln grew up."

"What would you have?" said my friend, rising in his excitement, and pacing rapidly back and forth. "To do the work which I have shown you must be done, an enormous, an abnormal vitality was required. Such a vitality could not exhaust itself on the soil. No social excitement, no lecture, theatre, book, or friendly talk, offered itself to the tired laborer when he came home at night. To drink, to indulge his passions, was the only change life offered him. For the women,—God forgive the men who brought them here!—if they sought stimulants or anodynes, how could they be to blame? And Dr. Holland said, that the pioneers were an inefficient set, who wandered from State to State, from pure shiftlessness! I tell you, that since the days of the Anakim God never made such men as the men who redeemed the State of Illinois. Whatever else you do, don't call us *shiftless*!"

And because my own testimony would hardly be sufficient, I copy from the lecture on Ann Rutledge what Mr. Herndon himself has said of these men. Speaking of the people of New Salem, where Mr. Lincoln came, partly as shopkeeper and partly as surveyor, just as he attained his majority, the lecturer says:—

"Here it was that every new-comer was initiated, quickly, sharply, and rudely, into the lights and mysteries of Western civilization. The stranger was compelled, if he assumed the appearance of a man, to *walk through* the strength and courage of naturally great men. They were men of no college culture, but they had many and broad, well-tested experiences. They had good sense and sound judgment, and, if the stranger bore himself well, he became a brother of the clan forever. If he failed, quickly, amid their mocking jeers, he sank out of sight. *He existed, if at all, to be an enemy, to be killed at first sight by any of the clan, or to be scorched in a social hell forevermore.* This is not a fancy pic-

ture. The ordeal existed as I have described it, and *Lincoln had to pass it*. He did it nobly, and held unlimited sway over the clan thenceforward. 'If you *must* have a fight, *prepare*,' he said. They had seen him in the old mill, with a strap about his waist, lift in a box a thousand pounds! But in the midst of these rough men, manly honesty, womanly tenderness, valor, strength, and great natural capacity went hand in hand. . . . Wild, hardy, genial, these men were a mixture of the rowdy and the roisterer. They have no thrift, yet thousands of them grow rich. It is impossible to outwit or whip them. . . . The type of the pioneer is a trusting, tolerant, and generous man, hospitable in his tent, thoroughly acquainted with the stars by which he travels, with all the dangers of his route, with horse flesh and human flesh. This pioneer is a long, tall, lean, lank man, cadaverous, sallow, sun-burnt, shaggy-haired. His face is exceeding angular, the nose long, pointed, keen. His eyes are sunken, sharp, and questioning, looking to the very background of things. He is obstinate; his muscles and nerves dance an uneasy jerking dance in the presence of civilization. He is dangerous from his ignorance of the social world. A man of deeds, not words, stern, secretive, speaking words of one syllable. . . .

"These men were always true to women, their fast, tried friends and defenders. Scarce any men on this globe hold women so dear. And so their lives went on: they were either creating or destroying, praying or fighting, shooting or getting shot."

These are the words of one who has grown up among them, spoken to an audience who knew them well, through which the tall forms of their sons were thinly scattered. But a stranger sees other things, which are perhaps as well worth stating. The complexion of the pioneer is not yellow or cadaverous, but *green* or *greenish* gray. In the first generation his joints are loosely hung, — too loose, it would seem, for strength. In the next generation, the complexion

mellows a little, and the lean muscles fill out. These men will treat an Axminster carpet as if it were the sanded floor of a bar-room,—they will spit on it, and throw the ashes of their pipe upon it; but they will pick up a handkerchief for a washerwoman, and the manners of brothers and sisters towards each other in the log cabins have a grace and courtesy beyond our Eastern dreaming. They will wear velvet and broadcloth when the time comes; but if the ceiling crumbles,—falling perhaps on dainty bed-linen and embroidered covers,—it will never occur to them to have it repaired. We are accustomed to say that extremes meet, but hardly realize that the vices engendered of idleness and luxury in large cities may be engendered in the prairie of overwork, mental destitution, and the unsatisfied longing for the ideal. The broad sky, the infinite expanse of soil, the contact with nature, make *idealists* of these men, but cannot make them *moralists*. As I looked into the moral condition out of which many of them are just emerging, the traces of which control public opinion, and stamp the lives of the rising generation,—a condition from which neither church nor school has ever stood ready to save them,—I groaned in spirit to think a republican government should anywhere exist which did not know it to be a government duty to provide instruction for its people.

Those who have known the actual condition of the poor whites at the South in by-gone years will know what to expect of the race when it becomes a race of pioneers. What was church, or school, or marriage, to them, under the awful shadow of the "first families" and the "auction block"? What lives did the young women lead, in the close neighborhood of young men who asserted the old feudal claim to the possession of even their married slaves? If there was, as I know, a noble element in some of this lowest class, which sent them away in search of a life where better things were possible, hard labor soon checked aspiration, habits were

not easily changed, and they waited, believing that the better time would dawn, as it is dawning, on their children. A good deal of liberal Western legislation may be attributed not so much to an advance of thought as to a total want of moral perception. A public man, in Illinois, defined his duties once in this fashion: "I owe a duty to God, to mankind, to individuals";—and the order is significant. A New-Englander would have been likely to say, "I owe a duty to my family, to mankind, and to God,"—the concrete, organized obligations of life taking *first*, if not *chief*, hold of his mind. But the boundless prairie suggests liberty, power, wealth,—the sharp, long tug with the relentless earth develops acuteness, perseverance, muscle, and brain; but for the order of society, for purity between man and woman, for impressing the infinite value of one woman's relation to one man, the worse than worthlessness of any such relation with many women, it would seem as if the Divine voice must make its revelation through some deeper channel. And the best proof that this channel is possible lies in the extreme candor of the class of which we speak. These men do not deny their misdeeds: they discuss them with you, they philosophize over them. A lie seems as impossible to them as it was to Lincoln. Nor are these words at variance with those I have quoted from Mr. Herndon. When he says that the pioneers were the fast friends of women, he does not mean to claim chastity for either class, only to indicate what tender, chivalrous feeling toward the whole sex their common suffering, in the severe life he spoke of, had developed. I have seen this chivalrous feeling. To an Eastern woman it is simply something marvellous. There is no need to dwell on this state of things further than to make it comprehended. If any one would find corroborative evidence, let him seek the oldest men in Kentucky and Tennessee, and ask what manner of life was led by the poor white class in those States from 1800 to 1830. The

answer will indicate what is to be told of Indiana and Illinois, and will be truer than if inquiries were made into a later time. "There are no accidents in the providence of God," wrote Charles Sumner, in the first line of his grand Eulogy on Lincoln. If not, then there is precious significance in all this. Had the best classes of the old civilization settled these States, I am afraid it would have kept the world back some centuries. A class which had never recognized the most imperative obligations of society might well begin to build it anew.

We left Herndon killing snakes, hunting bears, and smoking cattle in the bog at Springfield. There he waited, from his thirteenth to his fifteenth year, for the coming of Abraham Lincoln. Lincoln, born in the class of poorest emigrants, was trained to a far different life, in his early home, from that which the books describe. I do not think that it was upon slavery that Thomas Lincoln turned his back when he went to Indiana. It was upon a brawling, reckless neighborhood, that made life unendurable. The pious care of good, poor parents, so touchingly described in my books, only to be ridiculed in Illinois, Abraham certainly never had. His step-mother—a woman far superior to any whom Thomas Lincoln could have hoped to win in any state of society but one which made a man a necessary protector to every woman—seems to have been his first and best friend. To her he was always grateful, and to the last stood between her and trouble. Among the most touching relics which I saw at Springfield was an old copy-book, in which, at the age of fourteen, Lincoln had taught himself to write and cipher. Scratched in his boyish hand on the first page were these lines:—

"T is Abraham Lincoln holds the pen,
He *will* be good, but *God knows when*!"

I am not ashamed of the tears that started as I read, with instructed eyes, that half-despairing prayer. He never carried from home the "laughing face" which Charles Sumner once ascribed to

him. His life had been sad ; there was nothing pleasant to remember in anything connected with the past, — many things he would have given the world to forget. "I must make a name for myself," he began to think ; and, turning his back on the home which he had no desire to see again, he went to New Salem, and opened his life as a shop-keeper and surveyor. Here he met a woman more cultivated and refined than could have been expected among the people I have described. Once — about the time of his arrival there — he was wrestling, in Illinois fashion, with his sister Sarah and some neighbor's girls. He threw one of the latter roughly, and his sister turned upon him with sharp words. "What do you ever expect to be," she asked, "if you treat women like that?" A sort of shadow settled over him ; the exhilaration of the gymnast disappeared, and, putting a hand on each of her shoulders, he answered seriously, "I am to be a great man, Sarah, and to have a sad destiny," then turned and left her. Whether this "great, sad destiny" encompassed him even then, — whether those dark, sad eyes told his story without words, — or whether, as was natural, Mr. Lincoln told to the only girl he ever loved a tale of sorrow such as he afterwards admitted to his best friends among men, we shall never know. It is enough that the hearts of Ann Rutledge and Abraham Lincoln drew together, and that the key to his whole life will one day be shown to lie in the facts of this love, and those facts of his history which transpired before his own birth.

Ann Rutledge was a lady, — one of the very few that had penetrated to Illinois as early as 1833. Of a family educated and aristocratic, but broken down, she was betrothed, before Mr. Lincoln ever saw her, to a Scotch merchant. In those days Illinois was as far from New York as Kamtchatka now is. They were soon to be married, when the Scotchman went for business purposes to that city. For months nothing was heard of him. It was supposed that he was

dead, or had wickedly deserted Ann. The truth was, that he lay ill of delirious fever, at a small wayside town. In this state of things, while Ann's mind was tortured by suspense and disappointment, Mr. Lincoln went to her father's house to board. Here he first learned to read Shakespeare and Burns. Can we doubt whose memory made their poems precious during those last few months of his life, in which he was once heard to say, "My heart lies buried in the grave of that girl"? In time a sort of provisional engagement ensued. There were circumstances in both lives which depressed and pained. They learned to hold each other very dear. Upon this state of things broke the rumor of the recovered Scotchman's return, after an absence of more than two years. The delicate nature of the woman sank under it. Betrothed to two, both of whom she had loved, she had no choice but to die. Under the conflict of feeling, Mr. Lincoln's own reason gave way. He pleaded in his despair for one last interview, which, long refused, was at last granted, before she died, in August, 1835. That the shock given to his powerful mind was a severe one, his subsequent life was to show. Twice, in crises of great suffering, the unreasoning despair returned, and from that moment he lost his moral poise for years. All the resources of the neighborhood were exhausted to restore him to himself. How he who had been absent loved Ann, let the sequel show. He bought the farm for her sake, and lives there still a bachelor. His quivering hand pointed out, not long ago, the very spot where she died.

Mr. Lincoln's tastes were quiet and domestic. Had he married Ann Rutledge, it is not likely he would have continued in political life. He would have tasted the cup of happiness, and it would have been enough. "The love and death of this girl," said Mr. Herndon, "shattered Lincoln's purpose and tendencies. He threw off his infinite sorrow only by leaping wildly into the political arena." "He need-

ed," said another, "whip and spur to save him from despair."

For myself I go farther and deeper. Up to this period, his habits had been simple and pure. But this trial unhinged him, made his own life a matter of indifference to him, — made him for years reckless, despairing, and atheistic. His strength and his weakness came to him in this hour; for the death of this girl was, as Charles Sumner said, 'no accident.' Through it he learned to understand himself, and then to understand others. It was very gradually that he came to conquer the revolt of his own soul. It was that work, well done, which finally fitted him to conquer other men. It was in 1824 that he had said he *would be good*. Now, in 1835, he left New Salem, and determined, with an evident personal ambition that I have never seen ascribed to him, that he *would be great*; but in essential and absolute respects, goodness, though dropped out of sight, was the necessary law of his mind. It was from his associating his favorite poem, "O, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?" with the life and death of Ann Rutledge, that it kept its power over him.

At that time Springfield was little better than a bog, with about thirty log cabins, on the edge of the oak openings. Here he had probably begun to study law with A. T. Stewart before Ann's death, for he was elected as a Whig to the Legislature of Illinois in 1834. It was then, in the boggy streets of Springfield, while his election was still pending, that he first met William Herndon, a lad not fifteen years old. It has been customary to ascribe to Mr. Lincoln a *native* conviction on the subject of slavery; but, although his personal trials and position may be said to have been the indirect result of that institution, there was nothing in his mother's house to draw his attention to the fact, nor is there any reason to think that at this time it had ever crossed his mind. In his weaknesses, Mr. Lincoln was one of the people among whom he was

born; in his greatness he far transcended them; and it was his moral integrity, sustained by a rare personal honesty, which made him a Whig. It was Democratic corruption, *not* American slavery, which determined his political position in 1834, and inspired his most ardent philippics in 1839. When words ran high concerning the proposed election, there was one lad who, true to the traditions of his ancestry, knowing little enough of corruption, but hating, with all his soul, the pro-slavery tendencies and professions of the Democratic party, mounted daily the stump, in the streets of Springfield, contending against the whole boyish population in behalf of Abraham Lincoln's election. "Who are you?" said that moody man, one day, unbending to the child, — "who are you, that you are not against me, like all the rest of the boys?" "I am Colonel Day's grandson," was in substance the proud answer; and from that time, Abraham Lincoln never lost sight of Herndon. He talked with him about all political matters; and when he opened an office with Logan, he put Herndon into it to read law. From this moment, the relation between these men, one of whom was twelve years older than the other, was not so much a business relation as one of tenderness and confidence.

To explain this, it must be understood, first, that Lincoln had in no wise outgrown the moodiness and coldness which settled on him at New Salem, — a moodiness which constantly interfered to prevent his forming any marriage connection that could have made his life happy. "I thought," said one good woman, in breaking off from him, — "I thought that his extraordinary indifference to the comfort of others grew out of selfishness or abstraction. If it was selfishness, I did not want to marry him; if it was abstraction, it was clear that he did not want to marry me!" All the lawyers who knew him at the period speak of his coldness and his entire indifference to society; but, once attracted closely, he clung to the friend,

were it man or woman, with his whole strength.

When Herndon was very young, — probably before Mr. Lincoln made his first protest in the Legislature of his State in behalf of liberty, — Lincoln once said to him: "I cannot see what makes your convictions so decided as regards the future of slavery. What tells you the thing must be rooted out?"

"I feel it in my *bones*," was Herndon's emphatic answer. "This continent is not broad enough to endure the contest between freedom and slavery!"

It was almost in these very words that Mr. Lincoln afterwards opened the great contest between Douglas and himself. From this time forward he submitted all public questions to what he called "the test of Bill Herndon's *bone philosophy*," and their arguments were close and protracted. By and by, there came a time when both he and Judge Logan were candidates for the same office, and it seemed fit that the partnership between them should be dissolved.

In spite of their close friendship, Mr. Herndon could not understand it, when Lincoln one day darted up the office stairs, and said, "Herndon, should you like to be my partner?"

"Don't laugh at me, Mr. Lincoln," was the poor fellow's sole response.

Persistent repetition of the question could hardly gain a hearing; but at last Mr. Herndon said: "Mr. Lincoln, you know I am too young, and I have no standing and no money; but if you are in earnest, there is nothing in this world that would make me so happy."

Nothing more was said till the papers were brought to Herndon to sign.

I have said that these men were very different. Herndon was poetic, ideal, speculative. He read Carlyle, Theodore Parker, Ruskin, and Emerson, and he was persistently putting these books into Lincoln's hands; but Lincoln did not like them. Herndon has also the deep, sad eyes of the pioneer, and is in his nature sensitive and perceptive like a woman. There was noth-

ing perceptive in Mr. Lincoln. He knew very little of individual men, took them at their own estimate, was not warned till he was cheated. As they grew older, he depended more and more on his partner in such matters. He did not like to study; so he would tell Herndon beforehand what authorities and illustrations he should want for his speeches, and Herndon would do the reading up.

"When I began business," said Mr. Herndon, "I saw no reason why I should not gain a true point on a false plea; but Lincoln never would have it, — he put an end to it at once. I never knew him do a mean thing or a dirty trick. During all our intercourse, we never had a word nor a quarrel. We never kept any books nor separate accounts against each other. We held each other's money constantly; but I, at least, was never wronged out of a single cent. He was the truest friend I ever had, next to my mother. When he did attach himself, he was intensely wrapt in his friend. Nothing but a demonstration of *dishonesty* would wean him: ordinary vice would not. Neither directly nor indirectly did he ever give one cent to influence an election. I have heard him refuse over and over!"

And yet, in a republican land, *he* rose to the highest office! What a rebuke to politics and politicians! Well may Illinois be proud of the "honestest man in all the West"!

An incident which occurred while I was in Mr. Lincoln's office will throw a little light on Western habits and character. I took up carelessly, as I stood thinking, a handsome octavo volume on the business table. It opened so persistently at one place, as I played with it, that I looked to see what it was, and found that somebody had thoroughly thumbed the pages of "Don Juan." Now I confess to the conviction that the world would be no worse for the entire loss of this poem. I knew Mr. Herndon was not a man to dwell on it, and it darted through my mind, with a quick sense of pain, that perhaps it had been a favorite with Mr. Lincoln.

"Did Mr. Lincoln ever read this book?" I said, hurriedly.

"That book?" said Herndon, looking up from his writing, with the utmost innocence, and taking it out of my hand. "O, yes! he read it often. It is the *office copy*!"

What would Eastern lawyers say, I wonder, to an *office copy* of Byron's poems? Or is it only that I am ignorant of them and their ways?

"Did Mr. Lincoln *never* do an unfair thing?" I once interrupted Herndon to ask; for I heard stories in Illinois that made me think it was possible that even *he* had not been immaculate,—some rumor of an ex-governor guilty of enormous frauds upon the revenue, whose retainer he had accepted.

"I cannot say he *never* did," replied Herndon, "for I remember one or two rare instances. One morning a gentleman came here and asked him to use his legal influence in a certain quarter, where Lincoln again and again assured him he had no power. I heard him refuse the five hundred dollars offered over and over again. I went out and left them together. I suppose Lincoln got tired of refusing, for he finally took the money; but he never offered any of it to me; and it was noticeable that, whenever he took money in that way, he never seemed to consider it his own or mine. In this case, he gave the money to the Germans in the town, who wanted to buy themselves a press. A few days after, he said to me, in the coolest way, 'Herndon, I gave the Germans two hundred and fifty dollars of yours the other day.' 'I am glad you did, Mr. Lincoln,' I answered. Of course I could not say I was glad he took it."

This partnership, while it developed in Herndon an intense love for Abraham Lincoln, must have had its pains as well as its pleasures. The periods of suffering, when no man could comfort him, his friend well knew how to shelter; but I am sure there must also have been times when, to excuse him, it was necessary to remember that he was unhappy. Mr. Lincoln was not a man to

make a confidant of set purpose; but in the long, lonely circuit rides, his whole heart came out to his younger friend. Herndon had married early an excellent woman, and a happy home sheltered him from all the worst temptations of his people. He was a silent, receptive person. His simplicity and personal purity invited confidence. Yet there were those jealous of his influence and character. A powerful effort was once made, on the ground of indiscretions growing out of political excitement, to separate Mr. Lincoln from him.

"By what I can hear," said the pioneer who told me this story,—"by what I can hear, Mr. Lincoln *rose ten feet tall* when they spoke to him, and, turning sharply, answered, 'Gentlemen, the man you talk of is worth you all put together. He has gone into danger for my sake.'"

The men to whom he spoke went straight from his presence into Herndon's, and it is not likely that the young man loved him any less for this outburst.

In 1854, Mr. Lincoln had a long political conversation with Mr. Herndon in reference to slavery, after which Herndon was left free to commit him to extreme ground upon the subject, or what was at that time thought extreme ground, whenever in his judgment the time was ripe for action. Directly after, in a speech at Peoria, Lincoln expressed himself against the monstrous injustice with more than his usual decision. During his absence on this very tour, I believe, Herndon drew up a call for a convention at Bloomington, "summoning together all those who wished to see the government conducted on the principles of Washington and Jefferson"; and when it appeared, the name of Abraham Lincoln was in its right place,—it led those of the prominent men of Illinois!

After breakfast, A. T. Stewart walked into the office. "Is Lincoln here?" he asked of Herndon.

"No."

"Did he see that letter, or sign it?"

"No."

"Then you've got him into a devil of a scrape," said the retreating barrister.

But Herndon, though his heart might beat quick, did not believe it. No sooner had the door closed than he sat down and wrote a long letter, explaining his motives. Mr. Lincoln was at Pekin, sixty miles north of Springfield; but on the next day's electric wire flashed back to him the words, "Billy, you've done just right!"

"Never did a man change," said Herndon, "as Lincoln did from that hour. No sooner had he planted himself right on the slavery question, than his whole soul seemed burning. He blossomed right out. Then, too, other spiritual things grew more real to him. He took hold of God as never before. The convention met at Bloomington on the 29th of May, 1856." *

His mind, however, was long in recovering from the unbelieving position into which his early trials had forced it; and he was slow to use the language of devout faith.

I had seen a letter in Quincy, ad-

* The interest which attaches to anything connected with Mr. Lincoln's name made me very anxious to decide precisely every period of his anti-slavery development. If I have not done so, I shall be excused when I say that no one in New England, not even Governor Andrew, could definitely fix the date of the Bloomington Convention; and it was because of the failure of every attempt to get positive information in Illinois, that I at first left the matter vague. Since this article went to press, however, some details have come into my possession.

Mr. Herndon knew that Lincoln's mind was constituted judicially; he knew him to be an extremely timid man, but one who would be sure to see the right, if he were forced into a position to defend it. This timidity, or caution, was shown in a curious manner when he became a candidate for Congress in 1847. He was very anxious about his own district. I suppose there must have been fifteen towns in Sangamon County, for he had fifteen lettered blank-books distributed throughout the district, that the votes of each town might be privately registered and returned to him. He kept the Springfield register himself, writing every name and checking each one off, as the disposition of each became known to him.

In Congress his votes were, as Sumner said, "constant against slavery," but no extreme action was required. Meanwhile, the radical anti-slavery people of Illinois were half afraid to trust him. They knew Herndon well. He was not only the grandson of a practical Abolitionist, but had been with them heart and soul from the beginning. After the call for the Bloomington Convention was issued,

dressed to one of Mr. Lincoln's friends there, thanking this person for assisting him to restore the freedom of a colored man imprisoned in New Orleans. It struck me, when I read it, as a noble contrast to that letter of Washington in which *he* had thanked some Portsmouth man for trying to return a fugitive slave to Mrs. Washington. I now asked for some explanation of this letter.

"I remember it very well," said Herndon. "A man named Hincels had brought here from Kentucky an old woman named Polly Mack. Her son, a free negro, going down to New Orleans on a steamer, had been fined and imprisoned, and was finally advertised for sale. Polly came to Mr. Lincoln with her trouble, and Lincoln wrote to Alexander P. Field, begging him to get the poor fellow off, and promising money for costs and services. There were, of course, a good many difficulties, and one day Lincoln sent me to Governor Bissell to ask his interposition. The Governor answered, that he did not think he had any authority in the case.

to be held on the 29th of May, 1856, the following card was drawn up to secure the election of delegates:—

"We, the undersigned, citizens of Sangamon County, who are opposed to the repeal of the Missouri Compromise and the present administration, and who are in favor of restoring to the general government the policy of Washington and Jefferson, would suggest the propriety of a County Convention to be held in the city of Springfield, on Saturday, the 24th day of May, at two o'clock, P. M., to appoint delegates to the Bloomington Convention.

"A. LINCOLN,

"W. H. HERNDON," and others.

Under this call Mr. Lincoln was elected a delegate, and that established him in his radical position.

"I forged his name, if you like," Mr. Herndon would say, with a queer smile; "but I knew what I was about. He stood square."

For the same reason I have desired, but in vain, to ascertain precisely what number of pioneers still exist, of pure Southern blood, in the first and second generations. All the statistics I can get mix in the Yankee element, which is quite a different thing.

A member of the Senate of Illinois writes me, that, if you take the census of his State to-day, the first generation may be found as one in 10,000, which would give about 2700 in all; and the second generation as one in 2,000, which would give about 15,000 more. I believe this number to be too small; but their early possession of the soil gave the Southern pioneers an influence which their present relation to the population does not suggest.

'By God!' said Lincoln, starting up, 'before I've done, I'll make the road so hot that he shall find authority!'"

It does not belong to me to trace the gradual development of Lincoln's character, nor to offer proof here of many things I dare to indicate. That belongs to one who loved him like a brother, and can sustain with evidence, as well as conviction, every word that he shall write. The world will wait eagerly for what he shall offer; but I must say for myself, that I find it hard to forgive those who, in their folly or their falsehood, have fabricated so much that had no foundation concerning Abraham Lincoln. Many things attributed to him as virtues were, if true, not virtues *in him*, as a close inspection of his life betrays, but were born of prudence imposed by bitter circumstance. Many other things, such as the story of his offering only *water* to the committee who came to him from Chicago when he was first nominated to the Presidency, it is hard to give up, having once accepted them; but, as is very well known in Springfield, Abraham Lincoln's parlor was on that day what any other Western parlor would have been on the like occasion. Not that he—a temperate, but not a *temperance* man—provided liquor for the townspeople; but he would have been a very different man from what the facts must represent him had he forbidden his friends to provide it.

A great change for the better had been going on in him from 1854 to 1860. But the work was slow and painful. It would have been easier had his mind had less of the judicial quality. He could not help knowing what was fair and what was unfair; and, seeing what private griefs pressed upon him at the hour of his election, any man might marvel that he kept his sweetness. He had been led by a hard, dark way; he had expiated in his own person, not only his own sins, but those of all his ancestry, as he was hereafter to expiate those of his nation. Why should he, alone of all the world, have bent under such a yoke?

When I was at Oberlin, President

Finney spoke of the extreme slowness with which Lincoln seemed to take in the Providential character of the war. "It would seem," he said, "as if any man living soberly through the first two years must have felt the Divine Presence very near. Lincoln did not, and it troubled me so that, when he gave notice that, certain conditions failing, he should publish on the 1st of January a Proclamation of Emancipation, I wrote him a letter, and begged him to treat the subject as if it were the Lord's business he was about. I don't know whether my letter did any good, or whether the Lord did it in *his own way*," but when the paper was published, I found the words I wanted. That was the first time."

Those who know Charles Finney well will understand his right to address the President, and will not think the anecdote out of place.

Meanwhile the eyes whose sadness had been born of childish pain, of lonely scepticism, took a deeper charm from a new consciousness budding in him of the relation of a man's private carriage to his public walk. He began to regret many things, and it was this inward growth going on in his own soul which made it easy for him to do in Washington pure, unselfish work.

A little before his nomination, while making political speeches in New York and Connecticut, he had received from a committee in New York a small sum of money. He took it, supposing it to be a common thing; and after his nomination it began to be told against him. Thereupon he wrote a minute account of the whole matter to political friends in Illinois. "I tell this to *you*," he said, "because I want you to know that there is no stain on my garment; but don't undertake to explain it to the enemy. If you do not answer them, their railing will soon come to an end. If you do, *they will have the best of it!*"

When he was about to leave for Washington, he went to the dingy little law office which had sheltered his saddest hours. He sat down on the couch. "Billy," said he, "you and I have

been together more than twenty years, and have never 'passed a word.' Will you let my name stay on the old sign till I come back from Washington?" The tears started to Mr. Herndon's eyes. He put out his hand. "Mr. Lincoln," said he, "I will never have any other partner while you live";—and to the day of the assassination, all the doings of the firm were in the name of Lincoln and Herndon.

It will be seen that I think this nation owes to Herndon a great debt; for it was he who first bent Mr. Lincoln's mind to the subject of slavery. Utterly refusing office at the President's hands, he kept the friend's moral power to the very last. When he went to Washington, Mr. Lincoln's face brightened. "I like to see a man who will ask me for nothing," he said cheerily. "In Springfield," said Mr. Herndon, "Lincoln has been called ungrateful, because he never gave me an office; but I wanted nothing, and *he* knew it. Once he telegraphed me from Washington, and asked if I would take a cotton judgeship in one of the South-western States. I knew what was due to him better than to refuse the President of the United States by telegraph. I responded that 'I would gladly fill any station for which he thought I was fit.' But that night I sat down and

wrote him. I told him I loved my home better than gold or cotton, and he knew it!"

When at last the fatal shot was fired, it was the "neighbors and loving friends" of Abraham Lincoln who assembled in Springfield to do his lifeless body honor. Were the words ever before used, I wonder, to summon men to the funeral of a chief magistrate? The wilderness had educated him; the wilderness had pronounced upon him; now, at last, into its broad bosom the wilderness should receive him.

The cemetery is on one of the wooded prairie ridges intersected by narrow ravines,—little used as yet, but a place of surpassing beauty. Its loneliness and breezy woodland suit the man whom they have laid here. Could he speak, he would say, "Well done!" A gradually ascending path brings us to the hillside where the body lies. A brick arch is there, capped with limestone. The red wall recedes in terraces to support vases, filled in summer-time with flowers. How convey the thoughts and emotions which throng upon one who stands before it? When the cold earth fell over him, and Mother Nature wove for him the soft coverlet of the spring grass, no heart that knew his life to the core but must give thanks in silence.

THE UNITED STATES SANITARY COMMISSION.

FORT SUMTER surrendered on the 13th of April. The next day was Sunday. The people of Charleston sang *Te Deum*. The people of the North made their first preparation for the five years' war.

I first saw the war as I came into Boston on Wednesday, returning to town from a journey northward. I passed up Washington Street as the Fourth Massachusetts filed out from

Boylston Hall on their way to the Fall River train, which took them towards Fort Monroe. The throng of people in the street pressed up to bid good-by to the men, not only with cheers, but with words of personal greeting. So that the first words I heard addressed to any soldier in that conflict were the words of a parting salutation,—*"Take care of yourself, George."*

I have thought of it a thousand times

since. It illustrated so simply and so pleasantly the relation between the citizen who stayed at home, and the soldier who went away! There was nothing pusillanimous in it. To both those men, probably, the idea of war was that crude and original one which supposed that that whole regiment was to stand on one side of an open plain, confronting a Southern regiment at no great distance on the other, and that both regiments were to load and discharge their muskets at each other, as rapidly as possible, until all the Southern regiment were killed, and the few survivors of the other closed up their ranks and marched forward for another similar encounter. The man who stayed at home had no idea of advising the other to avoid that privilege; but, on the other hand, he wanted him to be ready for it. He wanted him to "take care of himself," so that, when this eventful day should come, he should not lose his chance to participate because he was laid up with rheumatism or malaria.

Before that week was over, the whole country was engaged in the double service which is typified in this anecdote. Everybody who had a country was either marching for its defence, or was "taking care" of those who were so marching. Women were crowding the vestries of their churches, that, as they said, the soldiers might be clothed by better work than would come out of the slop-shops. Women of the type that cannot sew were imploring Governors to find places for them for service somewhere. "For God's sake, send me somewhere. I can ride a hundred miles a day. I can keep a secret. They shall tear me to pieces, but I won't tell." "What would you sell your horse for?" said an officer to some one in Bristol County. "You are going into the service," was the reply; "the horse is yours." Any one who, as the day passed, succeeded in doing anything for the army, though he only carried a note from one doctor to another which should secure a few quills of vaccine virus for Washington, tri-

umphed over his companions in the evening. It was such a blessing to do something, and not to be told forever to stand and wait! There was intensity and vividness in those first months, such as the unfortunate Americans who were away from home will never well conceive. The agonies of parting and all the cruelty of long suspense were well compensated by the constancy, the generosity, and the faith of every hour.

"This was," says the cynic, "the passion of a beginning, and of course it faded out before the certainties of war,—before such stern realities and such hard stupidities as are in bloody defeats, or in Offices of Circumlocution, or in the intrigues of commanders, or in hope deferred." No, Mr. Sceptic, that fire never burned out till the end. Perhaps it grew more quiet as it grew more hot. In the certain glow of its white heat there was not so much snapping and crackling as when the match was first put to the dry kindling; but it was a steady fire, right through. For this war was not made by a government; it was made by a people. From the beginning, the administration had to be held up, not to say driven up, by the people, till at last it learned the blessed lesson that, with such a people in earnest, it was easier to go on than to stand still. The army was kept full, because there was a people behind resolved that the army should be kept full. What was more, the army was always alive with the people's life, inspired with the people's inspiration, and determined with the people's determination. The croakers undertook to tell us at one time that the army was fighting for the Union, and not for emancipation; but it proved that, just as soon as the people had determined on emancipation, the army had determined on it as well. They used to tell us sometimes that the army would only serve under General Harmodius or General Aristogeiton; but it always proved that if, right or wrong, the people chose to remove these officers, the army chose to have them removed. The army was

the people in one of its organizations ; just as the literary class of America is the people, so far forth as the people can read and write, so was the army of America the people, in so far forth as the people could march, encamp, load, and fire. A certain brazen criticism, mixed of coppery prejudice and leaden dulness, chooses to tell us sometimes that the literary class in America should oppose itself to the determination of the people. Critics, with that same tone, told us in the war that the army would oppose itself to the people. The whole of this is moonshine : the army was the people, — bone of its bone, blood of its blood, and brain of its brain ; and the people cared for the army from the beginning, as, from the beginning, the army cared for the people, — as the right arm cares for the left in the nobler application of Menenius Agrippa's parable, — as the eye cares for the hand in that noblest application of it made by St. Paul. "When a free people makes a great war," all those old superstitions and analogies may be dropped out of memory, which are founded on what happens when great sovereigns make little wars. George III. exhausted the resources of England in sending less than five thousand men a year to America, and at the end of seven years had worn out the enthusiasm which had given his ministry unanimous support in the beginning. That is what happens when kings make little wars. But when a free people makes a great war, its persistency gains as it gains in experience. It avoids the blunders of the beginning ; it presses the right agents into the right places ; it tramples down the incompetent ones, and makes of them pavement and causeway, over which it marches in the prosecution of its purpose. When the sovereign takes the field in person, we expect Austerlitz and Solferino, if only he be a real sovereign, — one who holds, to the weakest sinew, all the resources of his land. We have a right to expect so much, if only he has had time and occasion to learn the science of war.

Now that it is all over, it is very easy

to lie on a sofa and say this, or even to sit at a desk and write it. But when the war began, there needed prescience and inspiration, to arrange all the means by which the people should reinforce the army by its spirit, and the army encourage the people by its information. To make sure that by no accident and by no purpose should the army be parted from the people, or the people from the army, was the central necessity. In Cromwell's time, the people got tired of the army, and so the army was not true to the people. Even in Washington's time, the army was discontented with the people, and the people were often unfair to the army. In our time, the necessity was to save the inspiration of the beginning, its enthusiasm and its generosity, that no official indifference might cool it, nor any discouragement or failure, — that the people might all along work with the army and for the army, and, from the beginning to the end, regard it as its own child, as its own brother, as itself in arms.

Easy to say this, now the whole is over. The men who foresaw what we see, and who set in order the methods by which popular enthusiasm steadily displayed itself in a current, always enlarging till the war was done, were the founders of the *United States Sanitary Commission*. When they began, they had nobody to help them and everybody to thwart them. Before they had done, they had imitators without number, eager to do their work, and glad to take their name. But this was one of those fortunate causes where rivals cannot hurt, where every workman can take hold. The more the merrier and the better. To the systems of popular enthusiasm thus organized and made efficient was the constantly increasing popularity of the war largely due. If, as might well have happened, every local endeavor of ignorant patriotism had, at its birth, been strangled by official red-tape, or knocked in the head by official arrogance, it is easy to see that, from a hundred thousand separate discouragements, there

might have sprung sad, and even angry jealousy, which might perhaps have parted the people from the people's cause. Nothing is so dangerous to popular enthusiasm as to tell excited men and women, eager to help, that they can do nothing but to suffer and be strong. Everything was gained by the American people when the men and women at home were taught how they might go to work, or when they saw with their own eyes that their work was systematic and cumulative, and made a contribution distinct and considerable to the great single end.

All this is called to mind to-day, because we have now the first volume of the official history of the Sanitary Commission. This volume, a general history, is written by Mr. Stillé, the author of that celebrated pamphlet, "How a Free People conduct a Great War," to which I have already alluded. There are to be two more distinct parts of this history, namely, a narrative of the Commission's special-relief service, and an account of the practical working of its supply-system. There will be other publications of the valuable statistics which it has collected, in addition to those which are in print already. For any future war, and, more than that, for any proper understanding of this, all these volumes will be of service second only to the service which the Commission has rendered the country already; and looking back on the war, and looking forward on the peace, one cannot help wishing that there might be one copy of this book placed in each of the original centres of work and of prayers which are scattered over all the land. Here were thousands on thousands of branch societies, so many bubbling fountains of clear blessing, which was to flow in channels, growing wider and wider, till it enlarged the great river of a nation's benevolence. To each of these societies there came back letters from the camp, from each there went forth comfort and hope to the soldier. Mr. Stillé's book ought to be read in each of them, as eagerly as the camp letters were, or the bulletins of the dead and

wounded, if only as evidence that the comfort and hope were not sent in vain.

If anybody supposes that, because the Sanitary Commission is called a Commission, any branch of the government, of its own motion, commissioned these members for their great work, he is wholly mistaken. He will study with profit Mr. Stillé's painful, yet amusing chapter on the difficulty which the Commission found in getting born. Its founders, Dr. Bellows, Dr. Van Buren, Dr. Agnew, Dr. Harsen, and Dr. Harris, went to Washington in those early days of passionate, ignorant enthusiasm, officially representing certain societies in New York, really representing the deep-seated determination of the whole people to take care of the army. Now, in the best of times, Washington is the point in the United States most ignorant of the real spirit and purpose of the American people. Washington has a good deal to do in detail, always enjoys the presence of a large number of men of ability, is always interested in the affairs which it is transacting, and is always careless, in proportion, of what is going on outside its walls. This is probably true of all capitals. But where, as with London or Paris or Peking, the capital itself contains almost all the leading men of the country, certainly all its real governors, the capital's ignorance of what is going on in the provinces is a matter of comparatively little consequence. At Washington, however, the capital consists simply of the Bureaux of Administration, superintended by the chief clerk, who is called the President, all elected by the governing power of a public opinion whose centres are hundreds of miles away. A placid ignorance in such a city as to the currents of that public opinion is inconvenient.

So the authors of the Sanitary Commission found it, when, early in May, 1861, they came to Washington. The Surgeon-General of the army was still under the impression that the very complicated machinery which had kept in admirable health fifteen thousand

men of the regular army,—with whom indeed the government had scarcely anything to do but to move them from one healthy post to another, as the state of their lungs, their digestion, or their spirits might require,—that this system would work just as well for an army of immense proportions, suddenly raised for the active operations of the field. They found every department of the government overwhelmed with work, feeling its way in the dark, in exigencies absolutely new, and sensitive, in proportion, to criticism and advice. It is as well to add, that this country suffered terribly in that crisis, as indeed it suffers chronically, from its habit of appointing officers of administration, not from any fitness for their service, but as compensation for services which they have rendered to the successful party in the Presidential election. Because a man made a series of good speeches in Shakomin County, he shall superintend the distribution of naval stores, or have it in his power to say that the pontoons shall not be at a certain river at a certain time. Yet again, these gentlemen from New York found the impression, which is very widely spread among second-rate people at Washington, that they did not want what they asked for, but had some selfish purpose concealed. One of the Secretaries—it is easy to guess who—frankly stated this to them. “The President himself,” says Mr. Stillé, “with all his humane instincts, could not understand the necessity for such an organization as they proposed, and regarded its establishment as adding a fifth wheel to the coach.” The highest officers of government thought the whole plan impracticable, and only appointed the Commission in deference to severe pressure, as a “Commission of Inquiry and Advice in Respect of the Sanitary Interests of the United States Forces,” limiting its offices as severely as they dared, and, in particular, confining its service, as far as possible, to the volunteers. They regarded the regular army as something too sacred for such interference. Perhaps it was in the long

hours of waiting in the anterooms of the great, in those indifferent days of 1861, that the Commission took the idea for one of its admirable after-arrangements, in which there is a touch of humor. For disabled soldiers waiting their turn at the paymaster’s office, the Commission, long afterwards, provided its own anterooms, in which breakfasts, dinners, and suppers were served for these unwilling courtiers, as they waited for their turn to come. Is not this the perfection of a service, which seeks to supplement the provisions of officials?

It should be understood, then, by all students of the war, that the Sanitary Commission never had any such official power as the English Sanitary Commission which was sent out to the Crimea, and from which it took its name. That Commission found the English army with a death-rate of sixty per cent per annum. There was need for something to correct that, and they had, virtually, absolute power given them to carry out their instructions. Mr. Stillé pronounces the result of their labors to be “perhaps the grandest contribution ever made by science to the practical art of preserving health among men required to live together in large masses.” Dr. Joseph Sargent of Worcester, in his valuable little paper, says that that death-rate of sixty per cent per annum was reduced to one and one seventh per cent. The United States Sanitary Commission had no such authority given to it. Its members did not want any such authority: no such dictatorship was ever needed. It occupied, from the very beginning, the nobler position of a board voluntarily representing the sympathy and determination of a people at work, from the beginning, to arrest in the very fountain the poisons which would else have carried death wherever they flowed. This service of prevention the Commission never abandoned. It is a service a thousand times more precious than a service of cure. We believe that even the statistics would show, beyond dispute, that this Commission arrested

disease with majesty and success such as even the English Commission would not claim. It had, providentially, all the stores of their experience to draw from. However this may be, it should be chiefly remembered for a higher honor,—that it nipped in the bud miseries which therefore never came to blossom, and have therefore, happily, left no record of themselves, either to be tabled in statistics or to be wired into the wreaths of the Commission's laurels.

This office of "the Sanitary" may be inferred all along from Mr. Stillé's book, which, however, does not profess to deal with this subject so largely as with its more active and visible operations. None the less is it the most important office of all, and probably the lack of official character in the Commission is by no means to be regretted, in considering the work of prevention in the case of such an army and such a people as ours. All of us stand in advice from any one else more easily than from our servants; and we believe this country and the volunteer army, who, as we have said, were the country, took the advice given them by the Sanitary Commission more kindly than they would have taken it from any official medical bureau. However this may be, it is certain that no medical bureau would ever have taken hold of the offices of advice and instruction which the Commission attempted and discharged. For a single instance, it issued seventeen military, medical, and surgical essays, prepared, expressly for use in the service, by medical men,—army surgeons or others. Now there is no reason why a government, as a government, should not do this same thing. But, in point of fact, no government ever did do such a thing, and it will be long before any government ever will. It would be easy, again, for an accomplished army surgeon to say that he knew his business already, and did not want to be taught it by volunteers. Yet any medical man of true spirit would be glad to know what Dr. Mott would choose to write on hemorrhage under such an im-

pulse; or what, after long observation with armies, Dr. Hammond would write on scurvy; or any of the rest, from the list of whom we select these names. Certainly, to the surgeon or assistant-surgeon suddenly called from practice in civil life, be he as learned as you please, there is an advantage in such a camp library of monographs on special camp difficulties, which he may not choose to acknowledge, but which, whether he is conscious of it or not, everybody else will understand. What opportunity for studying gunshot wounds, for instance, had most physicians who went into the army from New England? or how much could they have seen, in familiar practice, of malaria, or even of scurvy?

If one may speak thus of the surgical staff of a large volunteer army, how much more may the same thing be said of other officers! When the war began, how few men understood that the first, second, and last duty of a military officer is to take care of his men! With perfect reverence, let it be said, that his report, on any day when his conscience calls him to judgment, should be like his Master's, "Those that thou gavest me have I kept." Yet this fundamental necessity in the science of war scarcely entered into the idea of the people when the war began. The theory seemed to be that every man could of course take care of himself, and, almost, that it was the officers' duty to throw the men's lives away. The suffering of the volunteer regiments for food, before they had left home twenty-four hours, showed how little their officers yet understood of the first duty they had toward the men.

In a very few months this ignorance of duty was greatly changed; and, till the war ended, the country understood what was expected of officers in this matter. Persons interested in the army were constantly discussing measures of prevention and of treatment. Even the press was discussing, with a good deal of intelligence, the details necessary for the proper care of the soldier. The reports, favorable or unfavorable, of particular movements or encampments,

devoted more and more consideration to that specific subject. The practical mind of the country seized on it, and wrought out every contrivance possible for securing results of value. The consequence was a steady improvement in the officers themselves, even before they went to the field, with a determination, on their part, that the complaints of the beginning should not be made regarding them. Even the men were more ready to avail themselves of sanitary regulation. The mere fact that the word "Sanitary" was brought into every hamlet, and played its part in all conversation, was a very important fact. The connection which the people had with the army was in a very large walk of experience, carried on through "Sanitary" agencies. To this hour, therefore, the "Sanitary" looms up in the eye of people at home as a bureau vastly larger than any other bureau of administration. Most people now would be disgusted and disappointed, if they were told that the money expenses of the "Sanitary" were not one thousandth part of the expenses of the war. This prominence given to a word gave, of necessity, prominence to an idea; and after this Commission was well at work, the American people held that idea steadily in mind,—that no sum was too large to spend, and no law too stringent to enforce, which would preserve the health of the soldier.

"The higher sphere of sanitary care has only just been entered." These are the words of Dr. Sargent, in the paper we have already alluded to. "An army, in its vital aspect, is in time of war an aggregate of healthy and effective men subject to unusual exposure. This is the theoretical condition, and should be the actual. The aggregation and the exposure are evils which we cannot avoid, but may modify. The management of these involves our *science of prevention*, and should be kept foremost, in spite of the superstitious folly of the people, who clamor for treatment, not recognizing that prevention should mostly supersede treatment,

making it unnecessary." Such cautions as this, addressed to people, officers, and everybody, as the war went on, worked their effect. And the American people no longer believes that an army in war is like an army at the theatre, which only rushes on the stage to fight, and may be forgotten as soon as the fight is over.

If no agent or inspector of the Sanitary Commission had ever gone to the camps or to the front, if the government had kept the officers of the Commission away from the army as sedulously as there is reason to believe some persons at Washington would have been glad to do at the beginning, still, the Commission could and would have wrought among the people at home all the preventive work which we have indicated, of which alone the results were beyond any calculation.

But, very fortunately, its hard-earned "Commission" gave it the privilege of inquiry and inspection; and it intrusted this privilege to a very competent set of officers, making very few mistakes in their appointment. Of course, the army had its own inspectors; the Medical Bureau, of course, made its inspections, and would have done so under any circumstances. But besides their "inspections," here was always a possible inspection to be made at any moment by another board. Now, officers of the army, military or medical, might affect to despise this volunteer inspection, or not. Despised or not, it was an inspection by officers of the people; and the people is the sovereign of this country. The fact that it was possible, therefore, had a constant effect. That effect, probably, was quite as large in districts, camps, or divisions where the "Sanitary" was not favorably regarded as where it was. Or perhaps it would be more safe to say that, because the American people was well aroused about the sanitary condition of the army, all grades of officers were determined that they would not be found asleep to that subject, and that they would be ready to face any inspection which might come along. Certain it is, that, to the very

close, there was more and more sanitary skill and precaution shown. Things were done which never would have been done, if there had not been at home this steady determination that the soldier should be cared for, expressing itself in a well-provided systematic organization. When, since war began, were the hospitals of an army steadily supplied with early green peas from a market a hundred and fifty miles away? That was done in this war, and done by the Medical Bureau, from government funds, without any help from volunteers. There is a legend,—resting on fact, I do not doubt,—that in the Department of the Gulf two thousand palm-leaf fans were bought at one time to keep flies off of men in hospital, and two thousand black boys hired to use the fans. Something of this sort, enough to found the legend on, was done by the government, without the agency of the "Sanitary." But did any government ever go into such luxuries before? When, towards the end of the war, a spirited surgeon took you into his hospital-supply room, and showed you luxuries you never saw before, even in your grandmother's pantry, and said, in triumph, "You see we do not need the 'Sanitary' here," it was always fair to ask him in reply, if, on his conscience, he believed that he would have had all those stores, if the "Sanitary" had not been somewhere.

In point of fact, however, the Sanitary Commission was almost always on good terms with every branch of administration,—in general, on cordial terms with all. Officers of the army, including those of the medical staff, found out that nobody wanted to interfere in what was none of his business,—found out that here was a method of appeal to the people in those matters where popular feeling or popular charity was needed to supplement provisions made by statute.

The Commission's practical work of inspection was set in order by the appointment of six permanent inspectors, just after the battle of Bull Run. They were thoroughly well chosen, were al-

most universally received with courtesy, and their suggestions listened to with interest and attention. The Commission was soon satisfied, however, that much more vigorous inspection than theirs would be needed for the reform of the sanitary condition of the volunteers; and to their persistent and systematic endeavor was due at last the act to reorganize the medical department of the army, which passed Congress, April 18, 1862. If the Commission had never done anything but insist on the measure of reform effected by this law, its work would have justified its organization. So far as the matter of inspection went, eight medical inspectors were provided for by the act; and Mr. Stillé says, that "far larger powers of remedying evils were supposed to have been conferred upon them by it, than they ever actually exercised in practice." With this new organization of the Medical Bureau the most serious anxiety which thoughtful men felt as to the condition of the army was allayed. And although, to this hour, the reforms which the best officers on the medical staff would be glad to see have never been fully authorized by statute, yet the Medical Bureau is a very different institution, both for prevention and efficiency, from what it was when the war began.

The Commission, however, when this act passed, was only at the beginning of its successful career. Keeping always in view the health of the soldier, its business was always to supply any deficiency which might exist in the official administration relating to him. If the statute was insufficient, it was the business of the "Sanitary" to fill up all gaps till the statute could be changed. If the executive in any branch was lukewarm, it was the business of the Commission to fill up all gaps till the executive could be fired. How well it did this, all of us remember. We were all of us at home made to work and subscribe, now for one object and now for another. But as soon as the government could assume any subject, the activity and resolution of the people were directed into another channel, new

to the government. The certainty in people's minds, that, in their self-denial and exertion, they were at work for practical results, did everything towards maintaining to the last the first enthusiasm of the war, and keeping it from cooling.

Mr. Stillé cannot go into much detail in the narrative of the thousand agencies by which this success was attained. He has left the branches to tell their own stories, — stories which, in other times, would be called themselves the reports of immense charities. In nineteen different chapters, he speaks of almost as many different departments of activity and duty. For the detail we must look to such narratives as Mr. Reed's "Hospital Sketches," Miss Alcott's bright letters, or Miss Wormley's narrative; and we hope that the various memorial societies will give us many more. The Commission worked from the first with a promptness which was still systematic. Organized for inquiry and advice, it used the results of its inquiries with great readiness, and it gave its advice in some very distinctly practical forms. If everybody who offers good advice would go about it with as much real purpose as the "Sanitary" did, when it established refreshment lodges all along through the wilderness in the rear of the Army of the West, there would be much less grumbling about advice than there is. That was the "Sanitary's" way of "advising" the government that it was well to have some such posts for the relief and rest of stragglers.

The various methods of administration that opened as the war went on are grouped by Mr. Stillé under the general heads of "Inspection of Camps and Hospitals," "Hospital Transport Service," "Supplemental Hospital Supplies," "General Relief," "Battle-Field Relief," "Special Relief Service," "The Bureau of Vital Statistics," and the "Hospital Directory." It is very doubtful whether the community at large ever understood what system was made up by these various services, why it was necessary that the Sanitary Commis-

sion should undertake them, or indeed that the Sanitary Commission should undertake them at all. But there are a good many things which the community at large never understands; and in almost every village through the loyal States, there were two or three business-like women, and one or two business-like men, who did understand very thoroughly what the Commission was doing; and, from first to last, the public had a very firm confidence that the Commission knew what it was about, and was doing the right thing. The public, meanwhile, was swayed successively by a good many fantastic delusions about war. First was the lint fever; then there was the Havelock mania, which lasted well into the first summer. There was a chronic impression, not yet changed, that sweet jellies, packed in glass, were a specific against all diseases. There always was great ignorance as to the duties of hospital nurses. All these hallucinations had to be gently and kindly borne with and treated, while the determined spirit which appeared in all was guided into manifestations more valuable. For all that was done, however, in the effort to instruct people in such matters, it is probable now that the general impression is, that the Sanitary Commission was an organization engaged in distributing to the army such provisions as do not come within the soldier's ration, and such hospital stores and under-clothing as the government never provided.

It is true that the "Sanitary" did distribute a vast amount of such supplies. Because they were visible and cumbersome, people saw them, and took the impression that the "Sanitary" did little else. But the office of collecting and distributing such supplies was only a small part of its original plan, and, while always an indispensable accessory in all its movements, should always be remembered as accessory to such movements and forming a part of them. It is easy to conceive of the indignation of some medical officer in a foreign service, if he were simply told

that an immense popular movement, supplied simply by voluntary contributions, furnished the hospital stores of the American army. He would say, and say justly, that that must be a very wretched administration, not fit to live, which did not provide hospital stores in abundance for its own service. But if you asked such a man whether the best medical staff in the world, acting under the most absolute government, ever established depots far in the rear of the army simply for stragglers, recruits, furloughed men, or men discharged, to relieve their inevitable sufferings, and to help them backward or forward, he would say, "No." He would say that it was impossible. He would say that these men must take their chance of getting such relief as they could from the people. If then you asked him whether the people would not be wise in making accurate organization to secure such relief, he would instantly assent. He would see, in a word, that you were thus carrying out the central and vital principle of all public administration which deals with the relief of suffering. That principle is this, — that the state must furnish the funds, the most of the machinery, and the general system, with the regularity and certainty with which the planets move. But the state cannot deal with exceptions, and must not try to; and the exceptional care, the personal tenderness, with all the blessings of sympathy and all spiritual help, will and must be added in any Christian country by the enthusiasm and by the ingenuity of volunteers.

To supplement the operations of the government, then, became from the first the object and determination of the Commission. To do this in a thoroughly systematic way, so as to command the respect of business men in the army and the navy, to retain its own respect and the respect of a keen-eyed community at the same time, was the first necessity. Its first victory was in attaining this necessity. It owed that victory largely to the admirable executive powers of its first general

secretary, Mr. Frédéric Law Olmsted. He had engaged in the work with an enthusiasm of exactly the type of Winthrop's, or Shaw's, or any paladin's of them all, and he had the rare chance given to him, and the rarer power, to show that in the methods of office administration, in the instruction and inspiration of clerks and deputies and agents, in keeping up and alive all the varied branches of a wide system of administration, such enthusiasm may be expended just as fitly as in a charge at the head of a squadron. He was admirably seconded. Although the Sanitary Commission never stumbled into the blunder of relying on volunteer assistance for regular daily work which must be done, and, if wrong, must be criticised,—although it therefore always paid salaries to its regular officers,—yet in the higher grades of its service all these officers were in reality volunteers, as Mr. Olmsted was, and the members of the Commission. It is the universal remark of persons who were fortunate enough to serve under them or with them, that here was a very remarkable body of men, men of a high type, whether measured by the test of moral purpose, or by the tests of executive ability, or by the more convenient standard of success. From first to last, whether in collecting funds, in the details of office duty in devising practicable plans for others, or in the actual business of relieving the sick and the dying, the Sanitary Commission always had a marvellous faculty for getting things done. It owed this faculty, which in a finite world is a very valuable one, to the remarkable characteristics of the men who occupied its most important positions of administration.

I have no space in which to attempt any description in detail of the various lines of work done by these spirited people. In Mr. Stillé's book, the stories are very well told, and in Mr. Frank Moore's book of "Anecdotes of the War" are some of what Miss Cobbe would call the Broken Lights of the foreground. Such stories, coming just

on the outside of the mechanism of war, all alive with enthusiasm and self-devotion, will be wrought into ballads and dramas and novels and magazine stories for hundreds of years, and the victories of the "Sanitary," as recorded by Mr. Stillé, will stand out as pure gold, when a good deal of hay and stubble, which made much show in the special despatches of "our own correspondents" have been blown away or burnt away. Civilization takes a great step forward, Christianity asserts one more of its claims for practical respect, when a nation roused to enthusiasm by such victories as Grant's, and determined to show its gratitude to its heroes, sends them potatoes and lemons, rather than palms and laurels. Such was always the echo of every announcement either of victory or defeat. When Vicksburg fell, "Pittsburg sent forward five hundred barrels of potatoes, with other choice stores. Cleveland and Buffalo sent timely donations. The Cincinnati branch fitted out a fine steamer, with a full corps of surgeons and nurses, fully supplied. The New Albany branch forwarded supplies by the steamer *Atlantic*. The Upper Mississippi towns loaded the steamer *Dunleith*. The Kentucky branch chartered the finest boat on the river, the *Jacob Strader*; the committee placed on her sixteen surgeons and attendants; and the Kentucky and Chicago branch loaded her with ice, vegetables, fruits, garments, and other things adapted to promote the welfare of the sick and wounded." The Rebels used to taunt us with the assistance the gunboats gave our armies, — what dear old Abe called Uncle Sam's "web-feet." But one must have been a malignant rebel to grumble, when one of these hospital boats came up, before the smoke of battle had blown away, ready at the moment to take on board friend or foe, and to provide for them with arrangements which could really be scarcely improved upon, could one choose, the whole world over, the site of his hospital. A Mississippi boat, with its open ventilation and its space so near-

ly unlimited, has advantages for a hospital which many a distinguished European surgeon, shut up in some time-honored building of Paris or Vienna, might envy. Aladdin himself could hardly have done anything more wonderful than was the appearance of the Sanitary boats and those of the Western Commission at Shiloh, almost before the pursuit of the enemy was over. Think of taking your wounded to the rear, in the midst of a wilderness, and finding at the river-side these great hospital steamers, with their long rows of beds ready for your patients, — surgeons, nurses, and stores, all in place and order, as complete as if you were carrying a man with a broken leg to an old city hospital in Boston, in New York, or in London! When you once had your wounded man on one of these hospital boats, he was of course all ready to be carried to any one of the government's admirable hospitals, in the twenty States not molested by war, which we came to call "the rear." The experience of Shiloh led to a very thorough organization of hospital transport at the West. The difficulties which arose on the Chesapeake, after horrible suffering, brought about an improved system in the East, and the studies of Dr. Harris in the Commission resulted finally in the establishment of the system of hospital cars for the railways, on which, before the war was over, two hundred and twenty-five thousand sick and wounded soldiers were carried to the rear.

Has it ever happened to the reader to go twenty-four hours in active life without eating anything, and without drinking anything but water? If it has, he will understand why the column of English troops retreating from Cabul tumbled all to pieces at the end of a day when they had had no rations, and why something like that happens to all armies under similar conditions. Just imagine, then, the condition of stragglers, whether from a single regiment or from an army, who are left behind on a forced march, or perhaps arrive at a railway station too late for

the military train. If you miss your train in civil life, you go home for another day. Your wife and children are glad to see you, and you thank the kind destinies which have kept you twenty-four hours more from the miseries of travel. But, suppose you are in the 99th Minnesota, and that, when that regiment moved into Washington from camp, you were left standing sentry over four hundred and sixty-seven axe-handles, and directed to wait there, like another Casabianca, till the advance of the 11th "Varnished Rebels" relieved you. Suppose, after you were relieved, you hurried after the regiment, and arrived just in time to see the transport sweep down the Potomac as you came out on the Sixth Street Wharf. Suppose you had not been paid off for four months, and then had remitted all your pay to Mary Ann of South Stillwater, Minnesota. Suppose your relief from the axe-handles had come so late that it was now half past six in the evening, and you had had nothing to eat since five that morning; but had kept guard seven hours, and hurried after the regiment as well as you could in the remaining six. Were the world absolutely perfect, you would in that case walk up to the White House, ring the door-bell, and invite yourself to tea with Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln, entertaining them with your story, and saying to Mrs. Lincoln that you would trouble her for a slice of cold beef, if there happened to be any in the pantry. You would spend the night in the blue chamber, and the next morning the President would give you a pass to Fort Monroe. But as a world in which we make wars is not yet absolutely perfect, the practical arrangement made for you, under any such circumstances, was that of the Sanitary Commission, and you would go, in any such case, not to the White House, but to the Soldiers' Home, instituted by Mr. Frederic Knapp, who afterwards succeeded Mr. Frederic Law Olmsted as secretary of the Commission.

As early as the 21st of June, 1861, the Commission called the attention of

the government to the necessity of providing for the exhausted men of regiments arriving at Washington. But nothing practical had been done when, on the 9th of August, Mr. Knapp found in the cars at the Washington station "thirty-six sick men of an Indiana regiment, apparently abandoned by their comrades, who had moved out to their camp. These men were so utterly unprovided for, that during twenty-four hours they had had nothing to eat but a few crackers. This large-hearted man, as quick in action as he was generous in impulse, procured from a boarding-house close by two pailfuls of tea, and soft bread and butter, with which he refreshed and made comfortable these exhausted men, until their surgeon, who, so far from abandoning them, had been absent many hours striving in vain to find some means of removing them to a hospital, returned. Thus began the Sanitary Commission's work of Special Relief, and thus were given the first of the four million five hundred thousand meals provided by it during the war, for sick and hungry soldiers." The Soldiers' Home was established at Washington, and forty different homes were established at various points over the field of operations of the Commission. Their duties were to provide with medicines, food, and care, sick men who did not need to go to a general hospital, and discharged soldiers; to act as agents and unpaid attorneys for discharged soldiers; to look into their condition when they assumed to have no means to go home; to see that they did go home; to make them reasonably comfortable and clean; to be prepared for the exigency of the arrival of sick men in large numbers; and to keep a watch on soldiers out of hospitals, yet not in service. Very carefully guarded, lest they should furnish excuses for straggling, the homes or lodges furnished four millions and a half of meals, provided a million of night's lodgings, and gave the soldier assistance in collecting from government nearly two millions and a half of his wages. This is only one of the

departments of the special relief service. In this paper, it is impossible to describe the feeding stations, the special relief at convalescent camps, the relief of men returning from Rebel prisons, that wonderful hospital directory, the pension bureau and war-claim agency of the Commission, and indeed many other of the services which were included under its Special Relief administration. They all showed ingenuity and the readiness of spirited men, governed by that strict system that the regular army itself did not surpass, which always regulated the work of the Commission.

Mr. Stillé's book is, properly speaking, a history of the Commission itself, — of the work, namely, directed by the eight or ten men who were the Sanitary Commission. He does not attempt to give the history of the work done by the thousands of branches, of every name and order. With one or two exceptions, he does not go into the history of the methods of raising funds for the service of the Commission. He is limited, of course, in the details which he can give of the service rendered. The book is the history of the work of the Commission in its chief departments. It is a complete answer, therefore, to the question of all the incredulous people, either of the type of Thomas or of the type of Judas, who used to ask, almost from hour to hour, "Where does all the money go to?" People of this type exist everywhere. "My husband is an excellent person," said one of the saints of this world; "but he never could tell what a woman wanted with a five-dollar bill." There were people, with such a passion for "husbanding," that they could never tell what the Sanitary wanted to do with five million dollars. In Mr. Stillé's book is the complete answer, treasurer's returns and all, for any who choose to get an answer to their question.

In one chapter — the most picturesque and vivid, perhaps, in the book — Dr. Bellows gives a narrative of the grand California contributions, which, with such exquisite poetical fitness,

came in with their solid weight of gold just when they were most needed. This is the chief exception, where in this book we get a bit of the romance, for it is nothing less, which, in this greatest of charities, attended the usually prosaic business of collecting the funds. Dr. Bellows is popularly and justly held to be the author of the Sanitary Commission. He may do what he pleases in other fields, but this is the title by which he will always be known, the country through. The work of a lifetime in the ministry of a large city, with special study of the prevention as well as the cure of social evil, was enough, apparently, to determine him from the beginning, that the army should never be left to the costly processes of cure, where an ounce of prevention could be served out so readily. His unflinching enthusiasm overwhelmed sticklers and doubters at Washington; or, as Olney says so well, "his tremendous emotional force carries him through brains and hearts alike." He has the reputation for a skill at organization, which is probably so far true, that he knows that it is best to get the best men you can, and then to trust them to carry out their own plans in the way in which they can best work in them. As working men of ability infallibly work on system, he is willing to trust the system or plan of the men with whom he works. But from all the elasticity of the "Sanitary's" work and processes, it is very evident that its president was never bigoted in clinging to his own particular methods, if only the thing itself were done. Like most men placed in responsible posts in a world which must be got forward somehow, he probably believes that, where no moral question is involved in the decision, it is generally better to do a thing than to refuse to do it. To this faith, which in practice is called energy, the activity and the triumph of the "Sanitary" are largely due.

California had won eternal blessings by sending to the "Sanitary," in the hour of its greatest need, first, one hundred thousand dollars, and in rapid

succession, three hundred and twenty-nine thousand nine hundred and ninety-five dollars more in the short space of thirteen months. There was a charming poem published at the time, in which the writer, with great feeling, said, — what we believe California felt heartily, — that because they might not give their iron, they would give their gold. A contribution so magnificent, of near half a million, would have been California's fair share, perhaps. But when the "Sanitary" for its largest work needed most money, it appealed to California again, and California pledged two hundred thousand more in monthly instalments. Our dear friend, Starr King, had proposed himself to canvass the State, county by county, to secure this result. He died. It was then that Dr. Bellows himself visited California, and by his own presence and influence assisted largely in the magnificent movement which he describes so well. Some of the funniest things that ever were done relieved with humor the uprising of the people of the Pacific coast, and some sacrifices of the most tender pathos gave solemnity to its history. The result of the

effort and enthusiasm was the contribution of one million four hundred and seventy-three thousand four hundred and seven dollars from the Americans of the Pacific coast and islands to the treasury of the Commission. Dr. Bellows's narrative, including the San Francisco report, furnishes one of the most suggestive, as it is one of the most entertaining, chapters of American history.

I have not said a word of the terrible details of battle-fields; nothing of the wonderful statistical work of the Commission; nothing of the ingenious, steady work of the local branches; nothing of the fairs, which, with all their flutter and filigree, netted two million seven hundred and thirty-six thousand eight hundred and sixty-eight dollars to the great cause. The history of each of these details will be a part of the history of the country, which no careful student of democratic government may neglect to study. Mr. Stillé's volume, which has been my chief authority, will make us all long to see more of the official history of what we already begin to call "THE DEAR OLD SANITARY."

THE HAUNTED WINDOW.

IT was always a mystery to me where Severance got his precise combination of qualities. His father was simply what is called a handsome man, with stately figure and curly black hair, not without a certain dignity of manner, but with a face so shallow that it did not even seem to ripple, and with a voice so prosy that, when he spoke of the sky, you wished there were no such thing. His mother was a fair, little, pallid creature, — wash-blond, as they say of lace, — patient, meek, and always fatigued and fatiguing. But Severance, as I first knew him, was the soul of activity. He had dark eyes, that

had a great deal of light in them, without corresponding depth; his hair was dark, straight, and very soft; his mouth expressed sweetness, without much strength; he talked well; and though he was apt to have a wandering look, as if his thoughts were laying a submarine cable to another continent, yet the young girls were always glad to have the semblance of conversation with him in this. To me he was in the last degree lovable. He had just enough of that subtle quality called genius, perhaps, to spoil first his companions, and then himself. His words had weight with you, though you might

know yourself wiser ; and if you went to give him the most reasonable advice, you were suddenly seized with a slight paralysis of the tongue. Thus it was, at any rate, with me. We were cemented therefore by the firmest ties, — a nominal seniority on my part, and a substantial supremacy on his.

We lodged one summer at an old house in that odd suburb of Oldport called "The Point." It is well known that Oldport needs nothing to complete its attractions, except that it should be taken up and removed to the seaside ; as "The Point" is the only part of that watering-place where it does not require a handsome income to keep within sight of the water. It is naturally, therefore, a sort of Artists' Quarter of the town, frequented by a class of summer visitors more addicted to sailing and sketching than to driving and bowing, — persons who do not object to simple fare, and can live, as one of them said, on potatoes and Point. Here Severance and I made our summer home, basking in the delicious sunshine of the lovely bay. The bare outlines around Oldport sometimes dismay the stranger, but soon fascinate. Nowhere does one feel bareness so little, because there is no sharpness of perspective ; everything shimmers in the moist atmosphere ; the islands are all glamour and mirage ; and the undulating hills of the horizon seem each like the soft arched back of some pet animal, and you long to caress them with your hand. At last your thoughts begin to swim also, and pass into vague fancies, which you also love to caress. Severance and I were constantly afloat, body and mind. He was a perfect sailor, and had that dreaminess in his nature which matches with nothing but the ripple of the waves. Still, I could not hide from myself that he was a changed man since that voyage in search of health from which he had just returned. His mother talked in her humdrum way about heart disease ; and his father, taking up the strain, bored us about organic lesions, till we almost wished he had a lesion himself.

Severance ridiculed all this ; but he grew more and more moody, and his eyes seemed to be laying more submarine cables than ever.

When we were not on the water, we both liked to mouse about the queer streets and quaint old houses of that region, and to chat with the fishermen and their grandmothers. There was one house, however, which was very attractive to me, — perhaps because nobody lived in it, and which, for that or some other reason, he never would approach. It was a great square building of rough gray stone, looking like those sombre houses which every one remembers in Montreal, but which are rare in "the States." It had been built many years before by some millionaire from New Orleans, and was left unfinished, nobody knew why, till the garden was a wilderness of bloom, and the windows of ivy. Oldport is the only place in New England where either ivy or traditions will grow ; there were, to be sure, no legends about this house that I could hear of, for the ghosts in those parts were feeble-minded and retrospective by reason of age, and perhaps scorned a mansion where nobody had ever lived ; but the ivy clustered round the projecting windows as densely as if it had the sins of a dozen generations to hide.

The house stood just above what were commonly called (from their slaty color) the Blue Rocks ; it seemed the topmost pebble left by some tide that had receded, — which perhaps it was. Nurses and children thronged daily to these rocks, during the visitors' season, and the fishermen found there a favorite lounging-place ; but nobody scaled the wall of the house save myself, and I went there very often. The gate was sometimes opened by Paul, the silent Bavarian gardener, who was master of the keys ; and there were also certain great cats that were always sunning themselves on the steps, and seemed to have grown old and gray in waiting for mice that had never come. They looked as if they knew the past and the future. If the owl is the bird of Mi-

nerva, the cat should be her beast: they have the same sleepy air of unfathomable wisdom. There was such a quiet and potent spell about the place, that one could almost fancy these constant animals to be the transformed bodies of human visitors who had stayed too long. Who knew what tales might be told by these tall, slender birches, clustering so closely by the sombre walls? — birches which were but whispering shrubs when the first gray stones were laid, and which now reared above the eaves their white stems and dark boughs, still whispering and waiting till a few more years should show them, across the roof, the topmost blossoms of other birches on the other side.

Before the great western doorway spread the outer harbor, whither the coasting vessels came to drop anchor at any approach of storm. These silent visitors, which arrived at dusk and went at dawn, and from which no boat landed, seemed fitting guests before the portals of the silent house. I was never tired of watching them from the piazza; but Severance always stayed outside the wall. It was a whim of his, he said; and once only I got out of him something about the resemblance of the house to some Portuguese mansion, — at Madeira, perhaps, or at Rio Janeiro, but he did not say, — with which he had no pleasant associations. Yet he afterwards seemed to wish to deny this remark, or to confuse my impressions of it, which naturally fixed it the better in my mind.

I remember well the morning when he was at last coaxed into approaching the house. It was late in September, and a day of perfect calm. As we looked from the broad piazza, there was a glassy smoothness over all the bay, and the hills were coated with a film, or rather a mere varnish, inconceivably thin, of haze more delicate than any other climate in America can show. Over the water there were white gulls flying, lazy and low; schools of young mackerel displayed their white sides above the surface; and it seemed as if even a butterfly might be seen for

miles over that calm expanse. The bay was covered with mackerel boats, and one man sculled indolently across the foreground a scarlet skiff. It was so still that every white sail-boat rested where its sail was first spread; and though the tide was at half-ebb, the anchored boats swung idly different ways from their moorings. Yet there was a continuous ripple in the broad sail (raised for the purpose of drying it) on some motionless schooner, and there was a constant melodious plash along the shore. From the mouth of the bay came up slowly the premonitory line of bluer water, and we knew that a breeze was near.

Severance seemed to rise in spirits as we approached the house, and I noticed no sign of shrinking, except an occasional lowering of the voice. Seeing this, I ventured to joke him a little on his previous reluctance, and he replied in the same strain. I seated myself at the corner, and began sketching old Fort Louis, while he strolled along the piazza, looking in at the large, vacant windows. As he approached the farther end, I suddenly heard him give a little cry of amazement or dismay, and, looking up, saw him leaning against the wall, with pale face and hands clenched.

A minute sometimes appears a long while; and though I sprang to him instantly, yet I remember that it seemed as if, during that instant, the whole face of things had changed. The breeze had come, the bay was rippled, the sail-boats careened to the wind, fishes and birds were gone, and a dark gray cloud had come between us and the sun. Such sudden changes are not, however, uncommon after an interval of calm; and my only conscious thought at the time was of wonder at the strange aspect of my companion.

"What was that?" asked Severance in a bewildered tone.

I looked about me, equally puzzled.

"Not there," he said. "In the window."

I looked in at the window, saw nothing, and said so. There was the great

empty drawing-room, across which one could see the opposite window, and through this the eastern piazza and the garden beyond. Nothing more was there. With some persuasion, Severance was induced to look in. He admitted that he saw nothing peculiar; but he refused all explanation, and we went home.

"Never let me go to that house again," he said abruptly, as we entered our own door.

I pointed out to him the absurdity of thus yielding to some nervous delusion, which was already in part conquered, and he finally promised to revisit the scene with me the next day. To clear all possible misgivings from my own mind, I got the key of the house from Paul, explored it thoroughly, and was satisfied that no improper visitor had recently entered the drawing-room at least, as the windows were strongly bolted on the inside, and a large cobweb, heavy with dust, hung across the doorway. This did no great credit to Paul's stewardship, but was, perhaps, a slight relief to me. Nor could I see a trace of anything uncanny outside the house. When Severance went with me, next day, the coast was equally clear, and I was glad to have cured him so easily.

Unfortunately, it did not last. A few days after, there was a brilliant sunset, after a storm, with gorgeous yellow light slanting everywhere, and the sun looking at us between bars of dark purple cloud, edged with gold where they touched the pale-blue sky; all this fading at last into a great whirl of gray to the northward, with a cold purple ground. At the height of the show, I climbed the wall to my favorite piazza, and was surprised to find Severance already there.

He sat facing the sunset, but with his head sunk between his hands. At my approach, he looked up, and rose to his feet. "Do not deceive me any more," he said, almost savagely, and pointed to the window.

I looked in, and must confess that, for a moment, I too was startled. There

was a perceptible moment of time during which it seemed as if no possible philosophy could explain what appeared in sight. Not that any object showed itself within the great drawing-room, but I distinctly saw — across the apartment, and through the opposite window — the dark figure of a man about my own size, who leaned against the long window, and gazed intently on me. Above him spread the yellow sunset light, around him the birch-boughs hung and the ivy-tendrils swayed, while behind him there appeared a glimmering water-surface, across which slowly drifted the tall masts of a schooner. It looked strangely like a view I had seen of some foreign harbor, — Sorrento, perhaps, — with a vine-clad balcony and a single human figure in the foreground. So real and startling was the sight, that at first it was not easy to resolve the whole scene into its component parts. Yet it was simply such a confused mixture of real and reflected images as one often sees from the window of a railway carriage, where the mirrored interior seems to glide beside the train, with the natural landscape for a background. In this case, also, the frame and foliage of the picture were real, and all else was reflected; the sunlit bay behind us was reproduced as in a camera, and the dark figure was but the full-length image of myself.

It was easy to explain all this to Severance, but he shook his head. "So cool a philosopher as yourself," he said, "should remember that this image is not always visible. At our last visit, we looked for it in vain. When we first saw it, it appeared and disappeared within ten minutes. On your mechanical theory it should be otherwise."

This staggered me for a moment. Then the ready solution occurred, that the reflection depended on the strength and direction of the light; and I proved to him that, in our case, it had appeared and disappeared with the sunshine. He was silenced, but evidently not convinced; yet time and common-sense, it seemed, would take care of that.

Soon after all this, I was called out of town for a week or two. If Severance would go with me, it would doubtless complete the cure, I thought; but this he obstinately declined. After my departure, my sister wrote, he seemed absolutely to haunt the empty house above the Blue Rocks. He undoubtedly went there to sketch, she thought. The house was in charge of a real-estate agent, — a retired landscape-painter, whose pictures did not sell so profitably as their originals; and her theory was, that this agent hoped to make our friend buy the place, and so allured him there under pretence of sketching. Moreover, she surmised, he was studying some effect of shadow, because, unlike most men, he appeared in decent spirits only on cloudy days. It is always so easy to fit a man out with a set of ready-made motives! But I drew my own conclusions, and was not surprised to hear, soon after, that Severance was seriously ill.

This brought me back at once, — sailing down from Providence in an open boat, I remember, one lovely moonlight night. Next day I saw Severance, who declared that he had suffered from nothing worse than a prolonged sick-headache. I soon got out of him all that had happened. He had seen the figure in the window every sunny day, he said. Of course he had, if he chose to look for it, and I could only smile, though it perhaps seemed unkind. But I stopped smiling when he went on to tell that, not satisfied with these observations, he had visited the house by moonlight also, and had then seen, as he averred, a second figure standing beside the first.

Of course, there was no defence against such a theory as this, except simply to laugh it down; but it made me very anxious, for it showed that he was growing thoroughly morbid. "Either it was pure fancy," I said, "or it was Paul the gardener."

But here he was prepared for me. It seemed that, on seeing the two figures, Severance had at once left the piazza, and, with an instinct of common-sense

that was surprising, had crossed the garden, scaled the wall, and looked in at the window of Paul's little cottage, where the man and his wife were quietly seated at supper, probably after a late fishing-trip. "There was another reason," he said; but here he stopped, and would give no description of the second figure, which he had, however, seen twice again, always by moonlight. He consented to let me accompany him the following night.

We accordingly went. It was still, superb weather, and the moon lay brightly on the bay. The distant shores looked low and filmy; a naval vessel was in the harbor, and there was a ball on board, with music and fireworks; some fishermen were singing in their boats, late as was the hour. Severance was absorbed in his own gloomy reveries; and when we had crossed the wall, the world seemed left outside, and the glamour of the place began to creep over me also. I seemed to see my companion relapsing into some phantom realm, myself being powerless to draw him forth. I talked, sang, whistled; but it was all rather hollow, and soon ceased. The great house looked gloomy and impenetrable, the moonlight appeared sick and sad, the birch-boughs nestled in a dreary way. We went up the steps in no jubilant mood.

I crossed the piazza at once, looked in at the farthest window, and saw there my own image, though far more faintly than in the sunlight. Severance then joined me, and his reflected shape stood by mine. Something of the first ghostly impression was renewed, I must confess, by this meeting of the two shadows; there was something rather awful in the way the bodiless things nodded and gesticulated at each other in silence. Still, there was nothing more than this, as Severance was compelled to own; and I was trying to turn the whole affair into ridicule, when suddenly, without sound or warning, I saw — as distinctly as I perceive the words I now write — yet another figure stand at the window, gaze steadfastly at us for a moment, and then disappear. It was,

as I fancied, that of a woman, but was totally enveloped in a very full cloak, reaching to the ground, with a peculiarly cut hood, that stood erect and seemed half as long as the body of the garment. I had a vague recollection of having seen some such costume in a picture.

Of course, I dashed round the corner of the house, threaded the birch-trees, and stood on the eastern piazza. No one was there. Without losing an instant, I ran to the garden wall and climbed it, as Severance had done, to look into Paul's cottage. That worthy was just getting into bed, in a state of complicated *déshabille*, his black-bearded head wrapped in an old scarlet handkerchief that made him look like a retired pirate in reduced circumstances. He being accounted for, I vainly traversed the shrubberies, returned to the western piazza, watched awhile uselessly, and went home with Severance, a good deal puzzled.

By daylight the whole thing seemed different. That I had seen the figure there was no doubt. It was not a reflected image, for we had no companion. It was, then, human. After all, thought I, it is a commonplace thing enough, this masquerading in a cloak and hood. Some one has observed Severance's nocturnal visits, and is amusing himself at his expense. The peculiarity was, that the thing was so well done, and the figure had such an air of dignity, that somehow it was not so easy to make light of it in talking with him.

I went into his room, next day. His sick-headache, or whatever it was, had come on again, and he was lying on his bed. Rutherford's strange old book on the Second Sight lay open before him. "Look there," he said; and I read the motto of a chapter:—

"In sunlight one,
In shadow none,
In moonlight two,
In thunder two,
Then comes Death."

I threw the book indignantly from me, and began to invent doggerel, par-

odying this precious incantation. But Severance did not seem to enjoy the joke, and it grows tiresome to enact one's own farce and do one's own applauding.

For several days after he was laid up in earnest; but instead of getting any mental rest from this, he lay poring over that preposterous book, and it really seemed as if his brain were a little touched. Meanwhile I watched the great house, day and night, sought for footsteps, and, by some odd fancy, took frequent observations on the gardener and his wife. Failing to get any clew, I waited one day for Paul's absence, and made a call upon the wife, under pretence of hunting up a missing handkerchief,—for she had been my laundress. I found the handsome, swarthy creature, with her six bronzed children around her, training up the Madeira vine that made a bower of the whole side of her little black gambrel-roofed cottage. On learning my errand, she became full of sympathy, and was soon emptying her bureau-drawers in pursuit of the lost handkerchief. As she opened the lowest drawer, I saw within it something which sent all the blood to my face for a moment. It was a black cloth cloak, with a stiff hood two feet long, of precisely the pattern worn by the unaccountable visitant at the window. I turned almost fiercely upon her; but she looked so innocent as she stood there, caressing and dusting with her fingers what was evidently a pet garment, that it was really impossible to denounce her.

"Is that a Bavarian cloak?" said I, trying to be cool and judicial.

Here broke in the eldest boy, named John, aged ten, a native American, and a sailor already, whom I had twice fished up from a capsized punt. "Mother ain't a Bavarian," quoth the young salt. "Father's a Bavarian; mother's a Portegeee. Portegeees wear them hoods."

"I am a Portuguese, sir, from Fayal," said the woman, prolonging with sweet intonation the soft name of her birthplace. "This is my *capote*," she added,

taking up with pride the uncouth costume, while the children gathered round, as if its vast folds came rarely into sight.

"It has not been unfolded for a year," she said. As she spoke, she dropped it with a cry, and a little mouse sprang from the skirts, and whisked away into some corner. We found that the little animal had made its abode in the heavy woollen, of which three or four thicknesses had been eaten through, and then matted together into the softest of nests. This contained, moreover, a small family of mouselets, who certainly had not taken part in any midnight masquerade. The secret seemed more remote than ever, for I knew that there was no other Portuguese family in the town, and there was no confounding this peculiar local costume with any other.

Returning to Severance's chamber, I said nothing of all this. He was, by an odd coincidence, looking over a portfolio of Fayal sketches made by himself during his late voyage. Among them were a dozen studies of just such *capotes* as I had seen,—some in profile, completely screening the wearer, others disclosing women's faces, old or young. He seemed to wish to put them away, however, when I came in. Really, the plot seemed to thicken; and it was a little provoking to understand it no better, when all the materials seemed close to one's hands.

A day or two later, I was summoned to Boston. Returning thence by the stage-coach, we drove from Tiverton, the whole length of the island, under one of those wild and wonderful skies which give, better than anything in nature, the effect of a field of battle. The heavens were filled with ten thousand separate masses of cloud, varying in shade from palest gray to iron-black, borne rapidly to and fro by upper and lower currents of opposing wind. They seemed to be charging, retreating, breaking, recombining, with puffs of what seemed smoke, and a few wan sunbeams sometimes striking through for fire. Wherever the eye turned,

there appeared some flying fragment not seen before; and yet in an hour this noiseless Antietam grew still, and a settled leaden film overspread the sky, yielding only to some level lines of light where the sun went down. Perhaps our driver was looking towards the sky more than to his own affairs, for, just as all this ended, a wheel gave out, and we had to stop in Portsmouth for repairs. By the time we were again in motion, the changing wind had brought up a final thunder-storm, which broke upon us ere we reached our homes. It was rather an uncommon thing, so late in the season; for the lightning, like other brilliant visitors, usually appears in Oldport during only a month or two of every year.

The coach set me down at my own door, so soaked that I might have floated in. I peeped into Severance's room, however, on the way to my own. Strange to say, no one was there; yet the bed had evidently been occupied during the day, and on the pillow lay the old book on the Second Sight, open at the very page which had so bewitched him and vexed me. I glanced at it mechanically, and when I came to the meaningless jumble, "In thunder two," a flash flooded the chamber, and a sudden fear struck into my mind. Who knew what insane experiment might have come into that boy's head?

With sudden impulse, I went down stairs, and found the whole house empty, until a stupid old woman, coming in from the wood-house with her apron full of turnips, told me that Severance had been missing since nightfall, after being for a week in bed, dangerously ill, and sometimes slightly delirious. The family had become alarmed, and were out with lanterns, in search of him.

It was safe to say that none of them had more reason to be alarmed than I. It was something, however, to know where to seek him. Meeting two neighboring fishermen, I took them with me. As we approached the well-known wall, the blast blew out our lights, and we could scarcely speak. The lightning

had grown less frequent, yet sheets of flame seemed occasionally to break over the dark square sides of the house, and to send a flickering flame along the ridge-pole and eaves, like a surf of light. A surf of water broke also behind us on the Blue Rocks, sounding as if it pursued our very footsteps; and one of the men whispered hoarsely to me, that a Nantucket brig had parted her cable, and was drifting in shore.

As we entered the garden, lights gleamed in the shrubbery. To my surprise, it was Paul and his wife, with their two oldest children,—these last being quite delighted with the stir, and showing so much illumination, in the lee of the house, that it was quite a Feast of Lanterns. They seemed a little surprised at meeting us, too; but we might as well have talked from Point Judith to Beaver Tail, as to have attempted conversation there. I walked round the building; but a flash of lightning showed nothing on the western piazza save a birch-tree, which lay across, blown down by the storm. I therefore went inside, with Paul's household, leaving the fishermen without.

Never shall I forget that search. As we went from empty room to room, the thunder seemed rolling on the very roof, and the sharp flashes of lightning appeared to put out our lamps and then kindle them again. We traversed the upper regions, mounting by a ladder to the attic; then descended into the cellar and the wine-vault. The thorough bareness of the house, the fact that no bright-eyed mice peeped at us from their holes, no uncouth insects glided on the walls, no flies buzzed in the unwonted lamplight, scarcely a spider slid down his damp and trailing web,—all this seemed to enhance the mystery. The vacancy was more dreary than desertion: it was something old which had never been young. We found ourselves speaking in whispers; the children kept close to their parents; we seemed to be chasing some awful Silence from room to room; and the last apartment, the great drawing-room, we really seemed loath to enter. The

less the rest of the house had to show, the more, it seemed, must be concentrated there. Even as we entered, a blast of air from a broken pane extinguished our last light, and it seemed to take many minutes to relight it.

As it shone once more, a brilliant lightning-flash also swept through the window, and flickered and flickered, as if it would never have done. The eldest child suddenly screamed, and pointed with her finger, first to one great window and then to its opposite. My eyes instinctively followed the successive directions; and the double glance gave me all I came to seek, and more than all. Outside the western window lay Severance, his white face against the pane, his eyes gazing across and past us,—struck down doubtless by the fallen tree, which lay across the piazza, and had hid him from external view. Opposite him, outside the eastern window, stood, statue-like, the hooded figure, but with the great *capote* thrown back, showing a sad, eager, girlish face, with dark eyes, and a good deal of black hair,—one of those faces of peasant beauty, such as America never shows,—faces where ignorance is almost raised into refinement by its childlike look. Contrasted with Severance's wild gaze, the countenance wore an expression of pitying forgiveness, almost of calm; yet it told of wasting sorrow, and the wreck of a life. Gleaming lustrous beneath the lightning, it had a more mystic look when the long flash had ceased, and the single lantern burned before it, like an altar-lamp before a shrine.

"It is Aunt Emilia," exclaimed the little girl; and as she spoke, the father, turning angrily upon her, dashed the light to the ground, and groped his way out without a word of answer. I was too much alarmed about Severance to care for aught else, and quickly made my way to the western piazza, where I found him stunned by the fallen tree,—injured, I feared, internally,—still conscious, but unable to speak.

With the aid of my two companions I got him home, and he was ill for sev-

eral weeks before he died. During his illness he told me all he had to tell; and though Paul and his family disappeared next day, — perhaps going on board the Nantucket brig, which had narrowly escaped shipwreck, — I afterwards learned all the remaining facts from the only neighbor in whom they had placed confidence. Severance, while convalescing at a country-house in Fayal, had fallen passionately in love with a young peasant-girl, who had broken off her intended marriage for love of him, and had sunk into a half-imbecile melancholy when deserted. She had afterwards come to this country, and joined her sister, Paul's wife. Paul had received her reluctantly, and only on condition that her existence should be concealed. This was the easier, as it was one of her whims to go out only by night, when she had haunted the great house, which, she said, reminded her of her own island, so that she liked to wear thither the *capote* which had been the pride of her heart at home. On the few occasions when she had caught a glimpse of Severance, he had seemed to her, no doubt, as much a phantom as she seemed to him. On the night of the storm, they had drawn near each other by a common impulse, while their respective friends had sought them with a common solicitude.

I got traces of the family afterwards at Nantucket, and later at Narragansett; and had reason to think that Paul was employed, one summer, by a farmer on Conanicut. But I was always just too late for them, and the money which Severance left, as his only reparation for poor Emilia, never was paid.

The affair was hushed up, and very few, even among the neighbors, knew the tragedy that had passed by them with the storm.

After Severance died, I had that feeling of weakened life which remains after the first friend or the first love passes, and the heart seems to lose its sense of infinity. His father came, and prosed, and measured the windows of the empty house, and calculated angles of reflection, and poured even death and despair into his crucible of commonplace; the mother whined in her weaker way at home; while the only brother, a talkative medical student, tried to pooh-pooh it all, and sent me a letter demonstrating that Emilia was never in America, and that the whole was a hallucination. I cared nothing for his theory; it all seemed like a dream to me, and, as all the actors but myself are gone, it seems so still. The great house is still unoccupied, and likely to remain so; and he who looks through its eastern window may still be startled by the weird image of himself. As I lingered round it to-day, beneath the winter sunlight, the snow drifted pitilessly past its ivied windows, and so hushed my footsteps that I scarce knew which was the phantom, and wondered, if the medical student would not argue me out of existence next.

This is the end of my story. If I sought for a moral, it would be hard to attach one to a thing so brief. It could only be this, that shadow and substance are always ready to link themselves, in unexpected ways, against the diseased imagination; and that remorse can make the most transparent crystal into a mirror for sin.

KATHARINE MORNE.

PART VI.

CHAPTER XVII.

ON my twenty-first birthday I had the great pleasure of raising the mortgage on the dear old house, and of signing a lease by which my guardian obtained possession of it for three years, upon the most favorable terms—to himself—to which he would consent. Now I had a settled home for my old age to take shelter in, and for my hopes and expectations to take many a trip to in the mean time.

Still, however, I was a contented fixture at Barberry Beach. All continued to go on well and agreeably there; and, though not learned, I found myself in a fair way to be, as Miss Gail Hamilton very judiciously wished herself, “well-smattered”; for the young people, while becoming more and more interested in their own accomplishments, were still inclined for my companionship therein; and I was usually present at all the lessons taken out of school by the twins.

Soon after my birthday, Miss Dudley desired me to accompany her on a visit of a week or two to Miss Arden, in Boston. Mr. Dudley could not go, and was always unwilling to have her leave home without some attendant whom he could trust, to take care of her if she should be ill. Of course, I could not object; and any awkwardness that I might have felt was obviated by a particular invitation to myself from Miss Dudley’s, and since my, irresistible “Clara.”

That the visit was delightful, I need not say. I mention it chiefly for the sake of what took place in, and followed my absence.

The day after my return, I called on Julia to give account of some commissions which I had executed for her. The Doctor saw me through the office-window, and hurried to open the door

for me. “Katy,” cried he, “have you heard the news?”

“No; what news? Has Phil a new tooth?”

“Pooh! no. Your little vestal, Nelly Fader, has renounced the sisterhood!”

“Nelly! What! engaged? Impossible!”

“I’m afraid it ought to be; but whatever is, is—possible.”

“Who is it?”

“The happy man? That Sam Blight! He professes to have become exemplary. He has certainly become one of the *surplice* population.”

“A clergyman!”

“In the Episcopal Church.”

“It all sounds like a hoax! Are you sure? Who told you?”

“Mr. Wardour. Nelly had a letter written for you, she told Julia; but Julia told her, if she sent it, it would cross you on the road. You know you were expected back Saturday.”

“Yes; the storm kept us four days.”

Julia was not at home; and I hastened at once to Mr. Wardour’s. Dear little Nelly flew into my open arms. How beautiful and radiant and angelic she was that morning, in her innocent happiness! “Katy, you have heard?”

“Yes, darling; but not half so much as I wish to hear.”

“O, run up to my chamber! There,—sit in the easy-chair, as I used to when you comforted me.” She knelt at my feet, and, with her arms around me and her blushing cheek laid on my knee, softly began her confession. “Six months ago, I heard that he was studying divinity.”

“Why, you never told me!”

“Well—no—I did not, because—I did not think it wisest or best or pleasantest to bring the subject up again. I did not suppose it would ever make any difference to me personally;

but, if he was only saved, the great point was gained. The Sunday after you went to Boston, I heard that he was here in town, and going to preach at the Episcopal Church, and —”

“You went to hear him?”

“O, Katy, no! — on no account. For one thing, I could not leave my own church, you know, for such a reason as that. So I did not feel sure I should see him at all. But in the evening, as I sat reading ‘Paradise Lost’ to Uncle Wardour, the door-bell rang. Uncle Wardour answered it; and then I heard his very voice — only grown so much richer and deeper — say, ‘How do you do, Mr. Wardour? You do not recognize me, sir, — the returned prodigal, Rev. Mr. Blight. May I have your permission to see Miss Fader?’ Uncle Wardour just let him come in; but oh! he was so cold and distant to him! You know he thinks a great deal more of me than I deserve; and then I am afraid he never quite understood how much I was to blame myself; and so he laid too much blame on Sam. I could hardly speak a word; and other visitors came; and altogether that night it was dreadful. I thought he never would come again; and when he was gone, I had to kneel down straightway, and pray a whole hour, or I believe I should have fallen back directly into all my old wrong ways, that you had so much trouble to win me from, and have cried till morning.”

“Poor pet lamb!”

“O, but the very next forenoon — think of it! — he came again! O Katy, such a visit! We settled it all then, ‘subject to the sanction of your excellent uncle,’ as he said himself. O Katy, how changed he is! And Uncle Wardour wrote directly to New York to the Bishop, and received from him, and from others to whom he referred my uncle, one and the same report of Sam’s reformation; and I took courage to explain to Uncle Wardour how ill I had behaved, though I am afraid I did not succeed in making him see it fully after all. And Aunt Cumberland took our part, and reasoned with him; and,

in short, he consented; and we are so happy!”

“God bless and keep you so, darling! When are you to be married?”

“In two months, — Sam says.”

“So soon? Do you wish it?”

“No, — yes. ‘O Katy,’ as I used to say, ‘how little you do understand such things!’ I only wish that whatever he wishes may be fulfilled. You look grave, Katy darling,” said she, raising her head to see me. “Do you think I did not care for you, because I did not wait to consult you? Yes, indeed I did. But when I heard him in the very room where we used to read and talk follies together, saying that he had returned to me ‘after all his wanderings, as a dove to the ark,’ and that he had ‘chosen me, out of all my sex, to be his helpmeet in the highest of all offices, — that of a consecrated man of God,’ — it was all so like a beautiful morning dream come true, that I did my very utmost when I made my good, dear old uncle’s consent the condition of my own. That was my duty. My happiness is to make his! If I were but worthy! But, thanks to you, dear girl! he says he finds me already very much improved; and he has no doubt I shall improve much more under his guidance. But I want you to see him. He will be here to-night at tea. Cannot you come?”

“Thank you; if I possibly can, I will.”

“And — would Miss Dudley send for you?”

“No doubt, if I come.”

“That is good. I am so sorry not to have an escort to offer you; but Uncle Wardour has a heavy cold, and Sam makes it a rule to keep himself, to the utmost of his power, out of the night air. He says it is one of a clergyman’s first duties to avoid bronchitis, — so much of the effect of a sermon depends on its being delivered with the finest intonation. He has scarcely a thought but for his calling. O Katy, there can be no doubt about the genuineness of his repentance! He has suffered so much! It was a kind of attack — on the brain,

I believe — that, as he says, first ‘snatched him as a brand from the burning.’”

My guardian heard that it was a fit of *delirium tremens*. I dare say Nelly knew, but did not like to tell it. Mr. Blight was disposed to be quite frank enough, for good taste at least, in his disclosures before those who had less right to them than she. Dr. Physick was more intolerant in regard to him than I ever knew him towards any one else. He schooled his own natural impetuosity to pardon and pity frailties; but shams he hated implacably; and he held Mr. Blight to be “a most unmitigated humbug from first to last!”

I did not, quite; but having said that, I may go on to own that, to my consternation, I found the reverend Samuel little more to my taste than the irreverent Sam had been. He was in a better way for himself, I really believed; but for Nelly? O dear!

I am not going to tell much about that tea-party, for fear of being naughtier than is necessary. The only thing I enjoyed at it was a speech of another guest of my host, “the dissenting lay-reader,” as the young deacon called him, or, as he was styled by ordinary mortals, a Methodist minister.

After Mr. Blight, nothing daunted by Mr. Wardour’s instinctive coolness, had, with a mixture of old self-complacency and newly dignified reproof, delivered himself — *ore rotundo*, and making a rolling-pin of every one of his *r*’s — of a number of allusions to the harpings of angels over one sinner that repenteth, the superiority of publicans to Pharisees, and so forth, the Methodist took the word.

“All very right for the angels to harp upon it; that ’s their business, an’ no doubt they ’ll mind it; but it ain’t exactly the thing for the sinner himself to turn up his nose at ’em an’ sing out, ‘Hullo, there! I’ve been an’ repented! Strike up, band, an’ let ’s hear you play your poottiest!’”

No, I could not like Mr. Blight; and yet I did not take him for a hypocrite. I believed that he had truly been

very reasonably alarmed about his eternal welfare, and that he sincerely desired to secure it. I believed, and believe now, that he meant to be a good man. I believe that, in many of the negative virtues, he was one already. But what a thin, cold, threadbare character he had! How plainly the old, hard, coarse warp of selfishness and self-conceit did still show everywhere through the slender threads of piety which he was endeavoring to weave in!

He had turned teetotaler in respect of liquids; but in respect of solids, he manifested himself the reverse of an ascetic as to either quantity or quality. He no longer argued as formerly in favor of duelling; but he ensconced himself within his cloth as in triple mail, and scrupled not to “rebuke,” not to say affront therein, anybody, no matter how greatly his superior, who chanced to cross him. His cold blue eye still lighted up with anger when he was in any way or by any one opposed, even by a woman or a child. I never saw it melt or beam with any softer emotion. There was something even in his pompous, stern fashion of raking up what I thought our pet’s harsh, ugly, and inappropriate baptismal name of Eleanor, and calling her by it when no one else did, — as if our dear little Nelly was not good enough for him, — that jarred upon me every time I heard it.

I hoped that evening that these first impressions might be corrected by subsequent ones. They were only deepened. I have said before that the previous irreverent Sam appeared to hold his own bad qualities in higher esteem than other men’s good ones. The present reverend Samuel appeared divided between admiration of his own present virtues and past vices. Now a humbled sinner has, no doubt, a title of a certain sort to pity, and even sympathy; for, in a certain sense, falling into sin is meeting with one of the heaviest of misfortunes. But it is surely self-evident that no person of any sensibility willingly refers to a misfortune which has tended to degrade him in his

own eyes or in those of others; as, for example, to his having had his face slapped. Mr. Blight, so far as I could make out, rather relished the recollection of his having suffered his face to be slapped by the adversary of all souls, as if he had thereby been dubbed a member of a higher order of spiritual knighthood. He seemed to think that there was something rather commonplace in a course of consistent righteousness, pursued from the cradle up, like that of Nelly's noble old Uncle Wardour, — a man *sans peur* as he was *sans reproche*. The greater commonness of sin was a circumstance that seemed somehow to have escaped his notice. He scolded at it in the way of his business, of course, as in duty bound; but he did not make clear that he had ever obtained so much as a glimpse of its intrinsic ugliness; and the only idea of *his* idea of it which I was enabled to bring away from his ministrations the first and only time I ever heard him was, that, as the Autocrat of the universe had for some inscrutable reason conceived an insurmountable prejudice against it, "it were the part of prudence to for'sake it betimes. . . . The richest soils bear first the most plenteous weeds, and afterwards, my beloved burretheren, the most lugsooriant harvests."

How could Nelly like him? She did not know him. She was in love with her ideal of him. She knew scarcely anybody to compare him with. He had the "habit of society," though by no means that — I saw — of the best society. She was very young; and it was in her nature to trust, obey, admire, and love.

Miss Dudley had happened to see Nelly on some of her afternoon visits to me, and had been very kind to her. Therefore I immediately mentioned the simple fact of her engagement to Miss Dudley.

"I hope her choice is worthy of her, pretty, sweet young creature!"

"I hope he will prove himself so; I do not think many people would be."

"I am glad it is not you, Katharine, if you will not think me too selfish for say-

ing so. But I feel pretty safe. Heart of flint, I believe no one ever makes much impression upon you, with a few trifling exceptions, such as the children, Dr. Physick's family, and myself. I shall have to choose my successor, and bequeath you to him in my will."

There was a good deal of truth in that speech. Since I came to Barberry Beach, I had known, for a person of my age, a remarkable number and variety of men of eminence and excellence. All had been courteous to me, many kind, and some very kind. With some I had formed pleasant, permanent, and, I trust, profitable friendships. But from yielding to any stronger interest in any one of them, I had been happily held back by two checks, — a thought and a feeling.

The thought was, that where sentiment began, there all light-hearted enjoyment for me must end, and sorrow and shame begin. Parts are to a man what beauty is to a woman; they commonly enable him to command a prize in the matrimonial market. Neither beauty nor wealth had I; and few of these eminent men could probably afford, even if they wished, to marry me. Besides, I had early and thoroughly learned the useful lesson, that it by no means follows that, because one person sincerely likes another, and heartily enjoys his or her conversation, that person will therefore wish to marry him or her. The first mistake on this point into which my inexperience and want of knowledge of the world had betrayed me had been bitterly rued, indeed, but mercifully hidden from all human eyes but my own. If with my eyes once opened I wilfully walked into a second, I had no right to expect even so much impunity.

The feeling to which I allude was, that I had lost my heart and never found it; and, whether well-founded or not, this feeling had become, in a manner, a safeguard to my tranquillity, and secretly tended, I rather think, to make simple, downright and upright, *unflirtatory* people feel themselves safe and at their ease with me, and free from

anxiety as to my putting any false construction upon their attentions. But I am keeping Miss Dudley waiting a long while for her answer.

"I do not know, my dear mistress, whether what you say is a *bonâ fide* compliment, or what Mademoiselle de Franche-Comté calls *un mauvais compliment*. I neither own nor disown it. So much, however, I will say for myself: I wish to be as the lady in 'Hyperion' told her lover he was, only 'in love with certain attributes.' Am I not moderate in my aims? I do not seek to appropriate to myself any creature, but only every creature's best. 'One is wise, yet I am well,' and all the better, because he teaches me to be wiser; 'another witty, yet I am well,' and the better too, for he stimulates me to rub up my own wits. Another is saintly, and I am in a way to be better still; because he makes me eager after his good works, spirituality, and sincerity. In the mean time, all the faults and frailties that may disfigure all these good qualities in the home of each good man are, while I stay with you, out of my way, and do me no harm."

"Well, that is a philosophical view of the subject, and one with which I, at least, have no occasion at present to quarrel."

Nelly's joyousness did not always keep up quite to its first pitch, as her wedding-day drew near. Mr. Blight sometimes complained of her friends to her, I know. I fear he sometimes did so of herself. One day, at least, I found her in tears; and she owned to me that she had been telling him she was afraid that they had been hasty, and she might not be really congenial to him. She thought it would be more prudent to wait a little longer; for it would be so dreadful for him, if he found too late that he had made a mistake!

"But he did not take it as I meant it. He was very much hurt. He said, he was not often mistaken in man or woman, and bade me examine myself prayerfully, and see whether my state of feeling did not really proceed from

resentment at his having, very properly, intermitted his attentions until he should have made up his own mind. And so I did; but I could not see that it proceeded from anything of the kind; for all those years, you know, my strongest earthly wishes were connected with him and his happiness and holiness. He told me that he would not suspect me of meaning to deceive him, but I might very naturally deceive myself; for the heart was deceitful and desperately wicked; and after such a proof of my fickleness as I had given him in proposing a delay, he could consent to none.

"Then I tried to convince him that I had never been fickle. I only broke myself, for conscience' sake, of the habit of thinking about him and pining for him all the time; and he had the candor to acknowledge, that, if he had not heard I — I was quite a changed person in practical matters, he should not have thought it his duty, whatever his feelings might be, to renew the acquaintance, and set me at the head of his house.

"Then I took courage again," she went on, "to try to explain to him, that, though my happiness was still bound up in his, I feared that the mere household duties of a matron, as he had described them to me, would be enough to swallow up almost all my little strength of mind and body; and that perhaps I could serve God better in single life, and another stronger woman be a worthier partner for a clergyman, and far more serviceable to his parish. But he told me to set my heart at rest on that score; that people always had strength enough, if they chose to exert it, to do their duty; and that a woman's highest duty and glory was to shield a husband from every domestic annoyance, and every sordid material care in the house, that he might be free to devote himself without reserve to his duties in the world."

Well, was not that true? I asked myself. Yes, to a considerable extent, at least, I supposed. Why was I so sorry, then, to hear that it was the opin-

ion of Nelly's husband that was to be? Why, for one thing, I imagine, because I never observed that such a very exact appreciation, on the part of any individual, of other people's duties towards himself, coincided with an equally exact perception and performance of his own duties towards other people.

"So it ended rather better than it began," continued Nelly; "but, Katy, he was very deeply pained. I am dreadfully afraid that, as he says, I do not understand him, and therefore that I can never make him happy. But he declares, 'with all my faults, he loves me still'; they may be a cross that he needs; at any rate, he can never give me up, and he is sure that it will be for his best good to marry me."

In short, Nelly did marry him at the end of the two months, upon a pittance of a salary, but with a liberal allowance, considering his own means, from her Uncle Wardour. With a smile and two tears she departed, and left me to miss her very much, and to ponder somewhat gloomily the question, how many degrees higher in the scale of Christian magnanimity it might be to marry a fellow-creature for one's own "best good," than to try experiments on her, and plague her for one's own "development."

The next four years were almost eventless at Barberry Beach. The pleasantest thing, perhaps, that happened in them was, that the twins grew up, and, at the age of eighteen, left school; and that then, when I thought myself in duty bound to offer my resignation, it was unanimously rejected by the family, according to Paul, "in a solemn *indignation-meeting*, — Miss Dudley in the chair, — laid on the table, and glued there." The young ladies took the housekeeping into their four hands, and ruled as harmoniously as they played together on the piano, and soon as skilfully. Mr. and Miss Dudley went with them to the Revere House for a month every winter, that they might go into company with "Cousin Clara" in Boston; and they served as

decoy-ducks to bring troops of other charming young people into and about their own home at all other seasons.

Of course, as we lived in a world of trial, so we were not without our trial. In Paul's Sophomore year, on the first of April, a mathematical diagram was painted upon the back of a mathematical tutor. The paint-pot was clearly brought home to the door of a classmate of Paul's. The classmate stood in imminent danger of being dealt with accordingly; when Paul "relieved him from suspense" by avowing himself the unknown artist. Paul soon after spent, at the suggestion of the Faculty, some time in the country, where, I trust, his meditations were blest to him. At any rate, as his chum deposed to me on his certain knowledge, on the Christmas following the injured tutor received an anonymous present of "broadcloth enough, such as he never saw before in his life, to make him a full suit," together with an agreement in writing "from the courtly Huntington, for value received, to make up the same." Soon after which occurrence the tutor became "so peg-toppy that, if you wound a string round him, you could spin him"; while "Paul went about the college-yard so uncommonly shabby," that the chum would have been ashamed to be seen with him if he "had n't guessed where his clothes went." But the above, if it was the worst, was also the last of Paul's practical jokes. Perhaps, therefore, the crisis did no harm, in the end, to either of the parties concerned.

CHAPTER XVIII.

As I look back over these pages that I have written, it seems to me that they are monotonous in their stories of the sickness and death of those I love. I cannot help it. Such sicknesses and deaths made a large proportion of the discipline of my earlier life. Heaven grant that I may not yet have them to record of my later life! In regard to the uniformity of its discipline, my case

was not, however, singular. Many more times than once, I have seen it happen that one mortal has been subject to one Hope, not always, by any means, drawn upon him by any agency of his own, but unaccountably falling upon him again and again, and on every side, until her work on him was done, or until he had passed beyond our ken.

After Nelly's marriage I saw very little of her. She had a standing invitation to Mr. Wardour's; but as her husband had not her uncle's self-restraint, it could hardly be pleasant to her to bring them often into one another's company. She had a child every year; and every year, on an average, lost one. Every year I made and sent her some little contribution to her nursery wardrobe; and every one was acknowledged by a sweet little grateful note, but always by a short one. Once she wrote, "My husband desires me to save my strength from letter-writing for more important duties."

About six years after her marriage, Mr. Wardour had some business in the State of New York, and determined to take her parsonage in his way, and see for himself how she was.

A fortnight after he set off, I was told in the middle of the forenoon — an unusual time for such an announcement — that Dr. Physick wished to speak to me. I hastened to the door.

"Katy," said he, "if you can be spared, I will take you down to Mr. Wardour's to see Nelly Blight."

"Nelly here! Since when? Is she ill?"

"She came the day before yesterday. I am afraid she is very ill. She wants to see you."

I excused myself in a moment to Miss Dudley, took my bonnet, shawl, and gloves in my hands, and ran out again and into the chaise. "You will make her better, cannot you?"

He shook his head. "The case has been running on too long; it is too complicated; the blood is hopelessly depraved. She is rallying from the fatigue of the journey, and a little revived by change of scene and air; but

she is hardly to be reckoned upon from day to day. Either one, of two or three things that are likely to happen, would carry her off directly."

He went up first to Nelly; and I turned into the parlor, where I saw old Mr. Wardour moving restlessly about the room, with the most perturbed expression I ever saw upon his venerable face. He scarcely greeted me.

"I did not know of dear Nelly's being here till the moment before I started to come and see her," said I. "How did you find Mr. Blight?"

He stopped short in front of me. "I found him a brute!" This from Mr. Wardour! I suppose I started; for he added, "A beast, I repeat! God defend you, my dear, from such a one!" He resumed his walk up and down the room, and actually moaned as he walked. "No mercy on the helpless! No fidelity to such a trust! *Poor child! Poor child!* How shall I ever answer it to her mother, if I meet her in the other world?"

This was all so unlike him, that for the moment I feared for his reason; and I ventured to go up to him and slide my arm into his, — he was always so good to me. "Mr. Wardour!" cried I, "don't blame yourself! you always took the kindest care of her. A father could not be tenderer. You could not help it."

"Could I, Katy?" said he, with a trembling lip, turning to look appealingly in my face. "I never liked the match. You know I never pretended I did. But they told me she almost broke her heart before, when he left her, — and what could I do? I would always have tried to give her a happy home. I didn't want my little girl to leave me. But when she wished to go, I straitened myself in my old age, — I did, more than once, — to keep her, and therefore him, in comfort and plenty."

"How glad she must have been to see you!"

"More glad than he was," said Mr. Wardour, striving after a calmer strain. "I found him up in the parlor with some other fellows, red and fat, eating

a dinner fit for an alderman, and her looking just ready to die, down with a maid-of-all-work in a hot, close, dark basement kitchen, half lying in a wooden chair tilted back against the wall, seeing that the dishes were served up to please him."

"What *did* he say?"

"He said I exaggerated. There was n't a drop of anything stronger than Seltzer or Vichy water in either of his own wine-glasses; and he was only making himself all things to all men to the Bishop and some leading members of his congregation, that it was important for him to gain an influence over. I asked him if it was n't important for him to take a little care of his wife. He answered, 'My parish first, then my family.' He said it in his vainglorious way, as if he was used to being admired for saying it!" Mr. Wardour looked as if he would have sneered at that, if he had only known how to sneer. "I never, before that day," he went on, "interfered between man and wife; but I could n't help asking him if Nelly was n't a member of his parish, and if there was any other member of it that he was married to. I asked him, too, if St. Paul did not say, 'He who provideth not for his own, and specially for those of his own house, hath denied the faith, and is worse than an infidel.' He said, I misapplied the text utterly. I don't know; he ought to; but there he was tricked out to the merest fopperies of his sect and profession, and she scarcely had clothes for the journey!"

Here I was called up stairs; and, seeing that he had in a measure eased his mind, I left him.

Nelly was sitting up in her old pleasant chamber, and in her old place in the easy-chair, but looking paler in her white wrapper than I ever saw her before. The old wistfulness had passed from her face. There was that change in its expression which is often, if not always, a sign of sickness unto death,—as if another, an angel, were looking through the familiar features. There was an unearthly calm about her. I

took her outstretched hand and kissed her forehead. She clasped me in her arms. A sweet-looking elderly woman, who was waiting upon her as I entered, set a stand with a glass of water, a fan, a cologne-bottle, and a hand-bell upon it, at her side, and gently left us together.

"Dear Nelly! I have only just heard of your being here. What can I do for you?"

"Nothing, dearest, but come and see me. I wanted only to thank you for what you have done, and to do what I could to repay you. The peace you brought me here went with me to my other home. It never left me in solitude or sickness or sorrow. It does not leave me now. But, O Katy, I have thought of you so often, and been so anxious about you! You used to advise me. I am in some ways the most experienced now. I longed so to have a chance to say to you,—O Katy, you are disinterested and devoted. Nobody knows that better than I. But you have a high spirit. Ordinary married life would be such a sad trial to you, perhaps a snare! Katy, do be careful how—whom you marry. Of course you can't have everything you might fancy, all together, in a husband. You can't have perfection ever, anywhere in this world. But *let* it be somebody whom you have known not only long, but well,—somebody whom you won't have to be always *adapting yourself to*,—somebody who is adapted to you already." She paused for breath, exhausted by her own haste and earnestness.

"O Nelly, why did we ever let you go?"

She smiled like a seraph: "Only because you all thought more of my pleasure than your own, I believe. But, Katy, I did not speak of disappointment, did I? It was a trial to me, to be sure, to be obliged to give up visiting and helping the poor. With all the illnesses that you know I had, and the care of a household besides, I could do very little of that kind; and then I used to think of a text you marked for

me once, 'The unmarried woman careth for the things of the Lord; but she that is married careth for the things of the world,' and so forth. But I do hope you will not think I meant to imply any disappointment in Mr. Blight. That would be very wrong. He is a good man,—a better man in some respects even than when you knew him last; and he says he has loved me only more and more every year. His theory is, that people are never the worse for doing their duty"; (a very true theory, was my internal comment; but, like many another true theory, capable, most unhappily, of many a false application;) "and," continued Nelly, "he always acts up to it himself. I have known him rise literally from a sick-bed to go to an ordination. But he did not know I was ill. How could he? I did not know it myself. I thought I was merely *run down*, as I have often been, only a little more so. The springs are apt to be rather trying in Duykinck. But Uncle Wardour has some experience; because, when poor people come to his shop for medicine, he often goes to visit the sick persons at their homes, and see if there is not something else they need. When he told Mr. Blight how ill he thought I was, Mr. Blight was alarmed, and made no objection to my coming home for a good long visit and rest. Dr. Physick has sent me such a dear, good nurse! Uncle Wardour brings me fruit, and lemonade, and everything I like, before I have time to recollect how refreshing it used to be. Even puss remembers me. See, she comes and sits at my feet, to purr me to sleep, for the sake of old times. It is so delicious to be at home, and at rest, and taken care of!"

I fanned her gently, but did not talk much for fear of fatiguing her.

After a little she resumed, with almost an arch look, "That did not sound like what I used to say when I sat here, *did it*?" Then more gravely, but very sweetly and softly, she went on at intervals: "I think I was not born for earthly happiness. Some people would

tell me, I suppose, that I ought to receive all the sufferings of the last six years as a judgment upon me for craving it as I did. I do not feel them to be so, except that perhaps my constitution never quite recovered from the exhaustion I brought upon myself by the idle pining out of which you rescued me. But our Heavenly Father called me away from that by a very tender and welcome messenger. It was heartily repented of—I hope atoned for—long before my marriage. I was sorry for Mr. Blight's leaving me; but, I think, quite submissive and resigned. No; a mother will not punish her young child if, when she would carry it away from the soap-bubbles with which its brothers and sisters are entertaining themselves, it stops its tears and cries, and only turns its little longing eyes and hands towards the lovely rainbow balls it wants to play with. If she carries the baby back, and lets it see and feel that the beautiful vision is a thing that only vanishes in its grasp, I think she does it in pure love, that her poor little nursling may not go away with its heart aching for a great possible pleasure unenjoyed, but can be put to sleep at the right time, contented and grateful,—as I shall."

Her nurse returned. I rose to go. She did not try to detain me, but said, with a cheerful, loving look, "When shall you come and see me again?"

"To-morrow?"

"Do," she answered; but before the morrow, one of the "two or three things" happened, and she was "put to sleep at the right time" for her, I cannot doubt; and when I did "come and see her again," she was in her coffin, waiting for the old driver of the same hearse in which we rode together when she rode before. Nelly, I believe that, of those two heart-sick girls, the lot fell to you to be borne into heaven in triumph, a glorified saint! . . .

Mr. Blight was at the funeral, and came to see me afterwards. I liked him better than I expected ever to like him, because, for the time being, he

appeared humbled by his grief, even to the point of making no parade of his humiliation ; and because for the first time I found, as Nelly seemed to think before, that he really had a heart.

CHAPTER XIX.

MISS DUDLEY took from me half my sorrow by her sympathizing tenderness, and soon had a new joy to share with me.

One still, sunny afternoon, early in the summer, I was soothing myself by a saunter up and down the beautiful old-fashioned garden, with its three straight gravel-walks rimmed with box, flanked by beds teeming with the richest luxuriance of old-fashioned flowers, and parted by lawns studded with fruit-trees, when I heard her voice calling my name. I turned and hastened to her.

"Katharine," cried she out of breath, smiling through tears, and taking both my hands, "congratulate me, and condole with me ! I have gained two nephews, or lost two nieces !"

"Who ? Who ?" cried I.

"Guess ; of course you can."

"Herman Arden, for one."

"No. Try once more."

I was very sorry then ; but I have lived to see, in that as well as other things, the vanity of human wishes. Not even Bernard Temple could be more saintly than the younger Arden was ; but the glory of martyrdom is too sad a glory for us to desire to see either of our household sunbeams quenched in it. "I do not know who else is quite good enough, unless it might be, indeed, Mr. Bernard Temple ; but he is a clergyman."

"*But* he is a clergyman !" That is not a highwayman ! Is it any objection to a man ? O Katharine !"

"Not if he can maintain a family," said I doubtfully.

"O, a mercenary objection ! No, seriously. Your difficulty arises simply from your being too unmercenary ever to ask what passes for anybody's worth

on 'Change. Now you shall hear. Bernard can maintain Rose very well ; or he should not have her, and I believe would not. He is not a person to take upon himself obligations which he has no means to discharge. Those two Temples are no common young men, as you will see when you have seen a little more of them. They were sons of my brother's favorite Professor at Cambridge ; and he has known them nearly all their lives. Almost from the cradle up, it was Bernard's ruling passion to be a clergyman, and Arthur's to be a statesman. Their father encouraged them. Their mother, a shrewd, hard-working, homespun woman, used to say : 'If you are content to live single, boys, do as you like, — a single man can live very well on much less than half as much as a double, or triple, or quadruple man ; but if you mean to be married, I can tell you from experience, a young family needs a good many other things besides speeches and sermons ; and if you want, as I should hope you did, to preach fearless sermons, and make honest speeches, remember what poor Richard says, — It's hard for an empty bag to stand upright.' They hit upon a compromise, if that can be called a compromise which sacrifices nothing. They went from college into such safe business as they could find, with the settled purpose of securing, if possible, an 'independence,' and of thus securing their independence of action in what they held to be the highest departments of human action. They have proved as fortunate as they were honest and able, and won what makes, with their little patrimony, not wealth, to be sure, but a competence. In the mean time, they have been studying their professions in their leisure time all their lives ; and perhaps they will be none the worse fitted to guide their fellow-men in secular and sacred matters, for having known the world by toiling in it, and temptation by withstanding it. You scarcely know Arthur, I believe ; but my brother does not consider him inferior to Bernard, and considers scarce-

ly any one of his age Bernard's superior. He says that Arthur is filling a most important place in the State legislature, and likely soon to be sent to Washington. Bernard has just been telling us, that he has received a unanimous call to our church here. Rose will live at the pretty little parsonage all the year round."

"How delightful that will be! But Lily?"

"O, did I not say? She has the other Temple, of course. As usual, they have 'everything alike.' My brother has given her a piece of land to build upon, just beyond our hedge. She is to pass her summers here. Are you not quite satisfied now, Katharine? We have always been on our guard, as you must have seen, against pampering the young people; and the girls have every prospect of an income sufficient, if not for luxury, for every reasonable purpose of health, peace, taste, and charity."

"I will be both satisfied and gratified, dearest mistress, if Mr. Bernard is as good and charming as he looks and seems, and Mr. Arthur as he looks,—for I have not yet seen enough of him to know how he seems,—and if they are not too old, after having time to do and learn so much."

"As for that, we are all moving on. Bernard is thirty, and Arthur but thirty-two. Our small children are twenty-one; and Paul encourages them with the assurance that they 'will soon be older.'" Miss Dudley paused. Her face grew more and more gravely bright, like the sunset, as we walked. She passed her arm round my waist, and spoke again: "Katharine, now, at last, I feel as I have never been able quite to feel before, as if I were prepared, when my time comes, to say,—from my full heart to say, 'It is enough; O Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace.' It might seem that, as I was not to die in my illness, eight or nine years ago, it was a superfluous hardship to me to be informed of my danger. It *was* an unspeakable blessing, even if a blessing in disguise! It made every day after-

wards granted me appear a separate boon. It has gently broken to me the sentence of death. It has enabled me to teach many of my habitual thoughts and hopes to make their home in heaven. I endeavored before, indeed, to send them onward to pioneer me there; but it was more difficult until they had the goad of an apparent doom following hard after me. Even the contrast between leaving my family situated as I should leave it now, and as I must have done if I had left it then, would be alone enough to warm my death-bed with a glow of thankfulness. Now I should not leave my brother desolate. A band of noble and dutiful young men and women would cluster round him, vying with each other to comfort and cheer him. Rose and Lily have grown up under my own eye, more than to fulfil my fondest hopes. Keeping all her graceful fancy, one of them has safely learned, at length, the difference between fact and fable, and the other changed her natural impetuosity into self-control within and generous energy without. I should, if I died to-day, leave one of them—with her lofty enthusiasm, her grand, high views, and wide sympathies—a heroine at a hero's side, and the other a little ministering angel, hovering round a reverent, grateful saint!" She paused again, and smiled half tenderly, half playfully: "My jurisprudent, not otherwise very prudent Paul? Whether he is to be chief-justice, or what he is to be, I do not yet know; but I need not. He is safely over the quicksands of his teens. I can trust Paul. O Katharine, mark my words! It is but a dangerous heresy to believe that youth is the only season in which happiness can find us out. Many lives grow richer and richer, and brighter and brighter, as they go on from youth to age. So it has been with mine. My treasure, so may it be with yours!"

We turned back from the end of the garden at the foot of the hill, and saw the lovers and Paul entering the opposite gate, and coming towards us. As we met the foremost pair, Bernard of-

ferred his arm to Miss Dudley, saying, "We have been looking everywhere for you, to see if we could not tempt you to join us."

Rose, rosier than ever, falling behind him, put her hand in mine and shyly, brightly said, "Has Aunt Lizzy told you? O Katharine, ought I not to be safe for this world and the other with two St. Bernards to watch over me?"

In a moment more, we met Lily and her Temple, with Paul bringing up the rear. "Cousin Katharine," said he, "allow me the honor of presenting to you Minerva and the Temple of Minerva."

Minerva-like and most goddess-like Lily, looked in her fair, stately, perfected, classic beauty, calm even then, though all radiant with an air of divine and immortal joy. She presently, notwithstanding, condescended to speak from her height like a very kindly mortal.

Mr. Temple began, "Miss Morne, I have just been complaining to my lady, that she has afforded me no share yet in what she says is her most delightful friendship." (He had been presented to me long before, but had seen the family chiefly on their yearly visits to Boston, — when I usually remained at Beverly, with Julia, — or with other company at home, when he had naturally not been thrown much in my way.)

"And I have been promising to do penance, my dearest Katharine," said Lily; "therefore I will be so disinterested as to give you both up to walk together."

We did so; and I then and there began to find him one of the most agreeable and interesting persons I have ever seen; but when the party reached the gate nearest the house again, I set him free, and had the self-denial to excuse myself to them all, leave them to themselves and one another, and go and sit alone upon the shore.

Hardly had I had time to settle myself quietly there, to revel in a reverie bright with the hopes and happiness of those so near and dear to me, when

I was startled from it by a loud and peculiar sound. I had never heard it before. It never had been heard since I had been a dweller in the place. But in an instant I was certain that it could be no other than the alarm-horn! I sprang to my feet. It came again — from the hill! I ran through the gate, and looked up as I still ran on through the garden. There was a group of ladies and gentlemen on the side of the hill. It was the party I had left. By the yet clear twilight I saw that they moved about some one who was lying on the ground. Was it? — it was! — Miss Dudley. In a moment, Paul shot past me, — going for the doctor, I supposed. He did not speak to me. I did not stop him. The path lengthened and the hill *heightened* under my flagging feet. I reached the spot at last.

The two Temples made way for me in silence. Lily was sitting on the turf, with Miss Dudley lying half in her arms. Rose fanned her with her hat. Her eyes were closed. I spoke to her. She opened them, and looked at me, and pointed to her heart. Since, of late years, she had no longer thought it necessary to have her opium constantly at hand, I secretly carried it about with me in a little morocco case, which Mr. Dudley had had made to hold the bottle, with a little spoon, which measured exactly her dose. I offered it now. She took it eagerly, and said: "It does me good. I shall be better soon. I thought I was well. I should not have climbed the hill. Don't be anxious, Charles."

Then I looked up, and for the first time saw the fixed white face — Mr. Dudley's — looking on. I believe that he was farther from the place, and got up the hill just after me. He came forward, knelt opposite to me, and took her hand. In the other she was holding mine. She clasped them both for an instant together. I thought she was for the moment unconscious of anything but pain, and gently drew my own away to wipe her forehead.

"Is it death?" she panted.

A death-like silence answered, and eyes, she unclosed them once more, was understood by her; for, after a murmured, "Enough, O Lord!" smiled momentarily's struggle with a natural pang gloriously around upon us all, and thus which brought the tears into her lovely "in peace" departed.

TIMON'S SOLILOQUY.

MY shadow, wheresoe'er I wend,
Is with me, like a flattering friend.
But chiefly when the sun of June
Is climbing to its highest noon,
My fond attendant closes near,
As I were growing still more dear;
And then, to show its love complete,
Falls even servile at my feet,
Where, proud of place, it scarcely nods
Before the temple of the Gods.
But when the evening sun descends,
It seems to seek for other friends,
Making a dial of the town,
To tell that Timon's day goes down;
And when the stormy night comes on,
I look, and lo! my shade is gone,—
While Athens, with indignant state,
Swings at my back her scolding gate,
And towering o'er me, black with wrath,
Frowns unrelenting on my path.
But when the sun shall reappear,
My semblance will again be here,
And every move of mine obey,
As if it had not been away.
And when some passer-by relates
How Fortune on my exile waits,
That I have found where fell the shower
Of Mother Earth's Danaean dower,
Then shall the city's wanton arms
Invite me with her liberal charms,
And all her crowd obsequious pour,
To bow me to her anxious door,
Where I might rise anew, extolled,
Like Perseus, from a lap of gold!
An ancient tale that never ends,—
Here comes my shadow,—here my friends!

CONSIDERATIONS ON UNIVERSITY REFORM.

IT seems to be quite generally felt that the present time is a favorable one for entertaining and discussing various projects for the improvement of the University at Cambridge. To the question of reform, in its general outlines, the attention of our readers has already been directed by able hands. It is here proposed to pursue the subject more into details, and to educe from a few general principles the rudiments of a systematic scheme of reform.

Note, first, that the idea of reform is to be kept distinctly separate from that of revolution, and that, while advocating the former, all encouragement to the latter will here be strictly withheld. The improvements from time to time aimed at should as far as possible be brought about without effacing the distinctive characteristics of the original system. We are unable to sympathize with the radical spirit which would make a bonfire of all churches because the Pentateuch does not teach geology, or which would upset an indigenous and time-honored government because certain social evils co-exist with it. And we cannot but think that an attempt to revolutionize our University, by assimilating it to sister institutions in England or Germany, would be productive of at least as much harm as good. If, for instance, in the hope of obtaining a perfect University, we were to abolish our dormitories, obliterate the distinction between classes, abandon the entire system of marking, and transfer the task of maintaining order from the Parietal Committee to the civil police, we should no doubt be as much disappointed as the men of 1789, who attempted to make English institutions grow on French soil, and got a Bonaparte dynasty for their pains. There is a place as well as a time for all things, and a great deal will always have to be con-

ceded to the habit which men have of getting used to old institutions and customs, and of disliking to see them too roughly dealt with. A German university is little else than an organized aggregate of lecture-rooms, libraries, laboratories, and other facilities for those who desire to study, — resembling in this respect our scientific and professional schools. Our New England colleges, founded in a Puritan environment, less imbued with the modern spirit, and in many cases even dating from an earlier period, have always combined with their instruction more or less of coercion; and have laid claim to a supervision over the demeanor of their students, in the exercise of which the liberty of the latter is often egregiously interfered with. The freedom of the undergraduate at Harvard is hampered by restrictions, many of which, if once justifiable, have in the lapse of time grown to be quite absurd, and should certainly be removed with all possible promptness: of these we shall speak presently. But to remove all restrictions whatever with one and the same sweep of our reformatory besom, would excite serious and extensive popular distrust. The New England mind, which tolerates Maine liquor-laws and sabbatarian ordinances and protective tariffs, would not regard with favor such a revolutionary measure. So much liberty would bear an uncanny resemblance to license, — a resemblance which, we freely admit, might not at first be wholly imaginary. The College would lose much of its popularity; young men would be sent elsewhere to pursue their studies; and thus great injury would be manifestly wrought to the cause of university reform, which must needs be supported to a considerable extent by popular sentiment in order duly to prosper. A large amount of discretion must therefore be used,

even in the removal of those features wherein our colleges compare unfavorably with those of other countries. But there are some respects in which the American university may claim a superiority quite unique, — some cases in which a radical change must ever be earnestly deprecated. That arrangement by virtue of which each student is a member, not only of the University, but of a particular Class, is fraught with such manifold benefits that any advantages to be derived from giving it up must disappear when brought into comparison. No graduate needs to be told what a gap would be made in his social and moral culture, if all the thoughts and emotions resulting from his relations to his classmates were to be stricken from it. For the genial nurture of the sympathetic feelings, the class system affords a host of favorable conditions which can ill be dispensed with. By means of it, the facilities of the University for becoming a centre of social no less than of intellectual development are greatly enhanced. On the other hand, it is not to be denied that, in requiring students of all degrees of mental ability and working power to complete the same course of study in the same length of time, there is much irrationality as well as some injustice. This evil, which is so seriously felt in American colleges, does not afflict the universities of England and Germany, where the class system is not in use. To obviate it, however, it is fortunately not necessary to resign the advantages which that system alone is competent to secure. Partly by allowing greater option in the selection of studies, partly by extending the privilege, at present occasionally granted to students, of taking their degrees one or two years after the termination of the regular course, sufficient recognition can be given to differences of mental capacity, without essentially infringing upon the individuality of the successive classes. Here, then, is a clear case in which a judicious reform might attain all the ends sought by a sweeping revolution, with-

out incurring the grievous detriment which the latter would inevitably entail. We believe that the same principle will apply in nearly every case; that it is possible to secure all the most valuable benefits conferred by European systems, without sacrificing the fundamental elements of our own; and that, by uniformly shaping our ameliorative projects with conscious reference to such an end, the efficiency of our University will be most successfully maintained, and its prosperity most thoroughly insured.

Next, in order to impart to our notions of reform the requisite symmetry and coherence, the legitimate objects of university education must be clearly conceived and steadfastly borne in mind. The whole duty of a university toward those who are sheltered within its walls may be concisely summed up in two propositions. It consists, first, in stimulating the mental faculties of each student to varied and harmonious activity, — in supplying every available instrument for sharpening the perceptive powers, strengthening the judgment, and adding precision and accuracy to the imagination; secondly, in providing for all those students who desire it the means of acquiring a thorough elementary knowledge of any given branch of science, art, or literature. In a word, to teach the student how to think for himself, and then to give him the material to exercise his thought upon, — this is the whole duty of a university. Into that duty the inculcation of doctrines as such does not enter. The professor is not fulfilling his proper function when he incontinently engages in a polemic in behalf of this or that favorite dogma. His business is to see that the pupil is thoroughly prepared and equipped with the implements of intellectual research, that he knows how to deduce a conclusion from its premise, that he properly estimates the value of evidence, and understands the nature of proof; he may then safely leave him to build up his own theory of things. His first crude conclusions may indeed be sadly

erroneous, but they will be worth infinitely more than the most salutary truths acquired gratis, or lazily accepted upon the recommendation of another. It is desirable that our opinions should be correct, but it is far more desirable that they should be arrived at independently and maintained with intelligence and candor. Sceptical activity is better than dogmatic torpor; and our motto should be, Think the truth as far as possible, but above all things, think. When a university throws its influence into the scale in favor of any party, religious or political, philosophic or æsthetic, it is neglecting its consecrated duty, and abdicating its high position. It has postponed the interests of truth to those of dogma. These are matters which our own University should seriously ponder. It does not always strive so earnestly to make its students independent thinkers, as to imbue them with opinions currently deemed wholesome. But science will never prosper in this way. Political economy will gain nothing by one-sided arguments against Malthus and Ricardo; sound biological views will never be furthered by indiscriminating abuse of Darwinism; nor will the interests of religion be ever rightly subserved by threatening heresy with expulsion.

An endless amount of discussion has been wasted over the question whether a mathematical or a classical training is the more profitable for the majority of students. The comparative advantages of spending all one's time upon one favorite pursuit, and of devoting more or less attention to various branches of study, have also supplied the text for much vague and unsatisfactory discourse. By the view of university education here adopted, these questions are placed in a somewhat favorable position for getting disposed of. The office of the university is not to enforce doctrine, but to point out method. It is not so much to cram the mind of the student with divers facts, which in after life it may be use-

ful for him to have learned, as to teach him the proper mode of searching for facts, and of dealing with them when he has found them. As Jacobs says, "It is of less importance in youth what a man learns, than how he learns it." * A fact considered in itself is usually a very stupid and quite useless object. Viewed in relation to other facts, as the illustration of a general principle, or as an item of evidence for or against a theory, it suddenly becomes both interesting and valuable. If the truth is to be told, by far the greater number of facts which are to be encountered in the various departments of nature are to most persons utterly insignificant and unattractive; chiefly, because they have never been furnished with the means of estimating their illustrative and evidentiary value. Universal logic, therefore,—the relations of phenomena to each other, and the methods of investigation and modes of proof applicable to widely different subjects,—should occupy an important place in college teaching. And that this end can be secured by studying any one kind of science alone is of course impossible.

The advocate of the utility of mathematical studies, when confronted with the insurmountable fact that very little use is made of algebra and geometry in ordinary life, is wont to shelter himself behind the assertion, that nevertheless these studies "discipline the mind." Though exquisitely vague, as thus expressed, this favorite apology is doubtless essentially valid. The almost universal distaste for mathematics,† co-existing as it does in many persons with excellent reasoning powers, proves that the faculty of imagining abstract relations is ordinarily quite feebly developed. Not reason, but imagination, is at fault. The passage from premise to

* *Vermischte Schriften*, III. § 27, p. 254.

† Which probably attained its sublimest expression some years ago in the case of a Sophomore who, coming from Harvard Hall, where his "annual" had goaded him to desperation, was heard to declare, in language equally with Caligula's deserving immortality, his wish that the whole of mathematical science might be condensed into a single lesson, that he might "dead" on it all at once!

conclusion could easily be made, if the abstract relations of position or quantity which are involved could be accurately conceived and firmly held in the mind. Now the ability to imagine relations is one of the most indispensable conditions of all precise thinking. No subject can be named, in the investigation of which it is not imperatively needed; but it can nowhere else be so thoroughly acquired as in the study of mathematics. This fact alone is sufficient to justify the University in requiring its students to devote some attention to such a study. But the excellence of mathematics as an instrument of mental discipline by no means ends here. It is indeed a fallacy to suppose that greater certainty is attainable in geometry than elsewhere. Not greater certainty, but greater precision, is that which distinguishes the results obtained by mathematical deduction. Dealing constantly with definite or determinable magnitudes, its processes are characterized by quantitative exactness. It is not obliged to pare off and limit its conclusions, to make them tally with concrete facts; but can treat of length as if there were no such thing as breadth, and of plane surfaces just as if solidity were unknown. It is thus the most perfect type of deductive reasoning; and if logical training is to consist, not in repeating barbarous scholastic formulas or mechanically tacking together empty majors and minors, but in acquiring dexterity in the use of trustworthy methods of advancing from the known to the unknown, then mathematical investigation must ever remain one of its most indispensable implements. Once inured to the habit of accurately imagining abstract relations, recognizing the true value of symbolic conceptions, and familiarized with a fixed standard of proof, the mind is equipped for the consideration of quite other objects than lines and angles. The twin treatises of Adam Smith on social science, wherein, by deducing all human phenomena first from the unchecked action of selfishness and then from the unchecked ac-

tion of sympathy, he arrives at mutually-limiting conclusions of transcendent practical importance, furnish for all time a brilliant illustration of the value of mathematical methods and mathematical discipline.

If magnitudes and quantities thus contemplated in the abstract yield such wholesome pabulum for the intellect, no less beneficial in many respects is the study of the direct applications of mathematics to the concrete phenomena of mechanics, astronomy, and physics. Not only do the numerous devices by which algebraic expressions are utilized in the solution of physical problems afford extensive scope for inventive ingenuity, but some familiarity with quantitative conceptions of the action and interaction of forces is eminently conducive to the entertainment of sound philosophic views. The reorganization of mechanics by Lagrange, and the beautiful construction by Fourier of a mathematical doctrine of heat, were innovations in philosophy as well as in science; and although the student can hardly be expected to gain even a rudimentary knowledge of these recondite subjects, he may at least with profit to himself be enabled to form some general notion of the symbolic conceptions of force which they systematically embody. Of especial importance is the study of astronomy, both philosophically, as imparting a knowledge of the cosmic relations of our planet, and logically, as exhibiting in its highest perfection the deductive investigation of concrete phenomena. The right use of that indispensable but dangerous weapon of thought, hypothesis, can nowhere be so conveniently or so satisfactorily learned as in astronomy, where hypotheses have been more skilfully framed and successfully applied than in any other province of scientific research.

But it is not by the study of mathematics and its applications alone, that a comprehensive logical training can be acquired. There are other kinds of proof than mathematical proof; and the deductive method is not the only meth-

od of reasoning. In estimating the comparative advantages of mathematical and of classical discipline, too slight and too feeble recognition has been extended to the great body of inductive science, which has grown up and attained to philosophic significance only in quite modern times. Chemistry and concrete physics have their means of arriving at truth, very different from those employed in mathematics, but quite as essential to sound scientific thinking. To acquire expertness and elegance in the use of deductive methods, while remaining contentedly ignorant of the fundamental canons of induction, is to secure but a lame and one-sided mental development. It is often remarked, that many men, whose opinions upon any subject with which they are familiar are sober enough, do not scruple to utter the most childish nonsense upon topics with which they are only partially acquainted. The reason is, that they have learned to think correctly after some particular fashion, but know nothing of the general principles on which thinking should be conducted. They are what is fitly called narrow-minded; and since each branch of knowledge is more or less closely interlaced with every other branch, a searching scrutiny will usually show that even in their control of their own specialty there is ample room for improvement. Each science has its logical methods and its peculiar species of evidence; and to insure an harmonious development of the mental powers, there is no practicable way except to obtain a knowledge of all.

To acquire such a command of scientific methods, it is not necessary, even were it possible, to devote much study to the details of each separate science. To master the details of any single science is a task for the accomplishment of which a lifetime is much too short. Recollecting, however, that not doctrine, but method, is for the student the thing above all others needful, it will be seen that our scheme does not make too great demands even upon the limited time embraced in a university course.

The principles of investigation involved in every one of the inductive sciences might easily be learned in the time now devoted to the acquisition of facts in chemistry alone. The college now attempts to teach chemistry as if each student might possibly come to be a physician, metallurgist, or pharmacist in after life. And the amount of time spent upon it is out of all proportion to that allotted to the other natural sciences, some of which, as anatomy and geology, are not even included in the regular course of electives. But total ignorance of organs and tissues is too great a price to pay for even an extensive acquaintance with acids and salts. The study of chemical details should be reserved for the elective course, of which we shall presently treat. The fundamental principles of chemistry, its relation to kindred sciences, the scope which it affords for observation and experiment, the philosophical value of its unrivalled nomenclature,—these are matters of universal importance, and their study forms an inseparable part of a catholic education. As thus conducted, the study of chemistry need not consume more than one third of the time at present assigned it, and other sciences, now sadly neglected, might assert their just claims to attention.

Chemistry and molecular physics constitute the proper field for the employment of the purely inductive method. As we arrive at the organic sciences, deduction again assumes a prominent position. Of our three principal instruments for interrogating Nature,—observation, experiment, and comparison,—the second plays in biology a quite subordinate part. But while, on the one hand, the extreme complication of causes involved in vital processes renders the application of experiment altogether precarious in its results, on the other hand, the endless variety of organic phenomena offers peculiar facilities for the successful employment of comparison and analogy. Zoölogy and botany are pre-eminently the sciences of classification; and if skill in

the use of this powerful auxiliary of thought is ever to be acquired, it must be sought in the comparative study of the vegetable and animal kingdoms. Theoretical logic may divide and subdivide as much as it likes; but genera and species are dull and lifeless things, when contemplated merely in their places upon a logical chart. To become correct reasoners, it is not enough that we should know what classes and subclasses are; we should also know how to cunningly make them. From pure considerations of discipline, therefore, biology should form one of the regular studies of the university course, and some proficiency in it should be expected of every candidate for a bachelor's degree. Practical considerations also join in urging that steps should be taken to raise the organic sciences from the insignificant position now assigned them. If some sagacious traveller from a distant world, like Voltaire's *Micro-mégas*, were to visit Harvard College, he would doubtless give vent to unpleasant sarcasms concerning the profound anatomical ignorance of its graduating classes. He would pronounce it hardly creditable to the institution, that men who have received its honors should be guilty of classifying cuttlefishes with the *Vertebrata* (we state facts), and should betray even less acquaintance with the structure of their own bodies than with the physical configuration of the moon. The scientific study of life has its practical as well as its speculative advantages. For want of sound views of biological method, intelligent persons are daily seen yielding faith to unscientific fallacies like those embodied in homœopathy, or to wretched delusions like *cranioscopic phrenology*.

It is therefore recommended that the time required for the study of chemistry be limited to one term, instead of extending over three; that in the second term, along with the botany now taught, some instruction be given in general and comparative anatomy; to be followed, in the third, by a brief but comprehensive survey of physiology; while

such knowledge of geology as is needful for the better understanding of these subjects might be simultaneously imparted by means of lectures. An arrangement of this sort would possess the signal advantage of throwing the organic sciences into their proper place, between chemistry, upon which they partially depend, and psychology, to which they constitute the natural introduction.

There is the less need for insisting upon the value of psychology, metaphysics, and logic, as instruments of mental discipline, since few persons are disposed to call it in question. In following a difficult metaphysical discussion, all the intellectual faculties are brought into healthful activity; and although men may reason well without understanding the nature of the psychical processes, there is no doubt that an acquaintance with psychology guarantees its possessor against the adoption of many a plausible fallacy. After the student has acquired, through his scientific studies, some dexterity in the use of logical methods, he will approach, with all the more interest and enthusiasm, the study of those methods as organized into a coherent system. In view of what has already been said, it is almost unnecessary to add, that we do not regard the science of logic as consisting solely of the doctrine of the syllogism. It will no longer do to ignore the fact that induction has its tests and canons, as well as deduction. Mr. Mill's great treatise has been before the public for nearly a quarter of a century; and though far too learned and ponderous for a text-book, its introduction into the college course, in an epitomized form, would be attended with happy results. As for metaphysics, much of its value in education depends upon the catholicity of the spirit in which it is taught. Metaphysical doctrines are not so incontrovertibly established as the leading theorems of physical science. On nearly every question there are at least two mutually incompatible opinions, while on some points there are scores of such. The latest specula-

tions do not, as usually happens in science, render antiquated the older ones; and accordingly, in teaching metaphysics, extensive use should be made of the historical method of presentation. Recitations from the text-book might profitably be combined or alternated with lectures upon the history of philosophy, in which the aim should be to indicate as graphically as possible the relations sustained by each system to its predecessors. In default of any such arrangement, the University already possesses, in the works of Sir William Hamilton, with their profound historical consciousness, the best attainable substitute.

The study of history, with reference to the scientific methods involved in it, would in a university be utterly impracticable. That there is a causal sequence, which must sooner or later admit of being formulated, in the tangled and devious course of human affairs, we not only readily grant, but we also steadfastly maintain. But speculations of this sort are too hopelessly abstruse, and require too vast and minute a knowledge of details, to be profitably included even in the most advanced undergraduate course. Historical laws cannot, like physical laws, be obtained from the inspection of a few crucial instances. The enormous heterogeneity of social phenomena forbids their becoming amenable to any such process. Only in political economy, and to some extent in ethics, where the action of certain moral forces is independently treated, can the student be expected to comprehend general truths. Far from being in a condition to appreciate general views of historic evolution, he is usually ignorant of most of the leading facts upon which they are founded. Historical instruction, therefore, must continue to consist chiefly in the exposition of details. It is important, however, that the attention should be principally directed toward those events which have constituted turning-points in human progress. It is better to confine the attention to a few cardinal epochs, like

the rise of the Holy Roman Empire, the Crusades, the Reformation, or the Revolt of the Netherlands, than to try to commit to memory a compendium like Michelet's *Précis*, which is nothing but a disjointed chronological table, a *potpourri* of unmeaning dates and unexplained occurrences, wherein trivial anecdotes and events of eternal significance are incontinently huddled together, without the slightest attempt at historical perspective. Above all, the essential unity and continuity of ancient and modern history should be kept steadily in view; and to this end, far more importance should be assigned to the history of Imperial Rome than is now the case. Ancient history will always, as at present, be best studied in connection with ancient languages and literature. And this remark suggests the last of the subjects requiring notice in our brief survey, in proceeding to consider which, let it be premised that the most inestimable benefits arising from the study of history are here passed over, as implied in what we shall have to say about the classics.

If we have reserved the last place for the mention of classical studies, it is not because we esteem them least in value. After what has been said concerning the advantages of mathematical and scientific training, our assertion of the paramount importance of the classics will incur no risk of being ascribed to one-sided prejudice. We therefore make no scruple of recording our opinion that, both in quantity and in quality, the mental discipline obtainable from the intelligent study of the Greek and Latin languages equals that which can be acquired by any other educational means whatever. To which it may be added, that, if accuracy and precision are most thoroughly imparted by the study of exact science, on the other hand practical sagacity, catholic sympathies, and breadth of view are the qualities most completely developed by philological and literary pursuits. Indeed, were it not for the amount of attention so generally bestowed upon

the literatures and dialects of Greece and Rome, our intellectual sympathies would become contracted to a deplorable degree. As Dr. William Smith has observed, "their civilization may be said to be our civilization, their literature is our literature, their institutions and laws have moulded and modified our institutions and laws; and the life of the Western nations of Europe is but a continuation of the life of Greece and Rome." The reasons habitually adduced for studying the history of our own country and that of England, from which our political institutions most directly emanate, apply with scarcely inferior cogency to the study of that antique civilization, whence the best and most enduring elements of our social structure, our science, laws, and literature, even most of our religious ideas, are ultimately derived. And how much or how little of ancient life can be comprehended without a knowledge of ancient languages, we are willing to let every classically educated man declare for himself. There is thus a profound reason for the fact that universities have ever made the classic languages the basis of their instruction. The progress of modern discovery may greatly modify the circumstances under which this arrangement was originally made, but it can never entirely do away with them. Sanskrit, for instance, the immense importance of which we would be the last to under-rate, can never be placed upon an equal footing with Latin and Greek. Valmiki and Kalidasa, says Mommsen, are the precious treasures of literary botanists, but Homer and Sophocles bloom in our own garden. With Indian civilization we are but remotely connected; and our obligations to Cæsar, Paul, and Aristotle will ever be infinitely greater than to Kanada or Sakyamuni. The noble thoughts of Hellenic philosophers and Roman jurists have not only helped to inaugurate modern civilization, but have since continually reacted upon it. The impulse given to jurisprudence by the discovery of Justinian's Pandects at Amalfi may have been

exaggerated by uncritical historians, as Hallam and Savigny have maintained. But the Renaissance, with its innumerable consequences, will remain forever an abiding refutation of the detractors of classical studies. Well might the renewal of intercourse with antiquity be called a *new birth* for the modern mind; it nerved it with vigor for its greatest achievements. The spirit of Aristotle and Galen dwelt not with the stupid schoolmen who, parrot-like, repeated their doctrines, but with Galileo and Harvey, who overthrew them.

Not only does classical scholarship ripen the judgment and widen the sympathies; it also affords unrivalled scope for the exercise of practical sagacity. In order to acquire tolerable proficiency in the use of an ancient language, it is necessary to go through with an endless amount of reasoning, classifying, and guessing. Hypotheses must be skilfully framed, inferences must be correctly drawn, probabilities must be carefully balanced; a high degree of shrewdness must continually be applied to the solution of questions for the moment of practical importance, and to the removal of constantly occurring practical difficulties. The kind and amount of discipline thus obtained far excels any which can be got from the study of modern languages, all of which, from Portuguese to Russian inclusive, can be learned by the classical scholar with less labor and in less time than it has taken him to master his Greek and Latin. It is a grave error to suppose that all this mental exertion can take place without beneficial effect upon the after life of the student. Even if he is so unwise or so unfortunate as to allow his classical attainments to slip from his memory, he will be the better fitted for all the business of life, by reason of the exercise which they have entailed. Whatever native keenness and capacity for patient drudgery he may have in him will show itself developed and strengthened, just as his alertness and muscular vigor will be the better for his early rowing and cricket-playing, though he

may never touch bat or oar again. Impatient utilitarianism, in directing all education to immediate practical ends, and in turning universities into polytechnic schools, sacrifices more than it gains. The example of Rawlinson, as it has been well observed, proves that a soldier does not fight the worse at Candahar because he has deciphered cuneiform inscriptions at Ecbatana: to which it may be added that Julius Cæsar was not the worse general because he wrote on philology even in the midst of his wonderful campaigns; that men like Gladstone and Lewis are not worse, but better, statesmen because of their consummate classical scholarship; and that Henry Sumner Maine is not likely to prove less competent as a lawgiver for India, because he is the author of the profoundest treatise extant upon legal and social archæology.

Lastly, the current argument against classical studies, that, though imparting vigor and keenness to the mind, they are not immediately applicable to practical or professional purposes, is precisely one of the strongest arguments in their favor. "In proportion as the material interests of the present moment become more and more engrossing, more and more tyrannical in their exactions, in the same proportion it becomes more necessary that man should fall back on the common interests of humanity, and free himself from the trammels of the present by living in the past." In this age of hurry and turmoil, these words of the lamented Donaldson are daily assuming more and more of vital significance. If there is ever to be a limit to the minute subdivision of labor, if the excessive specialization of employments is not to go on unchecked by counter-processes, if man is not to be degraded into a mere producing and manufacturing automaton, if individuality of character is destined to reassert its antique pre-eminence, this must be brought about by sedulously fostering those pursuits which are not directly subservient to objects of narrow utility. And to this end, no studies can be more needful

and appropriate than the studies of history, language, literature, and archæology, — those studies which Steinthal, with reference to their effect upon the mind, has classified together and aptly entitled "retrospective."* They enlarge our mental horizon; they reveal our indebtedness to the patient thinkers and workers who have gone before us, and to whom we owe most of our present comforts; they cultivate our sympathy with the joys and sorrows, the hopes and disappointments, of past generations; they preserve us from the worst effects of the petty annoyances and carking anxieties of daily life, — the *μεριμνὰ βιωτικά*, against which the highest religious and ethical teaching has solemnly warned us. These are benefits too priceless to be thrown away, in order that our young men may gain a year or two for their professional labors; and they are amply sufficient to justify the University in continuing, as it has always done, to make classical scholarship an indispensable part of a liberal education.

Our hasty survey of these various departments of study brings to light claims on the part of each one which cannot wisely be ignored. In order to adequately perform its first great duty of evoking the mental capacities, the University must extend some recognition to all. Some proficiency in mathematics, in each of the physical and moral sciences, in history, and in classics should be demanded of every student who wishes to take a degree. The amount of work needful to be done in each of these branches in order to satisfy the requirements of a liberal education, it is for professors and tutors to determine. But we may here extend to all required studies the suggestion already made in regard to chemistry, that only a minimum of attainment should be expected of the whole body of students. In the case of the sciences, only so much attention should be given to details as is requisite for the comprehension of

* *De Pronomine Relativo*, pp. 4, 5.

methods and general results. For this purpose, some knowledge of special facts is of course requisite. We cannot understand the atomic theory or the doctrine of definite proportions without knowing something about oxygen, hydrogen, and the other elements; but it is not necessary to learn all the ways in which the metals are extracted from their ores. To understand methods and results in biology, we need to be acquainted with organs, fluids, and tissues, and to have some knowledge of function as well as of structure; but we need not enter into the merits and short-comings of Mr. Gulliver's theory of inflammation, or be particular as to the proper classification of the *Bryozoa*. The mathematical course might perhaps be allowed to close with plane trigonometry, and the course in classics might be materially abridged. Far less attention might be given to supremely useless matters, like Greek prosody; and the time now spent in committing to memory arbitrary rules for the scanning of choral passages in *Æschylus* would thus be saved for the study of ancient history and politics, in which important branches the requirements of the University have not yet attained even a respectable minimum. Doubtless in many other respects the amount of compulsory study might be curtailed. But these hints are merely thrown out by way of illustration. In a matter demanding so much circumspection, only the wisdom and experience of practised instructors are competent to decide. Satisfactory results could easily be obtained, if the head of each department were to fix the minimum to be required in his own specialty, subject to the concurrence of the representatives of all the other departments. The course of study, thus regulated, would slightly resemble what at Oxford is called the "pass-course," and all parts of it should be made compulsory for all students.

In advocating the adoption of a required course so extensive and yet so elementary, our aim is not to encourage crude smattering or vain sciolism, but

to enable the student to approach his own special subject in the light thrown upon it by widely different subjects, and with the varied mental discipline which no single study is competent to furnish. Nature is not a mere juxtaposition of parts, but a complex organic whole; and the different branches of science are so closely allied that, without a general knowledge of all, we cannot have a complete comprehension of any. From the lack of a well-defined knowledge of the boundaries which divide chemistry from physiology, many eminent chemists of the present century, including such men as Raspail, Berthollet, and even Liebig, have attempted to treat physiological questions by methods of investigation applicable only to chemical questions. There has thus arisen an ill-digested mass of speculation, embracing some inquiries which are purely chemical, and others which are purely physiological, to which has been given the name of Organic Chemistry. The amount of misdirected theorizing which resulted from this confusion of subjects and methods, it would be no light task to estimate. The doctrine of definite proportions was assailed, the distinction between ultimate and immediate analysis was lost sight of, and theories of respiration and animal heat were propounded, whose rare beauty and artistic symmetry of conception rendered only the more palpable and deplorable their extreme logical deficiency. This example, out of many which might be given, will suffice to illustrate our present position, that universal philosophic culture is essential to the right understanding of any one science.

But a general elementary training we deem serviceable only in so far as it is ancillary to the intelligent study of special subjects; and in providing for the former, our scheme of education is only half completed. Provision must also be made for the latter. Along with the *pass-course* at Oxford, there is another system of study, making quite different demands upon the ener-

gies of the student, and called the *class-course*. Our system of minimums likewise needs to be supplemented by a course entailing far greater labor, and crowned with still higher results. In reducing, as here recommended, the amount of work in the required studies, in uniformly postponing doctrine to method, in contemplating scientific truths only in their general bearings, and in extending its instruction over so wide a field, the University will have secured but one of its great educational ends. It will have supplied the instruments for investigation; it must now supply the material. In order to discharge its second great duty of providing each student with the means of thoroughly conducting special studies, the University should introduce an extensive and well-regulated system of electives. For this we have an obvious analogue in the usage of our ancestral institution in England. We allude, of course, to the *triposes* of the University of Cambridge, so called, not from anything triple or tripartite in their structure, but because of the "*stool* or *tripos* on which the bachelor of the day sat before the proctors during the disputations on Ash-Wednesday." Along with the course of required studies, remodelled according to the principles here laid down, a series of triposes should be instituted. The classic languages, with ancient history and ancient philosophy, would naturally constitute one tripos; a second might be made up of pure and applied mathematics; a third, of chemistry and the organic sciences; a fourth, of psychology, logic, and the history of philosophy; a fifth, of modern history, political economy, and elementary law; while a sixth might be assigned to modern languages and general philology. At the beginning of the Sophomore year, — when, as we shall presently see, matriculation should be granted and the proper University course should commence, — the student should be allowed to select one or more of these triposes, in which to pursue his studies until graduation.

As in each tripos the degree of proficiency requisite in order to graduate with honor should obviously be placed very high, few students would think it advisable to take up more than one. Thus organized, the system of triposes would for all practical purposes correspond to the Oxford class-course.

Many students will in every year be found willing to content themselves with the pass-course. They have no desire to do more than the minimum of work needful in order to get through college without disgrace. Or perhaps they are feeble in health, or have been imperfectly trained at school, and cannot therefore expect to do justice to the severe requirements of a tripos. These should be allowed to act their pleasure: the education they will get from the pass-course is vastly better than none; and there are better means than direct compulsion for inducing the student to follow the more laborious and profitable path. Either a higher degree should reward the perseverance of the class-man, as some have already suggested, or the maximum of credit should, for the pass-man, be reduced by one half or even by two thirds. In any case, all the honors of the University, all its scholarships, prizes, and emoluments, should be strictly reserved for those who have distinguished themselves in a tripos. Besides this, for the class-men, the constraint of compulsory attendance upon recitations and lectures should be materially diminished. Every one possessed of the requisite experience knows that, for the able and diligent student, too frequent recitation is not only a hardship, but a hindrance. The explanations of the professor, adapted as they must be to the comprehension of all his hearers, are often entirely superfluous to any one who has properly gone over the subject beforehand; while listening to the awkward blunders of dull or lazy classmates is not only a waste of time, but an irritation to the nerves. Nor could any class-man be expected to acquit himself satisfactorily upon his final examination, if three hours were to be sub-

tracted from his time for study each day. Four or five recitations every week in the studies of the tripos would be amply sufficient. The class-man should also be exempted from pursuing that portion of the pass-course covered by the subjects embraced in his tripos. Obviously, he who selects Latin and Greek for his special studies will gain nothing by following the instruction given upon those subjects to the pass-men, though in all other departments he must keep up to the minimum required. As a further means of relieving class-men from the distractions of continual recitation, and in order to provide all students with a wholesome incentive to exertion, a conditional exemption from recitations might be granted in the studies of the pass-course. For example, all persons attaining a certain standard of excellence in the monthly examination might be required to attend only half the stated number of recitations for the month following. The next examination would afford both a test of the faithfulness with which the student had employed the time thus left to his control, and an occasion for withdrawing the privilege in case of its abuse. Some such system as this might be put into operation even in the present state of affairs. Its merits, in creating a powerful yet thoroughly natural motive for promptness and diligence, are perfectly apparent. It goes far toward obviating the defects of the system of compulsory attendance, while it does not ignore the value of that discipline which can only be got from occasional intercourse with tutors and fellow-students in the recitation-room.

The advantages of solving problems, construing an ancient author, or rehearsing the results of one's reading in the presence of classmates and subject to professorial criticism, are indeed sufficiently obvious. Skill in acquiring knowledge ought certainly to be accompanied by skill in reproducing it; nor would the student be likely to do credit to himself in the examination, who should fail previously to test his

powers of answering questions on the spur of the moment. But the business of recitation should not be confined to going over in public what has already been gone over in private. The instructor's superior knowledge and more extensive sources of information should be applied to the elucidation of the subject in hand. Questions should be freely asked, and discussion, wherever relevant, should be encouraged. Thus conducted, the recitation would fulfil its appropriate function of making good the short-comings inherent in a system of merely private study, of supplying illustrations which cannot be found in text-books, and of smoothing the difficulties which from time to time beset the student in his progress.

Viewed in this light, the recitation is properly an auxiliary to study, rather than a gauge of the student's attainments. The latter purpose can be adequately subserved only by the examinations, on which the rank assigned to the student should exclusively depend. The marks given on individual recitations are nearly worthless as an index of scholarship. By dint of "cramming," the use of keys, translations, and other abominations, a delusive show of knowledge can easily be produced, which may answer the demands of the moment, but which a shrewd examination will inevitably dispel. If recitations were not allowed to influence rank, and were conducted in the conversational manner here recommended, the chief temptation to the employment of these wretched subterfuges would be at once removed. Accuracy of scholarship can never be looked for in a man who refuses to grapple with obstacles himself; and to translations in particular it may be objected that, being rarely executed by competent scholars, their interpretations of difficult passages are usually quite untrustworthy. Any system of conducting recitation, whose tendency is to banish these treacherous guides from the precincts of the University, is by that circumstance alone recommended at the outset.

The object of the triposes is to encourage minute and thorough scholarship. To this end, the distribution of honors should be determined by the results of a competitive examination held at the close of the college course, in which the requirements should be so great, and the questions so searching, as to render hopeless all attempts at succeeding by surreptitious means. At Oxford, for instance, the final class-papers in mathematics include questions covering the whole subject of pure and mixed mathematics; and there is no reason why our standard of proficiency should not be equally high, since in a purely optional course neither inability nor distaste for the subject can reasonably be pleaded. From the classical student, besides thorough familiarity with the text and subject-matter of at least ten difficult authors, we should demand a knowledge of ancient history at once extensive and accurate, as well as some skill in treating the higher problems of philology and criticism. And in the other class examinations the requirements should be similar. With such an organization, it would be strange if the University did not each year send forth a considerable number of persons in every way prepared to become finished scholars. With the compulsory system reduced to the lowest practicable minimum, and the elective system carried out with the greatest possible completeness, the chief ends of a liberal education can most effectually be secured; and the most excellent features of the European university will thus be adopted without resigning any single point of superiority possessed by the American college.

As already hinted, the existing constitution of the Freshman year should not be materially infringed. A course of study like the one here described cannot profitably be undertaken without more thorough elementary preparation than the student is likely to obtain at school. In such a country as England, where a dense population is confined to a small area, and where a con-

siderable degree of uniformity prevails in the civilization of different localities, all the necessary work preliminary to a university career can easily be performed in the great public schools. If, however, the present population of England were loosely spread over all the country between the Atlantic and the Dnieper, and if, while some parts were as highly educated as London, other parts were as poorly educated as Dalmatia, the state of things would be analogous to that which now exists in our own country. It is in conformity with these different circumstances that our system of education must be organized. We have no Eton or Rugby; but we have hundreds of schools for elementary education, scattered over an immense tract of country, and differing widely in the amount and quality of the instruction which they impart to their pupils. The social environment in which they are situated is usually very different from that of Cambridge; and the especial preparation of students for Harvard College cannot, except, perhaps, in Massachusetts, be regarded as one of the ends for which they exist. While the student coming from New England or any of the adjacent States is likely to be well prepared to begin his studies at Harvard, the student who comes from the West or from the South is equally likely to be ill prepared. These disadvantages are now to a great extent compensated under the *régime* of the Freshman year, and the circumstances by which they are occasioned furnish a sufficient reason for retaining that year as a period of probation, instead of giving it up altogether, or of making it a part of the regular University course. It should therefore, we think, be retained in its present form, with an examination both at its beginning and at its close, upon the latter of which the attainment of matriculation should be made to depend.

Our brief sketch of a university reform would not be complete without a few remarks upon the numerous police restrictions by which, at Harvard and elsewhere, the American student is gra-

tuitiously harassed.* When the University undertakes to prescribe the color of the student's dress, to determine when and where he shall smoke his cigar in the streets, and under what conditions he shall keep a dog or a horse, it is not only exceeding its proper functions, but it is also forgetting its own dignity. Years ago, when black broad-cloth was generally considered the only suitable material for a gentleman's coat, and when none but truckmen and coal-heavers smoked in the streets, these laws might have been reasonable, though they were not even therefore necessarily justifiable. Now they have neither reason nor justice to recommend them. The state of things to meet which they were framed has entirely passed away, and the result of maintaining and even partially enforcing them is to widen, instead of closing, the social gulf which is fixed between instructors and students. Only when this chasm is removed by more familiar intercourse, and by the abolition of the petty restraints which have in times past caused students to regard with distrust and suspicion the officers placed over them, can the graver evils of college life, such as hazing and rowdism, be effectually done away with. The self-respect awakened in the mind of the student by treating him as a gentleman will go much farther toward insuring his gentlemanly behavior than all the censorial laws which corporations can frame and proctors execute. That undergraduates have too often demeaned themselves like grown-up children follows naturally from the circumstance that they have to an extent only too great been regarded as such.

That a limited amount of penal legislation is needful, under the present constitution of our colleges, we have already admitted. If the system of compulsory attendance upon lectures, recitations, and the roll-call—currently known as "morning prayers"—is not entirely to be given up, some penalty must await non-attendance. But that this penalty should interfere with the

rank of the student, should affect his apparent scholarship, is utterly absurd. There is conspicuous absurdity in the state of things which allows a man who has attained an average mark of seven eighths to graduate without honor, because of his irregular attendance upon college exercises. His low rank is considered by the public to be an evidence of inferior scholarship; nor will any amount of mere explanation suffice to remove the impression. The old system of fining would be far preferable to this. As for rioting, sedition, and gross indecorum, they should, after due warning, be visited with expulsion. Further than this, the penal legislation of the University cannot legitimately extend.

Such in its leading outlines is the scheme of university reform which has long been present, with more or less distinctness, to the mind of the writer. We are not sufficiently vain or sanguine to hope that it will at once recommend itself to those in whose hands the work of reform has been placed. We have throughout, however, avoided the discussion of Utopian measures for the attainment of ideal excellence, and have proposed no innovations for which we do not consider the times to be fully ripe, and the means of execution entirely at command. If our suggestions shall have at all contributed to fix and give shape to the floating ideas of any graduate who may be now first approaching the subject of reform, their end will be amply subserved. Something would have been said, had space allowed, on the important subject of a post-graduate course. But for the present we must be content with directing the attention of the alumni and the public to the imperative need which exists for an arrangement whereby those graduates who desire it shall be enabled to pursue their studies indefinitely, under the shadow of the University. Only under such a system can we make due provision for thorough scholarship. Our literature cannot hope to compete with that of other countries, so long as our young men of literary taste and ability

* Statutes of Harvard College, Ch. X. § 101.

have no choice but to embark in an active profession, or engage in mercantile employments. To institute a number of fellowships—the essential condition of a post-graduate course—will require, no doubt, a much greater revenue than the University has now at its disposal. But the end which is not straightway attainable should still be kept steadily in view. A system of post-graduate instruction is, we repeat, the great need both of the University and of the country. Literature, science, and high scholarship have never pros-

pered where they have not been recognized as legitimate special pursuits. Individual zeal and genius may indeed perform wonders, but they cannot supply the place of systematic organization. Our mother University has in recent days enriched mankind by the labors of a Donaldson, a Munro, and a Merivale; and when we, by means of a well-organized system of fellowships, are able to do likewise, our country also may hope to rival its mother in learning and scholarship, as it now rivals her in material prosperity.

THE CLAUDIAN EMISSARY.

THE middle of March found me at Naples still, with an inflexible necessity upon me of being in May at Paris, whither I proposed to go by way of Ancona and Venice. But between Naples and the northern sea, stretching for many leagues from the frontier of the Ecclesiastical States along the Apennines, lay those three provinces of the old Sicilian kingdom,—almost untrodden by modern travel, infested to a proverb with banditti and vermin, and no less barren of all the comforts of modern civilization,—the rugged, picturesque Abruzzi. Against these, and all dealings with them, Murray warned with the voice of authority; and Murray's authority was enforced by many friendly dissuasions on the spot. Yet dissuasions and warnings, pictures of a country without inns, of inns without food that could be eaten or beds that could be slept in, or, graver yet, of highways untravelled by peaceful strangers, in regions where every peasant was a brigand, and where the *gendarmes* were worse than banditti,—all these but confirmed me in my thirst for exploration.

But though dissuasions were of no avail, those who dissuaded were none

the less earnest in offering such other services as seemed to them next in value. Our courteous Minister Resident (for Naples had at the time of which I write a court for ministers to reside near) deemed it best to provide me with surer protection than my ordinary Washington passport might afford against the persecutions of the atrocious rural police, and so presented me with a special certificate, over the broad seal of the Legation. This paper declared that the bearer's "journey was not connected with politics, military science, nor the acquisition of any knowledge of such subjects"; and that "the undersigned commended him to the good offices of those whom this might reach." Still more marked was the obliging interest shown by my bankers, who, together with the ponderous silver dollars alone current in the Abruzzi, handed me letters to gentlemen upon the line of my projected journey, assuring me that in the Abruzzi a document of that sort was not merely, as elsewhere, a "ticket for soup," but entitled the bearer to board and lodging on presentation. Nor did they suffer their obstinate beneficiary to set out until they had, unknown to him,

sought out the best itinerary and topographical chart of the Abruzzi that Naples afforded, and given it to him as a guide to his feet and a remembrance of the courteous givers.

Thus abundantly equipped, one lovely Monday morning in March saw me at the railway station, and, an hour later, at the gates of Capua, whence I had issued three weeks earlier on my way from Rome. A sentry in the stiff Neapolitan uniform glanced listlessly at me as I crossed the drawbridge. When I crossed it before, stopping to look about at the bastions and ravelins,—which, conforming faithfully to the principles of Vauban, had given Capua a high repute among fortified places before Vauban was made obsolete by Todleben and Gillmore and Parrott and Dahlgren,—I had ventured to ask the sentinel how long he thought the town would hold out if the French came,—a possible event which had been a few months earlier the terror of “legitimate” authority in Italy. Looking hastily about him for listeners, “About three hours,” he answered. A bold hill juts from the Apennines into the plain on which the town is built, to within a mile of its walls; and it seemed then, as I looked at it, the topographical fact on which depended the failing strength of Capua. Well, three months later came,—not the French, to be sure, for they had stopped work at Solferino,—but Garibaldi and his red-shirted multitude.

Capua held them easily at bay until hope began to fail them; but when at last the well-trained legions of Piedmont came to Garibaldi’s relief, and engineers, as good as the best in Europe, planted on that hill batteries of Cavalli guns, such as Vauban’s philosophy had made no calculations for, down came the flag of the Two Sicilies, and nothing remained but Rome and Venice to complete the unity of Italy. I hope my friendly sentinel came to no harm; but the event was a most acceptable confirmation of my theory.

In Capua, I had only the enforced delay of a few minutes at the dirty headquarters of the police, while the “Ispet-

tore,” carefully comparing the somewhat imaginative description of my passport with its bearer, and scrutinizing closely its unimpeachable visas, made various entries in a register, and affixed the seal of his official approval. As I took the liberty of looking over his shoulder during the process, I had the pleasure of seeing entered in a column for general remarks the suspicious circumstance, a *piède* (afoot),—the one circumstance which, more perhaps than even my American origin, subjected me in all this journey to the especial annoyances of the vilest police in Christendom. But even a Neapolitan inspector could discover no flaw in my record; and it was not yet eleven when, my knapsack slung, my passport submitted to examination again at the opposite city gate, I trudged rapidly across the bridge over the swift Volturno, and was on my way to the Abruzzi.

For four miles the road was the same over which I had come from Rome, until at Lo Spartimento (The Forks) my new course left the Roman highway, going off at a right angle to the left, straight toward the mountain range which rose distinct, though distant, in front. But though mountains faced me, on either hand the road was flanked by a dull, flat region, grown lifeless under the extortionate tyranny of the Farnese Bourbons. The highway itself, though a principal one, was a rough, broken bed of hard clay, which, in the winter rains, had been by the few passing wagons cut into ruts and clods, and now was baked by the vernal sun into the rugged form left by the last wheels that furrowed it; while no green *banquette*, as along the magnificent causeways of France and England, offered relief to the pedestrian’s feet.

After the torment of a walk of near a dozen miles in a pair of cruel Neapolitan shoes, which I had bought just before leaving the city, I beheld as welcome a vision as ever a sail to shipwrecked mariner,—an open wagon, with but one occupant, and going my way. If South Italy has in fact (as those deny who can see no future for her

but brigandage and pestilently reaction) a middle class, this man is one of them, — evidently a *turco*, a small rural landholder, whose gun, lying at his side indicates that his rank is such at least as to entitle him to the privileges of keeping arms and a killing game. It is with evident diffidence that he yields to my piteous appeal; but before our two miles of companionship are over, we are on terms of confidence. The primary announcement of my companion as an American proved, as it always does upon the Continent, with every one but Englishmen and police agents, to be the sincerest good-will and the kindest interest, and to open the way for a torrent of information, of incalculable admiration, and of vigorous expression of his line of thought in the conversation of my new comrade, to question about our country, and every one of our good fortune; all fear of *gloriamani* seemed at once to have vanished, and the poor fellow indulged in his native against his own government, — protesting, it, not without reason, all the misdoings of his country, as if he had been kept all his lifetime under a pressure of ninety pounds to the inch, and believed that this half hour was to be his last chance for relieving his mind. We crossed two or three times the line of the projected railroad from Rome to Naples, whose massive embankments lay incomplete, and unused by the hand of laborers. "Why don't they finish it?" "O, the government is doing it, and the government does n't want the road built. They have built it three or four years, and every year they work a little to keep up an appearance, and then lie idle. O, it is a bad government, and a wretched people; but America! that is *un paese celeste*, — a heavenly country!"

It must have been one o'clock when my friendly *roturier* deposited me at a roadside inn, where I was first to test the truth of my Neapolitan advices concerning the entertainment which my route would afford. Small comfort so far! A small, bare house of white stucco, with a broad archway in its front

giving access for vehicles to the enclosed court-yard about which it was built, and for guests to the interior of the tavern itself, — court-yard and archway deep with all imaginable filth, — the rooms of the house almost unfurnished, dilapidated, offensive to every sense, — it was unhappily a fair type of the Italian *locanda* in districts unfrequented by foreign travel. A bit of coarse bread, with a knife incrustated with ancient evidence of its former uses, and a tumbler of muddy red wine, were the best means of refreshment the house afforded. But even this fare gave me strength to stumble along over a few miles more of broken road, with the help of another hour's lift in the wagon of a party of farmers, whose deep disaffection to the plundering government under which they lived was only less outspoken than my friend's of the morning. Near nightfall, I come in sight of what, as I have already learned by inquiry, must be my shelter until morning, unless I can go several miles farther, with no danger indeed of "faring worse," but little hope of doing better. It is a nameless den, standing almost alone by the roadside; so nearly alone that the place, known in the neighborhood as Pietra Storta, is not even mentioned in Murray. Nameless, as I have said; but over the broad archway in front is nailed a withered, leafless bough, which cheaply indicates, all over Europe, the low *cabaret*, or tavern, and which is so apt to verify the adage to which it gives rise, "*Good wine needs no bush.*" The house is larger than my noonday resting-place, but even more squalid than that; the solitude of the spot brings up rather too plainly the varied warnings of my friends against robbery and murder; but there is no alternative; my tortured feet will carry me no further. Within there is little to reassure one. A grimy old woman, who appears to be the *padrona*, takes my orders. But there is nothing to eat in the house, almost absolutely nothing; nor does the landlady appear disposed in any way either to accommodate or to conciliate her unwonted

guest. An ill-cooked omelet at last furnishes all my dinner, and I lock myself into a great, desolate barn of a room, and fight with vermin until morning.

Tuesday, a breakfast like yesterday's dinner, and an early start. Getting well into the mountains to-day. The country is charming; the seventeen miles of it that I make abound in varied and sometimes striking scenery. The road passes several villages, all of them too squalid to offer even the poor refreshment with which I would gladly supplement my slender breakfast. To-day another companion, travelling also on foot,—a workingman bound to San Germano for a job. At noon, as we sit by the roadside together, resting and chatting,—it is hard if my Italian, bad as it is, is worse than his!—he draws from his wallet a loaf of dark-brown bread, and cheese as white almost as snow, and will take no answer but that I shall share them with him. Then we jog on together, until, some hours before sunset, he leaves me at the inn, outside the town of San Germano, which bears the imposing title of “Villa Rapido.” Not so bad a place either; for this town has been not without attractions to foreign visitors. Here is at least one good dinner on my route, despite all prognostications; but it is not my place of halt for to-night.

Just back of the little compact town, towering hundreds of feet above it, and looking out far and wide over the level plains of Campania, rises that lordly eminence, the Monte Cassino. On its lonely summit, more than thirteen hundred years ago, three years before the Emperor Justinian laid, at Constantinople, the corner-stone of that gorgeous cathedral which he dedicated to the Holy Wisdom, the saintly Benedict, overturning the heathen altars of Apollo, set up instead his lowly monkish oratory, and founded the mother house of the great order of Benedictines; and here, after all the successive pillage of Lombards, of Saracens, and of the ruthless Gauls of this nineteenth

century, still endures the grandest monastic establishment in Europe. The inn-people furnish conveyance to the convent in the shape of a scrubby donkey, with a hardly better-kept boy for propulsive power. I bestride the uncomely beast, and the driver attaches himself by one hand to its tail, while with the other he incites progress by means of a sharpened stick; and so we trot through the crooked streets of San Germano, and commence the tortuous ascent. It was a delightful hour's ride. Below, covered with the soft haze of sunset, spread the broad valley of the Garigliano, bounded, some eight miles beyond, by mountains of ragged and picturesque outline, and stretching away up beyond the Papal frontier. Into this valley projects like a promontory, from the mass of the loftier and snowy Apennines close behind it, the mountain we were climbing; and at its very summit, visible in something like palatial majesty for many miles on either side, is the great mother house of the Benedictines.

My arrival there was, on one account, somewhat inopportune. It was the eve of St. Benedict's day; and the convent, notwithstanding the stupendous extent of its courts and quadrangles and corridors, was so full of visitors, attracted from the country around either by religious zeal or by the free hospitality of the holy fathers, that when I entered through a low passage tunnelled in the rock up into a noble court-yard with a fountain, the servitor who met me told me I could hardly be received. Fortunately, a Neapolitan friend, just before my start, had given me, unasked, a card addressed to the prior. On receiving this, the servitor disappears for a moment, and returns, bearing the commands of the prior that I should be conducted into his presence.

The head of an establishment at once so venerable and so majestic,—to whose membership no person of less than gentle birth or less than independent fortune is admissible, and whose chief, always noble, in more prosperous days was by virtue of his

mitre the first baron of the Sicilian kingdom,—Don Carlo de' Veri seemed, even to my democratic and Protestant eyes, a fit successor of the most princely abbots and of the most saintly fathers. A slender, graceful man, of about forty years, his fine intellectual face and pale blue eyes gave unquestionable signs that the vigils and fasting which were common enough on Monte Cassino a thousand years ago were no rare exercise there in more degenerate days; and his features and expression and manner had all more of ideal saintliness than I ever have seen before or since, outside of a mediæval picture. He received me, in the presence of two or three of his subordinates, with great dignity and courtesy, and shortly led me to a large, fine room, well furnished (a far different apartment from the narrow cells which served to lodge the good fathers themselves); and, stealing a few moments for the rites of hospitality from the unusual burdens of this anniversary time, sat and talked, in French and Italian, of the news of the outer world, which seemed to reach him but seldom. Soon an attendant served in my room such frugal but wholesome dishes—an omelet, a salad, bread, butter, but no fleshly meats—as the rules of a convent would allow; and with very thankful and kindly feelings toward my entertainers, I turned to a pleasanter sleep than that of the night before.

St. Benedict's day was ushered in, as the great bell struck midnight, by matins in the church. But not until broad day did I awake, to look out, from the giddy height of my window, on the same boundless beauty of prospect which had been so delicious in yesterday's ascent of the mountain. Directly beneath my window, from the monastery gates below, there passed out into sight, as I looked, a party of pilgrims, who had done their *devoir* at St. Benedict's shrine, and received, no doubt, their dole of alms; and who now, like so many palmers of old, wrapped in their rough brown cloaks, and bearing long staffs with little crosses at the top,

wound their way down the mountain, chanting as they went a strange, wild chorus, that rose like an echo from the Crusades into the clear upper air. For an hour or more, after another ascetic, though delicate, repast of eggs and lettuce, I rambled through the labyrinthine structures of the convent, lingering longest and most reverently, and most loath to leave it, in the great Abbey Church, to which nothing in Italy, still less anything out of Italy,—not the Church of the Annunciation at Genoa, not the metropolitan church of the whole world at Rome,—can be remotely compared for wealth of decoration in mosaics and paintings and rich marbles. That square inch or two of mosaic, madam, that your cousin brought you from Florence, you value enough to wear, set in gold, at your throat; and rightly. What think you, then, of a church, greatly larger than Trinity in Broadway, whose whole interior surface—roof, walls, columns, altars, and chapels, save such space as is covered by the paintings of Bassano and Luca Giordano—is encased in Florentine mosaics, larger in pattern, indeed, but scarcely less delicate, than your cherished ornament,—while even the broad acres of its pavement form one harmonious device in mosaic of such beauty and richness as the most undevout visitor would rather kneel than tread upon?

But I have far to go to-day. I cannot call away my courteous entertainer from the solemn services of his founder's anniversary; so, leaving a little contribution for the charity fund of the convent, the only acknowledgment I am permitted to make for its hospitality, I pass out again through the rocky tunnel, and down the mountain through the olive groves.

There is a fair in San Germano on St. Benedict's day, and the pilgrims to the shrine above, having got there gratis much spiritual good, are busy exchanging their *carlini* for divers articles of worldly gear. Hurrying through the crowded alleys, and hardly pausing to look at the stately ruins of

the amphitheatre of Roman Casinum, I turn to the right around the base of the mountain, and soon have struck into a good, swinging gait, along the broad high-road that leads up the valley of the Garigliano. The highway is as pleasant as an English rural lane, passing as it does through vineyards and rich plantations with grand old elms and oaks; but before noon the renewed torture of those accursed Neapolitan shoes, reducing to a wretched limp the exultant stride of the outset, rendered grateful beyond expression the succor of a springless and most comfortless country wagon, in which a party of peasants helped me a dozen miles on my way into the hills.

The night was near when, having walked several hours after losing the aid of my rustic friends, and having gone far into the hills up the narrowing valley of the Liris, I arrived at the village of Isola. Among my letters from Naples was one to this place, introducing me to M. de Montgolfier, a French gentleman whose residence in these inhospitable wilds was compelled by his important office as manager of the most extensive paper-mills in South Italy. Trusting to these words in Murray, "*Un*: small but clean," I had looked forward to a tolerable dinner at that hostelry, and an evening call with some ceremony to present my letter. But a single glance at the "small, but clean" *osteria*, through the open door of which were seen a party of operatives, just dismissed from the day's work, executing a kind of scalp-dance in the dirty public room, annihilated scruples. Calling to mind all I had heard at Naples regarding the comprehensive meaning of an introduction in the Abruzzi, I presented myself, dusty and halting from the march, without apology, at the *cartiera*.

It would be pleasant to paint, from the experience of the twenty hours at Isola, the attractive picture, which those born to speak English are apt to deem impossible, of the graceful home and fireside life of a refined, cultivated French family. But the frank and cor-

dial hospitality with which, upon no stronger claims than those of being a stranger, a traveller, and an American, with a formal commendation from a common acquaintance, I was admitted to this home imposes obligations which cannot be disregarded. No duty, however, is violated in saying that here, in the very heart of the Apennines, where I had thought myself perhaps the first visitor from over the sea, there greeted me the familiar face and voice of a house clock bearing the trade-mark of "Chauncey Jerome, New Haven, Connecticut"; that in the great cluster of buildings—turned from their ancient service as a convent to the secular uses of a paper-mill—there was, what they said Europe could not supply the place of, an American "pulp-machine"; and that even to this sequestered valley the fame of at least two countrymen of ours had come. One was the historic, almost mythologic Washington. The likeness of the other, with words of admiration,—rather of veneration,—as of an apostle and martyr, they brought and set before me. It was the grim, Puritan figure of him who, rightly or wrongly, was to them, as to Victor Hugo, the greatest of modern Americans,—of "*ce pauvre Jean Brown*,"—of that crazy enthusiast whom the Virginians had hung as a felon at Charlestown, and made an end of, to be sure!

No wonder if the next afternoon was well advanced when I stepped out again into the high-road, and turned my back on Isola.

It was the declaration of the classical Mrs. Blimber, that, "if she could only have seen Cicero in his villa at Tusculum, she would have died contented." I think, if that gifted woman could have shared with me this afternoon's walk, it would have gone far to reconcile her to the pangs of dissolution. The readers of Mr. Forsyth's entertaining "*Life*" of the great lawyer and politician will recall the minute topographical sketch of the favorite ancestral villa of Arpinum. Its site, as accurately ascertained by the comparison of existing

landmarks with the date in his correspondence with Atticus, lay just in my way to-day. Under the guidance of a truly venerable father from the conventual church of St. Dominic the Abbot, which stands upon the very site of the heathen philosopher's country-seat, and is built up with broken columns, capitals and triglyphs, inscriptions and bas-reliefs, Mrs. Blimber might have traced out, as I did, the "island" formed by the "cold Fibrenus," just before it "falls headlong into the Liris." But no sacrifice which she could have offered to the shades of the ancient proprietor could have surpassed the reverence with which a little peasant-girl approached the "Cicerone" who in the stead of Marcus Tullius was doing the honors of the place, and, looking up into his gentle face with timid confidence, took his hand, which hung scarcely within her reach, kissed it, and slipped away. Less than an hour brought me to the inn at Sora, which might have been endurable but for contrast with the Eden of Isola.

By half past seven next morning all preliminaries were concluded with the proprietor, and I set forth in a shabby one-horse vehicle; for the day was a little rainy, and the distance to another resting-place altogether too great to be accomplished on foot, with all that must be done besides. It was the narrow valley of the Liris, up which, almost to its head, I was still pressing. The ascent was constant; the mountains, barren even of trees, grew nearer together, higher, and more rugged, yet without being picturesque. There were occasional squalid villages, the poverty of which was abject, and seemed universal. It was past noon when, following the road by a sharp turn to the right, and climbing through a narrow gorge, we came out upon a scene which seemed, in the raw mist of that March day, the very abomination of desolation. It was a very level plain; its breadth, as we faced it, might have been a couple of miles; on our right the mountains closed upon it, while to the left it stretched away in

fearful solitude some eight or ten miles, until the mountains appeared to shut down upon it,—all unvaried by tree or shrub or dwelling, or any sign of human occupation except the road along which we were travelling, and almost bare even of the commonest herbage. Opposite to us, all along the northern edge of this plain, a gray, bald mountain rose some fifteen hundred feet above the considerable elevation we had already attained, beyond which, and at about the level of the *Campi Palentini*, over which we were passing, lay the broad, shallow Lake Fucino, deeply set in a crater-like basin of the mountains. Under this Monte Salviano in front of us, under the plain we were traversing, more than eighteen hundred years ago, the Emperor Claudius, with eleven years' labor of thirty thousand men, had pierced a tunnel from the lake through to the valley I had just left,—a tunnel three miles and a half in length, ten feet high, and four wide. It was carried all this distance through hard rock and argillaceous earth, for the beneficent purpose—which, no less than its grandeur, commended the work to an enlightened despotism—of keeping down to their ordinary level the waters of the lake, which, having no natural outlet, had often inundated its fertile borders. The grandeur of the conception, the vigor of the execution, the splendor with which the completed task was celebrated, were all alike worthy of a Cæsar. But it is one thing to create, and quite another to maintain. Whether from unskilful engineering, or faulty construction, or from whatever cause, the issue from the lake soon ceased; the great Emissary was choked, and the water spread destructively, as before, over the many thousands of acres once open to tillage and habitation. From that time on, monarchs of many names had striven to renew the achievement of Claudius; Roman Cæsars, German Kaisers, even Farnese Bourbons, most detested of tyrants, had essayed the task, and abandoned it. What emperors and kings vainly attempted had

been, a few years before my visit, once more undertaken by the capital and skill of a modern joint-stock company. A Roman banker, the Prince Torlonia, had contributed most of the capital; French engineers had supplied the science and the skill; and the work of restoring, on new and better plans, the Claudian construction, was now going bravely on. It was by the wish to visit these great works, the ancient and the modern; to see the boldest enterprise of this character that Roman art had ever attempted, the proper companion and complement of those achievements which I had already marvelled at,—the Pont du Gard in Provence, the wall of the Theatre at Orange, and the Flaminian and Appian Ways; to see set face to face, in unflinching comparison, the old and the new science,—that I had been attracted, more than by anything else, into this wild region.

I have called the plain upon which we had entered a solitude. All that impaired the completeness of the solitude was a cluster of low temporary buildings just in front of us, much like those which an American railroad contractor knocks together of boards near some "heavy job" on the line, and destined, like them, for the workmen's quarters and shops. The Frenchmen who are directing this work call them "chantiers"; our American parlance changes the spelling slightly, and the sound less, and calls them "shanties." My *vetturino*, having pointed out just at the right of the road a low, irregular pile of stones, then, some distance forward, another, and yet others, until they reached in a straight line a little way up the mountain in front, told me that these rude well-curbs guarded the mouths of the ancient *cuniculi*, or air-shafts, and set me down, a little after noon, at one of the better of the "shanties."

It was a rare good fortune which had brought to that place, at that moment, M. Bermont, at once contractor and engineer-in-chief of the work, to whom I bore a letter from Naples. My reception was cordial, of course; for

M. Bermont was a gentleman and a Frenchman. A countrywoman of his made us, in the two-roomed cabin we had entered, an omelet, *clean*, for I saw the process, and French. Then followed an inspection with M. Bermont of his workshops, of his stables, where a hundred fine horses are kept, I listening meanwhile to the information which he freely gave concerning the history and the details of his work.

Claudius employed thirty thousand laborers to do his work. Torlonia and Bermont have under pay a number varying from twelve to fourteen hundred, besides the hundred horses. What compensation the ancient workmen had, if indeed they were not unrewarded slaves, can hardly be told. The skilled laborers, the mechanics and miners, receive now from half a ducat to a ducat, or from forty to eighty cents in silver, a day; the common laborers, from thirty-five to forty-five *grani*, or from twenty-eight to thirty-six cents of our coin. "Cheap enough, we should call that in my country, M. Bermont?" "Yes, or in France; but I would rather have Frenchmen at double the wages. These Neapolitans are lazy and stupid, and are not to be trusted out of sight. Before I learned to take precautions against them, I lost from their thieving tools, stones, even things which could hardly be of the slightest value to them, however important to me. Why, sir, they would almost steal the shoes from the horses' hoofs! *Mais*," with a shrug of resignation, "*il faut toujours payer son expérience!*" At the engineer's cabin again, removing outer garments, we were fitted out with rough suits, including hats and boots, which certainly defied injury from any ordinary stains, and set out upon our explorations.

Turning directly toward the mountain, we followed, on foot, the line marked, as already mentioned, by the piles of stones indicating the original *pozzi*, or shafts for light and air, and stopped to glance down into the dark abyss of one or two of them. Half a mile brought us to the base of the

mountain. Before a low excavation in the side of the rock, my guide stopped. We received each from an attendant a rude lamp and a staff shod with an iron point, the use of both of which was evident enough before long. The engineer entered; I followed, and found we were in a passage tunnelled downwards at the utmost slope which allowed the possibility—I do not say the facility—of walking with the help of our pointed staffs; the grade may have been of thirty degrees. Its dimensions were perhaps something less than those of the work to which it led; say something more than a man's height, and wide enough for two to pass each other. Down this painful avenue, which was one of the many through which the Roman task-masters had driven their thirty thousand slaves in gangs to and from their ill-requited work, we stumbled on, without much discourse, and perhaps with inchoate doubts in the mind of one of us whether it had been best, after all, to come through the Abruzzi. After what seemed a ten minutes' journey, and was at any rate one of many hundred feet, other lamps than our own flickered before us, voices of workmen were heard, and we were in the Claudian Emissary. That is, we were where the Claudian work had been; but it was the engineer's purpose, he explained, to show first his own completed work, and let me compare afterwards the architecture of the Roman Cæsar. At the point of our entrance, where excavation in the solid rock was all that needed to be done by either builders, the contrast was in little more than dimensions; but by this contrast how sadly belittled was the imperial work! Instead of the somewhat irregular perforation, measuring in height now seven or eight feet, now a dozen, or even more, and in breadth from four to six feet,—the discharging capacity of the tunnel being, of course, however the architects may have forgotten it, rigorously limited to that of its smallest cross-section,—instead of this, a spacious gallery, uniform and

symmetrical, of that nearly elliptical shape which modern science has pronounced to be best adapted to sustain the peculiar pressure to which such structures are subjected, and which is especially familiar from views of the Thames Tunnel. This was its shape where we entered; and throughout its length, where completed, from the lake at Incile to the river at Capistrello, it was the same; while a cross-section would give a maximum width, just above the centre, of fourteen feet, and a height of twenty. This difference alone would have multiplied the discharging power of the old work by four or five; and as we went on, new elements of improvement made the discrepancy still more striking.

Of the five thousand six hundred *mètres*—as nearly as possible three miles and a half—of the entire length of the Emissary, about three thousand eight hundred were at this time finished upon the new plans. Through nearly the whole of this completed work, through much in course of construction, and finally through much of the untouched Claudian work, we made our way by staff and lamp, stumbling along the track of a railroad with little gravel trains drawn by horses, and often in a rapid current of eight inches of water.

Soon we had passed out of the rock-cutting, and were encompassed by the magnificent masonry of cut stone, with which the tunnel is carried through the earth excavations which make a large part of its course. A little farther on we came upon the most active operations; passed through swarms of workmen with their lamps, and found the passage blocked by great solid frame-works of timber, here and there already crushed by the mass of earth which it was their office to support in the interval between the removal of the excavated portion and the completion of the splendid masonry which formed the finished work. Over and under and through these massive frame-works we had now to scramble and climb, not without nervous respect

for the silent energy which might again be exercised upon those broken timbers before we were well out of them. The timber structure came to an end; in front of us was a bare surface of earth, and in the midst of it the oblong aperture of the Roman tunnel.

Every step in this heightened the contrast with the modern work. The masonry was of the famous Roman bricks, in that shape of broad, flat slabs, not more than two inches thick, which seems to have been, at least from Britain to Calabria, their unvarying form throughout the Empire. Their position, it is true, had put them to no gentle test in the eighteen hundred years since they were set; but it was no assumption of prophetic vision to foretell that the grand French work through which we had passed would be, saving the respect due to Mr. Miller and Dr. Cumming, in better condition after the next eighteen hundred years than they were then. Here and there the Roman masonry had altogether fallen in. Elsewhere, the substance of the bricks was disintegrated and washed away, to the depth of an inch or two from the face of the wall, while the grand cement with which they were joined, utterly unimpaired by all its exposure, stood out firmly from the receding bricks, defining their joints in bold relief.

Now, too, by the help of the engineer's explanations, there became apparent certain points of superiority of the new work over the old, other than the increase in size, the reform in cross-section, and the improvement in masonry. We were moving southwardly through the tunnel, in the direction, that is, of the flow of water from the lake to the river; when there appeared before us an abrupt *ascent*, some three or four feet high, not only of the floor, but of the whole tunnel; climbing which, we found the downward slope to be resumed only at the same gentle gradient as before, making a profile something like this: . Here the ancient engineers, working towards each other from different *pozzi*, had pre-

served indeed with marvellous exactness the just alignment of the work, but had, on one side or both, made that prodigious error in their levelling discovered only at the meeting of the two gangs, and then left unrectified. Again, at another point of meeting between two shafts, the level was fortunately nearly enough identical; but this time such a deflection from the true alignment had occurred, that the parties had actually passed each other underground; and the transverse gallery by which communication was opened between the two sections had been cut through, with an astonishing defiance or ignorance of the laws of flowing water, not so favorably as at right angles to the general course, but at an *acute* angle, so that the current was compelled to turn sharply upon itself twice before it could pass on to its outlet. At this point a ground plan of the Emissary would be simply indicated by this line: , the dotted mark showing how the French engineer, by a "reversed curve," had easily overcome the astounding blunder of his predecessor. The differences in level the new work had grandly disregarded, and moved on from lake to river in one fixed and gentle descent.

Before a tall aperture, which opened out of the side of the tunnel to the right, my conductor paused, and, with a special admonition to step carefully, entered it, and began at once to ascend. It was another *conicolo*, not upon an inclined plane like that by which we had entered, but very steep, and built in long and difficult steps. These were cut in the rock, and, where that failed, were laid in the same thin Roman bricks. Often they were broken and ruinous, and everywhere were worn hollow by the tramp of the thirty thousand workmen of the old Emissary; they were slippery with running water; and the very darkness became a help in climbing, by saving a weak head from dizziness. After a long and weary pull, there was a little glimmer of light ahead, and in a moment we were in the glaring day, out upon the naked Campi

Palentini, but, to my surprise, close by the company's workshops, half a mile from where we had gone underground; having been two hours and a half in the bowels of the earth, and under the summit of gray Monte Salviano, with eighteen hundred feet of solid rock overhead.

It was a pleasant drive which M. Bermont, as the sun was sinking, took me in his chaise up that gray Monte Salviano, whose foundations we had been exploring. At its summit we paused to look out upon the broad expanse of Lake Fucino, deep set below us; at the white villages, so fair from afar, so foul and sordid on near view, which dotted its borders; at the grand snowy Apennines beyond; and then slowly followed the windings of the well-made, but ill-maintained road, to the grimy town of Avezzano, where graceful hospitalities again cheered my solitary journey. Another short drive in the morning enabled me to complete the survey of the Claudian Emissary, by taking me around the shore of the lake to the point of outlet. Here the mountain comes down, almost a precipice, to the very shore, leaving but a few yards of level to the water's edge. The Roman tunnel, still untouched at this upper end, is sunk fifteen feet below the bottom of the shallow lake. Up the steep mountain-side, marking sharply the line of the subterranean channel, rise, one above another, the mouths of three of the *cuniculi* which gave access to the work, the space left between the roof of each inclined gallery and the floor of the one above being only those few yards of rock needed to insure the safety of both. Down one of these we descended, not many yards indeed, until our advance was stopped by the water which filled all this upper part nearly to the level of the lake, and from which the operations below were protected, perhaps by that very obstruction which had frustrated the hopes of the first builders.

Reaching out from the water's edge at this point of outlet, and enclosing, in an area of many acres, the site of the

original mouth of the Emissary, now obliterated by the deposits of centuries, is an enormous double dike, shaped like the letter U, its extremities resting upon the shore. This, a most essential device of the new engineers, affords the means by which they will control, or at their will even cut off entirely, the flow of water into the Emissary; for none will be admitted but through strong floodgates at the toe of the horseshoe. Already the dikes had served to lay bare, within their enclosure, objects which should have attracted some part of the antiquarian research and reverent pilgrimage so freely bestowed upon the recent exhumation of the ruins of Uriconium, in Shropshire. When the work of Claudius had availed to reduce greatly the superficies of the lake, the entrance to the Emissary seems to have been chosen as a site for a little town. Ephemeral must have been its life; written history preserves no record so much as of its name, which yet may be imperfectly preserved in the local tradition which still calls that spot, where is neither town nor house, Incile. Perhaps before that disastrous day when the Campanian cities disappeared under the stroke of one devouring element, the slow encroachment of another had usurped those pleasant habitations which now, after eighteen centuries of submersion, were laid bare to the gaze of the degenerate clowns who were raising those embankments, but of not one intelligent observer, save those French engineers and the solitary and accidental traveller who now inspected them. The streets, the foundations of the houses, their floors, doorways, and partitions, were laid out more distinctly than upon an architect's ground-plan. In one part, in a house of special elegance, was a little bath-room, with its white tessellated pavement, and even the leaden discharge-pipe set in the bottom of the bath;—all fresh and clear as at Pompeii, and all to be destroyed within a few weeks in the progress of the work.

In this state were the operations up-

on the new Emissary in the spring of 1860. It had been commenced six or seven years before, upon an estimate that something more than a million of dollars, and five or six years of time, would be required for its construction, and that from seven to eight years more would be needed to drain its thirty-six thousand acres and restore them to cultivation. The work has not been uninterrupted, it is true. Within a few weeks from the time of my visit, the sovereignty which protected it passed by violence from the house of Bourbon to the house of Savoy; and the region of the Abruzzi was at times abandoned to the disorder of brigands and reactionaries. But last year it was stated in the English papers that "Prince Torlonia's colossal undertaking of the drainage of the Lake of Fucino had recently been entirely centred in his own hands by the dissolution of the original company, and his purchase of all its shares, which are now twice the amount of the original estimate. On the 9th of August, 1862, the Torlonia Emissary was opened for the first time, and in fifteen months it had drained 2,000 *hectares* (5,000 acres) of land. On the 28th of August, 1865, the Emissary was opened again, and will continue in operation about two years, during which period 5,000 or 6,000 *hectares* (12,000 to 15,000 acres) will be drained. All that will then remain to be effected will be a canal in the basin of the lake, which will drain 8,000 *hectares* more of most fertile land."

Thus has a Roman prince of the nineteenth century accomplished what a Roman prince of the first century vainly essayed. When the earlier one had completed, though so imperfectly, his audacious enterprise, and the waters were to be let into their unaccustomed channel, gorgeous beyond example was the display with which the pedantic tyrant celebrated his peaceful conquest. The pages of Suetonius, of Tacitus, of Dion, glow with the brilliancy of the festival. The elder Pliny deems it worthy of mention, long after,

(Hist. Nat., xxxiii. 3,) that in his youth he too had been present on that memorable day, and had seen the no less memorable Agrippina, clad in military robes, and sitting by her august consort's side, as he presided over the great spectacle of the naval fight with which this unwarlike victory was inaugurated. The anecdotic Suetonius narrates how, when all had been prepared, the rival fleets "of Sicily" and "of Rhodes," each of which was of twelve three-banked ships of war, passed with their death-devoted crews in review before the imperial pair. A silver Triton, raised by unseen machinery from the middle of the lake, gave the signal for the encounter, while, enclosing the borders of the lake, a powerful force of infantry was stationed to keep the marine gladiators, without compunction, to their bloody work. "But the combatants on board them crying out, 'Health to you, noble Emperor! We, who are about to die, salute you!' and he replying, 'Health to you too!' they all refused to fight, as if by that response he had meant to excuse them. Upon this, he hesitated for a time whether he should not destroy them all by fire and sword. At last, jumping from his seat, and running along the shore of the lake with tottering steps, the result of his foul excesses, he partly by fair words, and partly by threats, persuaded them to engage." (Suet. Claudius, 20, 21, 32.)

Nor was this the only inauspicious incident of that great day. The stately chronicle of Tacitus relates how, when the bloody games were over, and the surrounding myriads stood intent upon the final opening of the gates through which the Fucine Lake was soon to disappear, the waters let into the tunnel, meeting some interior obstruction, (we have seen what impediments there were in the very construction of the work,) were choked and thrown back with such violence that the floating platform which bore Claudius and his court was nearly destroyed, and the insulted lake had almost avenged upon

those imperial savages the blood with which it had been incarnadined. (*Annals*, XII. 56, 57.)

Thus in the year of grace 54 did the first of the two Roman princes celebrate his transient victory over nature. The later prince, in the year 1867, having accomplished that in which the other failed, will content himself with the inconspicuous glory of pocketing the ducats which his rich recovered land will yield. But since it belongs

only to emperors to illustrate with pompous spectacles of naval splendor the works with which they may have "renewed the marvels of the Orient," let us at least accord to Prince Torlonia and to M. Bermont — to Italian enterprise and French genius — the honor, which even a Cæsar would not have demanded, of publishing in this Western world their work, more beneficent and hardly less great than that of the two Napoleons at Cherbourg.

TRAVEL IN THE UNITED STATES.

NO people travel more than the Americans, whether inside of their own country or outside of it. Locomotion belongs naturally to the restless, shifting phases of the national temperament. Migration at home has become so general a habit, that cases of strong local attachment are almost exceptional; while to have visited Europe is one of the understood requirements of our conventional gentility. It is accepted as implying a higher degree of culture, and no doubt does remove certain families somewhat farther from their antecedent history. Even our farmers are beginning to have their little after-harvest trips to the sea-shore, the Hudson, Niagara, or the West. The old men, whose boast it was that their lives had been spent within a radius of twenty or thirty miles, are going unhonored into their graves.

This habit of travel will certainly increase, as our means of communication penetrate farther and touch more attractive regions. It is already so fixed, however, — so much of a physical necessity, — that we might expect to find a certain correspondence between its demands and the facilities furnished for its gratification. The latter, in fact, are among the most obvious indices of a people's civilization. Given their

homes, hotels, and methods of locomotion, and you may infer their degree of education and the character of their political system. The muleteer of Spain belongs as naturally to a superannuated church and a decayed dynasty, as the Prussian railway to the order and precision of a military power, or the American hotel to a gregarious people recklessly bent on keeping up appearances.

Admitting the want, let us consider how it is supplied. Any material feature of the national life can best be examined by contrasting it with the same thing in other countries; yet we find ourselves obliged to go back of the external facts at the start, and to compare qualities which are to a great extent the result of political causes. In the first place, there is this broad distinction between our national government and that of every prominent European power: the former stands as far as possible aloof from any interference with the private and personal interests of the citizen; while the latter descends to inspect and regulate his education, his labor, his travel, and even his amusement. In Europe, the practical part of life is reduced to a system which has the exactness and something of the monotony of a machine;

in the United States, there is the mere skeleton, or rudimentary outline, of a system, barely sufficient, in some respects, to be distinguished from no system at all. Our public life is regulated rather by the natural cohesive power of material interests, than by the ordering hand of government.

The prominent faults which we find adhering to the two systems, and inherent in them, are these: in Europe, the government, in its anxiety to regulate all the movements of life, and protect its subjects from imposition, speculation, and the fluctuations of labor and trade, surrounds the individual with so many restrictions that his activity is more or less circumscribed, and his development hampered; while here, the government is so anxious to leave the individual entirely free, that in many respects it does not furnish him with adequate protection. Personal independence, on the one hand, and a slowly matured and carefully guarded order, which makes easy much of the practical business of life, are the corresponding benefits.

The ear of the public has been so stuffed with compliments to American enterprise, American self-reliance, and American practical talent, that the public has not yet discovered how incomplete and fragmentary is the practical side of our character. We are swift in all things, but thorough in very few. We are practical, it is true, upon the demands of our most pressing necessities, but beyond that point chaos begins. There is something sublime in the courage with which we confront great physical obstacles, and that astounding faith in the future which, abolishing the pioneer, plants full-blown civilization, with all the modern improvements, in the very heart of the wilderness. So long as we are content to behold general results, we are dazzled, and this is our most coveted state; for the genuine American has little taste for the examination of details which may subdue, if not overcloud, his visions.

Thus, the history of our railroad con-

struction is marked by rapidity, daring, and a wonderful use of resources. Our roads have not only reached the utmost limit of settlement, leaving an immense network of communication behind them, but have pushed out beyond the last pioneer, and precede emigration. Under such circumstances, no one can expect the safe and massive works of Europe. The labor must be reduced to a minimum, the bridges and culverts must be of a slight, temporary character, and the running stock not very elegant or substantial, that the losses from the expected accidents may not be too severely felt. Practical talent would seek to make up for these deficiencies by a careful system of operation, — by signals, close and intelligent inspection of machinery, and a schedule of running time which would cover the ascertained possibilities of delay; but just here is the point where our practical quality begins to deteriorate. Our rule seems to be, that a hastily built road may be carelessly managed. There is probably no line in the country upon which greater regularity and security might not be obtained, without the least increase of its expenditures.

Notwithstanding the combinations entered into by companies which connectively form rival lines between the East and the West, and the obvious interest of each to establish a claim to regularity, there is a great amount of delay and detention on all lines. We have known six accidents to occur on one trip from New York to Cincinnati. There have been seasons when accident — or at least failure to make connections with other roads — threatened to become the normal condition of the New York and Erie, the New York Central, the Central Ohio, and many other roads. Having travelled extensively on all the chief thoroughfares of the country during the past twelve years, we are convinced that the chances of arriving at one's destination in accordance with the programme set forth in the published time-tables have been diminished, rather than in-

creased, during that period. The traveller who takes a through ticket from New York to St. Louis has a possibility of detention at Pittsburg, which amounts to a probability at Columbus or Indianapolis. The rate of speed on express trains has not been increased, (on some roads it has been slightly lessened,) the margin of time allowed for delays would seem to be ample, and the fact of irregularity must spring from a defective system of management.

All that we have said on this point will apply with equal force to the question of safety. We have many roads whereon the annual losses from accidents amount to a sum which, applied to the protection and proper organization of the road, would render accidents very rare. Our variable climate and extremes of temperature are physical disadvantages, it is true; but these exist to a greater extent in Russia, and yet on the road from St. Petersburg to Moscow, four hundred miles in length, and opened to travel in 1852, the life of a single passenger has not thus far been sacrificed! On this road there are thirty-three stations; the shortest stoppage is five minutes, and the longest (at Tver, for meals), forty-five minutes; the whole journey, including stoppages, is made in exactly twenty hours. We do not complain that the trains upon our roads are too slow, that they do not accomplish the forty miles per hour of English or French express trains; but we insist that they are bound to establish a schedule of running time upon which the travelling public may depend, with a tolerable certainty of its correctness. In proportion as they approach a system which will avoid irregularities, they will offer greater security to life.

The consideration of comfort opens a wide field, which every reader may partly illustrate from his own experience. Our American ideas of comfort are, to a certain extent, conventional. We are gregarious, but not social; we rejoice in arrangements which allow a great number to crowd together into the same enclosure, and then we be-

come silent and uncommunicative. The American railway-car is popular, it cannot be denied. We proudly point to it as an example of security against murders of the Franz Müller order, forgetting the number of platform deaths to which it gives rise. We prefer to be silent in a large company, and sleepy in a vile atmosphere, to being social with six or eight fellow-passengers in a separate compartment. We have but one class for all travellers, — except a few emigrant cars on certain lines, — and this is believed to be democratic. One car, or sometimes two, kept tolerably clean and comfortable for ladies, may be enjoyed by the married man or him “intending marriage.” In others, the refined and the brutal, the clean and the filthy, the invalid and the swearing, tobacco-squirting rowdy, are packed together. Some of the latter, in winter, when one’s feet rest in an ice-bath of bitter air, and one’s head reels in a burning, disoxygenized atmosphere, can only be compared to one of the outer circles of Dante’s Inferno. On many of the Western roads, the single gentleman is *forced* into such a moving stable. We have seen a gentleman on the Ohio and Mississippi Road knocked down by a slung-shot in the hands of a brakeman, because he wished to enter the almost empty ladies’ car, the only other car on the train being crammed to suffocation by drunken and riotous soldiers.^{1,2} This gentleman, covered with blood, was then thrown among the latter,⁴ neither conductor nor any other official at the station in East St. Louis taking the slightest notice of the outrage.

We have frequently seen trains leave New York, on the Hudson River Railroad, with four cars, all the seats filled, and a hundred persons standing in the aisles. The latter were obliged to stand thus for a distance of from twenty to sixty miles, until seats were furnished them by the departure of other passengers. Even where enough cars are furnished to seat all, they may be filled with narrow iron torture-screws,

as on the Camden and Amboy, (seats which only admit persons of moderate size,) or the seats may be so crowded, as on many other roads, that each traveller's knees are painfully wedged against the back of the seat in front. The obligation of the companies to furnish a seat for every ticket sold is universally evaded; their liability to damages arising from unnecessary delays has never, we believe, been fairly tested. We know of one instance, where a lecturer started from New York to fulfil an engagement at Syracuse. There was no accident, but a careless or incompetent conductor succeeded in failing to connect at Albany. The lecturer, thus obliged to return to New York, presented his ticket for Syracuse at the Hudson River Railroad office, and, as he had used just half its value, requested a return ticket for the other half. This was peremptorily refused: the company had received three dollars more than its own dues, and kept the money.

We are frequently told that the business of the roads will not allow them to offer better accommodations, or to establish a more thorough system of operations. This is an uncandid plea, and scarcely needs examination. Mr. Quincy* has shown that, in cases of competition between English railways, a reduction of fares to *one eighth* of the ordinary rates only occasioned a diminution of *one half of one per cent* in the annual dividends. So, on the other hand, travel will increase in proportion as it becomes safe, regular, and comfortable. If a railroad company will take the sums expended in consequence of accidents, given away in free passes, devoted to furthering or preventing State legislation (as the case may be), to fighting rival lines, and to all forms of secret service, and apply those sums strictly to the improvement and organization required by the interests of the travelling public, there will be a swift return to it for

the investment. Whichever main line of travel between the East and West first classifies its accommodation with corresponding rates of fare, reforms the refreshment stations along its route, and takes special precautions to prevent detention, will soon acquire a monopoly of the through travel.

It is a little singular that the success of the sleeping-car has not suggested other changes in the direction of comfort. This invention yields to its owners an annual dividend of from twenty-five to seventy-five per cent on their investments, in addition to the indirect gain of the railroad companies. The luxury of lying at full length in an atmosphere not absolutely poisonous by night, and of having space for legs and freedom from filth by day, has reconciled the public to the exorbitant rates demanded for the use of these cars. Only in the first-class cars of European railways can one travel as comfortably by night.

In like manner, the popularity of the very few refreshment stations where the traveller learns to expect decent fare and reasonable charges should teach the fact that, although the American stomach is long-suffering and patient, it has not yet wholly lost its power of discriminating between the palatable and the abominable. Good coffee is so rare, even in our hotels, that we cease to expect it; but such instances as Poughkeepsie and Springfield, where one may obtain sandwiches, cold fowl, oysters, and wholesome ale, teach one to forego the withered cakes, sickly-looking apples, and indescribable pies of other places where ten minutes are allowed for "refreshments." There is *one* dining-hall for travellers in the United States, — at Meadville, Pennsylvania. The restaurant of "Mugby Junction" originated with us, and its present existence in England may be referred to the spread of American ideas. In that amusing sketch, Dickens has done no more than justice to the admirable system adopted on the French railways. It is as difficult to find a bad dish at a French railway

* The Railway System of Massachusetts. An Address delivered before the Boston Board of Trade. By Hon. Josiah Quincy. Boston. 18

restaurant there as it is to find a good one here. Who, that has travelled much in Germany, can forget the cups of smoking *bouillon*, each accompanied with its crisp, delicious roll, which so gratefully soothe the yearning stomach, and yet leave the appetite fresh for the later meal? But if we prefer cakes, candies, and dyspepsia, who shall say us nay?

When we speak of the manifold conveniences of European travel, we are told to see our own country as well, to encourage home enterprise, enjoy home scenery, and make ourselves familiar with our own great store of resources. This is all very well, and the sense of novelty will carry you once over the ground; but we doubt whether many would repeat a journey in America for pure pleasure. Upon most of our thoroughfares, travel is simply an unwelcome necessity. There is one car upon the Boston and Fall River Road, wherein, by contrast, it becomes a delight; for two hours you enjoy air, light, and comfort,—then the old bore takes you up again.

If we could detect any general indication of an improvement in these matters, we might forbear complaint. But in our railroads, as in our hotels, we find deterioration rather than improvement. This is owing to the great increase of travel and traffic, without a corresponding increase in the accommodations to meet it. When all the hotels are sure to be filled to the extent of their capacity, rivalry ceases, and the public, happy in being accommodated at all, meekly accepts whatever is set before it. The proprietor, who makes from one hundred thousand to half a million dollars per annum, becomes sublimely indifferent to the comfort of his guests; and the railroad which employs all its rolling stock, and intends to buy but very little more until prices come down, puts on the airs of an absolute power. Corporations, with us, are controlled by a few individuals, and we endure in all the practical relations of life an amount of tyranny which would not be tolerated a single day were its character

political. Our corporations are more despotic, dishonest, and irresponsible than in any other country of the civilized world. Our politicians, of whatever party, repeat the old phrases indicative of mistrust of corporations; yet we find the latter controlling entire States, electing their own legislatures and members of Congress, demoralizing voters, and exercising other dangerous privileges, in utter defiance of the public interest. We are silent under impositions of this kind which would raise a popular tempest in many countries of Europe.

The quiet, patient submission of the American people to imposition is a source of continual surprise. This weakness, more than any other characteristic, increases the difficulty of establishing a convenient, well-regulated life among us. We endure alike the servant's disregard of contract, and the arbitrary rule of corporations. This winter we have enjoyed the astounding spectacle of a single individual coolly interrupting the travel and trade of a large portion of the country. There is the greatest lack of self-defence among us; in fact, public opinion is rather against the man who complains. This is a morbid manifestation of our self-reliance. We seem to look upon resistance or protest as implying an inability to endure so much as others. Mr. Lowell, writing from Italy a dozen years ago, says: "I am struck by the freshness and force of the passions in Europeans, and cannot help feeling as if there were something healthy in it. When I think of the versatile and accommodating habits of America, it seems like a land without thunderstorms. . . . On the whole, I am rather inclined to like this European impatience and fire, even while I laugh at it, and sometimes find myself surmising whether a people who, like the Americans, put up quietly with all sorts of petty personal impositions and injustices, will not at length find it too great a bore to quarrel with great public wrongs." The subtle truth of this last sentence will be felt by every one.

who remembers the cowardly spirit of concession throughout the North during the first three months of the year 1861.

Travel in the United States is at present less agreeable than in Europe, from another cause. Not only all the country west of the Alleghanies, but a great deal of that along the lines of the Eastern roads, has not yet grown out of its early stage of development. Nature is in the transition period, shorn of the lonely grace of the wilderness, and not yet clothed in the complete robes of cultivation. Nature, in this phase, looks shabby and unattractive. The stumps of fresh clearings, the undrained roughness of swamps, the spindling trees left here and there as forlorn monuments of the original forests, and the first laborious evidences of man's occupation, are all unsightly features. One may travel a thousand miles without escaping from them. Outside of the nooks of old settlement, we have few finished landscapes. West of the Missouri River, where the surface of the earth rises into beautiful undulations, and trees are only seen along the river-bottoms, this ragged, shabby character of the landscapes disappears. The fields have the smoothness of a long-settled country; the trees grow up, taking their perfect characteristic forms; and the young forests which issue from the earth wherever it is saved from fire will rise in walls and mounds of exuberant foliage, instead of the naked scaffolding of trunks and boughs which they appear where a wooded country has been cleared. This part of the Republic will present, in thirty or forty years, the finished beauty which other parts will scarcely offer in a hundred years.

Most of our inland cities and towns have as yet only a material interest; they are simply so many evidences of growth. They have neither history, monuments, nor individual peculiarities. The smaller towns look as if one individual had built them all on contract, at the same time. The age of a place may instantly be determined by a glance

at its dwelling-houses. The Grecian portico indicates thirty years; the (so-called) Swiss cottage, of clapboards, twenty; the square block, with square box on top, fifteen; the bracketed, towered, irregular mansion, ten; the mansard-roof, to-day. These towns imitate and intensify the monotony of the landscapes around them. It would be difficult to find more uninteresting lines of travel than from Buffalo to Chicago, from Pittsburg to St. Louis, or from Cincinnati to Detroit. Yet those who are familiar with the railroads of Belgium know how charming those dead Flemish levels have become, through varied cultivation and traces of the changing habits of centuries.

Much of our scenery is thus waiting until its natural tameness, or the offensive features of its transition state, shall be remedied by time. Over great tracts of territory we have not been greatly favored in regard to scenery. Except the White Mountain group, the Adirondacks, and the Catskills, we have few picturesque mountain regions this side of Colorado. The Alleghany range is singularly devoid of sublimity; its long, uniform walls weary the eye. In the Southern States, when you have named the Shenandoah Valley, East Tennessee, and the mountain region of North Carolina, you have almost exhausted the catalogue of fine scenery. The Mississippi—except in its upper course—and the Missouri are the tamest of rivers.

But the scenery of the western half of the Republic fully makes up for the deficiencies of the eastern. From that meridian line where the peaks of the Rocky Mountains first rise above the horizon of the Plains, to the shore of the Pacific, there is no region without its beauties and its wonders. The States and Territories lying within this limit have a character of landscape wholly their own. They are not mere repetitions of the old lands, suggesting to us the magic of a past which our people can never really possess. The world-wide landscapes of the mountain Parks, the lakes of Utah, the mile-deep

cañons of the Colorado River, the Yosemite Valley, and the isolated mountain pyramids of Oregon, are unlike any other scenery in the world. They combine the highest elements of beauty and sublimity, in new forms. Within ten years, much of the stream of travel which now sets across the ocean will be turned westward, and all those sources of enjoyment, of inspiration, of native growth and development, will be opened to us. We shall then have some compensation for the privations and inconveniences of our methods of travel.

The great tracts of territory which we are obliged to cover make the growth of sections slower than it otherwise would be. This circumstance interferes with the order, the stability, and the ripe development of the older parts of the country. The vast annual immigration from Europe is absorbed as fast as it arrives, and a great deal of the natural increase of our own population is carried westward along with it. The elements of haste, of carelessness in regard to details, of superficial performance, evolved out of these conditions, have infected our life everywhere. Our capacity for steady, patient labor—a quality which rejoices in order and method—has been seriously undermined. We have learned to seek “short cuts” to wealth or position,—to endeavor to clear by frantic leaps the gulfs which separate us from our aims. Something of this is inevitable, and we should be inclined to leave the fault to correct itself, but for the indifference to individual right and protection which it engenders. When the happy day shall come when *all* of our territory is at least thinly settled from ocean to ocean, and the nation has learned the important truth that it is better off without any more, we may hope that the work of consolidation will commence. The imperfections, the crudities, the restless, unsettled motions of our national life will probably then begin to subside. The simple circumstances of a denser population and more settled habits will go far towards removing the practical disad-

vantages to which we are now forced to submit.

Whatever may be our theory, (it is doubtful, indeed, whether we have any,) our practice appears to be based on the idea that the corporations into whose powerful hands are confided our travel and the facilities of our business are not the servants, but the benefactors, of the people. We are swift to create them, we generously load them with privileges, and we require a mere shadow of obligation in return. Sometimes, when a specially frightful accident occurs, we establish a single rule whereby that particular form of accident may be prevented, but we neglect the comprehensive legislation which should protect the public against dangers and impositions of all kinds. The shock of a catastrophe makes but a temporary ripple on the swift, seething, impetuous current of our life. The *competition* upon which our legislators fondly relied for our protection is slowly transforming itself into a gigantic system of *combination*, in railroad, telegraph, and express business, against which the public is powerless. It is time that the balance were restored. Except in the case of the Pacific railroads, the need of encouraging and specially supporting these great physical enterprises is past, and those which have been built up by a confiding generosity should be called upon to fulfil, at least, their most obvious duties.

Our Anglo-Saxon race, with all its sound and sterling qualities, possesses less grace and courtesy than any other of the civilized families of men. To the untaught American mind courtesy implies a certain degree of servility. With the half-cultivation of a large portion of our population, one could scarcely expect to find the virtue generally developed; but the absence of it, in our public intercourse, is an unpleasant fact. From the *restaurateur*, who, thrusting his hand over your shoulder for a dollar, silently and contemptuously smiles at your imbecility in demanding to be served, to the conductor who don't know how long the train will be

delayed, nor what is the nature of the accident, (what right have you to ask?) and the boy who fills your lap every five minutes with hideous novels, and swears if you let them drop on the floor, the American public is constantly reminded that it is an inferior institution. A large portion of it seems to have meekly accepted the low estimate of its temporary rulers; at least, the exceptions are not yet frequent enough to have produced any change. It may be human nature for a conductor or a ticket-agent to become irritable at the millionth repetition of the same question; but the man who cannot subdue his nature to what it works in is not the proper man for his place.

We have succeeded so far — and it is our chief national glory — in the creation and development of a people, that these features of our life show the

more glaringly against the broad background of our civilization. The character of our travel is not only below the requirements of the public, but below the standard of our average physical progress. It has not kept pace with the growth of the nation in taste, in refinement, and in the comforts and conveniences of private life. In proportion as the hands by which it is directed have increased in power, they have used that power with a diminishing regard for the rights of those who gave it. It is time that the rude pioneer phase, which accommodates itself to everything, should come to an end. The educational influences of travel are so important, that we should seek to make it attractive; but we shall be satisfied when it shall be so improved as to be no longer, as now, a necessary annoyance.

CHESTER HARDING.

I WISH to outline for American readers the history of an American artist who died last year, full of days and honors. It is a history which records how circumstances became as clay in the grasp of genius and resolution, and great results were developed from the most untoward beginnings.

Never, perhaps, were beginnings more untoward than the early years of Chester Harding. He was born in 1792, in Conway, a little town high up among the hills of Franklin County, Massachusetts. Identified during his boyhood with the fortunes of a family struggling hard for bare subsistence, with an unpractical and thriftless father, and a noble, but overworked and care-worn mother, as soon as he was able to be of use he set to work to earn his own living, as "hired boy," at six dollars a month, with a farmer of the neighborhood. This, however, was a

taste of riches and independence compared with the life before and after. When Harding was fourteen, his father removed with all his family to Western New York. This was an undertaking of no small magnitude. Their new home was an unbroken wilderness, — a week's toilsome journey from New England, — where, after clearing the ground and building a rude log-cabin, Harding and his two elder brothers made flag-bottomed chairs for their neighbors, procuring by this means pork, flour, and potatoes, which were the dainties of the backwoods, while his father and the other children labored in the forest. The usual course of a settler's life was broken in upon by the war of 1812, and Harding shared fully in the excitement this occasioned. He entered the army as a drummer, and had a thorough experience of the pleasures and pains of military life.

Sickness reduced him almost to the grave, and when, on recovering, he obtained his discharge from the ranks, he nearly perished with cold and hunger in attempting to reach his home. Here he remained for the next six months, employed in drum-making with his brother.

The energy which had not yet acquired a specific direction was beginning to manifest itself in restlessness under the routine of his daily life, and readiness to embark in any enterprise that promised deliverance from it. A proposal to undertake the agency for a new spinning-head was eagerly accepted, and, having "contrived to get a horse and wagon, with five or six dollars in money, besides a quantity of essences, such as peppermint, tansy, wintergreen, &c.," Harding set off for Connecticut, with golden dreams of fortune. If he did not realize these, he gained in his expedition some money and more experience, and thought it on the whole a profitable journey.

At this point love came in to complicate the situation. The account which Harding has left of his courtship is too graphic not to be given in his own words. "I happened," he says, "to meet with Caroline Woodruff, a lovely girl of twenty, with handsome, dark eyes, fine brunette complexion, and of an amiable disposition. I fell in love with her at first sight. I can remember the dress she wore at our first meeting as well as I do those beautiful eyes. It was a dark crimson woolen dress, with a neat little frill about the neck. I saw but little of her; for the family soon moved to a distance of forty or fifty miles. Though she was absent, however, her image was implanted too deeply in my heart to be forgotten. It haunted me day and night. At length I took the resolution to go to see her; which was at once carried out. I set out on foot, found her, and proposed, and was bid to wait awhile for my answer. I went again, in the same way, and this time had the happiness to be accepted; and three weeks after she became

my wife, and accompanied me to my home."

A little anecdote in regard to his marriage is characteristic. February 15, 1815, had been appointed for the wedding-day. On the afternoon previous the bride was making her last preparations; the guests were invited, the wedding-gloves and sash sent for, and the wedding-cake in the oven, when Harding drove up to the door and announced that he wanted to be married that day, as the snow was melting too fast for their journey home to be delayed twenty-four hours longer. So they were married the day beforehand. Mrs. Harding was accustomed to say, "It has been the day beforehand ever since."

Scarcely had the happy pair reached Caledonia, N. Y., where Harding was then living, when he was sued for debt. Much embarrassed in his business, which was then chair-making, he concluded to try tavern-keeping, but with no improvement in his fortunes. Matters at length became desperate. Imprisonment for debt seemed inevitable, and the thought of it was so horrible to him, that as a last resort he determined to leave his family, and look for employment in some safer locality. He quitted home in the night, travelled on foot to the Alleghany River, and as soon as practicable worked his way on a raft down to Pittsburg. There the prospect was not very encouraging, but Harding at length got a few jobs of house-painting, and with his small savings returned to Caledonia for his wife and child, with whom he again made the wearisome journey, but with better heart than before,—perhaps with some presentiment of brighter days at hand.

Their home at Pittsburg was humble enough. "All our availables," Harding says, "consisted of one bed and a chest of clothing and some cooking utensils; so that we had little labor in getting settled down." For his household gods he had previously rented a "ten-footer" with two rooms in it. But now all his money was gone; he could get no more work as a house-

painter. Had he brought his family so far only to starve, instead of feeding them? So deep was their poverty at this time, that a half-loaf of bread lent by a kind neighbor, and a piece of beef-steak obtained on credit, made them a luxurious meal, which was remembered with thankfulness in after years of plenty.

There was an opening for a sign-painter in Pittsburg, and Harding eagerly accepted this means of supplying his pressing wants. But he had no funds to procure the materials he needed, and was forced to resort for money to the kind neighbor from whom he had borrowed bread. He was successful in this new business, and followed it a year. About this time a portrait-painter, "of the primitive sort," happened to show to Harding some specimens of his work, which opened to the struggling sign-painter a new world of thought and desire. Though he could ill afford the expense, he had his own and his wife's pictures painted, and was lost in admiration of the artist's skill. Day and night the thought of this wonderful art possessed him. An unconquerable longing to try his own powers in this new direction made him haunt the studio of the artist, who would give him no hint of his method, nor even allow Harding to see him work. At length, with a board, and such colors as he used in his trade, Harding began a portrait of his wife, and, to his own astonishment, "made a thing that looked like her." He was frantic with joy at the result. He painted several other portraits, and the occupation became so engrossing as to interfere seriously with his regular business. Nelson, the portrait-painter, whose pictures had given the first impulse to this newly discovered faculty, was still disposed to be unfriendly. He ridiculed Harding's efforts, and told him it was sheer nonsense to attempt portrait-painting at his time of life. To the dejection which his criticisms occasioned was, however, opposed the admiration of others who probably had more sincerity, if less knowledge of art; and

Harding's love of painting was now too strong to admit of his being easily discouraged. Hearing from his brother, who had removed to Paris, Kentucky, that an artist in Lexington was receiving fifty dollars a head for portraits, he resolved, with his accustomed suddenness, to establish himself in Paris, and arrived there with funds, as usual, low, but with a good stock of hope and courage, and a conviction that he had at last found his true vocation. In six months from that time, he had painted nearly a hundred portraits at twenty-five dollars apiece. "The first twenty-five I took," he writes, years afterward, "rather disturbed the equanimity of my conscience. It did not seem to me that the portrait was intrinsically worth that money; now I know it was not."

A two months' visit to Philadelphia produced wholesome criticism of his own attainments, and a still more eager ambition to excel. His own pictures lost something of their attraction for him, and he appreciated better the merits of those which he had previously undervalued. These two months of thoughtful study did more for him than years have done for many. The quick insight of genius penetrated at once the secrets which to mere talent unfold themselves but slowly. There was no longer any doubt about Harding's ultimate success, though he was yet far from reaching it. Other long and weary struggles with poverty had to be endured before he could work at leisure and without anxiety.

St. Louis offered a more favorable location for a rising artist than Kentucky, then embarrassed by financial troubles, and thither Harding went. There Fortune, at last, began to give him golden gifts, and with them came new aspirations. The artist-longing for Europe awakened in him, and he resolved to gratify it. But first he had a duty to perform. He went back to Caledonia, the scene of so many of his struggles and failures, paid all his debts, and visited his aged parents. Although proud of his success, his practical friends were far from satisfied with the profession he

had chosen. His grandfather said to him one day, very seriously: "Chester, I want to speak to you about your present mode of life. I think it is very little better than swindling, to charge forty dollars for one of those effigies. Now, I want you to give up this course of living, and settle down on a farm, and become a respectable man."

Harding, however, held firmly to his project of studying in Europe. He had taken passage in the ill-fated *Albion*; his trunk was packed, and he was about to set out, when his mother made a last effort to detain him. She represented to him the helpless condition of his wife and children in case he should never return, and urged him to put off his journey till he had made a home for them, and could leave them comfortably provided for in the event of his death. Her reasoning prevailed. The very next day Harding purchased a farm of one hundred and fifty acres, and, having made a contract for a house to be built upon it, he started for Washington, leaving his family for the winter with his father and mother. The season at Washington was a successful one for him. It was his first introduction into what is called good society. The plain man was modest almost to bashfulness in the circle to which his genius had introduced him; but his good sense, simplicity, and kindliness made him everywhere a welcome guest, and attracted to him friendship, as his pictures brought him fame. While spending a part of the next summer at Northampton, Mass., Harding was warmly urged to establish himself in Boston. He did so, early in 1823, and succeeded beyond his highest expectations. Sitters flocked to his studio, in such numbers that he had to keep a book for them to register their names. Probably no other American artist ever enjoyed so great popularity. Gilbert Stuart, in Harding's own estimation the greatest portrait-painter this country ever produced, then in his prime, was idle half that winter. He used to ask his friends, "How rages the Harding fever?"

But popularity did not intoxicate the artist. He viewed it chiefly as a means of hastening the accomplishment of his long-cherished purpose, and though, after having painted eighty portraits, he had a still greater number of applicants awaiting their turn, he decided to go to Europe at once. He reached London in the autumn of 1823, and directly began his studies. Leslie met him cordially. He received encouragement and commendation from Sir Thomas Lawrence, and through the influence of his fellow-countryman, Mr. Hunter, obtained a commission to paint the portrait of his Royal Highness, the Duke of Sussex, which was, of course, the best introduction to general favor. Among the other celebrities who sat to him, either during this visit to England or a subsequent one, were the Duke of Hamilton, the Duke of Norfolk, Alison the historian, and Samuel Rogers. Harding remained abroad three years.

The latter part of Chester Harding's life is but a repetition of successes in his profession. His portraits of Daniel Webster are acknowledged to be among the best ever painted. The one in the Boston Athenæum is perhaps a fair example of his style. A characteristic of his portraits was their suggestiveness. They seem to give us, not only the prominent expression of the countenance at the moment, but the possibilities of its expression in other moods. Hints of temperament and character lurk in the fine lines which Nature draws upon the living face; the more observable features really have but little part in the changing play of the countenance. And in Harding's portraits the chief excellence is their thorough comprehension of the subject, their representation of the man, and not simply of the conformation of his features at a particular period.

In his private life, Harding was, to the last, simple-hearted, unostentatious, and genial. His friendships were as tender as a woman's, and as enduring as his life. With Webster he enjoyed an intimacy of many years, and some

of his happiest hours were spent in the unrestrained intercourse of Webster's family circle.

He was fond of relating the following anecdote: "I had a few bottles of old Scotch whiskey, such as Wilson and Scott have immortalized under the name of 'mountain dew.' This beverage is always used with hot water and sugar. I put a bottle of this whiskey into my overcoat-pocket, one day when I was going to dine with Mr. Webster; but I thought, before presenting it to him, I would see who was in the drawing-room. I put the bottle on the entry table, walked into the drawing-room, and, seeing none but the familiar party, said, 'I have taken the liberty to bring a Scotch gentleman to partake of your hospitality to-day.' 'I am most happy, sir,' was the reply. I walked back to the entry, and pointed to the bottle. 'O,' said he, 'that is the gentleman that bathes in hot water.'"

As the years went on, and Harding's children, one by one, settled in homes of their own,—his faithful and dearly beloved wife, the sharer of his varied fortunes, having died in 1845,—he divided his time between attention to his profession, visits to these new homes, where he was always welcomed most gladly, and his favorite recreation of

fishing. The last winter of his life was spent in St. Louis, and here he painted his last picture, the portrait of General Sherman. His hand had not lost its cunning. The portrait is one of his best. March 27, 1866, he started for Cape Cod, his favorite resort for fishing at that season. Stopping for a few days, on his way, at Boston, he complained of slight illness, and, almost before his danger was realized by those around him, he sank away to death. This was on April 1st. Harding had loved Boston better than any other spot where he had rested in his wanderings. "I feel," he says, "that I owe more to it than to any other place; more of my professional life has been spent in that city than anywhere else; and it is around it that my most grateful recollections cluster." His tall, patriarchal form was familiar to Bostonians. During the later years of his life he wore a full beard, which, with his hair, was silvery white, and a short time before his death he sat to an artist for a head of St. Peter. The artists of Boston publicly acknowledged their loss of "a genial companion, and a noble and generous rival." A later age may estimate more truly the value of his works; but the lesson of his life is for this country and for to-day.

A FAMILIAR EPISTLE TO A FRIEND.

ALIKE I hate to be your debtor,
Or write a mere perfunctory letter;
For letters, so it seems to me,
Our careless quintessence should be,
Our real nature's stolen play
When Consciousness looks t' other way,—
Not drop by drop, with watchful skill,
Gathered in Art's deliberate still,
But life's insensible completeness
Got as the ripe grape gets its sweetness,—

As if it had a way to fuse
 The golden sunlight into juice.
 (But stay,—for fear the sun should set afore
 You manage to unmix my metaphor,—
 I grant it desperately minus,
 Tried by Quintilian or Longinus.)
 Hopeless my mental pump I try;
 The boxes hiss, the tube is dry;
 As those petroleum wells that spout
 Awhile like M. C.s, then give out,
 My spring, once full as Arethusa,
 Is a mere bore as dry's Creusa;
 And yet you ask me why I'm glum,
 And why my graver Muse is dumb.
 Ah me! I've reasons manifold
 Condensed in one,—I'm getting old!

When life, once past its fortieth year,
 Wheels up its evening hemisphere,
 The mind's own shadow, which the boy
 Saw onward point to hope and joy,
 Shifts round, irrevocably set
 Tow'rd morning's loss and vain regret,
 And, argue with it as we will,
 The clock is unconverted still.

"But count the gains," I hear you say,
 "Which far the seeming loss outweigh;—
 Friendships built firm 'gainst flood and wind
 On rock-foundations of the mind;
 Knowledge, instead of scheming hope;
 For wild adventure, settled scope;
 Talents, from surface-ore profuse,
 Tempered and edged to tools for use;
 Judgment, for passion's headlong whirls;
 Old sorrows crystallised into pearls;
 Losses by patience turned to gains,
 Possessions now that once were pains;
 Joy's blossom gone, as go it must,
 To ripen seeds of faith and trust;
 Why heed a snow-flake on the roof
 If fire within keep Age aloof,
 Though blundering north-winds push and strain
 With clumsy palms against the pane?"

My dear old Friend, you're very wise;
 We always are with others' eyes,
 And see (*so clear!*) our neighbor's deck on
 What reef the idiot's sure to wreck on;
 Folks when they see how life has quizzed 'em
 Are fain to make a shift with Wisdom.
 And, finding she nor breaks nor bends,
 Give her a letter to their friends.

Draw passion's torrent whoso will
 Through sluices smooth to turn a mill,
 And, taking solid toll of grist,
 Forget the rainbow in the mist,
 The exulting leap, the aimless haste
 Scattered in iridescent waste ;
 Prefer who likes the sure esteem
 To cheated youth's midsummer dream,
 When every friend was more than Damon,
 Each quicksand safe to build a fame on ;
 Believe that prudence snug excels
 Youth's gross of verdant spectacles,
 Through which earth's withered stubble **seen**
 Looks autumn-proof as painted green,—
 I side with Moses 'gainst the masses,
 Take you the drudge, give me the glasses !
 And, for your talents shaped with practice,
 Convince me first that such the fact is ;
 Let whoso likes be beat, poor fool,
 On life's hard stithy to a tool,
 Be whoso will a ploughshare made,
 Let me remain a jolly blade !

What's Knowledge, with her stocks and lands,
 To gay Conjecture's yellow strands,—
 Sitting to watch her flock's increase
 To ventures for the golden fleece ?
 Her full-fraught ships, safe under lee,
 To youth's light craft, that drinks the sea,
 For Flying Islands making sail,
 And failing where 't is gain to fail ?
 Ah me ! Experience, (so we 're told,)
 Time's crucible, turns lead to gold ;
 Yet what's experience won but dross,—
 Cloud-gold transmuted to our loss ?
 What but base coin the best event
 To the untried experiment ?

'T was an old couple, says the poet,
 That lodged the gods and did not know it ;
 Youth sees and knows them as they were
 Before Olympus' top was bare ;
 From Swampscot's flats his eye divine
 Sees Venus rocking on the brine,
 With lucent limbs, that somehow scatter a
 Charm that turns Doll to Cleopatra ;
 Bacchus (that now is scarce induced
 To give Eld's lagging blood a boost),
 With cymbals' clang and pards to draw him,
 Divine as Ariadne saw him,
 Storms through Youth's pulse with all his train,
 And wins new Indies in his brain ;

Apollo, (with the old a trope,
A sort of finer Mister Pope,)
Apollo — but the Muse forbids ; —
At his approach, cast down thy lids,
And think it joy enough to hear
Far off his arrows singing clear ;
He knows enough who silent knows
The quiver chiming as he goes ;
He tells too much who e'er betrays
The shining Archer's secret ways.

Dear Friend, you 're right and I am wrong ;
My quibbles are not worth a song,
And I sophistically tease
My fancy sad to tricks like these.
I could not cheat you if I would ;
You know me and my jesting mood, —
Mere surface-foam for pride concealing
The purpose of my deeper feeling.
I have not spilt one drop of joy
Poured in the senses of the boy,
Nor Nature fails my walks to bless
With all her golden inwardness ;
And as blind nestlings, unafraid,
Stretch up wide-mouthed to every shade
By which their downy dream is stirred,
Taking it for the mother-bird,
So, when God's shadow, which is light,
Unheralded, by day or night,
My wakening instincts falls across,
Silent as sunbeams over moss,
In my heart's nest half-conscious things
Stir with a helpless sense of wings,
Lift themselves up, and tremble long
With premonitions sweet of song.

Be patient, and perhaps (who knows ?)
These may be winged one day like those ;
If thrushes, close-embowered to sing,
Pierced through with June's delicious sting ;
If swallows, their half-hour to run
Star-breasted in the setting sun.
At first they 're but the unfledged proem,
Or songless schedule of a poem ;
When from the shell they 're hardly dry
If some folks thrust them forth, must I ?

But let me end with a comparison
Never yet hit upon by e'er a son
Of our American Apollo
(And there 's where I shall beat them hollow,
If he is not a courtly St. John,
But, as West said, a Mohawk Injun).

A poem 's like a cruise for whales :
Through untried seas the hunter sails,
His prow dividing waters known
To the blue iceberg's hulk alone ;
At last, on far-off edge of day,
He marks the smoky puff of spray ;
Then with bent oars the shallop flies
To where the basking quarry lies ;
Then the excitement of the strife,
The crimsoned waves, — ah, this is life !

But the dead plunder once secured
And safe beside the vessel moored,
All that had stirred the blood before
Is so much blubber, — nothing more,
(I mean no pun, nor image so
Mere sentimental verse, you know,) —
And all is tedium, smoke, and soil,
In trying out the noisome oil.

Yes, this *is* life ; and so the bard
Through briny deserts, never scarred
Since Noah's keel, a subject seeks,
And lies upon the watch for weeks ;
That once harpooned and helpless lying,
What follows is but weary trying.

Now I 've a notion, if a poet
Beat up for themes, his verse will show it ;
I wait for subjects that hunt me,
By day or night won't let me be,
And hang about me like a curse,
Till they have made me into verse,
From line to line my fingers tease
Beyond my knowledge, as the bees
Build no new cell till those before
With limpid summer-sweet run o'er ;
Then, if I neither sing nor shine,
Is it the subject's fault, or mine ?

ADELAIDE RISTORI.

IT is somewhat strange that the quotation from Joanna Baillie's "Jane de Montfort," with which Campbell sketched a portrait of Mrs. Siddons, should answer almost equally well for a description of the great Italian's stage appearance.

"Lady. How looks her countenance ?

"Page. So queenly, so commanding, and so noble, I shrunk at first in awe ; but when she smiled, Methought I could have compassed sea and land To do her bidding.

"Lady. Is she young or old ?

"Page. Neither, if I right guess ; but she is fair. For Time has laid his hand so gently on her, As he too had been awed.

"Lady. The foolish stripling !

She has bewitched thee. Is she large in stature ?

"Page. So stately and so graceful in her form, I thought at first her stature was gigantic ; But on a near approach I found in truth She scarcely does surpass the middle size."

Ristori the woman, however, is as unlike Ristori the artist, as her real character differs from that of Elisabetta or Medea. If we may credit the assertions of biography and tradition, Mrs. Siddons was always, though unintentionally, more or less of a tragedy queen. She "stabbed the potatoes," astounded shopkeepers by the majesty with which she inquired whether material for clothing would wash, and frightened her dressing-maid by the sepulchral intensity of her exclamations. The awe which Ristori frequently excites is confined entirely to the theatre. Away from it she is the most human, — and humane, — the most simple, the most unaffected, the most sympathetic of women. So strongly is the line drawn between reality and fiction, that in Ristori's presence it requires a mental effort to recall her histrionic greatness, though you have a sense of her power, and you feel persuaded that whatever such a woman earnestly willed would be accomplished.

The large friendliness in Ristori's nature creates a fellow-feeling, making you wondrous kind toward your own personality, and razing those barriers

with which genius often surrounds itself. To excite love as well as admiration is not always in the power of greatness. There is frequently an intolerance of manner, an assertion of superiority, a species of intellectual scorn for the dead level of humanity, that preclude the possibility of sympathy. Yet there is no surer test of grandeur of character than a readiness to acknowledge and respect the individuality of all God's creatures. This is the crowning grace that brings Ristori so near to the hearts of her friends. Her social ease makes you wonder how she can ever be transformed into the classic statue of Mirra. Rachel was so complete a Pagan princess — "Elle pose toujours," said her best friends — that she never succeeded in being herself. Both she and Siddons were first artists, and then women. Ristori is first a woman, and then an artist. Which is more satisfactory to the world admits of argument, but for ourselves we believe it better to step from nature to art than from art to nature. In acting, the common should precede the uncommon ; one must be a creature of every day, and walk upon the earth, in order to be a complete master of the heart. It is not enough that an actor know how to wear a toga. To live in his own age, and love and laugh with his contemporaries, is as necessary as to suffer, hate, and murder after the fashion of the past.

It is not often that Nature does her work equally. She gives us beauty without wit, and then again wit without beauty. She fashions a distorted mouth, and demands that a fine eye make amends for all short-comings. She places a beautiful head on a diminutive, unattractive body, as in the case of Junius Brutus Booth. She gave the erratic Edmund Kean a bad voice, and breathed a Greek fire into the fragile form of Rachel. Garrick

was too short, and Salvini, though handsome, is too stout. But Nature favored the Kembles, and was again in her best mood when she created Adelaide Ristori. She gave her height to command, and added a bearing that would befit the ideal queen. Cast in the large mould of the Venus of Milo, Ristori's figure is finely proportioned, while the modelling of her throat is a study for a Michel Angelo. Her hand has no claim to beauty, but makes up in expression what it lacks in symmetry. Her head is not the Greek classic, but rather belongs to the type of the Madonna, for whom she has so often been the model. Her face is oval, her features regular, her nose perfectly Roman, her teeth beautiful, and her mouth and chin very fine. Her ear is small and shell-like, and her hair dark brown. Her eyes are that most enviable of all colors, dark gray, — enviable for the reason that it may be everything by turns and nothing long, — black, or even blue, according to the passion of the moment. We never saw an eye that was capable of such varied emotion, — and in fact, for mobility of feature Ristori stands alone. It is said of Talma, that he had only to pass his hand over his face to alternate "from grave to gay, from lively to severe." Ristori needs the interposition of no such veil to undergo the most wonderful facial transformation. Her walk also is most admirable. It is no stilted strut, no conventional stride, — it is the tread of majesty.

Although Ristori's poses are often very beautiful, they are more frequently striking than purely statuesque, and occasionally there is just enough angularity of movement to prevent her being accorded perfect grace. Nor, in spite of fine physical attributes, do we now claim for her the great beauty she once possessed. A few years ago, Ristori's appearance was alone sufficient to excite the greatest enthusiasm. Passion, not time, has wrought a change. No one can possess her temperament without intensity of feeling, and emotion leaves its ineffaceable mark. A

woman who from childhood has fought the world single-handed, and has lived half her life in depicting the terrible sufferings of a Marie Stuart, a Juliet, a Mirra, and a Francesca da Rimini, is doomed to pay the penalty of genius, — and heart, for Ristori not only depicts, but *becomes*, each character. With her nothing is a cool calculation. Her quick impulses constitute her greatness. Surrounded by such cares and vexations as would thoroughly absorb almost any other human being, we have seen her, at a suggestion, forget the present, live for the moment, and, with the greatest animation in the subject of her narration, at its conclusion as quickly return to the disagreeable realities confronting her, and then rush on the stage to astonish people by her acting. It is this impulse, too, which renders her recitations so fine. In a drawing-room, where the liveliest imagination cannot conjure up the shadow of an illusion, in the lecture-room before an audience ignorant of her language and of most stolid aspect, Ristori sees nothing but her art, and by her own enthusiasm creates life under the ribs of death. Sensitive to moral atmospheres, she yet depends entirely upon her character for inspiration. Being outside of herself, applause is not a necessity. This is the secret of her success in countries where Italian is no more intelligible than Greek. Moreover, with all her sense of humor, her nature is thoroughly earnest. She takes life seriously. We never saw a person who put more conscience into work, whether of much or of little import. "Everything that is worth doing at all is worth doing well," is the first article of her creed, and is illustrated as forcibly in the packing of a trunk as in the death-scene of Elizabeth.

Though the brilliant bloom of her girlhood has yielded to the more interesting beauty of expression, first youth seems to have left Ristori's face only to linger the more lovingly in her voice. That "excellent thing in woman" is, in Ristori, an organ so wonderfully melodious that the ear delights

in its music even when no sense is conveyed to the mind. There is not a note in the register of human passion, but is richly rounded, and bursts forth grandly at the will of the artist. Italian from Ristori's mouth is the ideal of harmony, and Dante is twice Dante when he finds in her an interpreter. Listening as she tells the story of *Francesca da Rimini*, we see Francesca's self, and hear her heart-broken wail as Ristori sighs forth,

"Nessun maggior dolore
Che ricordarsi del tempo felice
Nella miseria."

In according to Ristori the highest order of dramatic genius, we merely allow what has long since been decided beyond appeal by the critical tribunals of France, Italy, Germany, England, and Spain. For the New World, therefore, to cry, *Brava!* is to make no discovery: we crown a long-acknowledged queen. America may make fortune, but cannot make fame, for an artist; and it will be many a year ere cultivated Europe listens respectfully to our verdict in art. Those will be "time-bettering days" when our intellectual equals our moral conscience, and public opinion is founded upon principle. To-day, our criticism is, for the most part, either actuated by sentiment or prejudice; and, in the absence of real appreciation, we have made Ristori's advent in America the signal for a dramatic feud, the public arraying itself, according to feeling, under one of two standards,—the name of Rachel being opposed to that of her Italian rival. Is this criticism? Is this love of the drama? "We are, in truth, great children," wrote Jules Janin some years ago. "When we have amused ourselves for some time with a pretty plaything, if another one is given to us we immediately forget the first. It is fortunate if we do not break it by striking on it with the new one. We had a beautiful tragic toy, Mademoiselle Rachel. The Italians show us another, Ristori. *Crac!* Here we are about to smash Rachel with Ristori, as if the dramatic art were not vast enough to afford two places of

honor to two women of different kinds of talent, yet equal in their sublimity."

It is miserable warfare. He who most truly appreciated the greatness of Rachel will be the first to proclaim that of Ristori, and he who compares the one with the other is simply attempting to make black white. There can be no parallel between things that are in themselves unlike. Rachel and Ristori fill different niches in the great dramatic Pantheon, and receive different offerings. We do not cavil because Phidias was a sculptor, and Apelles a painter, and demand that the one should have been the other. Rachel was a Phidias; Ristori's genius is rather that of an Apelles. It seems to us that in what she made the study of her life Rachel as nearly approached perfection as humanity may. Now, however, that death has thrown its romance and illusion around *la grande tragédienne*, it is insisted by her worshippers that their idol could do no wrong. Yet Rachel living was open to criticism; Rachel dead is no less vulnerable. Madame Waldor, a French writer, said of her, years ago, "That little girl has received of Heaven a great gift, but with it she has neither heart nor brains." That she had little heart was fully proved by her extraordinary career; that she was endowed with a great gift is undeniable. Devoid of heart, an actress is devoid of human sympathy, without which genius is confined to narrow limits. It may be unequalled within those boundaries; beyond them it falls to the level of mediocrity. In *Horace*, *Phèdre*, *Cinna*, *Andromaque*, *Tamécide*, *Iphigénie en Aulide*, *Mithridate*, and *Bajazet*, Rachel reigned supreme. All these characters were within the compass of her gift, and woe be to the actress who now attempts these rôles.

Educated in the best and only school of dramatic art, with Sanson always at her side, it was impossible for Rachel to acquire mannerisms or faults of style. From the first, she assumed those characters for which she was intended by nature; and although, in memory of *Phèdre*, we are tempted to declare that

Rachel could alone interpret Racine, yet it would be absurd to maintain that the actress properly interpreted all the works of her master. Such of Racine's heroines as are ruled by the softer emotions, or by principle, had no breath of life breathed into them by Rachel. A Jewess, she nevertheless failed in Esther, a womanly woman not being dreamt of in her philosophy; nor was she more successful in Bérénice, where duty is the key-note of character. Corneille also at times exceeded Rachel's powers, the religious element in *Polyeucte* defying her, and the Chimene of his *Cid* being an acknowledged misconception. In the romantic drama Rachel was not at ease, although she is still remembered as Marie Stuart, Adrienne Lecouvreur, and Tisbe, the Actress of Padua. Apart from her exquisite dressing, Rachel, measured by herself, was a disappointment in the last-named play. Her Marie Stuart was not comparable with Ristori's. She hated superbly in the third act, but she hated as a fiend, not as the Queen of Scots, and was too good a Pagan to be a true Catholic in the final scene. "Chez l'une il y a de la hauteur, chez l'autre, l'élévation," is the verdict of an able French writer. *Adrienne Lecouvreur* was written for Rachel, but, according to her biographer, "it was certainly more as a pretty woman than as a finished *artiste* that she won admiration in her rendering of Adrienne's character." Of the other seven or eight characters created by Rachel, Madame de Girardin's *Lady Tartuffe* was the only one that succeeded in running the gauntlet of Parisian criticism.

Madame Waldor's charge of want of brains seems hardly credible, yet Rachel's ignorance of matters in which it was her business to be well informed furnishes food for much wonderment, and no little doubt. Prominent was her painful obliquity in judging of dramatic literature, pure whim being the only apparent motive which led her to accept or reject plays. Neither were her costumes always in character, her

first dress in *Marie Stuart* being regal in brilliancy, notwithstanding that the Queen of Scots is imprisoned and intentionally deprived by Elizabeth of every article of luxury, even to a looking-glass! So unenlightened was Rachel on the subject of her heroine, that, after her *début* in Le Brun's fearful version of Schiller's drama, a good friend thought fit to present the counterfeit Stuart with a history of Scotland; yet the extraordinary dressing continued unto the end, for Rachel was vain. Naturally content with the beauty of her Greek head, it was some time before she could be persuaded to wear a wig in *Adrienne Lecouvreur*; and her only objection to Madame de Girardin's very objectionable play of *Cleopatra* was that the author should have given her lover the plebeian name of Antony! Again, in attempting comedy Rachel showed an extraordinary mental hallucination, if not weakness. We are told that she was never so happy as when arrayed for Molière's *soubrettes*, in which she made a complete *fiasco*. At the Odéon, in 1844, "she sorely tried the patience of the spectators" by her rendering of Dorinne in *Tartuffe*; but, not persuaded of her inability to excel Mademoiselle Mars, she once more attempted Molière, undertaking the rôle of Célimène in *Le Misanthrope* before a London audience. Even England refused to nod approval.

But Rachel's limitations do not render her the less a genius in her own sphere; on the contrary, concentration of force brings with it increase of power, nor is it probably an exaggeration to state that the world will never look upon her like again. There is always a supply for every demand, but in the economy of nature there is no waste of matter or spirit; and though the stage requires great actresses, it does not ask for Rachels, for the very good reason that the classical drama is dead. Once France believed in it; once France demanded that there should be no other school, and made grimaces before the mirror which Shakespeare held up to nature. Those "superannuated preju-

dices" died with Talma. In spite of beauty and smoothness of language, the classical drama of France is a base imitation, a degenerate echo of former ages, antiquity in court clothes, Greece without her soul. France at last realizes that the masters of her idiom, whose spirit is utterly opposed to her awakened genius, are not masters of a national drama. After the death of Made-moiselle Duchesnoir, a famous Phèdre, Racine and Corneille became the *bêtes noires* of theatre-loving Parisians, who, at the rising of the star, Rachel, spent their enthusiasm upon manner, not matter. The actress was an incarnation: this they could understand and appreciate. Rachel galvanized a corpse, and seems to have been born into the world that the setting sun of the classical drama might be glorious and brilliant. We think, therefore, that there will be no more Rachels; we feel that, if the romantic drama is to live, there must be other Ristoris.

There is no common ground upon which Rachel and Ristori can meet. Their conceptions of Phèdre may be compared, but not their genius. Ristori makes a *tour de force* of what with Rachel was bone of her bone and flesh of her flesh. She is noble in it; her reading is beautiful, as it ever is; and some of her points, particularly in the fourth act, are fine; but we do not feel a character. Ristori's large humanity speaks through it all, and we heartily wish that *Phèdre* had never been translated. Rachel was fifteen years in mastering the idea of this wretched daughter of the monster Pasiphaë. How useless, then, to look for an equal work of art from a foreigner, with whom the part is a comparatively recent assumption! Independently of predestined genius, Rachel's figure eminently fitted her for the rendering of Greek tragedy. Drapery hung upon her as it hangs upon no other human being, her very physical defects making her the more exquisitely statuesque. Rachel's effects depended greatly upon her poses, — her poses depended upon her drapery, the management of which had been

one of her profoundest studies. She knew the secrets of every crease in her mantle. Every movement was the result of thoughtful premeditation. A distinguished painter once said to us: "I never studied my art more carefully than I studied Rachel. I watched her before and behind the curtain, and so narrowly, that, while one action was going on, I could see her fingers quietly, and to all appearances unconsciously, making the folds by which she shortly after produced a beautiful effect in what the public considered a spontaneous pose." This is plastic art, and Rachel was mistress of it. Of course, Ristori has little or none of it in *Phèdre*. Impulse is death to it, and no amount of pictorial genius will produce results for which years of practice, as well as of thought, are required. Rachel, too, looked the

"Objet infortuné des vengeances célestes."

Her head was classic; that small, deep-set brown eye beamed with a silent intensity. You saw before you the victim of the wrath of Venus, exhausted, burnt out by the fire of a horrible passion; —

"C'est Vénus toute entière à sa proie attachée."

Rachel fully realized Phèdre's daring confession to Hippolyte,

J'ai languì, j'ai séché dans les feux, dans les larmes."

She was a Pagan, controlled by influences outside of herself. There was nothing of to-day about her. From first to last, she put three thousand years between the auditorium and the stage. She was a fate: she glided, she did not walk. She held attention by magnetism, not by gesticulation. You saw wonderful art, and were awe-struck. This is the only feeling Phèdre can excite when consummately done. It must be as Rachel did it, or it must not be at all. Yet we have heard a great foreign critic — one whom it is audacious to dispute — deny that Rachel's interpretation was complete as a whole. "Nothing in this world could be greater than her fourth act; but in the first act she gave too much the effect of a dying person to go through with all the succeed-

ing action and emotion, and in the second act there was too much of Potiphar's wife to be in keeping with the *Phèdre* of Racine." When doctors disagree, who shall decide?

Remembering Alfieri's masterpiece, however, we feel that we have been unjust to Ristori in confining her genius to the picturesque. What *Phèdre* is to the French, *Mirra* is to the Italian stage. The latter is, if possible, more difficult of creation, being the most repulsive of heathen subjects, and written with a frigidity that even Racine never dreamed of. Alfieri materially changes mythology, by making his *Mirra* guilty in thought only. Through four long acts she embodies the one fearful passion of incestuous love for her father, against which she struggles, for which she loathes herself, but to which she is doomed by Venus, under whose curse she lives and dies. Where, in the last act, Ciniro insists upon knowing the cause of his daughter's mysterious suffering, and her vindictive tempter forces a disclosure of her crime in the insinuating words,

"Oh madre mia felice! almen concesso
A lei sarà — di morire — al tuo fianco," —

the expression of Ristori's face and her delivery of these two lines were inexpressibly thrilling; and the gesture with which the dying girl implored Ciniro to conceal from her mother her impious revelation was worthy of being perpetuated in everlasting marble. Ristori triumphed over the wellnigh unattainable. "Tu seras reine!" said Internari, Ristori's great predecessor in this character. Five years later the pupil fulfilled her teacher's prediction, when Paris looked in wonder upon her *Mirra*, and the French government offered her the position at the Théâtre Français which Rachel had resigned on going to America. "I cannot renounce my nationality, nor will honor permit me to accept what belongs by right to a great artist," was Ristori's noble reply. "Notre langue est trop pauvre pour exprimer la valeur de cette femme," declared Lamartine, after witnessing this extraordinary performance. And what

said Rachel herself, who went *incognito* to see her rival? "Cette femme me fait mal! cette femme me fait mal!" and, greatly excited, left the theatre before the conclusion of the tragedy.

Much has been written and more said against the morality of *Mirra*. As Ristori portrays the heroine, it is impossible to take offence. By the purity of her conception, she absolutely excites the sympathy of her audience. You see before you beauty and virtue condemned to sin by destiny, and not until that final glance which *Mirra* expiates in suicidal death does Venus gain the mastery over principle. We have nothing but repugnance to bestow upon both *Phèdre* and *Mirra* as plays, even though they take a high rank as literature; but we most certainly stand in awe of the genius that can personate either *Phèdre* or *Mirra*, and we thoroughly understand why great artists should aspire to this office. Public morals will never be the worse for their representation. Both are fabulous, both are victims, and upon both falls the vengeance of retributive justice. It is the jubilant triumph of *possible* vice, in such plays as too often degrade the modern French stage, at which the public censor would do well to take exception.

Apart from the complete dissimilarity of Rachel and Ristori, and the consequent injustice toward both of regarding one in comparison with the other, it is our faith that Rachel was the greater artist and that Ristori is the greater genius. As has already been stated, Rachel was educated in the purest school of art. With the exception of three years' intercourse with La Marchionni and Vestris, both fine Italian actresses, and a few months of study with Internari, Ristori is indebted to no outside influences for her art. It is then probable that in details Rachel was less faulty than Ristori is. The actress who confines her study to half a dozen characters is far more likely to achieve artistic perfection, than she who, with even greater genius, spreads her time and thought over a larger surface. "Genius is in a certain sense infallible,

and has nothing to learn ; but art is to be learned, and must be acquired, by practice and experience." Rachel held you spellbound : it was the fascination of a snake. She acted with her head. Ristori inspires love, and consequently there is color in all that she does. Rachel froze : Ristori brings tears. One was intense, and the other is passionate. Rachel was French, and Ristori is Italian, — which may also account for the greater art of the one and for the greater genius of the other.

"Ristori!" wrote Jules Janin, — "she is tragedy itself. She is comedy itself. She is the drama." What Shakespeare is among dramatists, Ristori is among actors. Both are universal, both can laugh and weep at will. Reviewing the career of the great players of the world, we can recall none possessed of Ristori's wonderful versatility. Garrick was admirable in both tragedy and comedy, but we have knowledge of no woman who excelled in each. Mrs. Siddons was great in a few characters. Praise was not awarded to her Juliet ; she acted Ophelia but once ; her Rosalind was "totally without archness" ; she was pronounced "too tragic" in Murphy's comedy of "The Way to Keep Him," and "not good" in Lady Townley. William Godwin said of her that she "condescended in comedy" ; Bannister, that her inspiration was too weighty for it ; and George Colman likened her in it to "a frisking Gog." It is impossible for us to conceive of the highest order of dramatic genius without the combination of light and shade, and we believe it was no accident that made jovial Bacchus the god of tragic poets. Setting the classical drama aside, which is pure tragedy, there is always an element of at least high comedy in the most serious dramatic compositions. For ourselves we hold comedy in great respect, and have grave doubts of the truth of acting that can only produce effects in harrowing moments. Togas and doublets may deceive, but frock-coats and blouses come within the comprehension of even the groundlings, and are not to be put

on hastily. "Eh ! eh !" exclaimed Garrick, when Bannister informed him of his intention to renounce tragedy for comedy ; "why, no, don't think of that ; you may humbug the town for some time longer as a tragedian ; but *comedy is a serious thing*, so don't try it !"

In Italy it is exacted of the *prima donna* that she be competent to perform comedy as well as tragedy, and for years Ristori's attention was divided between the two. She is such a *comédienne* as Peg Woffington or Mrs. Jordan must have been. See her in Goldoni, or in the *petite* comedy of *I Gelosi Fortunati*, wherein a husband and wife, both equally and unreasonably jealous, play at cross-purposes, and you would declare that Momus was the only god of her idolatry, and that tragedy would spoil a face whose smile is irresistible, and whose laugh is brimful of merriment. Ristori's manner, too, is so high-bred, and her tone so colloquial, that her acting becomes downright reality.

Leaving Alfieri and Goldoni, and entering upon the romantic, Ristori's genius shines with additional lustre ; and were not our present aim generalization rather than detail, we could find ample material for as many essays as there are characters in her *répertoire*. In Ristori's Elisabetta and Marie Stuart historical characterization has reached its climax. Anathema can with difficulty transcend the solemn power of her malediction in Mosenthal's *Deborah*, and passionate love culminates in her Francesca da Rimini. It is almost impossible to conceive of more marvellous facial expression than that of Ristori in Camma, and poetry can never be more beautifully rendered than by this grand priestess, when, listening to the exquisitely pathetic music of her bard, the gates of Paradise are disclosed in a vision, and she expires with the name of her lover upon her lips. It seems as though her very soul escaped from her body in the passionate ecstasy of that final recognition and exclamation, "Sinato !" There are moments in life and art which transcend language.

This is one of them. It is a thrill of inspiration ; it is a sensation for which there can be no description.

The *Medea* recalls us to Greece, but not to sculpture ; for by her own confession the dread niece of Circe is a creature of impulse and passion, with a pure animal love for her children. In Ristori's *Medea* we see what Balzac would call "an adorable fury," none the less true to character because of the absence of repose. "We are not to suppose," argues Schlegel, "that the Greeks were contented with a cold and spiritless representation of the passions. How could we reconcile such a supposition with the fact, that whole lines of their tragedies are frequently dedicated to inarticulate exclamations of pain, with which we have nothing to correspond in any of our modern languages?" In *Medea* there must be continued action, there must be color ; and perhaps Rachel was right in preferring a lawsuit and its damages to assuming a rôle totally opposed to the school she so faultlessly embodied. "Rachel killed me ; you have restored me to life," wrote Legouv   in Ristori's album.

And Lady Macbeth ! The spirit of Shakespeare has descended upon Ristori, through whom we see one of the grandest characters of dramatic literature. Her Lady Macbeth is powerful in intellect, beautiful in affection, first a woman and then a queen, a "splendid fiend" during the "hurly-burly" of terrible plotting, but a true wife when the foul deed is done. Ristori hails "Great Glamis, worthy Cawdor," with a tenderness of tone we never heard before, and, as soon as the situation will permit, makes you realize why Lady Macbeth exerted so powerful an influence over her husband. You see that she possesses womanly fascinations, that her heart, so far as he is concerned, is as large as her brain, and that, while she is the dearest partner of his greatness, the brightest jewel in her crown is wifely devotion. No gentle counselling could be gentler than Ristori's

and the unspeakable pathos which she puts into the simple action of laying Macbeth's hand upon her shoulder, as she leads him from the stage, is never to be forgotten. The entire harmony between the guilty pair is told in this sadly beautiful exit. Ristori's sleep-walking scene is a wonderfully solemn vision of retribution. The twenty-two lines of the dramatist become a five-act tragedy. It is the thrilling, terrible picture of a guilty, heart-broken woman on her way to the grave. There is none of the horrible and conventional gasping, but just sufficient hardness of breathing to denote somnambulism and approaching dissolution ; for Ristori evidently, and we think properly, believes that Lady Macbeth died by no suicidal hand, but of that disease to which none could minister. There never was such a washing of the hands ; there never was queen so quickly transformed into a spirit of Dante's hell ; there never was more fearful remorse, more pitiful heart-rending sighs. And her final exit is the fatal flicker, before the going out of the candle ; it is the summing up of all the horrible past, a concentration of superhuman power into one moment of superb action ! Ignorant of English, with no knowledge of *Macbeth* but what she has obtained from an inferior translation, Ristori has made the part of Lady Macbeth her own. It is the interpretation of Shakespeare's soul.

Italy, the first country of antiquity to bring disgrace upon the profession of acting, has never had a national theatre. It is a just retribution for the brand put upon actors by Julius C  sar in depriving them of civil rights. What are Alfieri and Goldoni—the one only fitted for the closet, the other superficial and monotonous—compared with the dramatists of England and Spain, or even those of France and Germany ? Confined to the Italian theatre, Ristori's power would, in a great measure, be lost. The great void has been partially filled by translations, but it is sad to think how much greater than she is Ristori might have been, had Italy produced a Shakespeare, or had adequate

"You lack the season of all nature, sleep !"

translations of our master been put before her at the beginning of her career.

We hear the well-known voice of that "extraordinary man whom nothing can please," Pococurante, saying, "Praise is not criticism. He is no critic that does not find fault. Where are your buts and ifs?" True. Where *are* our buts and ifs? Many years ago, a noble writer of noble English went to see Edmund Kean in *Richard the Third*. Upon returning home he wrote a criticism worthy of both author and actor, and, hearing the approach of this same Pococurante, closed his beautiful tribute with the following burst of generous and righteous indignation:—"It is a low and wicked thing to keep back from merit its due; and I do not know more miserable beings than those who, instead of feeling themselves elevated and made happy by another's excellence, and having a blessed consciousness of belonging to the same race with him, turn envious at his distinction, and feel as if the riches of his intellect made the poverty of theirs.

'O what a world is this, when what is comely
Envenoms him that bears it!'

I owe a debt of gratitude to Mr. Kean for the good which the little I have seen of him has done my mind and heart. Would that what I could say might at all repay him. His genius in his calling has a right to our highest praise;

nor does an ardent enthusiasm of what is great argue such an unhappy want of discrimination as that measured and cold approval which is bestowed alike upon men of mediocrity and those of gifted minds." Would that we were a Dana, to do equal justice to Ristori!

"There is nothing more rare than a truly great player," says the German critic. That phenomenon is now among us. Not to give her a grateful recognition would be to prove ourselves unworthy of a gift with which God so seldom endows humanity. Heartily, then, do we thank Ristori that she was not content to close her artistic career without coming to America. The Drama, when properly directed, is no less a civilizer than the Church. It remains with the public to say whether it shall be reduced to a frivolous amusement, or elevated to the rank of high art. Ristori has proved to us how capable the dramatic profession is of the most exalted influence over mind and heart, and how noble may be its exponents. She has been a missionary of art. We do not assert that she is perfection, we do not say that she is at all times equally great; but, take her for all in all, as a woman and as an artist, we do say, in the words of the message that Charlotte Cushman sends across the Atlantic, "The world does not hold her equal."

A WINTER ADVENTURE ON THE PRAIRIE.

THOSE who have no knowledge of American frontier life except through the journals of the day can have little idea of the unwritten adventure in the vast Western prairie land, as rife with suggestion for the pen of the novelist and poet as are its Pacific circumvallations for the pencil of the artist. The pioneers are familiar with occurrences which would startle the

people of an older civilization into a panic, but which have ceased to be wonderful to them, and pass as merely the ordinary contingencies of every-day life. This, at any rate, was the conclusion to which I came, from experience and observation during a two years' stay in one of our distant Territories.

There was scarcely more than three days' sleighing in the course of these

two winters, and, as would be supposed, everybody took advantage of it, even those Easterners who, like myself, usually regarded sleigh-riding much as Dr. Franklin did.

"Will you ride to the 'Indian Reserve' with me to-day?" asked my friend Alek, one bright January morning. I glanced out, and saw, chafing and champing in the frost, at the door a fine pair of bays, and a sleigh with seats for four and robes in abundance; so I said, "Yes,—and I will be ready in half an hour, if Bessie can make baby ready in that time." Then commenced the running up and down stairs, from nursery to chamber, and chamber to nursery, for little and great blankets, hoods, socks, and veils; and the hundred things requisite for the winter outfit of a three-months-old baby. Maggie held the poor little martyr, while Bessie (baby's mother) and I (the visitor) applied the different layers of flannels and thibets and shawls, until only a half-smothered wail could be heard underneath,—the indistinctness and distance of the tones indicating the sufficiency of wrappers,—and only a faint undulation was perceptible for a movement; then having secured the baby against the cold, we commenced the like process of muffling upon ourselves, were ready, stepped into the sleigh upon the hot soapstones, were duly tucked in, and jingled off for the "Reserve," some fifteen miles north. We rode over bluffs and bottom-lands, winding our prairie way towards our destination, a merry party, and not much troubled because the ascending sun threatened to melt the snow on our track before we had done with it, as the occasional grating of our runners warned.

But those treacherous-looking bridges at the foot of the bluffs, without rail or guard of any kind, over which our horses pranced, pricking their quick, quivering ears, and looking askance at the dark "gulches" below, fearful in depth!—Should we return after nightfall, I questioned myself, over such ways, and on the brink of precipices where a sudden sheer or the

slightest over-pull on that left rein would plunge our precious freight afar down, down, to nobody knows where, but certainly to instant death? Not if I could turn the scale in favor of an early start by sunlight, which it then seemed as if our time would allow, even after dining with our hospitable friend at the "Reserve."

We reached the "Reserve" duly, and, discharging baby's appendages,—mother and Maggie,—my friend Alek proposed a ride for us two some three miles farther, to the Indian "Mission." As there was yet time for it and to spare before the dinner hour, and I had already become, by even my short stay in the region of sunset, pretty effectually imbued with that Western spirit of perpetual motion which animates every man, woman, and child to a degree thoroughly infectious, so long as his face is turned Pacific-ward, I replied with emphasis, "Certainly," and off we whirled again. The snow had been whirled into eddies before us, soon after it fell the previous night, rendering our path very uncertain, which should have warned us to keep our wits concentrated upon the matter in hand; but it did not. As soon as the bays were under full headway, we travelled off as rapidly into the regions of romance, discussing, assorting, and arranging certain love-matters in the neighborhood, which were the topic of the hour, and in which, as the lovers were our special friends, it was but natural we should feel an absorbing interest. After a time I began to awaken to a conviction that we had been over an immense tract of territory in that wonderful realm of romance, and began to question myself how we could have accomplished so much talking during a four miles' ride, and with a pair of such fast horses as Alek, my young friend, had represented these to be. I accordingly made the remark, that either we were very rapid travellers in the region we had been exploring, or his bays were slow, unmistakably declining from the reputation they had before won for themselves.

"Ha—a—a!" There was something so significant in the long, slow, sarcastic rising inflection of that half-laugh of Alek's in reply to my remark, that I felt as if I had been rudely personal.

"Well, then," I asked, rather imperatively, "what *does* it mean, Alek?"

Checking his horses a trifle, as if, for once, he was not quite sure of himself, and looking first over his right shoulder and then over his left, with a somewhat quizzical expression in his eye, he replied, "I'll be hanged if I know."

"Why, look at the sun!" I exclaimed, somewhat reproachfully.

"Well, what of it?" he asked, glancing askance at me with a tantalizing curl on his lip, quite disconcerting in my dilemma.

"What of it? It is every second of one o'clock, and it ought not to be more than ten."

Then rang the prairie with the broad, hearty, rich tones of a laugh from Alek, that conveyed to my wide-awake senses the tragic as well as comic side of this adventure; for all our happiness, to my imagination, was involved in an early return. The wind had blown the light snow, as it fell, in every direction, in little rifts and drifts and long levels, utterly obliterating the path, so that our horses had chosen for themselves the easiest way of travel, bearing gradually, and imperceptibly to us, westward, away from the river and with the wind, until it seemed quite impossible, with no well-defined landmarks on the prairie, for us to guess where we were, or where we ought to be.

Alek gave me the reins and started off to mount a bluff not far away, in order to see if he could get any idea, from the inconsiderable elevation, of our bearings; and after peering about, shading his eyes with his hand, and scowling at a hundred little bluffs in sight, all of the same character, with no distinctive peculiarity of outline, form, or size, he walked back to the sleigh with a step of indecision not common with him. However, I expected some expression of opinion which

should either enlighten my bewilderment or shut down in total darkness on what little hope I had before seen within my mental horizon. Yet not a word or a look did he give me; kicking each individual snow-boot with masculine assertion against the sleigh as he stepped impatiently in, he dropped himself silently, like a lump of ice, upon the seat beside me.

Of course I spoke. "What is to be done, Alek, about getting back to the Reserve for dinner, as we promised?"

Such an annihilating look of contempt as he gave me! "*Confound* the Reserve, dinner, and this whole concern."

"You promised," I retorted, sulkily.

"*Confound* the promise and the dinner, I say. I believe a woman would remember an engagement to dinner if she were hanging by a cobweb over Vesuvius, in full blast. I started to go to the Mission, and I shall go."

It was my turn to laugh now. The whole idea of our situation, and of my companion's characteristic determination to accomplish what he had started to do, instead of thinking only of a homeward track, struck me as ludicrous in the extreme; and I said, as I laughed, "I do believe a man would have his own way, if he saw that in the effort to do it the whole habitable globe was rolling out from under his feet, and nothing left him to stand on but mist."

Alek tossed his head, and touched the bays with his whip in a manner very suggestive of a condition of things in which the power was all in his own hands, as he replied, "Maybe it would be well enough for us not to quarrel until we know that we shall not be obliged to die here, on the prairie, together; and laughing is quite out of place in our predicament."

Determined to have the last word, if we must die, I retorted, "*You* laughed, sir, when I thought we were in a predicament."

"Well, pay all your debts before you die, and begin anew in the other world with a clean record. A woman's a woman, by *George*, all the world over."

During our skirmish our horses had been trotting on at a pretty brisk pace, whither I wondered if Alek knew, so in a captious tone I asked him.

He answered that he should try to find his way back if I could give him a chance to think.

Again I laughed as I said, "I should think you had better turn your horses' heads, while you are doing your thinking, if that's your object."

From the sudden expression of blank surprise and wonderment that passed over his face, as he brought his horses up with a vengeance, and turned them in a twinkling, I saw that he had not thought of this, and, as he whipped up in the opposite direction, he could not help smiling at his own confusion.

"A woman's a woman, Alek, all the world over," I said, of course.

We did reach the Mission by a short cut, and even in a brief visit saw how completely self-sacrificing were those noble men and women who had devoted their lives to teaching the Indians, and preaching to them of the Saviour of all. With a few hundred dollars' remuneration, barely enough to keep them comfortably and decently clothed, and earning their daily bread by tilling the few acres attached to the Mission, these men and women, well educated, and many of them sufficiently intellectual to fill lucrative positions in the world, were giving themselves to a cause which, I confess, seemed to me almost hopeless, with an ardent faithful and touching beyond expression. They represented the Indians as apt to learn, and most willing, but lamented that in too many cases after they had graduated,—some earlier and some later, and many by running away,—they applied what had been taught them to all kinds of shrewd machinations against the whites, sometimes on a small scale of petty thieving, &c., and sometimes on a broader one of more fearful depredations.

Permitting the horses to breathe and drink at the Mission, we jumped into the sleigh and were off again, neither of us during our call having alluded to

the time it had taken our fast animals to make the four miles between the Reserve and the Mission,—six mortal hours!

After pursuing our homeward route in silence for about two miles, I, in looking about me for something to say, perceived from the dangling trace that one of our horses did all the pulling, while the other kept even his more moderate pace only because he was obliged by his mate to do so. Whether Alek had discovered it, and kept silence for fear of eliciting an inopportune remark or laugh from me, I was not sure; but I meant to know, so I said, interrogatively, instead of asking outright, which might imply a doubt of my astuteness, "Alek, something is the matter with Toots. He don't draw any."

"Don't croak!" was the gruff reply.

"I think he is swollen; he looks larger than he did when we left home," I urged, with that unaccountable feminine persistency which always provokes a man in a dilemma.

Sarcastically he answered, and in his turn, interrogatively, "Do you think he has grown since we left home?"

Vexed by the slur, I retorted, crisply, "I think he has had time to grow."

By the time we were in sight of the Reserve, Alek let me have it all in my own way, evidently, I thought, alarmed about Toots.

As Alek had implied in his conversation a desire to keep our story prudently to ourselves until we reached home, by much struggling with a reputed total depravity in woman all the world over to tell that which she is enjoined to keep secret, I lived without serious effects from my reticence through the whole of the afternoon, our friends taking it for granted that we had unconsciously prolonged our stay through my interest in matters pertaining to the Mission.

Except at the late dinner, which he did not seem inclined to slight more than I, Alek was missing every moment of the time. A moonlight evening was a part of our programme when

we left home; and although we had no intention of availing ourselves of it, still, in case of accident or unavoidable detention, it was a bright background to have and to hold in reserve.

Bessie and I began to look anxiously at each other and baby, as we saw the sun fast approaching the horizon, for Alek had not made his appearance to announce himself in readiness for a start homeward. At last, however, he swung very deliberately and magnificently into the room, as if all times and seasons were his own, remarking that, as Toots seemed tired and the moon would be bright after the daylight had waned, he thought we had better not be in a hurry, but take it easy, and we should be home in sufficiently good season.

Here was a chance again for me, a representative woman; so I took advantage of it by asking how a fast horse looked when he was tired, after taking nearly a day to go twenty miles.

Alek could not abide this reflection on Toots, and answered, just as I expected, "Well, Mrs. B——, if you *will* express the whole truth for me, whether I will or not, *Toots is sick*."

"Sick! Has he grown too fast?"

"He is growing fast enough now," — and off he strode for the stable.

Until seven o'clock, Bessie and I sat still and impassible as marble, only answering our agreeable and lady-like hostess in anxious monosyllables, as we looked into each other's faces deprecatingly, and upon the small baby hopelessly, when Alek's "Whoa!" at the door gave the signal for us to be off. As we turned the sharp curve that led to the road, all at once I discovered that our promised moon was missing, and that pretty thick scuds were flitting over the disk that ought to have "lighted the wanderer on his way."

"Alek, where's your moon?"

"Where it ought to be."

"But it is dark, and you bespoke a light evening for just such an emergency as this."

"Well, we have more than we spoke for, — plenty of clouds."

"Do you think we shall get home safely?"

"I can tell you better about our getting home, to-morrow."

We rode on in silence about an hour, and, tired at last of the monotony, (did you ever know such a woman?) I began to look about me, as usual, for something to talk about; when lo! from the appearance of the surroundings, as I could catch here and there a glimpse, when a few straggling rays of moonlight shot through a thin cloud, I was pretty well assured that we were off the track, and steering west of our true course. "Alek!" I exclaimed, "where *are* you going?"

"I was just trying to think. I have never travelled this new road before." As he stood up to penetrate the gloom of the night, he said, "Here we are on the brink of a steep bluff. This won't do, anyhow; we must turn and try to find a better way if we can."

"Look at Toots," I said, "he is twice as large as he was when we started."

"I know it; he is sick, and if we don't find our way soon, I hardly see how we —"

"Are to get home?" I suggested, finishing his sentence for him.

"How we are to get *him* home, I meant."

As the horses were turning, Toots made a sudden lurch to the left, drawing Joe after him, and upsetting us over the bluff, — baby and robes and soapstone and all rolling promiscuously down to the first landing-place. Happily just there it was only a few feet to a friendly knoll, which received and sheltered us at its base, until we could collect our confused senses, and Alek could right his sleigh at the top, and centralize his robes and passengers once more.

Mother-like, Bessie held her baby fast, and Maggie brought up the rear, with baskets and bottles and the whole nursery set-out, while I tugged up over the steep, sharp edge of the bluff, composing a scolding for Alek, and an anathema for men generally. As much of us and ours as we could

collect in the dark, we piled into the sleigh; but, dizzy from the little flight over the bluff, we were more than ever puzzled which way to steer. Before we fairly reached the road, which we did at last, we were turned over into the snow twice more, until, as with everything else, I began to get used to it, and to think it the legitimate way of doing things on the prairies.

After descending into the valley, and mounting the next bluff, I could see, by the fitful and dim light of the moon, that Toots was slackening his pace, preparatory to some new act in our performance; and, determining to try a new part myself this time, I grasped baby from Bessie's arms, and sprang over the back of the sleigh upon the snow, resolving in a twinkling not to risk the rolling process again, by jumping out the legitimate way, over the side, which was already aslant towards the steep bluff slope. Bessie followed, and Maggie after, and down fell Toots as dead as a log. By this time the wind was blowing, and the prairie-wolves were howling; and although we knew the wolves, in ordinary circumstances, to be comparatively harmless, yet it was not easy to say what they might not do, if hungry, and in such a formidable pack as was at our heels, especially as we had no weapon of defence but the whip. We took baby down into the next valley, the better to screen him from the cold winds, —he screaming indignantly at the top of his voice, —and there we sat down forlorn enough upon the snow. It was now more than eleven o'clock at night, and there was no habitation within six miles. Besides, Alek would not leave us alone even to ride Joe that distance for help; and as Joe was a horse not to be trifled with, we were pretty sure there would be no safety in the attempt to drive him with the pole half dangling by the only piece of rope we happened to find in the box. What was to be done? While Bessie and I were contriving how to help Alek out of the difficulty, and while he was disengaging the harness from poor dead Toots, baby's cries had brought

a half-dozen Indians to the spot, which —as they were Sioux, probably on a depredatory reconnoissance in the region of the Omahas —did not tend to lessen our perplexities or our fears. The truth is, we were in a most helpless and fearful condition, for the cold was increasing, and in our last overturn hooks-and-eyes and pins were scattered from our cloaks and shawls; and with no means of fastening them, and with the baby to pacify and keep warm by turns, we were getting pretty thoroughly chilled. The possibility, at least, was that we should all freeze before morning where we were. Woman-like, I began to repent of all the unnecessary anxiety I had tantalizingly added to Alek's responsibilities, and especially was I touched with the spirit of gentleness and unruffled self-possession with which, benumbed as he was from exposure to the cold, he arranged the robes as well as he could about us, and then went about making the most of his appliances for setting Joe in motion.

We finally determined to put our trust in the Indians, and if their camps were anywhere within walking distance, as we thought they might be, we would endeavor to induce them by large offers of reward to let us stay until morning, where we could at least be kept warm. So to this effect Alek addressed them in their own language; but, with that stolid indifference which only an Indian can assume, they affected not to understand us, and, walking away to a distance within sight, commenced a consultation among themselves. Alek, alarmed at this, made a proposition, to which we readily acceded, —to try Joe even in the one-sided position by the pole, securing it as well as he could, and trusting it would not give a sudden swing and frighten Joe into running away. In a few moments we were all in the sleigh again, our teeth chattering, and our hearts beating audibly.

The Indians began hooting, the wolves were howling nearer and nearer; yet how much either clamor meant none of us knew but Alek, and he was

imperturbably silent. What with our fright and the cold, which was steadily increasing, we were chilled to utter powerlessness; for none of us had forgotten that a few days before one of the Sioux was murdered by a wandering detachment of Winnebagoes, carried to their camp, and actually cut up and boiled, for which barbarity the Sioux had sworn vengeance on the whites in the neighborhood, whom they unjustly charged with complicity in the matter.

The snow had melted during the middle of the day so as to leave long stretches of bare ground, while drifts and ice covered the parts of the road in the shade; so that if Joe were inclined to behave, in his rather ignominious use, even as became the stress of the moment, at his best he could make but sorry headway. With an occasional patting, which Alek left his seat in the sleigh to kindly administer, and with coaxing tones when Joe seemed disinclined to make the necessary effort over doubtful places, or offered to jump as the awkward rig of pole and harness gave signs which he did not understand, we did make some considerable progress, until we came to that one fearfulest "gulch" of all, one hundred and thirty feet deep, without rail or protection of any kind on the roadside, which was somewhat sidling at that. In our track was a mixture of ice, bare ground, and snow, but altogether so slippery that in the darkness we dared not risk our feet; and if Joe should take it into his head to do aught but the straightforward thing, we knew too well the consequences! Alek sprang out to lead Joe by the bit. On the glassy and unlevel road, a single slip or misstep now, we knew, would deprive him of his foothold forever, and the slightest lurch or freak of Joe's would precipitate him, if not us, headlong over into black and silent depths. But the sleigh was already too heavily laden for safety without his added weight, and there was no alternative. Maggie comprehended Alek's position, and her weeping was the only sound that broke

the awful stillness of that suspense. For once I could not speak; I could not pray even. We were about a third of the way across, — the whole distance not more than sixty feet, — when the back part of the sleigh, where the load bore the most heavily, began to slide and swing slowly round toward the edge of the precipice, while breathlessly we trembled, lest the least violence of emotion even should accelerate the movement. Luckily, the runner brought up against a small patch of bare ground, just enough to check the motion; and — you will ask — why not then have left the sleigh, and scrambled up the inclination on our feet? It was too slippery for foothold from the frost, even if we could have risked the stir without danger of shaking the sleigh from its uncertain balance, which would of course have been instant death, as we had not an inch of room to spare between us and the abyss below. "O God, save us!" I summoned force enough to utter mentally, — "save us from this terrible hour!"

The sudden and wild yelling of the Indians, who had crept stealthily along up the other side of the opposite bluff, from which they looked down but to exult in our peril, startled Joe, and giving a tremendous spring, and wrenching the bridle from Alek's hand, he brought up triumphantly on a broad level of bare ground. In that moment he had dragged Alek with him a few feet, sufficient to clear the dangers beneath, and slackened his pace somewhat. Alek overtook him, gathered up the reins, and, with renewed confidence in Joe's sagacity and trustworthiness, we drove on at a quicker pace than we had before been able to. The thought of Joe's running away with us after that did not alarm us, but seemed a delightful relief, — let him run, whithersoever he would, away from that ghastly spot.

The wolves by this time were howling and panting pretty near us, and, in our present trembling and half-frozen condition, assumed no doubt an exaggerated importance; but indeed it was quite a different affair from hearing

them—as I often before had done when snug in bed—howling their midnight serenades under my windows.

As we hastened on, after Alek and I were able to speak, and congratulate ourselves upon our escape from the neighborhood of the “gulch” before the wolves neared us, it struck me rather oddly that Maggie had not vouchsafed a word in common with us, in gratitude to Him who had rescued us from death in a horrible form; for her spirit was one of those devotional ones, always overflowing with benedictions, even in positions most adverse to their utterance. I spoke to her, but no reply. “Maggie,” Alek called, “why don’t you answer? Are you faint? Are you very cold?” He instantly checked Joe, while I found her hand and arm beneath the wrappings, all in listless disorder, and she was indeed very cold. Was it the chill of death? No word or stir to persuade us to the contrary. “Good God!” Alek almost groaned aloud, “can it be?”

Yonder, away from the road, was a log-house that we had forgotten in calculating the uninhabited distance, and there a small light was throwing its feeble rays from the four small panes in the window,—more welcome to us now than ever before was the light even of our own dear homes.

As we dragged heavily up to the door, the occupant of the log-cabin, a French Indian, all in a quiver with the spring of the half-breed, bounded from the step, darted by us in the sleigh, to Joe’s head, and, seizing the snaffle before he had fairly stopped, said, with that scintillation of words which expresses a dozen different emotions at once, and which always characterizes the hybrid, “Wild, and cold, and late, and sorry for baby and woman, the door is open, the fire is bright, go quick!”

Again, in another direction which the wolves had taken, their hungry howling rent the silence of midnight. Alek, almost stiffened with exposure to the cold, caught poor little Maggie in his arms, bore her into the shelter, and

with a brotherly gentleness laid her on the husk pallet in one corner of the room. *More* than brotherly we thought, as far as we understood *discrete* degrees in this kind of thing,—for all-the-world-over women as we were, though freezing to death,—we could not suffer to pass unnoticed how tenderly he pressed Maggie’s cold cheek to his. The sight warmed us vicariously; and, impelled by a fresh pulsation about my heart, I rushed back to the sleigh, caught up the one soapstone that had survived our wreck, and throwing it upon the black-walnut coals, all alive upon the hearth, set about loosening Maggie’s raiment, leaving her stagnant blood no possible excuse for not doing its duty.

By the ruddy firelight sat a stranger, sipping a balmy potation from the old family tin dipper. Without a word he finished his tea-drinking, then, rising and pouring a quantity of water from the singing kettle over the fire—dear old tea-kettle! it is always home where thou art—into the dipper, gave it a rinse like a well-bred man, and, emptying it into the corner, poured in a fresh supply; then tipping it toward the blaze of the fire, and peering into it with a scowl, to be sure of the right quantity, he took from his pocket a flask of whiskey, and a bottle of some kind of tincture, and, dropping a few drops of each into the water, filled a small iron spoon with the mixture, and, walking up to Maggie with a very unconscious manner, said, “She had better take this.”

Alek for the first time looked the stranger fairly in the face. “Why, Stevenson, where did you come from?”

“From Dakotah; over the same road you have probably just travelled.”

During the salutation he had taken Maggie’s cold hand, and was making the examination of her pulse with the self-possession of one, I thought, professionally used to the sick-room.

“Is there any pulse?” I dared to ask.

“Faint.”

“Is she faint, or is her pulse faint from the chill?”

“She has narrowly escaped freezing, if an escape it shall prove.”

We recommenced the appliances of heated shawls, hot irons, and the solitary soapstone, rubbing, &c. We saw no evidences of her swallowing, and, as she still remained cold, none of her resuscitation.

At last, to our unbounded joy, Maggie swallowed the draught, and the stranger followed it with others, until she really began to show unmistakable signs of a returning glow. Encouraged, we plied our hands with a life-and-death vigor that quickened our own circulation, and made us feel the blessedness of doing good.

It was near dawn when Maggie first essayed to open her eyes; and the weary stranger, assured of her final safety, left her in our care, and, winding himself up in his heavy buffalo, lay down before the fire, where Laselle, his Indian woman, child, and scrubby dog, were sleeping soundly.

"Who *is* that, Alek?" I asked, as soon as I felt that the man was beyond the reach of an undertone.

"That? Why, it 's Stevenson, — Dr. Ben Stevenson."

"Stevenson! I thought he was dead."

"So he was. But you never need be surprised at meeting anybody on these prairies, even if you yourself have attended the man's funeral. I always expect to meet some one of my departed ancestors in every new strike across country, and this is a part of the romance of the prairies. Why, Mrs. B——," Alek continued, "the Indians have good reason for expecting to find their hunting-grounds in the land of the Great Spirit, for they doubtless meet, just as I have met Stevenson, many an old chief on these prairies that they have before *buried* sky-high in some isolated tree-top, or on some upreaching bluff whose altitude the theodolite of civilization has never scanned."

"I believe it all, Alek, and more too, and have no doubt that we are in the same condition, and that we are leaving purgatory behind, and are approaching at last our home; only I am surprised

at the time it has taken, seeing your bays are so *fast*, especially Toots."

"H—m!"

At a moan from poor Bessie, who was doubtless dreaming in uneasy wonder what the dear young husband, far away from home, would say, could he know of the perils we had passed, I turned my head, and found she had made a bed of cloaks and shawls in an uninviting corner, and, with baby in her arms and a buffalo-robe over her, was sleeping her troublous sleep. As Maggie was by this time slumbering quietly, though lightly, at Alek's suggestion I threw one of our sleigh-robos on the floor beside Bessie, and, folding my water-proof for a pillow, utterly exhausted from excitement, I too went to sleep.

A wonderful neigh from Joe, in the little thatched shed near the window, awakened me, after a few hours of nervous dreaming, to a consciousness that day was breaking. Leaving baby cooing as contentedly as if he were in the nest at home, and Bessie trying to rub her eyes open to a full comprehension of the situation, I staggered diagonally to Maggie, whom I found conscious and comfortable. After, literally, a hasty "dish" of tea and an Indian crust, preparations were immediately made for a conveyance homeward. We borrowed of our half-breed host a rickety, shiftless-looking cart, and an Indian pony, and made a comfortable reclining place in the centre of the cart for Maggie and the rest of us, — Alek, remembering the style in which we had jingled out of town on the previous morning, could not bear to drive, and gave the reins to Laselle, — squatted, savage fashion, around her, as if she were the light of our council fire. Though Joe wore a very injured expression at being forced into ignoble companionship with the pony, he seemed to bear it with a Christian resignation to the "course of human events," and into town we rode, everybody turning out to behold our return.

REVIEWS AND LITERARY NOTICES.

The Book of the Sonnet. Edited by LEIGH HUNT and S. ADAMS LEE. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

WHETHER Leigh Hunt was a man of genius, or only of surpassing talent, is a question which we willingly leave to the critics who find tweedledee different from tweedledum in kind as well as degree. We are content with the fact that he has some virtue which makes us read every book of his we open, and which leaves us more his friend at the end than we were before. Indeed, it would be hard not to love so cheerful and kindly a soul, even if his art were ever less than charming. But literature seems to have always been a gay science with him. We never see his Muse as the harsh step-mother she really was: we are made to think her a gentle liege-lady, served in the airiest spirit of chivalric devotion; and in the Essay in this "Book of the Sonnet" her aspect is as sunny as any the poet has ever shown us.

The Essay is printed for the first time, and it was written in Hunt's old age; but it is full of light-heartedness, and belongs in feeling to a period at least as early as that which produced the "Stories from the Italian Poets." It is one of those studies in which he was always happy, for it keeps him chiefly in Italy; and when it takes him from Italy, it only brings him into the Italian air of English sonnetry, — a sort of soft Devonshire coast, bordering the rugged native poetry on the south.

The essayist seems to renew himself in the draughts he makes from the immortal youth of the Italian sonneteers, — he has so fresh and unalloyed a pleasure in them and their art, he is so generously tender of their artifice, and so quick to all their excellence. He traces the history of the sonnet in its native country, from the time it first received "its right workmanlike treatment" at the hands of Fra Guittone d' Arezzo, through those of Dante, who might have "set the pattern of the sonnet to succeeding ages, and elevated the nature of its demands besides," but preferred to fritter his powers away in the *Divina Commedia*, — through those of Petrarch, who did perfect the sonnet, and set the pattern of it, — through those of Giusti

de Conti, the first imitator of Petrarch, — through those of Ariosto and of Giovanni della Casa, who varied it from the Petrarchan pattern, — through those of Marini, the Neapolitan poet, who corrupted it and everything else in Italian literature for a time, — through those of the many-piping shepherds of the famous poetic Arcadia, who restored the sonnet and the rest of Italian poetry with milk from their own pastures and water carefully bottled at Castaly, — down to those of Alfieri, who seems to have been the first in latter days to turn it to political account. In a tone equally joyous and affectionate the author gives the sonnet's English history, from the time of its introduction by Wyatt up to our own day. The rules which govern this species of composition are lightly but distinctly suggested before its history begins; and throughout it is championed with graceful earnestness.

The Essay, in fine, is one well fitted to convince the lovers of the sonnet of its excellence, and to leave the mass of mankind as incapable of enjoying it as ever. In no language but Italian has any great poet done his best within the sonnet's narrow bounds, and in Italian the greatest of the sonneteers was not the first of the poets. We are far from scorning the sonnet; we suspect it is a difficult thing to make, and we know it is not easy to read, and we honour it, though we cannot love it. We would not have Poesy to be greatly millinered, whatever fashions other ladies may adopt; and when we meet her corseted in the iron framework of the sonnet's rhymes, and crinolined about with the unyielding drapery of its fourteen lines, we feel that she is no doubt elegantly dressed, but we long to see her in any other attire she is wont to put on.

We are unable, therefore, to lament, with Mr. S. Adams Lee, the surviving editor (as, with a curious misconception of the facts, he calls himself) of "The Book of the Sonnet," that American poets have so little practised the art of sonnetry; and we should not think at all ill of them on this account, but for the surviving editor's opinion, that our poets generally have neglected the sonnet, because it cannot be "dashed off at a heat." The idle rogues, it seems, prefer to "embody their conceptions in

more obvious and popular forms," — a very gross piece of literary truckling; for though a man may be forgiven a desire to make his conceptions popular, the design of making them obvious is but a covert purpose of rendering them intelligible. From the comparatively few American poets who have not been so unmindful of the claims of industry, Mr. Lee quotes in his essay, and selects in his half of "The Book of the Sonnet," though as to the selections we are given to know that some of the sonneteers, and nearly all of the sonnetresses, are put in for a kind of ballast to keep the other half of the book trim. Mr. Lee's good sonneteers are not always popular; and if they are ever obvious, he does what he can to conceal their defective art by printing in Italics any obscure or opaque line he finds in them, and praising it with a luxury of self-satisfaction rare enough in these days of doubting and hesitation. It is plain from the beginning, that he has nothing to say, and we cannot withhold our admiration of his prolonged success in saying it in such neatly rounded periods and elegant language. In fact, Mr. Lee may be declared to have brought the critical platitude to perfection in his essay. He makes "the sense of satisfaction ache" with the faultless flatness of the surfaces presented; and we can in no way give so just an idea of his powers in this respect, and of the character of his essay throughout, as by supposing him to apply, with a slight change of epithet, to himself as a critic, his praise of Mr. Boker as a sonneteer: —

"Mr. Lee has not pursued a conventional system of finding dead levels from any blind reverence for authority, but because of the evident sincerity of his faith in the ponderosity, insipidity, and impotence of the English dictionary. With those, indeed, who are accustomed to the more prominent absurdities and the more marked forms of twaddle, the monotony of these platitudes may fall as on a dull ear. But to the cultivated taste, and to the secret sense of dullness, apt for the delight of vacuity, we would cheerfully commit almost any one of Mr. Lee's platitudes, without an apprehension that the vastness and equality of its extent would pass unheeded."

DR. I. I. HAYES. New York: Hurd and Houghton.

THIS book would have been greater if it had been half as big. Nevertheless, it is extremely interesting, and holds one with a charm that in the end summons all the Polar world about the reader, and makes him sharer in the author's adventures, fears, hopes, and exultations. It is impossible not to admire the enthusiasm and courage which carry him through so many dangers and difficulties, even if one lacks perfect sympathy with the scientific purpose, and doubts if a geographical fact, as yet barren and without apparent promise of fruitfulness, be worth the sacrifices made to ascertain it. Dr. Hayes himself has a sense of what his unscientific reader's conclusion may be in regard to the advantages of further Arctic exploration, and bids him consider how all the benefits of invention and discovery have at first appeared to men as sterile abstractions.

The story of Dr. Hayes's expedition is briefly this. He sailed in the little schooner *United States* from Boston, on the 6th of July, 1860, and after touching at Pröven, in Greenland, proceeded northward to Port Foulke, where he was frozen up, and wintered until July 14, 1861, when he set sail for Boston. In the mean time he made his discovery of the Open Polar Sea by journeying across the ice with sledges and dogs, leaving his ship on the 4th of April, and returning two months later. The interest culminates, of course, in the arrival of Dr. Hayes, with a single companion and one sledge, on the icy shores of the far-sought waters; but, throughout, the narrative is one of wild and peculiar fascination. Sixty days they journeyed through solitudes where men and beasts and birds failed them in succession; and they were not warmed by fire, or sheltered, except by huts of snow, during the whole period of their absence from the ship. Going, they carried their provision with them, and hid in the snow a day's rations at the end of each day's journey, that they might rid their sledges of its burden; and, returning empty, they subsisted on these deposits, as they reached them and dug them out of the drifts. Such was their slender security against starvation; and with only their activity and determination to save them from freezing, they traversed thirteen hundred miles of utter waste, which opposed every obstacle of drifted snow and broken ice to their course. They

The Open Polar Sea: a Narrative of Voyage and Discovery towards the North Pole, in the Schooner United States. By

had been stopped in their advance by the rotten ice in the region of the Open Sea at the farthest point northward ever reached, and now, prevented from further explorations by the unseaworthy state of his ship, Dr. Hayes was reluctantly compelled to come home, without revisiting those waters. He had, however, accomplished one great object of his expedition in its discovery, and his winter at Port Foulke had convinced him that it could be colonized and made a centre for indefinite Polar exploration. Game is endlessly abundant, and the Port can be readily reached and provisioned in every way, and easily fitted as a depot for the steamers which should be employed in future Arctic voyages.

We can give here no true idea of the interest inspired by Dr. Hayes's book, — an interest almost entirely personal, for, after all, the sameness of the Polar world and Polar life wearies a little. The icebergs, the wastes of snow, the pallid day, the brilliant night, form this world; the teeming seas, and the myriad sea-birds and seals and walruscs of summer, the herds of reindeer and the white hares and foxes of winter, and the squalid Esquimaux of either season, form its life. This world Dr. Hayes brings vividly before us, with a true feeling for its grandeur and splendor; and he has a deep sympathy for the torpid and vanishing race who will within half a century leave it without a human inhabitant. Nothing, we think, could so well convey an idea of the entirely negative character of man's existence in the Arctic world as that fact of Esquimaux life which we believe Dr. Hayes is the first to note. These poor savages know neither hospitality nor its opposite in their relations with each other. They would see one another perish of hunger, cold, or any calamity unmoved; but they never deny any succor that is asked, and rescue with as little emotion as they would abandon. To exist is their utmost life.

Lectures and Annual Reports on Education.

By HORACE MANN. Cambridge: Published for the Editor. 1867.

THIS volume virtually records one of the great historic events of America, the reconstruction of popular education by Horace Mann. Never did a man bring to bear

upon any task more matured and disciplined powers, or pour a greater wealth of resources into one restricted channel. That which he organized in his office, he also proclaimed and expounded before the eyes and ears of all. Upon audiences of country farmers and school-girls he lavished wit, wisdom, and magnetic power, such as listening senates rarely receive; and the end which he sought he invariably gained.

Working in this limited sphere, he doubtless felt its limitations reacting on himself; and Goethe's fatal axiom, that "action animates, but narrows," was exemplified in him. He almost re-created for us the Common School, but to the higher problem of University education he contributed almost nothing; his mind was fixed on the needs of the many, not of the few. It was his mission to work for elementary culture, in the hope that anything beyond that, if really needed, would come in time. This temporary ignoring of higher culture cost him no sacrifice. There was little place in his philosophy for poetry or art. He had chosen his vocation, and was a little impatient of anything that could not be popularized or made practical. His own stern method of thought must be imposed on every one, and he was as unfit to train any boy or girl of an ideal genius, as would be a beaver to educate an oriole. But in the common school he was a king.

This volume contains the record of the very best epoch of his heroic life. Written nearly thirty years ago, these pages are to-day as fresh as this year's almanac, and quite as much needed. Compared with them, the contemporary statements of others appear a little out of date. In the recent discussions on corporal punishment, for instance, there has been hardly a good point made on either side — if one may judge from the newspapers — which may not be found, better stated, in this book. It seems to show that we do not yet employ our very ablest men to educate our children, if, after a quarter of a century, we are still treading in the same circle. There is needed at every post that which Horace Mann had, — a slight overplus of power and resources. In the multiplicity of work to be done in America, almost everything is intrusted to half-trained men. But if a man is not a little too good for his work, he is really not good enough for it.

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CHAPTER XII.

SKIRMISHING.

“SO the Rev. Joseph Bellamy Stoker has called upon you, Susan Posey, has he? And wants you to come and talk religion with him in his study, Susan Posey, does he? Religion is a good thing, my dear, the best thing in the world, and never better than when we are young, and no young people need it more than young girls. There are temptations to all, and to them as often as to any, Susan Posey. And temptations come to them in places where they don't look for them, and from persons they never thought of as tempters. So I am very glad to have your thoughts called to the subject of religion. ‘Remember thy Creator in the days of thy youth.’

“But Susan Posey, my dear, I think you had better not break in upon the pious meditations of the Rev. Joseph Bellamy Stoker in his private study. A monk's cell and a minister's library are hardly the places for young ladies. They distract the attention of these good men from their devotions and their sermons. If you think you must

go, you had better take Mrs. Hopkins with you. She likes religious conversation, and it will do her good too, and save a great deal of time for the minister, conversing with two at once. She is of discreet age, and will tell you when it is time to come away, — you might stay too long, you know. I've known young persons stay a good deal too long at these interviews, — a great deal too long, Susan Posey!”

Such was the fatherly counsel of Master Byles Gridley.

Susan was not very quick of apprehension, but she could not help seeing the justice of Master Gridley's remark, that for a young person to go and break in on the hours that a minister requires for his studies, without being accompanied by a mature friend who would remind her when it was time to go, would be taking an unfair advantage of his kindness in asking her to call upon him. She promised, therefore, that she would never go without taking Mrs. Hopkins as her companion, and with this assurance her old friend rested satisfied.

It is altogether likely that he had some deeper reason for his advice than

these with which he satisfied the simple nature of Susan Posey. Of that it will be easier to judge after a glance at the conditions and character of the minister and his household.

The Rev. Mr. Stoker had, in addition to the personal advantages already alluded to, some other qualities which might prove attractive to many women. He had, in particular, that art of sliding into easy intimacy with them which implies some knowledge of the female nature, and, above all, confidence in one's powers. There was little doubt, the gossips maintained, that many of the younger women of his parish would have been willing, in certain contingencies, to lift for him that other end of his yoke under which poor Mrs. Stoker was fainting, unequal to the burden.

That lady must have been some years older than her husband,—how many we need not inquire too curiously,—but in vitality she had long passed the prime in which he was still flourishing. She had borne him five children, and cried her eyes hollow over the graves of three of them. Household cares had dragged upon her; the routine of village life wearied her; the parishioners expected too much of her as the minister's wife; she had wanted more fresh air and more cheerful companionship; and her thoughts had fed too much on death and sin,—good bitter tonics to increase the appetite for virtue, but *not* good as food and drink for the spirit.

But there was another grief which lay hidden far beneath these obvious depressing influences. She felt that she was no longer to her husband what she had been to him, and felt it with something of self-reproach,—which was a wrong to herself, for she had been a true and tender wife. Deeper than all the rest was still another feeling, which had hardly risen into the region of inwardly articulated thought, but lay unshaped beneath all the syllabled trains of sleeping or waking consciousness.

The minister was often consulted by his parishioners upon spiritual matters;

and was in the habit of receiving in his study visitors who came with such intent. Sometimes it was old weak-eyed Deacon Rumrill, in great iron-bowed spectacles, with hanging nether lip and tremulous voice, who had got his brain into a muddle about the beast with two horns, or the woman that fled into the wilderness, or other points not settled to his mind in Scott's Commentary. The minister was always very busy at such times, and made short work of his deacon's doubts. Or it might be that an ancient woman, a mother or a grandmother in Israel, came with her questions and her perplexities to her pastor; and it was pretty certain that just at that moment he was very deep in his next sermon, or had a pressing visit to make.

But it would also happen occasionally that one of the tenderer ewe-lambs of the flock needed comfort from the presence of the shepherd. Poor Mrs. Stoker noticed, or thought she noticed, that the good man had more leisure for the youthful and blooming sister than for the more discreet and venerable matron or spinster. The sitting was apt to be longer; and the worthy pastor would often linger awhile about the door, to speed the parting guest, perhaps, but a little too much after the fashion of young people who are not displeased with each other, and who often find it as hard to cross a threshold single as a witch finds it to get over a running stream. More than once, the pallid, faded wife had made an errand to the study, and, after a keen look at the bright young cheeks, flushed with the excitement of intimate spiritual communion, had gone back to her chamber with her hand pressed against her heart, and the bitterness of death in her soul.

The end of all these bodily and mental trials was, that the minister's wife had fallen into a state of habitual invalidism, such as only women, who feel all the nerves which in men are as insensible as telegraph-wires, can experience.

The doctors did not know what to

make of her case, — whether she would live or die, — whether she would languish for years, or, all at once, roused by some strong impression, or in obedience to some unexplained movement of the vital forces, take up her bed and walk. For her bed had become her home, where she lived as if it belonged to her organism. There she lay, a not unpleasing invalid to contemplate, always looking resigned, patient, serene, except when the one deeper grief was stirred, always arrayed with simple neatness, and surrounded with little tokens that showed the constant presence with her of tasteful and thoughtful affection. She did not know, nobody could know, how steadily, how silently, all this artificial life was draining the veins and blanching the cheek of her daughter Bathsheba, one of the every-day, air-breathing angels without nimbus or aureole who belong to every story which lets us into a few households, as much as the stars and the flowers belong to everybody's verses.

Bathsheba's devotion to her mother brought its own reward, but it was not in the shape of outward commendation. Some of the more censorious members of her father's congregation were severe in their remarks upon her absorption in the supreme object of her care. It seems that this had prevented her from attending to other duties which they considered more imperative. They did n't see why she should n't keep a Sabbath school as well as the rest, and as to her not comin' to meetin' three times on Sabbath day like other folks, they could n't account for it, except because she calculated that she could get along without the means of grace, bein' a minister's daughter. Some went so far as to doubt if she had ever experienced religion, for all she was a professor. There was a good many indulged a false hope. To this, others objected her life of utter self-denial and entire surrender to her duties towards her mother as some evidence of Christian character. But old Deacon Rumrill put down that heresy by showing conclusively from Scott's Commentary on

Romans xi. 1-6, that this was altogether against her chance of being called, and that the better her disposition to perform good works, the more unlikely she was to be the subject of saving grace. Some of these severe critics were good people enough themselves, but they loved active work and stirring companionship, and would have found their real cross if they had been called to sit at an invalid's bedside.

As for the Rev. Mr. Stoker, his duties did not allow him to give so much time to his suffering wife as his feelings would undoubtedly have prompted. He therefore relinquished the care of her (with great reluctance, we may naturally suppose) to Bathsheba, who had inherited not only her mother's youthful smile, but that self-forgetfulness which, born with some of God's creatures, is, if not "grace," at least a manifestation of native depravity which might well be mistaken for it.

The intimacy of mother and daughter was complete, except on a single point. There was one subject on which no word ever passed between them. The excuse of duties to others was by a tacit understanding a mantle to cover all short-comings in the way of attention from the husband and father, and no word ever passed between them implying a suspicion of the loyalty of his affections. Bathsheba came at last so to fill with her tenderness the space left empty in the neglected heart, that her mother only spoke her habitual feeling when she said, "I should think you were in love with me, my darling, if you were not my daughter."

This was a dangerous state of things for the minister. Strange suggestions and unsafe speculations began to mingle with his dreams and reveries. The thought once admitted that another's life is becoming superfluous and a burden, feeds like a ravenous vulture on the soul. Woe to the man or woman whose days are passed in watching the hour-glass through which the sands run too slowly for longings that are like a skulking procession of bloodless murders! Without affirming such hor-

rors of the Rev. Mr. Stoker, it would not be libellous to say that his fancy was tampering with future possibilities, as it constantly happens with those who are getting themselves into training for some act of folly, or some crime, it may be, which will in its own time evolve itself as an idea in the consciousness, and by and by ripen into fact.

It must not be taken for granted that he was actually on the road to some fearful deed, or that he was an utterly lost soul. He was ready to yield to temptation if it came in his way; he would even court it, but he did not shape out any plan very definitely in his mind, as a more desperate sinner would have done. He liked the pleasurable excitement of emotional relations with his pretty lambs, and enjoyed it under the name of religious communion. There is a border land where one can stand on the territory of legitimate instincts and affections, and yet be so near the pleasant garden of the Adversary, that his dangerous fruits and flowers are within easy reach. Once tasted, the next step is like to be the scaling of the wall. The Rev. Mr. Stoker was very fond of this border land. His imagination was wandering over it too often when his pen was travelling almost of itself along the weary parallels of the page before him. All at once a blinding flash would come over him, the lines of his sermon would run together, the fresh manuscript would shrivel like a dead leaf, and the rows of hard-hearted theology on the shelves before him, and the broken-backed Concordance, and the Holy Book itself, would fade away as he gave himself up to the enchantment of his delirious dream.

The reader will probably consider it a discreet arrangement that pretty Susan Posey should seek her pastor in grave company. Mrs. Hopkins willingly consented to the arrangement which had been proposed, and agreed to go with the young lady on her visit to the Rev. Mr. Stoker's study. They were both arrayed in their field-day splendors on this occasion. Susan was lovely in her

light curls and blue ribbons, and the becoming dress which could not help betraying the modestly emphasized *crescendos* and gently graded *diminuendos* of her figure. She was as round as if she had been turned in a lathe, and as delicately finished as if she had been modelled for a Flora. She had naturally an airy toss of the head and a springy movement of the joints, such as some girls study in the glass (and make dreadful work of it), so that she danced all over without knowing it, like a little lively bobolink on a bulrush. In short, she looked fit to spoil a homily for Saint Anthony himself.

Mrs. Hopkins was not less perfect in her somewhat different style. She might be called impressive and imposing in her grand costume, which she wore for this visit. It was a black silk dress, with a crape shawl, a firmly defensive bonnet, and an alpaca umbrella with a stern-looking and decided knob presiding as its handle. The dried-leaf rustle of her silk dress was suggestive of the ripe autumn of life, bringing with it those golden fruits of wisdom and experience which the grave teachers of mankind so justly prefer to the idle blossoms of adolescence.

It is needless to say that the visit was conducted with the most perfect propriety in all respects. Mrs. Hopkins was disposed to take upon herself a large share of the conversation. The minister, on the other hand, would have devoted himself more particularly to Miss Susan; but, with a very natural make-believe obtuseness, the good woman drew his fire so constantly that few of his remarks, and hardly any of his insinuating looks, reached the tender object at which they were aimed. It is probable that his features or tones betrayed some impatience at having thus been foiled of his purpose, for Mrs. Hopkins thought he looked all the time as if he wanted to get rid of her. The three parted, therefore, not in the best humor all round. Mrs. Hopkins declared she'd see the minister in Jericho before she'd fix

herself up as if she was goin' to a weddin' to go and see *him* again. Why, he did n't make any more of her than if she 'd been a tabby-cat. She believed some of these ministers thought women's souls dried up like peas in a pod by the time they was forty year old; anyhow, they did n't seem to care any great about 'em, except while they was green and tender. It was all Miss Se-usan, Miss Se-usan, Miss Se-usan, my dear! but as for her, she might jest as well have gone with her apron on, for any notice he took of her. She did n't care, she was n't goin' to be left out when there was talkin' goin' on, anyhow.

Susan Posey, on her part, said she did n't like him a bit. He looked so sweet at her, and held his head on one side, — law! just as if he had been a young beau! And, — don't tell, — but he whispered that he wished the next time I came I would n't bring that Hopkins woman!

It would not be fair to repeat what the minister said to himself; but we may own as much as this, that, if worthy Mrs. Hopkins had heard it, she would have treated him to a string of adjectives which would have greatly enlarged his conceptions of the female vocabulary.

CHAPTER XIII.

BATTLE.

IN tracing the history of a human soul through its commonplace nervous perturbations, still more through its spiritual humiliations, there is danger that we shall feel a certain contempt for the subject of such weakness. It is easy to laugh at the erring impulses of a young girl; but you who remember when — —, only fifteen years old, untouched by passion, unsullied in name, was found in the shallow brook where she had sternly and surely sought her death, — (too true! too true! — *ejus animæ Jesu miserere!* — but a generation has passed since then,) — will not smile so scornfully.

Myrtle Hazard no longer required the physician's visits, but her mind was very far from being poised in the just balance of its faculties. She was of a good natural constitution and a fine temperament; but she had been overwrought by all that she had passed through, and, though happening to have been born in another land, *she was of American descent*. Now, it has long been noticed that there is something in the influences, climatic or other, here prevailing, which predisposes to morbid religious excitement. The graver reader will not object to seeing the exact statement of a competent witness belonging to a by-gone century, confirmed as it is by all that we see about us.

"There is no Experienced Minister of the Gospel who hath not in the Cases of *Tempted Souls* often had this Experience, that the ill Cases of their distempered *Bodies* are the frequent Occasion and Original of their Temptations." "The Vitiated Humours in many Persons, yield the *Steams* wherein *Satan* does insinuate himself, till he has gained a sort of *Possession* in them, or at least an Opportunity to shoot into the Mind as many *Fiery Darts* as may cause a sad Life unto them; yea, 'tis well if *Self-Murder* be not the sad end into which these hurried (?) People are thus precipitated. *New England*, a country where *Splenetic* Maladies are prevailing and pernicious, perhaps above any other, hath afforded Numberless Instances, of even *pious People*, who have contracted these *Melancholy Indispositions* which have unhinged them from all Service or Comfort; yea, not a few Persons have been hurried thereby to lay *Violent Hands* upon themselves at the last. These are among the *unsearchable Judgments of God!*"

Such are the words of the Rev. Cotton Mather.

The minister had hardly recovered from his vexatious defeat in the skirmish where the Widow Hopkins was his principal opponent, when he received a note from Miss Silence With-

ers, which promised another and more important field of conflict. It contained a request that he would visit Myrtle Hazard, who seemed to be in a very excitable and impressible condition, and who might perhaps be easily brought under those influences which she had resisted from her early years, through inborn perversity of character.

When the Rev. Mr. Stoker received this note, he turned very pale, — which was a bad sign. Then he drew a long breath or two, and presently a flush tingled up to his cheek, where it remained a fixed burning glow. This may have been from the deep interest he felt in Myrtle's spiritual welfare; but he had often been sent for by aged sinners in more immediate peril, apparently, without any such disturbance of the circulation.

To know whether a minister, young or still in flower, is in safe or dangerous paths, there are two psychometers, a comparison between which will give as infallible a return as the dry and wet bulbs of the ingenious "Hygrodeik." The first is the black broadcloth forming the knees of his pantaloons; the second, the patch of carpet before his mirror. If the first is unworn and the second is frayed and threadbare, pray for him. If the first is worn and shiny, while the second keeps its pattern and texture, get him to pray for you.

The Rev. Mr. Stoker should have gone down on his knees then and there, and sought fervently for the grace which he was like to need in the dangerous path just opening before him. He did not do this; but he stood up before his looking-glass and parted his hair as carefully as if he had been separating the saints of his congregation from the sinners, to send the list to the statistical columns of a religious newspaper. He selected a professional neckcloth, as spotlessly pure as if it had been washed in innocence, and adjusted it in a tie which was like the white rose of Sharon. Myrtle Hazard was, he thought, on the whole, the handsomest girl he had ever seen; Susan Posey was to her as a wild-rose with

its five petals to a double damask. He knew the nature of the nervous disturbances through which she had been passing, and that she must be in a singularly impressible condition. He felt sure that he could establish intimate spiritual relations with her by drawing out her repressed sympathies, by feeding the fires of her religious imagination, by exercising all those lesser arts of fascination which are so familiar to the Don Giovannis, and not always unknown to the San Giovannis.

As for the hard doctrines which he used to produce sensations with in the pulpit, it would have been a great pity to worry so lovely a girl, in such a nervous state, with them. He remembered a savory text about being made all things to all men, which would bear application particularly well to the case of this young woman. He knew how to weaken his divinity, on occasion, as well as an old housewife to weaken her tea, lest it should keep people awake.

The Rev. Mr. Stoker was a man of emotions. He loved to feel his heart beat; he loved all the forms of non-alcoholic drunkenness, which are so much better than the vinous, because they taste themselves so keenly, whereas the other (according to the statement of experts who are familiar with its curious phenomena) has a certain sense of unreality connected with it. He delighted in the reflex stimulus of the excitement he produced in others by working on their feelings. A powerful preacher is open to the same sense of enjoyment — an awful, tremulous, goose-flesh sort of state, but still enjoyment — that a great tragedian feels when he curls the blood of his audience.

Mr. Stoker was noted for the vividness of his descriptions of the future which was in store for the great bulk of his fellow-townsmen and fellow-worldsmen. He had three sermons on this subject, known to all the country round as the *sweating* sermon, the *fainting* sermon, and the *convulsion-fit* sermon, from the various effects said to have been produced by them when delivered before large audiences. It might be

supposed that his reputation as a terrorist would have interfered with his attempts to ingratiate himself with his young favorites. But the tragedian who is fearful as Richard or as Iago finds that no hindrance to his success in the part of Romeo. Indeed, women rather take to terrible people; prize-fighters, pirates, highwaymen, rebel generals, Grand Turks, and Bluebeards generally have a fascination for the sex; your virgin has a natural instinct to saddle your lion. The fact, therefore, that the young girl had sat under his tremendous pulpittings, through the sweating sermon, the fainting sermon, and the convulsion-fit sermon, did not secure her against the influence of his milder approaches.

Myrtle was naturally surprised at receiving a visit from him; but she was in just that unbalanced state in which almost any impression is welcome. He showed so much interest, first in her health, then in her thoughts and feelings, always following her lead in the conversation, that before he left her she felt as if she had made a great discovery; namely, that this man, so formidable behind the guns of his wooden bastion, was a most tender-hearted and sympathizing person when he came out of it unarmed. How delightful he was as he sat talking in the twilight in low and tender tones, with respectful pauses of listening, in which he looked as if he too had just made a discovery,—of an angel, to wit, to whom he could not help unbosoming his tenderest emotions, as to a being from another sphere!

It was a new experience to Myrtle. She was all ready for the spiritual manipulations of an expert. The excitability which had been showing itself in spasms and strange paroxysms had been transferred to those nervous centres, whatever they may be, cerebral or ganglionic, which are concerned in the emotional movements of the religious nature. It was taking her at an unfair disadvantage, no doubt. In the old communion, some priest might have wrought upon her while in this condi-

tion, and we might have had at this very moment among us another Saint Theresa or Jacqueline Pascal. She found but a dangerous substitute in the spiritual companionship of a saint like the Rev. Joseph Bellamy Stoker.

People think the confessional is unknown in our Protestant churches. It is a great mistake. The principal change is, that there is no screen between the penitent and the father confessor. The minister knew his rights, and very soon asserted them. He gave Aunt Silence to understand that he could talk more at ease if he and his young disciple were left alone together. Cynthia Badlam did not like this arrangement. She was afraid to speak about it; but she glared at them aslant, with the look of a biting horse when his eyes follow one sideways until they are all white but one little vicious spark of pupil.

It was not very long before the Rev. Mr. Stoker had established pretty intimate relations with the household at The Poplars. He had reason to think, he assured Miss Silence, that Myrtle was in a state of mind which promised a complete transformation of her character. He used the phrases of his sect, of course, in talking with the elderly lady; but the language which he employed with the young girl was free from those mechanical expressions which would have been like to offend or disgust her.

As to his rougher formulæ, he knew better than to apply them to a creature of her fine texture. If he had been disposed to do so, her simple questions and answers to his inquiries would have made it difficult. But it was in her bright and beautiful eyes, in her handsome features, and her winning voice, that he found his chief obstacle. How could he look upon her face in its loveliness, and talk to her as if she must be under the wrath and curse of God for the mere fact of her existence? It seemed more natural, and it certainly was more entertaining, to question her in such a way as to find out what kind of a theology had grown up in her mind as the result of her training in the com-

plex scheme of his doctrinal school. And as he knew that the merest child, so soon as it begins to think at all, works out for itself some kind of a theory of human nature, he pretty soon began sounding Myrtle's thoughts on this matter.

What was her own idea, he would be pleased to know, about her condition as one born of a sinful race, and her liabilities on that account?

Myrtle smiled like a little heathen, as she was, according to the standard of her earlier teachings. That kind of talk used to worry her when she was a child, sometimes. Yes, she remembered its coming back to her in a dream she had, when — when — (She did not finish her sentence.) Did *he* think she hated every kind of goodness and loved every kind of evil? Did *he* think she was hateful to the Being who made her?

The minister looked straight into the bright, brave, tender eyes, and answered, "Nothing in heaven or on earth could help loving you, Myrtle!"

Pretty well for a beginning!

Myrtle saw nothing but pious fervor in this florid sentiment. But as she was honest and clear-sighted, she could not accept a statement which seemed so plainly in contradiction with his common teachings, without bringing his flattering assertion to the test of another question.

Did he suppose, she asked, that any persons could be Christians, who could not tell the day or the year of their change from children of darkness to children of light?

The shrewd clergyman, whose creed could be lax enough on occasion, had provided himself with authorities of all kinds to meet these awkward questions in casuistical divinity. He had hunted up recipes for spiritual neuralgia, spasms, indigestion, psora, hypochondriasis, just as doctors do for their bodily counterparts.

To be sure they could. Why, what did the great Richard Baxter say in his book on Infant Baptism? That at a meeting of many eminent Christians,

some of them very famous ministers, when it was desired that every one should give an account of the time and manner of his conversion, there was but one of them all could do it. And as for himself, Mr. Baxter said, he could not remember the day or the year when he began to be sincere, as he called it. Why, did n't President Wheelock say to a young man who consulted him, that some persons might be true Christians without suspecting it?

All this was so very different from the uncompromising way in which religious doctrines used to be presented to the young girl from the pulpit, that it naturally opened her heart and warmed her affections. Remember, if she needs excuse, that the defeated instincts of a strong nature were rushing in upon her, clamorous for their rights, and that she was not yet mature enough to understand and manage them. The paths of love and religion are at the fork of a road which every maiden travels. If some young hand does not open the turnpike gate of the first, she is pretty sure to try the other, which has no toll-bar. It is also very commonly noticed that these two paths, after diverging awhile, run into each other. True love leads many wandering souls into the better way. Nor is it rare to see those who started in company for the gates of pearl seated together on the banks that border the avenue to that other portal, gathering the roses for which it is so famous.

It was with the most curious interest that the minister listened to the various heresies into which her reflections had led her. Somehow or other they did not sound so dangerous coming from her lips as when they were uttered by the coarser people of the less rigorous denominations, or preached in the sermons of heretical clergymen. He found it impossible to think of her in connection with those denunciations of sinners for which his discourses had been noted. Some of the sharp old church-members began to complain that his exhortations were losing their

pungency. The truth was, he was preaching for Myrtle Hazard. He was getting bewitched and driven beside himself by the intoxication of his relations with her.

All this time she was utterly unconscious of any charm that she was exercising, or of being herself subject to any personal fascination. She loved to read the books of ecstatic contemplation which he furnished her. She loved to sing the languishing hymns which he selected for her. She loved to listen to his devotional rhapsodies, hardly knowing sometimes whether she were in the body or out of the body, while he lifted her upon the wings of his passion-kindled rhetoric. The time came when she had learned to listen for his step, when her eyes glistened at meeting him, when the words he uttered were treasured as from something more than a common mortal, and the book he had touched was like a saintly relic. It never suggested itself to her for an instant that this was anything more than such a friendship as Mercy might have cultivated with Great-Heart. She gave her confidence simply because she was very young and innocent. The green tendrils of the growing vine must wind round something.

The seasons had been changing their scenery while the events we have told were occurring, and the loveliest days of autumn were now shining. To those who know the "Indian summer" of our Northern States, it is needless to describe the influence it exerts on the senses and the soul. The stillness of the landscape in that beautiful time is as if the planet were *sleeping*, like a top, before it begins to rock with the storms of autumn. All natures seem to find themselves more truly in its light; love grows more tender, religion more spiritual, memory sees farther back into the past, grief revisits its mossy marbles, the poet harvests the ripe thoughts which he will tie in sheaves of verses by his winter fireside.

The minister had got into the way of taking frequent walks with Myrtle, whose health had seemed to require the

open air, and who was fast regaining her natural look. Under the canopy of the scarlet, orange, and crimson leaved maples, of the purple and violet clad oaks, of the birches in their robes of sunshine, and the beeches in their clinging drapery of sober brown, they walked together while he discoursed of the joys of heaven, the sweet communion of kindred souls, the ineffable bliss of a world where love would be immortal and beauty should never know decay. And while she listened, the strange light of the leaves irradiated the youthful figure of Myrtle, as when the stained window let in its colors on Madeline, the rose-bloom and the amethyst and the glory.

"Yes! we shall be angels together," exclaimed the Rev. Mr. Stoker. "Our souls were made for immortal union. I know it; I feel it in every throb of my heart. Even in this world you are as an angel to me, lifting me into the heaven where I shall meet you again, or it will not be heaven. O, if on earth our communion could have been such as it must be hereafter! O Myrtle, Myrtle!"

He stretched out his hands as if to clasp hers between them in the rapture of his devotion. Was it the light reflected from the glossy leaves of the poison sumach which overhung the path that made his cheek look so pale? Was he going to kneel to her?

Myrtle turned her dark eyes on him with a simple wonder that saw an excess of saintly ardor in these demonstrations, and drew back from it.

"I think of heaven always as the place where I shall meet my mother," she said calmly.

These words recalled the man to himself for a moment, and he was silent. Presently he seated himself on a stone. His lips were tremulous as he said, in a low tone, "Sit down by me, Myrtle."

"No," she answered, with something which chilled him in her voice, "we will not stay here any longer; it is time to go home."

"Full time!" muttered Cynthia Bad-

lam, whose watchful eyes had been upon them, peering through a screen of yellow leaves, that turned her face pale as if with deadly passion.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE SLIPPERS.

MISS CYNTHIA BADLAM was in the habit of occasionally visiting the Widow Hopkins. Some said—but then people will talk, especially in the country, where they have not much else to do, except in haying-time. She had always known the widow, long before Mr. Gridley came there to board, or any other special event in her family. No matter what people said.

Miss Badlam called to see Mrs. Hopkins, then, and the two had a long talk together, of which only a portion is on record. Here are such fragments as have been preserved.

"What would I do about it? Why, I'd put a stop to such carry'n's on, mighty quick, if I had to tie the girl to the bedpost, and have a bulldog that would take the seat out of any pair of black pantaloons that come within forty rod of her,—*that's* what I'd do about it! He undertook to be mighty sweet with our Susan one while, but ever sence he's been talkin' religion with Myrtle Hazard he's let us alone. Do as I did when he asked our Susan to come to his study,—stick close to your girl and you'll put a stop to all this business. He won't make love to two at once, unless they're both pretty young, I'll warrant. Follow her round, Miss Cynthy, and keep your eyes on her."

"I have watched her like a cat, Mrs. Hopkins, but I can't follow her everywhere,—she won't stand what Susan Posey'll stand. There's no use *our* talking to her,—we've done with that at our house. You never know what that Indian blood of hers will make her do. She's too high-strung for us to bit and bridle. I don't want to see her name in the paper again, alongside of ——" (Her voice died away, and she

paused.) "I'd rather have her fished dead out of the river, or find her where she found her uncle Malachi!"

"You don't think, Miss Cynthy, that the man means to inveigle the girl with the notion of marryin' her by and by, after poor Mrs. Stoker's dead and gone?"

"The Lord in heaven forbid!" exclaimed Miss Cynthia, throwing up her hands. "A child of fifteen years old, if she is a woman to look at!"

"It's too bad,—it's too bad to think of, Miss Cynthy; and there's that poor woman dyin' by inches, and Miss Bathsheby settin' with her day and night,—she has n't got a bit of her father in her, it's all her mother,—and that man, instead of bein' with her to comfort her as any man ought to be with his wife,—*in sickness and in health*, that's what he promised. I'm sure when my poor husband was sick . . . To think of that man goin' about to *talk religion* to all the prettiest girls he can find in the parish, and his wife at home like to leave him so soon,—it's a shame,—so it is, come now! Miss Cynthy, there's one of the best men and one of the learnedest men that ever lived that's a real friend of Myrtle Hazard, and a better friend to her than she knows of,—for ever sence he brought her home, he feels jest like a father to her,—and that man is Mr. Gridley, that lives in this house. It's him I'll speak to about the minister's carry'n's on. He knows about his talking sweet to our Susan, and he'll put things to rights! He's a master hand when he does once take hold of anything, I tell you that! Jest get him to shet up them books of his, and take hold of anybody's troubles, and you'll see how he'll straighten 'em out."

There was a pattering of little feet on the stairs, and the two small twins, "Sossy" and "Minthy," in the home dialect, came hand in hand into the room, Miss Susan leaving them at the threshold, not wishing to interrupt the two ladies, and being much interested also in listening to Mr. Gifted Hopkins, who was reading some of his

last poems to her, with great delight to both of them.

The good woman rose to take them from Susan, and guide their uncertain steps. "My babies, I call 'em, Miss Cynthy. Ain't they nice children? Come to go to bed, little dears? Only a few minutes, Miss Cynthy."

She took them into the bedroom on the same floor, where they slept, and, leaving the door open, began undressing them. Cynthia turned her rocking-chair round so as to face the open door. She looked on while the little creatures were being undressed; she heard the few words they lisped as their infant prayer; she saw them laid in their beds, and heard their pretty good-night.

A lone woman to whom all the sweet cares of maternity have been denied cannot look upon a sight like this without feeling the void in her own heart where a mother's affection should have nestled. Cynthia sat perfectly still, without rocking, and watched kind Mrs. Hopkins at her *quasi* parental task. A tear stole down her rigid face as she saw the rounded limbs of the children bared in their white beauty, and their little heads laid on the pillow. They were sleeping quietly when Mrs. Hopkins left the room for a moment on some errand of her own. Cynthia rose softly from her chair, stole swiftly to the bedside, and printed a long, burning kiss on each of their foreheads.

When Mrs. Hopkins came back, she found the maiden lady sitting in her place just as she left her, but rocking in her chair and sobbing as one in sudden pangs of grief.

"It is a great trouble, Miss Cynthy," she said, — "a great trouble to have such a child as Myrtle to think of and to care for. If she was like our Susan Posey, now! — but we must do the best we can; and if Mr. Gridley once sets himself to it, you may depend upon it he'll make it all come right. I would n't take on about it if I was you. You let me speak to our Mr. Gridley. We all have our troubles. It is n't everybody that can ride to heaven in a C-spring shay, as my poor husband used to say;

and life's a road that's got a good many thank-you-ma'ams to go bumpin' over, says he."

Miss Badlam acquiesced in the philosophical reflections of the late Mr. Ammi Hopkins, and left it to his widow to carry out her own suggestion in reference to consulting Master Gridley. The good woman took the first opportunity she had to introduce the matter, a little diffusely, as is often the way of widows who keep boarders.

"There's something going on I don't like, Mr. Gridley. They tell me that Minister Stoker is following round after Myrtle Hazard, talking religion at her jest about the same way he'd have liked to with our Susan, I calculate. If he wants to talk religion to me or Silence Withers, — well, no, I don't feel sure about Silence, — she ain't as young as she used to be, but then ag'in she ain't so fur gone as some, and she's got money, — but if he wants to talk religion with me, he may come and welcome. But as for Myrtle Hazard, she's been sick, and it's left her a little flighty by what they say, and to have a minister round her all the time ravin' about the next world as if he had a latch-key to the front door of it, is no way to make her come to herself again. I've seen more than one young girl sent off to the asylum by that sort of work, when, if I'd only had 'em, I'd have made 'em sweep the stairs, and mix the puddin's, and tend the babies, and milk the cow, and keep 'em too busy all day to be thinkin' about themselves, and have 'em dress up nice evenin's and see some young folks and have a good time, and go to meetin' Sundays, and then have done with the minister, unless it was old Father Pemberton. He knows forty times as much about heaven as that Stoker man does, or ever's like to, — why don't they run after him, I should like to know? Ministers are men, come now; and I don't want to say anything against women, Mr. Gridley, but women are women, that's the fact of it, and half of 'em are hystericky when they're young; and I've heard old Dr. Hurlbut say

many a time that he had to lay in an extra stock of valerian and assafoetida whenever there was a young minister round, — for there 's plenty of religious ravin', says he, that 's nothin' but hysterics."

[Mr. Froude thinks that was the trouble with Bloody Queen Mary, but the old physician did not get the idea from him.]

"Well, and what do you propose to do about the Rev. Joseph Bellamy Stoker and his young proselyte, Miss Myrtle Hazard?" said Mr. Gridley, when Mrs. Hopkins at last gave him a chance to speak.

"Mr. Gridley," — Mrs. Hopkins looked full upon him as she spoke, — "people used to say that you was a good man and a great man and one of the learnedest men alive, but that you did n't know much nor care for much except books. I know you used to live pretty much to yourself when you first came to board in this house. But you 've been very good to my son; . . . and if Gifted lives till you . . . till you are in . . . your grave, . . . he will write a poem — I know he will — that will tell your goodness to babes unborn."

[Here Master Gridley groaned, and repeated to himself silently,

*"Scindentur vestes, gemmae frangentur et aurum,
Carmina quum tribuent fama perennis erit."*

All this inwardly, and without interrupting the worthy woman's talk.]

"And if ever Gifted makes a book, — don't say anything about it, Mr. Gridley, for goodness' sake, for he would n't have anybody know it, only I can't help thinking that some time or other he will print a book, — and if he does, I know whose name he 'll put at the head of it, — 'Dedicated to B. G., with the gratitude and respect —' There, now, I had n't any business to say a word about it, and it 's only jest in case he does, you know. I 'm sure you deserve it all. You 've helped him with the best of advice. And you 've been kind to me when I was in trouble. And you 've been like a grandfather" [Master Gridley winced, — why could n't

the woman have said *father*? — that *grand* struck his ear like a spade going into the gravel] "to those babes, poor little souls! left on my door-step like a couple of breakfast rolls, — only you know it's the baker left *them*. I believe in you, Mr. Gridley, as I believe in my Maker and in Father Pemberton, — but, poor man! he's old, and you won't be old these twenty years yet."

[Master Gridley shook his head as if to say that was n't so, but felt comforted and refreshed.]

"You've got to help Myrtle Hazard again. You brought her home when she came so nigh drowning. You got the old doctor to go and see her when she came so nigh being bewitched with the magnetism and nonsense, whatever they call it, and the young doctor was so nigh bein' crazy, too. I know, for Nurse Byloe told me all about it. And now Myrtle's gettin' run away with by that pesky Minister Stoker. Cynthia Badlam was here yesterday crying and sobbing as if her heart would break about it. For my part, I did n't think Cynthia cared so much for the girl as all that, but I saw her takin' on dreadfully with my own eyes. That man 's like a hen-hawk among the chickens, — first he picks up one, and then he picks up another. I should like to know if nobody but young folks has souls to be saved, and specially young women!"

"Tell me all you know about Myrtle Hazard and Joseph Bellamy Stoker," said Master Gridley.

Thereupon that good lady related all that Miss Badlam had imparted to her, of which the reader knows the worst, being the interview of which the keen spinster had been a witness, having followed them for the express purpose of knowing, in her own phrase, what the minister was up to.

It is not to be supposed that Myrtle had forgotten the discreet kindness of Master Gridley in bringing her back and making the best of her adventure. He, on his part, had acquired a kind of right to consider himself her adviser, and had begun to take a pleasure in the thought that he, the worn-out and use-

less old pedant, as he had been in the way of considering himself, might perhaps do something even more important than his previous achievement to save this young girl from the dangers that surrounded her. He loved his classics and his old books; he took an interest, too, in the newspapers and periodicals that brought the fermenting thought and the electric life of the great world into his lonely study; but these things just about him were getting strong hold on him, and most of all the fortunes of this beautiful young woman. How strange! For a whole generation he had lived in no nearer relation to his fellow-creatures than that of a half-fossilized teacher; and all at once he found himself face to face with the very most intense form of life, the counsellor of threatened innocence, the champion of imperilled loveliness. What business was it of his? growled the lower nature, of which he had said in "Thoughts on the Universe,"—"Every man leads or is led by something that goes on four legs."

Then he remembered the grand line of the African freedman, that makes all human interests everybody's business, and had a sudden sense of dilatation and evolution, as it were, in all his dimensions, as if he were a head taller, and a foot bigger round the chest, and took in an extra gallon of air at every breath. Then—you who have written a book that holds your heart-leaves between its pages will understand the movement—he took down "Thoughts on the Universe" for a refreshing draught from his own wellspring. He opened as chance ordered it, and his eyes fell on the following passage:—

"The true American formula was well phrased by the late Samuel Patch, the Western Empedocles, 'Some things can be done as well as others.' A homely utterance, but it has virtue to overthrow all dynasties and hierarchies. These were all built up on the Old-World dogma that some things can NOT be done as well as others."

"There, now!" he said, talking to himself in his usual way, "is n't that

good? It always seems to me that I find something to the point when I open that book. 'Some things can be done as well as others,' can they? Suppose I should try what I can do by visiting Miss Myrtle Hazard? I think I may say I am old and incombustible enough to be trusted. She does not seem to be a safe neighbor to very inflammable bodies!"

The Fire-hang-bird was in her nest, the little hanging chamber, when Master Byles Gridley called at The Poplars to see her. Miss Cynthia, who received him, saw fit to carry him somewhat abruptly up to Myrtle's room. She welcomed him very cordially, but colored as she did so,—his visit was a surprise. She was at work on a piece of embroidery. Her first instinctive movement was to thrust it out of sight with the thought of concealment; but she checked this, and before the blush of detection had reached her cheek, the blush of ingenuous shame for her weakness had caught and passed it, and was in full possession. She sat with her worsted pattern held bravely in sight, and her cheek as bright as its liveliest crimson.

"Miss Cynthia has shown me up to the boudoir," he said, "or I should not have ventured into the *adyta* of this ancient temple. A work of art, is it, Miss Myrtle Hazard?"

"Only a pair of slippers, Mr. Gridley,—for my pastor."

"Oh! oh! That is well. A good old man. I have a great regard for the Rev. Eliphalet Pemberton. I wish all ministers were as good and simple and pure-hearted as the Rev. Eliphalet Pemberton. And I wish all the young people thought as much about their elders as you do, Miss Myrtle Hazard. We that are old love little acts of kindness. You gave me more pleasure than you knew of, my dear, when you worked that handsome cushion for me. The old minister will be greatly pleased,—poor old man!"

"But, Mr. Gridley, I must not let you think these are for Father Pemberton. They are for—Mr.—Stoker."

"The Rev. Joseph Bellamy Stoker! He is not an old man, the Rev. Joseph Bellamy Stoker. He may perhaps be a widower before a great while.— Does he know that you are working those slippers for him?"

"Dear me! no, Mr. Gridley. I meant them for a surprise to him. He has been so kind to me, and understands me so much better than I thought anybody did. He is so different from what I thought; he makes religion so perfectly simple, it seems as if everybody would agree with him, if they could only hear him talk."

"Greatly interested in the souls of his people, is n't he?"

"Too much, almost, I am afraid. He says he has been too hard in his sermons sometimes, but it was for fear he should not impress his hearers enough."

"Don't you think he worries himself about the souls of young women rather more than for those of old ones, Myrtle?"

There was something in the tone of this question that helped its slightly sarcastic expression. Myrtle's jealousy for her minister's sincerity was roused.

"How can you ask that, Mr. Gridley? I am sure I wish you or anybody could have heard him talk as I have. There is no age in souls, he says; and I am sure that it would do anybody good to hear him, old or young."

"No age in souls, — no age in souls. Souls of forty as young as souls of fifteen; that's it." Master Gridley did not say this loud. But he did speak as follows: "I am glad to hear what you say of the Rev. Joseph Bellamy Stoker's love of being useful to people of all ages. You have had comfort in his companionship, and there are others who might be very glad to profit by it. I know a very excellent person who has had trials, and is greatly interested in religious conversation. Do you think he would be willing to let this friend of mine share in the privileges of spiritual intercourse which you enjoy?"

There was but one answer possible. Of course he would.

"I hope it is so, my dear young lady. But listen to me one moment. I love you, my dear child, do you know, as if I were your own — grandfather." (There was moral heroism in that word.) "I love you as if you were of my own blood; and so long as you trust me, and suffer me, I mean to keep watch against all dangers that threaten you in mind, body, or estate. You may wonder at me, you may sometimes doubt me; but until you say you distrust me, when any trouble comes near you, you will find me there. Now, my dear child, you ought to know that the Rev. Joseph Bellamy Stoker has the reputation of being too fond of prosecuting religious inquiries with young and handsome women."

Myrtle's eyes fell, — a new suspicion seemed to have suggested itself.

"He wanted to get up a spiritual intimacy with our Susan Posey, — a very pretty girl, as you know."

Myrtle tossed her head almost imperceptibly, and bit her lip.

"I suppose there are a dozen young people that have been talked about with him. He preaches cruel sermons in his pulpit, cruel as death, and cold-blooded enough to freeze any mother's blood if Nature did not tell her he lied, and then smooths it all over with the first good-looking young woman he can get to listen to him."

Myrtle had dropped the slipper she was working on.

"Tell me, my dear, would you be willing to give up meeting this man alone, and gratify my friend, and avoid all occasion of reproach?"

"Of course I would," said Myrtle, her eyes flashing, for her doubts, her shame, her pride, were all excited. "Who is your friend, Mr. Gridley?"

"An excellent woman, — Mrs. Hopkins. You know her, Gifted Hopkins's mother, with whom I am residing. Shall the minister be given to understand that you will see him hereafter in her company?"

Myrtle came pretty near a turn of her old nervous perturbations. "As you say," she answered. "Is there

nobody that I can trust, or is everybody hunting me like a bird?" She hid her face in her hands.

"You can trust me, my dear," said Byles Gridley. "Take your needle, my child, and work at your pattern,—it will come out a rose by and by. Life is like that, Myrtle, one stitch at a time, taken patiently, and the pattern

will come out all right like the embroidery. You can trust me. Good by, my dear."

"Let her finish the slippers," the old man said to himself as he trudged home, "and make 'em big enough for Father Pemberton. He shall have his feet in 'em yet, or my name is n't Byles Gridley!"

HISTORY OF THE SEWING-MACHINE.

IN Cornhill, Boston, thirty years ago, there was a shop for the manufacture and repair of nautical instruments and philosophical apparatus, kept by Ari Davis. Mr. Davis was a very ingenious mechanic, who had invented a successful dovetailing machine, much spoken of at the time, when inventions were not as numerous as they are now. Being thus a noted man in his calling, he gave way to the foible of affecting an oddity of dress and deportment. It pleased him to say extravagant and nonsensical things, and to go about singing, and to attract attention by unusual garments. Nevertheless, being a really skilful mechanic, he was frequently consulted by the inventors and improvers of machinery, to whom he sometimes gave a valuable suggestion.

In the year 1839, two men in Boston — one a mechanic, and the other a capitalist — were striving to produce a knitting-machine, which proved to be a task beyond their strength. When the inventor was at his wit's end, his capitalist brought the machine to the shop of Ari Davis, to see if that eccentric genius could suggest the solution of the difficulty, and make the machine work. The shop, resolving itself into a committee of the whole, gathered about the knitting-machine and its proprietor, and were listening to an explanation of its principle, when Davis, in his wild, extravagant way, broke in with these

words: "What are you bothering yourselves with a knitting-machine for? Why don't you make a sewing-machine?"

"I wish I could," said the capitalist; "but it can't be done."

"O, yes, it can," said Davis; "I can make a sewing-machine myself."

"Well," said the other, "you do it, Davis, and I'll insure you an independent fortune."

There the conversation dropped, and it was never resumed. The boastful remark of the master of the shop was considered merely one of his sallies of affected extravagance, as it really was; and the response of the capitalist to it was uttered without a thought of producing an effect. Nor did it produce any effect upon the person to whom it was addressed. Davis never attempted to construct a sewing-machine.

Among the workmen who stood by and listened to this conversation was a young man from the country, a new hand, named Elias Howe, then twenty years old. The person whom we have named the capitalist, a well-dressed and fine-looking man, somewhat consequential in his manners, was an imposing figure in the eyes of this youth, new to city ways; and he was much impressed with the emphatic assurance that a fortune was in store for the man who should invent a sewing-machine. He

was the more struck with it, because he had already amused himself with inventing some slight improvements, and recently he had caught from Davis the habit of meditating new devices. The spirit of invention, as all mechanics know, is exceedingly contagious. One man in a shop who invents something that proves successful will give the mania to half his companions, and the very apprentices will be tinkering over a device after their day's work is done. There were other reasons, also, why a conversation so trifling and accidental should have strongly impressed itself upon the mind of this particular youth. Before that day, the idea of sewing by the aid of a machine had never occurred to him.

ELIAS HOWE, the inventor of the sewing-machine, was born in 1819, at Spencer, in Massachusetts, where his father was a farmer and miller. There was a grist-mill, a saw-mill, and a shingle-machine on the place; but all of them together, with the aid of the farm, yielded but a slender revenue for a man blessed with eight children. It was a custom in that neighborhood, as in New England generally, forty years ago, for families to carry on some kind of manufacture at which children could assist. At six years of age, Elias Howe worked with his brothers and sisters at sticking the wire teeth into strips of leather for "cards," used in the manufacture of cotton. As soon as he was old enough, he assisted upon the farm and in the mills, attending the district school in the winter months. He is now of opinion, that it was the rude and simple mills belonging to his father which gave his mind its bent toward machinery; but he cannot remember that this bent was very decided, nor that he watched the operation of the mills with much attention to the mechanical principles involved. He was a careless, play-loving boy, and the first eleven years of his life passed without an event worth recording. At eleven he went to "live out" with a farmer of the neighborhood, intending to remain until he was twenty-one. A kind of inherited lameness ren-

dered the hard work of a farmer's boy distressing to him, and, after trying it for a year, he returned to his father's house, and resumed his place in the mills, where he continued until he was sixteen.

One of his young friends, returning from Lowell about this time, gave him such a pleasing description of that famous town, that he was on fire to go thither. In 1835, with his parents' reluctant consent, he went to Lowell, and obtained a learner's place in a large manufactory of cotton machinery, where he remained until the crash of 1837 closed the mills of Lowell, and sent him adrift, a seeker after work. He went to Cambridge, under the shadow of venerable Harvard. He found employment there in a large machine-shop, and was set at work upon the new hemp-carding machinery invented by Professor Treadwell. His cousin, Nathaniel P. Banks, since Speaker of the House of Representatives and Major-General, worked in the same shop and boarded in the same house with him. After working a few months at Cambridge, Elias Howe found employment more congenial in Boston, at the shop of Ari Davis, where the conversation occurred which we have just related.

Judging merely by appearances, no one would have pitched upon *him* as the person likely to make one of the revolutionizing inventions of the age. Undersized, curly-headed, and exceedingly fond of his joke, he was at twenty more a boy than a man. Nor was he very proficient in his trade, nor inclined to put forth extra exertion. Steady labor was always irksome to him, and frequently, owing to the constitutional weakness to which we have alluded, it was painful. He was not the person to seize an idea with avidity, and work it out with the passionate devotion of a Watt or a Goodyear. The only immediate effect upon him of the conversation in the shop of Mr. Davis was to induce a habit of reflecting upon the art of sewing, watching the process as performed by hand, and wondering whether it was within the

compass of the mechanic arts to do it by machinery. His uppermost thought, in those years, was, What a waste of power to employ the ponderous human arm, and all the intricate machinery of the fingers, in performing an operation so simple, and for which a robin's strength would suffice! Why not draw twelve threads through at once, or fifty? And sometimes, while visiting a shop where army and navy clothing was made, he would look at the heaps of unsewed garments, all cut alike, all requiring the same stitch, the same number of stitches, and the same kind of seam, and say to himself, "What a pity this cannot be done by machinery! It is the very work for a machine to do." Such thoughts, however, only flitted through his mind now and then: he was still far from any serious attempt to construct a machine for sewing up the blue trousers.

At twenty-one, being still a journeyman machinist, earning nine dollars a week, he married; and, in time, children came with inconvenient frequency. Nine dollars is a fixed quantity, or, rather, it was *then*; and the addition of three little mouths to be fed from it, and three little backs to be clothed by it, converted the vivacious father into a thoughtful and plodding citizen. His day's labor at this time, when he was upon heavy work, was so fatiguing to him, that, on reaching his home, he would sometimes be too exhausted to eat, and he would go to bed, longing, as we have heard him say, "to lie in bed for ever and ever." It was the pressure of poverty and this extreme fatigue that caused him, about the year 1843, to set about the work of inventing the machine which, he had heard four years before, would be "an independent fortune" to the inventor. Then it was that he caught the inventor's mania, which gives its victims no rest and no peace till they have accomplished the work to which they have abandoned themselves.

He wasted many months on a false scent. When he began to experiment, his only thought was to invent a ma-

chine which should do what he saw his wife doing when she sewed. He took it for granted that sewing must be *that*, and his first device was a needle pointed at both ends, with the eye in the middle, that should work up and down through the cloth, and carry the thread through it at each thrust. Hundreds of hours, by night and day, he brooded over this conception, and cut many a basket of chips in the endeavor to make something that would work such a needle so as to form the common stitch. He could not do it. One day, in 1844, the thought flashed upon him, Is it necessary that a machine should imitate the performance of the hand? May there not be *another* stitch? This was the crisis of the invention. The idea of using two threads, and forming a stitch by the aid of a shuttle and a curved needle with the eye near the point, soon occurred to him, and he felt that he had invented a sewing-machine. It was in the month of October, 1844, that he was able to convince *himself*, by a rough model of wood and wire, that such a machine as he had projected would sew.

At this time he had ceased to be a journeyman mechanic. His father had removed to Cambridge to establish a machine for cutting palm-leaf into strips for hats,—a machine invented by a brother of the elder Howe. Father and son were living in the same house, into the garret of which the son had put a lathe and a few machinist's tools, and was doing a little work on his own account. His ardor in the work of invention robbed him, however, of many hours that might have been employed, his friends thought, to better advantage by the father of a family. He was extremely poor, and his father had lost his palm-leaf machine by a fire. With an invention in his head that has since given him more than two hundred thousand dollars in a single year, and which is now yielding a profit to more than one firm of a thousand dollars a day, he could scarcely provide for his little family the necessaries of life. Nor could his in-

vention be tested, except by making a machine of steel and iron, with the exactness and finish of a clock. At the present time, with a machine before him for a model, a good mechanic could not, with his ordinary tools, construct a sewing-machine in less than two months, nor at a less expense than three hundred dollars. Elias Howe had only his model in his head, and he had not money enough to pay for the raw material requisite for one machine.

There was living then at Cambridge a young friend and schoolmate of the inventor, named George Fisher, a coal and wood merchant, who had recently inherited some property, and was not disinclined to speculate with some of it. The two friends had been in the habit of conversing together upon the project of the sewing-machine. When the inventor had reached his final conception, in the fall of 1844, he succeeded in convincing George Fisher of its feasibility, which led to a partnership between them for bringing the invention into use. The terms of this partnership were these: George Fisher was to receive into his house Elias Howe and his family, board them while Elias was making the machine, give up his garret for a workshop, and provide money for material and tools to the extent of five hundred dollars; in return for which he was to become the proprietor of one half the patent, if the machine proved to be worth patenting. Early in December, 1844, Elias Howe moved into the house of George Fisher, set up his shop in the garret, gathered materials about him, and went to work. It was a very small, low garret, but it sufficed for one zealous, brooding workman, who did not wish for gossiping visitors.

It is strange how the great things come about in this world. This George Fisher, by whose timely aid such an inestimable boon was conferred upon womankind, was led into the enterprise as much by good nature as by expectation of profit, and it was his easy acquisition of his money that made it easy for him to risk it. So far as we

know, neither of the partners indulged in any dream of benevolence. Howe wanted to invent a sewing-machine to deliver himself from that painful daily toil, and Fisher was inclined to aid an old friend, and not disinclined to own a share in a valuable patent. The greatest doers of good have usually proceeded in the same homely spirit. Thus Shakespeare wrote, thus Columbus sailed, thus Watt invented, thus Newton discovered. It seems, too, that George Fisher was Elias Howe's only convert. "I believe," testified Fisher in one of the great sewing-machine suits, "I was the only one of his neighbors and friends in Cambridge that had any confidence in the success of the invention. He was generally looked upon as very visionary in undertaking anything of the kind, and I was thought very foolish in assisting him." It is the old story.

All the winter of 1844-45 Mr. Howe worked at his machine. His conception of what he intended to produce was so clear and complete, that he was little delayed by failures, but worked on with almost as much certainty and steadiness as though he had a model before him. In April he sewed a seam by his machine. By the middle of May, 1845, he had completed his work. In July, he sewed by his machine all the seams of two suits of woollen clothes, one suit for Mr. Fisher and the other for himself, the sewing of both of which outlasted the cloth. This first of all sewing-machines, after crossing the ocean many times, and figuring as a dumb but irrefutable witness in many a court, may still be seen at Mr. Howe's office in Broadway, where, within these few weeks, it has sewed seams in cloth at the rate of three hundred stitches a minute. It is agreed by all disinterested persons (Professor Renwick among others) who have examined this machine, that Elias Howe, in making it, carried the invention of the sewing-machine farther on towards its complete and final utility, than any other inventor has ever brought a first-rate invention at the first trial. It is a

little thing, that first machine, which goes into a box of the capacity of about a cubic foot and a half. Every contrivance in it has been since improved, and new devices have been added; but no successful sewing-machine has ever been made, of all the seven hundred thousand now in existence, which does not contain some of the essential devices of this first attempt. We make this assertion without hesitation or reserve, because it is, we believe, the one point upon which all the great makers are agreed. Judicial decisions have repeatedly affirmed it.

Like all the other great inventors, Mr. Howe found that, when he had completed his machine, his difficulties had but begun. After he had brought the machine to the point of making a few stitches, he went to Boston one day to get a tailor to come to Cambridge and arrange some cloth for sewing, and give his opinion as to the quality of the work done by the machine. The comrades of the man to whom he first applied dissuaded him from going, alleging that a sewing-machine, if it worked well, must necessarily reduce the whole fraternity of tailors to beggary; and this proved to be the unchangeable conviction of the tailors for the next ten years. It is probable that the machines first made would have been destroyed by violence, but for another fixed opinion of the tailors, which was, that no machine could be made that would really answer the purpose. It seems strange now, that the tailors of Boston could have persisted so long in such an opinion; for Mr. Howe, a few weeks after he had finished his first model, gave them an opportunity to see what it could do. He placed his little engine in one of the rooms of the Quincy Hall Clothing Manufactory, and, seating himself before it, offered to sew up any seam that might be brought to him. One unbelieving tailor after another brought a garment, and saw its long seams sewed perfectly, at the rate of two hundred and fifty stitches a minute; which was about seven times as fast as the work could be done by hand. For two weeks he

sat there daily, and sewed up seams for all who chose to bring them to him. He amused himself, at intervals, in executing rows of ornamental stitching, and he showed the strength of the machine by sewing the thick plaited skirts of frock-coats to the bodies. At last, he challenged five of the swiftest seamstresses in the establishment to sew a race with the machine. Ten seams of equal length were prepared for sewing, five of which were laid by the machine, and the other five given to the girls. The gentleman who held the watch, and who was to decide the wager, testified, upon oath, that the five girls were the fastest sewers that could be found, and that they sewed "as fast as they could, — much faster than they were in the habit of sewing," — faster than they could have kept on for one hour. Nevertheless, Mr. Howe finished his five seams a little sooner than the girls finished their five; and the umpire, who was himself a tailor, has sworn, that "the work done on the machine was the neatest and strongest."

Upon reading testimony like this, we wonder that manufacturers did not instantly set Mr. Howe at work making sewing-machines. Not one was ordered. Not a tailor encouraged him by word or deed. Some objected that the machine did not make the whole garment. Others dreaded to encounter the fierce opposition of the journeymen. Others really thought it would beggar all hand sewers, and refrained from using it on principle. Others admitted the utility of the machine and the excellence of the work done by it; but, said they, "We are doing well as we are, and fear to make such a change." The great cost of the machine was a most serious obstacle to its introduction. A year or two since, Mr. Howe caused a copy of his first machine to be made for exhibition in his window, and it cost him two hundred and fifty dollars. In 1845 he could not have furnished his machine for less than three hundred dollars, and a large clothier or shirt-maker would have required thirty or forty of them.

The inventor was not disheartened by the result of the introduction of the machine. The next thing was to get the invention patented, and Mr. Howe again shut himself up in George Fisher's garret for three or four months, and made another machine for deposit in the Patent-Office. In the spring of 1846, there being no prospect of revenue from the invention, he engaged as "engineer" upon one of the railroads terminating at Boston, and "drove" a locomotive daily for some weeks; but the labor proved too much for his strength, and he was compelled to give it up. Late in the summer, the model and the documents being ready for the Patent-Office, the two associates treated themselves to a journey to Washington, where the wonderful machine was exhibited at a fair, with no results except to amuse the crowd. September 10, 1846, the patent was issued, and soon after the young men returned to Cambridge.

George Fisher was now totally discouraged. He had maintained the inventor and his family for many months; he had provided the money for the tools and material for two machines; he had paid the expense of getting the patent, and of the journey to Washington; he had advanced in all about two thousand dollars; and he saw not the remotest probability of the invention becoming profitable. Elias Howe moved back to his father's house, and George Fisher considered his advances in the light of a dead loss. "I had lost confidence," he has since testified, "in the machine's ever paying anything."

But mothers and inventors do not give up their offspring so. America having rejected the invention, Mr. Howe resolved to offer it to England. In October, 1846, his brother, Amasa B. Howe, with the assistance of their father, took passage in the steerage of a sailing packet, and conveyed one of the machines to London. An Englishman was the first manufacturer who had faith enough in the American sewing-machine to invest money in it. In Cheapside, Amasa Howe came upon

the shop of William Thomas, who employed, according to his own account, five thousand persons in the manufacture of corsets, umbrellas, valises, carpet-bags, and shoes. William Thomas examined and approved the machine. Necessity, as Poor Richard remarks, cannot make a good bargain; but the bargain which it made on this occasion, through the agency of Amasa B. Howe, was signally bad. He sold to Mr. Thomas, for two hundred and fifty pounds sterling, the machine he had brought with him, and the right to use as many others in his own business as he desired. There was also a verbal understanding that Mr. Thomas was to patent the invention in England, and, if the machine came into use there, he was to pay the inventor three pounds on every machine sold. That was an excellent day's work for William Thomas of Cheapside. The verbal part of the bargain has never been carried out. He patented the invention; and ever since the machines began to be used, all sewing-machines made in England, or imported into England, have paid tribute to him at the rate of ten pounds or less for each machine. Elias Howe is of opinion that the investment of that two hundred and fifty pounds has yielded a profit of one million dollars. Mr. Thomas further proposed to engage the inventor to adapt the machine to the work upon corsets, offering him the munificent stipend of three pounds a week, and to defray the expense of workshop, tools, and material.

Amasa B. Howe returned to Cambridge with this offer. America being still insensible to the charms of the new invention, and the two hundred and fifty pounds having been immediately absorbed by the long-accumulating necessities of the family, and there being no prospect of advantageous employment at home, Elias Howe accepted the offer, and both brothers set sail for London, February 5, 1847. They went in the steerage, and cooked their own provisions. William Thomas provided a shop and its requisites, and even advanced money for the passage to Eng-

land of the inventor's family, who joined him soon, — wife and three children. After eight months of labor, the inventor succeeded in adapting his machine to the purposes of the stay-maker; and when this was done, the stay-maker apparently desired to get rid of the inventor. He required him to do the miscellaneous repairs, and took the tone with him which the ignorant purse-holder, in all lands, is accustomed to hold in his dealings with those to whom he pays wages. The Yankee, of course, resented this behavior, and William Thomas discharged Elias Howe from his employment.

To be a poor stranger with a sick wife and three children in America, is to be in a purgatory that is provided with a practicable door into paradise. To be such a person in London, is to be in a hell without visible outlet.

Since undertaking to write this little history of the sewing-machine, we have gone over about thirty thousand pages of printed testimony taken in the numerous suits to which sewing-machine patents have given rise. Of all these pages, the most interesting are those from which we can gather the history of Elias Howe during the next few months. From a chance acquaintance, named Charles Inglis, a coach-maker, who proved to be a true friend, he hired a small room for a work-shop, in which, after borrowing a few tools, he began to construct his fourth sewing-machine. Long before it was finished, he saw that he must reduce his expenses or leave his machine unfinished. From three rooms he removed his family to one, and that a small one, in the cheapest quarter of Surrey. Nor did that economy suffice; and he resolved to send his family home while he could, and trust to the machine in hand for the means to follow them.

"Before his wife left London," testifies Mr. Inglis, "he had frequently borrowed money from me in sums of five pounds, and requested me to get him credit for provisions. On the evening of Mrs. Howe's departure, the night was very wet and stormy, and, her health

being delicate, she was unable to walk to the ship. He had no money to pay the cab-hire, and he borrowed a few shillings from me to pay it, which he repaid by pledging some of his clothing. Some linen came home from his washerwoman for his wife and children on the day of her departure. She could not take it with her on account of not having money to pay the woman." After the departure of his family, the solitary inventor was still more severely pinched. "He has borrowed a shilling from me," says Mr. Inglis, "for the purpose of buying beans, which I saw him cook and eat in his own room." After three or four months of labor, the machine was finished. It was worth fifty pounds. The only customer he could find for it was a workingman of his acquaintance, who offered five pounds for it, if he could have time to pay it in. The inventor was obliged to accept this offer. The purchaser gave his note for the five pounds, which Charles Inglis succeeded in selling to another mechanic for four pounds. To pay his debts and his expenses home, Mr. Howe pawned his precious first machine and his letters-patent. "He drew a hand-cart, with his baggage on it, to the ship, to save the expense of cartage"; and again he took passage in the steerage, along with his English friend, Charles Inglis. His brother Amasa had long before returned to America.

In April, 1849, Elias Howe landed in New York, after an absence of two years from the country, with half a crown in his pocket. Four years had nearly elapsed since the completion of his first machine, and this small piece of silver was the net result of his labors upon that invention. He and his friend went to one of the cheapest emigrant boarding-houses, and Elias Howe sought employment in the machine-shops, which, luckily, he found without delay. The news reached him soon that his wife was dying of consumption, but he had not the money for a journey to Cambridge. In a few days, however, he received ten dollars from his

father, and he was thus enabled to reach his wife's bedside, and receive her last breath. He had no clothes except those he daily wore, and he was obliged to borrow a suit from his brother-in-law in which to appear at the funeral. It was remarked by his old friends, that his natural gayety of disposition was quite quenched by the severity of his recent trials. He was extremely downcast and worn. He looked like a man just out after a long and agonizing sickness. Soon came intelligence that the ship in which he had embarked all his household goods had been wrecked off Cape Cod, and was a total loss.

But now he was among friends, who hastened to relieve his immediate necessities, and who took care of his children. He was soon at work; not, indeed, at his beloved machine, but at work which his friends considered much more rational. He was again a journeyman machinist at weekly wages.

As nature never bestows two eminent gifts upon the same individual, the man who makes a great invention is seldom the man who prevails upon the public to use it. Every Watt needs his Boulton. Neither George Fisher nor Elias Howe possessed the executive force requisite for so difficult a piece of work as the introduction of a machine which then cost two or three hundred dollars to make, and upon which a purchaser had to take lessons as upon the piano, and which the whole body of tailors regarded with dread, aversion, or contempt. It was reserved, therefore, for other men to educate the people into availing themselves of this exquisite labor-saving-apparatus.

Upon his return home, after his residence in London, Elias Howe discovered, much to his surprise, that the sewing-machine had become celebrated, though its inventor appeared forgotten. Several ingenious mechanics, who had only heard or read of a machine for sewing, and others who had seen the Howe machine, had turned their attention to inventing in the same direction, or to improving upon Mr. Howe's devices. We have before us three hand-

bills, which show that in 1849 a sewing-machine was carried about in Western New York, and exhibited as a curiosity, at a charge of twelve and a half cents for admission. At Ithaca the following bill was posted about in May, 1849, a few weeks after the inventor's return from Europe:—

A GREAT
CURIOSITY!!

The
YANKEE SEWING-MACHINE
is now
EXHIBITING
AT THIS PLACE
FROM

8 A. M. to 5 P. M.

The public were informed by other bills, that this wonderful machine could make a pair of pantaloons in forty minutes, and do the work of six hands. The people of Ithaca, it appears, attended the exhibition in great numbers, and many ladies carried home specimens of the sewing, which they preserved as curiosities. But this was not all. Some machinists and others in Boston and elsewhere were making sewing-machines in a rude, imperfect manner, several of which had been sold to manufacturers, and were in daily operation.

The inventor, upon inspecting these crude products, saw that they all contained the devices which he had first combined and patented. Poor as he was, he was not disposed to submit to this infringement, and he began forthwith to prepare for war against the infringers. When he entered upon this litigation, he was a journeyman machinist; his machine and his letters-patent were in pawn three thousand miles away, and the patience, if not the purses, of his friends was exhausted. When the contest ended, a leading branch of the national industry was tributary to him. The first step was to get back from England that first machine, and the document issued from the Patent-

Office. In the course of the summer of 1849 he contrived to raise the hundred dollars requisite for their deliverance ; and the Hon. Anson Burlingame, who was going to London, kindly undertook to hunt them up in the wilderness of Surrey. He found them, and sent them home in the autumn of the same year. The inventor wrote polite letters to the infringers, warning them to desist, and offering to sell them licenses to continue. All but one of them, it appears, were disposed to acknowledge his rights and to accept his proposal. That one induced the others to resist, and nothing remained but a resort to the courts. Assisted by his father, the inventor began a suit ; but he was soon made aware that justice is a commodity much beyond the means of a journeyman mechanic. He tried to reawaken the faith of George Fisher, and induce him to furnish the sinews of war ; but George Fisher had had enough of the sewing-machine : he would sell his half of the patent for what it had cost him ; but he would advance no more money. Mr. Howe then looked about for some one who would buy George Fisher's share. He found three men who agreed to do this, — and tried to do it, but could not raise the money.

The person to whom he was finally indebted for the means of securing his rights was George W. Bliss of Massachusetts, who was prevailed upon to buy Mr. Fisher's share of the patent, and to advance the money needful for carrying on the suits. He did this only as a speculation. He thought there might be something in this new notion of sewing by machinery, and, if there was, the machine must become universal, and yield large revenues. This might be ; he even thought it probable ; still, so weak was his faith, that he consented to embark in the enterprise only on condition of his being secured against loss by a mortgage on the farm of the inventor's father. This generous parent — who is still living in Cambridge — came once more to the rescue, and thus secured his son's fortune. The suits went on ; but, as they went

on at the usual pace of patent cases, the inventor had abundant leisure to push his invention out of doors.

Towards the close of 1850 we find him in New York, superintending the construction of fourteen sewing-machines at a shop in Gold Street, adjoining which he had a small office, furnished with a five-dollar desk and two fifty-cent chairs. One of those machines was exhibited at the fair in Castle Garden in October, 1851 ; where, for the space of two weeks, it sewed gaiters, pantaloons, and other work. Several of them were sold to a boot-maker in Worcester, who used them for sewing boot-legs with perfect success. Two or three others were daily operated in Broadway, to the satisfaction of the purchasers. We can say, therefore, of Elias Howe, that besides inventing the sewing-machine, and besides making the first machine with his own hands, he brought his invention to the point of its successful employment in manufacture.

While he was thus engaged, events occurred which seriously threatened to rob him of all the benefit of his invention. The infringers of his patent were not men of large means nor of extraordinary energy, and they had no "case" whatever. There was the machine which Elias Howe had made in 1845, there were his letters-patent, and all the sewing-machines then known to be in existence were essentially the same as his. But in August, 1850, a man became involved with the infringers who was of very different mettle from those steady-going Yankees, and capable of carrying on a much more vigorous warfare than they. This was that Isaac Merritt Singer who has since so often astonished the Fifth Avenue, and is now amusing Paris, by the oddity and splendor of his equipages. He was then a poor and baffled adventurer. He had been an actor and manager of a theatre, and had tried his hand at various enterprises, none of which had been very successful. In 1850, he invented (as he has since sworn) a carving-machine, and, having obtained an

order for one from Boston, he made it, and took it himself to Boston. In the shop in which he placed his carving-machine he saw, for the first time, several sewing-machines, brought there for repairs. Orson C. Phelps, the proprietor of the shop (Mr. Singer says), showed him one of these machines, and said to him that, if it could be improved so as to render it capable of doing a greater variety of work, "it would be a good thing"; and if Mr. Singer could accomplish this, he could get more money from sewing than from carving machines. Whereupon Mr. Singer contemplated the apparatus, and at night meditated upon it, with so much success, that he was able in the morning to exhibit a drawing of an improved machine. This sketch (so he swears) contained three original devices, which to this day form part of the sewing-machine made by the Singer Company. The sketch being approved, the next thing was to construct a model. Mr. Singer having no money, the purchaser of his carving-machine agreed to advance fifty dollars for the purpose; upon which Mr. Singer flew at the work like a tiger.

"I worked," he says, "day and night, sleeping but three or four hours out of the twenty-four, and eating generally but once a day, as I knew I must get a machine made for forty dollars, or not get it at all. The machine was completed the night of the eleventh day from the day it was commenced. About nine o'clock that evening we got the parts of the machine together, and commenced trying it. The first attempt to sew was unsuccessful, and the workmen, who were tired out with almost unremitting work, left me one by one, intimating that it was a failure. I continued trying the machine, with Zieber" (who furnished the forty dollars) "to hold the lamp for me, but, in the nervous condition to which I had been reduced by incessant work and anxiety, was unsuccessful in getting the machine to sew tight stitches. About midnight I started with Zieber to the hotel where I boarded. Upon the way we sat down

on a pile of boards, and Zieber asked me if I had noticed that the loose loops of thread on the upper side of the cloth came from the needle. It then flashed upon me that I had forgotten to adjust the tension upon the needle thread. Zieber and I went back to the shop. I adjusted the tension, tried the machine, and sewed five stitches perfectly, when the thread broke. The perfection of those stitches satisfied me that the machine was a success, and I stopped work, went to the hotel, and had a sound sleep. By three o'clock the next day I had the machine finished, and started with it to New York, where I employed Mr. Charles M. Keller to get out a patent for it."

Such was the introduction to the sewing-machine of the man whose energy and audacity forced the machine upon an unbelieving public. He borrowed a little money, and, forming a partnership with his Boston patron and the machinist in whose shop he had made his model, began the manufacture of the machines. Great and numerous were the difficulties which arose in his path, but one by one he overcame them all. He advertised, he travelled, he sent out agents, he procured the insertion of articles in the newspapers, he exhibited the machine at fairs in town and country. Several times he was upon the point of failure, but in the nick of time something always happened to save him, and year after year he advanced toward an assured success. We well remember his early efforts, when he had only the back part of a small store in Broadway, and a little shop over a railroad depot; and we remember also the general incredulity with regard to the value of the machine with which his name was identified. Even after hearing him explain it at great length, we were very far from expecting to see him, one day, riding to the Central Park in a French *diligence*, drawn by five horses, paid for by the sewing-machine. Still less did we anticipate that, within twelve years, the Singer Company would be selling a thousand sewing-machines a week,

at a profit of a thousand dollars a day. He was the true pioneer of the mere business of selling the machines, and made it easier for all his subsequent competitors.

Mr. Singer had not been long in the business before he was reminded by Elias Howe that he was infringing his patent of 1846. The adventurer threw all his energy and his growing means into the contest against the original inventor. The great object of the infringing interest was to discover an earlier inventor than Elias Howe. For this purpose, the patent records of England, France, and the United States were most diligently searched; encyclopædias were examined, and an attempt was even made to show that the Chinese had possessed a sewing-machine for ages. Nothing, however, was discovered that would have made a plausible defence, until Mr. Singer joined the infringers. He ascertained that a New York mechanic, named Walter Hunt, who had a small machine-shop up a narrow alley in Abingdon Square, had made, or tried to make, a sewing-machine as early as 1832. Walter Hunt was found. He *had* attempted to invent a sewing-machine in 1832; and, what was more important, he had hit upon the shuttle as the means of forming the stitch. He said, too, that he had made a machine which did sew a little, but very imperfectly, and, after wearying himself with fruitless experiments, he had thrown it aside. Parts of this machine, after a great deal of trouble, were actually found among a quantity of rubbish in the garret of a house in Gold Street. Here was a discovery! Could Mr. Hunt take these parts, all rusty and broken, into his shop, and complete the machine as originally made, so that it would sew? He thought he could. Urged on by the indefatigable Singer, supplied by him with money, and stimulated by the prospect of fortune, Walter Hunt tried hard and long to put his machine together; and when he found that he could not, he employed an ingenious inventor to aid him in the work. But their united ingenuity was unequal to

the performance of an impossibility: the machine could not be got to sew a seam. The fragments found in the garret did, indeed, demonstrate that in 1832 Walter Hunt had been upon the track of the invention; but they also proved that he had given up the chase in despair, long before coming up with the game.

And this the courts have uniformly held. In the year 1854, after a long trial, Judge Sprague, of Massachusetts, decided that "the plaintiff's patent is valid, and the defendant's machine is an infringement." The plaintiff was Elias Howe; the real infringer, I. M. Singer. Judge Sprague further observed, that "there is no evidence in this case, that leaves a shadow of doubt that, for all the benefit conferred upon the public by the introduction of a sewing-machine, the public are indebted to Mr. Howe."

This decision was made when nine years had elapsed since the completion of the first machine, and when eight years of the term of the first patent had expired. The patent, however, even then, was so little productive, that the inventor, embarrassed as he was, was able upon the death of his partner, Mr. Bliss, to buy his share of it. He thus became, for the first time, the sole proprietor of his patent; and this occurred just when it was about to yield a princely revenue. From a few hundreds a year, his income rapidly increased, until it went beyond two hundred thousand dollars. He has received in all, up to the present time, about seventeen hundred thousand dollars. By the time the extension of the patent expires, September 10, 1867, the amount will not fall far short of the round two millions. As Mr. Howe has devoted twenty-seven years of his life to the invention and development of the sewing-machine, the public have compensated him at the rate of seventy-five thousand dollars a year. It has cost him, however, immense sums to defend his rights, and he is now very far from being the richest of the sewing-machine kings. He has the inconvenient reputation of being worth four millions, which is exact-

ly ten times the value of his present estate.

So much for the inventor. In speaking of the *improvers* of the sewing-machine, we know not how to be cautious enough; for scarcely anything can be said on that branch of the subject which some one has not an interest to deny. We the other day looked over the testimony taken in one of the suits which Messrs. Grover and Baker have had to sustain in defence of their well-known "stitch." The testimony in that single case fills two immense volumes, containing three thousand five hundred and seventy-five pages. At the Wheeler and Wilson establishment in Broadway, there is a library of similar volumes, resembling in appearance a quantity of London and Paris Directories. The Singer Company are equally blessed with sewing-machine literature, and Mr. Howe has chests full of it. We learn from these volumes, that there is no useful device connected with the apparatus, the invention of which is not claimed by more than one person. And no wonder. If to-day the ingenious reader could invent the slightest real improvement to the sewing-machine, so real that a machine having it would possess an obvious advantage over all machines that had it not, and he should sell the right to use that improvement at so low a rate as fifty cents for each machine, he would find himself in the enjoyment of an income of one hundred thousand dollars per annum. The consequence is, that the number of patents already issued in the United States for sewing-machines, and improvements in sewing-machines, is about nine hundred! Perhaps thirty of these patents are valuable, but the great improvements are not more than ten in number, and most of those were made in the infancy of the machine.

By general consent of the able men who are now conducting the sewing-machine business (including Elias Howe), the highest place in the list of improvers is assigned to ALLEN B. WILSON. This most ingenious gentleman completed a practical sewing-

machine early in 1849, without ever having seen one, and without having any knowledge of the devices of Elias Howe, who was then buried alive in London. Mr. Wilson, at the time, was a very young journeyman cabinet-maker, living in Pittsfield, Massachusetts. After that desperate contest with difficulty which inventors usually experience, he procured a patent for his machine, improved it, and formed a connection with a young carriage-maker of his acquaintance, Nathaniel Wheeler, who had some capital; and thus was founded the great and famous house of Wheeler and Wilson, who are now making sewing-machines at the rate of about fifty-three thousand a year. These gentlemen were honest enough in opposing the claim of Elias Howe, since Mr. Wilson knew himself to be an original inventor, and he employed devices not to be found in Mr. Howe's machine. Instead of a shuttle, he used a "rotating hook,"—a device as ingenious as any in mechanism. The "four-motion feed," too, was another of Mr. Wilson's masterly inventions, sufficient of itself to stamp him an inventor of genius. Nothing, therefore, was more natural than that Messrs. Wheeler and Wilson should regard Mr. Howe's charge of infringement with astonishment and indignation, and join in the contest against him.

Messrs. Grover and Baker were early in the field. William O. Grover was a Boston tailor, whose attention was directed to the sewing-machine soon after Mr. Howe's return from Europe. It was he who, after numberless trials, invented the exquisite devices by which the famous "Grover and Baker stitch" is formed,—a stitch which for some purposes is of unequalled utility.

When, by the decision of the courts, all the makers had become tributary to Elias Howe, paying him a certain sum for each machine made, then a most violent warfare broke out among the leading houses,—Singer and Company, Wheeler and Wilson, Grover and Baker,—each accusing the others of infringement. At Albany, in 1856, these

causes were to be tried, and parties concerned saw before them a good three months' work in court. By a lucky chance, one member of this happy family had not entirely lost his temper, and was still in some degree capable of using his intellect. It occurred to this wise head, that, no matter who invented first, or who second, there were then assembled at Albany the men who, among them, held patents which controlled the whole business of making sewing-machines; and that it would be infinitely better for them to combine and control, than to contend with and devour one another. They all came into this opinion; and thus was formed the "Combination," of which such terrible things are uttered by the surreptitious makers of sewing-machines. Elias Howe, who is the best-tempered man in the world, and only too easy in matters pecuniary, had the complaisance to join this confederation, only insisting that at least twenty-four licenses should be issued by it, so as to prevent the manufacture from sinking into a monopoly. By the terms of this agreement, Mr. Howe was to receive five dollars upon every machine sold in the United States, and one dollar upon each one exported. The other parties agreed to sell licenses to use their various devices, or any of them, at the rate of fifteen dollars for each machine; but no license was to be granted without the consent of all the parties. It was further agreed, that part of the license fees received should be reserved as a fund for the prosecution of infringers. This agreement remained unchanged until the renewal of Mr. Howe's patent in 1860, when his fee was reduced from five dollars to one dollar, and that of the Combination from fifteen dollars to seven. That is to say, every sewing-machine honestly made pays Elias Howe one dollar; and every sewing-machine made, which includes any device or devices the patent for which is held by any other member of the Combination, pays seven dollars to the Combination. Of this seven dollars, Mr. Howe receives his one, and the other six goes into the fund

for the defence of the patents against infringers.

For example, take the Wilcox and Gibbs machine, the only one, as far as we know, which was not invented by a Yankee, or in Yankee land. Twelve years ago, Mr. James E. A. Gibbs, a Virginia farmer, saw in the *Scientific American* a picture of a sewing-machine. Being a man of a decided turn for mechanics, he examined the drawing with great attention; but, as it exhibited only the upper part of the machine, he could form no idea of the contrivance underneath by which the stitch was formed. The working of the apparatus was, however, very plain, down to the moment when the needle perforates the cloth; and he fell into the habit of musing upon the course of events after the point of the needle was lost to view. The result of his cogitations, aided by infinite whittling, was the ingenious little revolving hook which constitutes the peculiarity of the Wilcox and Gibbs machine. But that machine, besides employing Mr. Gibbs's invention, uses the feeding apparatus of Allen B. Wilson, and the eye-pointed needle of Elias Howe. It is therefore tributary to the Combination, and pays it seven dollars for each machine. A similar history could be related of the "Florence," the "Weed," the "Elliptic," the "Empire," and others. All these machines are worth examination by those who are curious in mechanical devices. The "Florence," for example, (so called because it is made in Florence, Massachusetts,) has a beautiful contrivance, by means of which the operator can sew backwards as well as forwards. The shuttle of this machine is so constructed as to make its own "tension"; or, in other words, the shuttle holds the thread as tightly or as loosely as the seam requires. Without presuming to give an opinion with regard to the comparative utility of the various machines, we may say, that we were exceedingly struck with the elegance and ingenuity of the "Florence."

The business of making and selling

sewing-machines, which was not fairly started before 1856, has attained a truly wonderful development. Twenty-seven firms or companies have been engaged in it at one time, a few of which have lately withdrawn, leaving about twenty still in the business. One of these has twenty-four stores of its own, in the large cities of the world, besides a much larger number of local agents. Another boasts that there are thirty-nine cities on this planet where its machines can be bought at all times. We can ourselves bear witness, that, in such cities as Cincinnati, St. Louis, and Chicago, each of the well-known makers has a spacious and elegant establishment, with all the appurtenances to which we are accustomed in New York. In Australia, one of our New York companies, at least, has an establishment of its own.

Gentlemen best acquainted with the business compute that the whole number of sewing-machines made in the United States up to the close of the year 1866 was about seven hundred and fifty thousand. During the quarter ending December 10, 1866, the number of machines made by licensed companies, as reported by them to Elias Howe, was 52,219! This is above the rate of two hundred thousand per annum. Mr. Howe is of opinion that about half as many more are produced by unlicensed makers, including the Yankees who, driven from the United States by the Combination, have set up their factories on the other side of the Canada line. If his conjecture is correct, we are now producing the astounding and almost incredible number of one thousand sewing-machines every working-day, at an average cost to the purchaser of sixty dollars each. The world, however, is a very large place, and America still supplies it with most of its sewing-machines. When we visit single establishments in New England which employ five hundred machines, when we learn that the shirt-makers of one city, Troy, are now running more than three thousand of them, and when we consider that there are in the United States

six millions of families, most of whom mean to have a sewing-machine when they can afford it, we can believe that even so many as a thousand a day may be absorbed. About one fifth of all the machines made in the United States are exported to foreign countries. Wheeler and Wilson, Grover and Baker, Singer and Company, Wilcox and Gibbs, the Florence, and others, are familiar names in St. Petersburg, Paris, London, Berlin, Vienna, Madrid, Melbourne, Mexico, Rio Janeiro, Havana, Valparaiso, Vancouver's Island, and wherever else in the world many stitches are taken. Foreigners can no more make a Yankee sewing-machine than they can make a Yankee clock. They have not the machinery—as curious as the machine itself—by which each part of the apparatus is made at the minimum of expense, and with perfect certainty of excellence. To found a sewing-machine manufactory in Europe which could compete with those of America would involve an expenditure of two millions of dollars, and the expatriation of several of our American foremen. It is only upon a great scale that the machines can be made well or profitably.

By means of the various improvements and attachments, the sewing-machine now performs nearly all that the needle ever did. It seams, hems, tucks, binds, stitches, quilts, gathers, fells, braids, embroiders, and makes button-holes. It is used in the manufacture of every garment worn by man, woman, or child. Firemen's caps, the engine-hose which firemen use, sole-leather trunks, harness, carriage curtains and linings, buffalo-robos, horse-blankets, horse-collars, powder-flasks, mail-bags, sails, awnings, whips, saddles, corsets, hats, caps, valises, pocket-books, trusses, suspenders, are among the articles made by its assistance; but it is employed, quite as usefully, in making kid gloves, parasols, and the most delicate articles of ladies' attire. Some of our readers, perhaps, witnessed the show, the other day in New York, of the shoes, gaiters, and ladies' boots

made for the Paris Exhibition. They were of all degrees of delicacy, from the stout Balmoral to the boot of kid, satin, or velvet; and every kind of stitch had been employed in their manufacture. Some of the stitches were so fine that they could not be distinctly seen without a magnifying-glass, and some were as coarse and strong as those of men's boots. The special wonder of this display was that *every* stitch in every one of those beautiful shoes was executed by the machine. Mr. E. C. Burt, who made this splendid contribution to the Exhibition, assured us, and will assure the universe in general at Paris, that all this variety of elegant and durable work was performed on the "Howe Sewing-Machine." Upon ordinary boots and shoes, the machine has long been employed; but it is only recently that any one has attempted to apply it to the manufacture of those dainty things which ladies wear upon their feet when they go forth, armed *cap-a-pie*, for conquest. A similar change has occurred in other branches of manufacture. As operators have increased in skill, and as the special capabilities of the different machines have been better understood, finer kinds of work have been done upon them than used to be thought possible. Some young ladies have developed a kind of genius for the sewing-machine. The apparatus has fascinated them; they execute marvels upon it, as Gottschalk does upon the piano. One of the most recent applications of the machine is to the sewing of straw hats and bonnets. A Yankee in Connecticut has invented attachments by which the finest braids are sewn into bonnets of any form.

Attempts have been made to estimate the value, in money, of the sewing-machine to the people of the United States. Professor Renwick, who has made the machine a particular study, expressed the opinion seven years ago, on oath, that the saving in labor then amounted to nineteen millions of dollars per annum. Messrs. Wheeler and

Wilson have published an estimate which indicates that the total value of the labor performed by the sewing-machine, in 1863, was three hundred and forty-two millions of dollars. A good hand-sewer averages thirty-five stitches per minute; the fastest machines on some kinds of work perform three thousand a minute. There are in a good shirt 20,620 stitches; what a saving to do them at machine speed! We glean from the volumes of testimony before us a few similar facts. The stitching of a man's hat by hand requires fifteen minutes; by machine, one minute. One girl can do the sewing by machine of as many boys' caps as ten men can do by hand. In fine clothing for men, the saving is, of course, not so great. Messrs. Brooks Brothers of New York say that the making of a first-rate overcoat by hand requires six days' steady sewing; by machine, three days. In the general work of a tailor, the machine saves a journeyman about four hours in twelve. Carriage-trimmers testify that one machine and three hands are equivalent to eleven hands. In the truss and bandage business, which is one of very great extent and importance, one machine is equal to ten women. In the manufacture of bags for flour, salt, and meal, of which the city of New York produces two millions of dollars' worth per annum, a machine does the work of nine girls. In mere hemming, on a machine fitted expressly for the purpose, one machine does the work of fifty girls.

Yet where is the woman who can say that her sewing is less a tax upon her time and strength than it was before the sewing-machine came in? But this is not the machine's fault; it is the fault of human nature. As soon as lovely woman discovers that she can set ten stitches in the time that one used to require, a fury seizes her to put ten times as many stitches in every garment as she formerly did. Tailors and seamstresses, not content with sewing the seams of garments, must needs cover them with figures executed by "stitching." And thus it is that

man never is, but always to be, blest. If with one part of his brain he invents a labor-saving apparatus, the other lobes immediately create as much new labor as the apparatus saves. But it is this chase of Desire after Ability which keeps the world moving, and tends always to equalize the lot of men. The sewing-machine is one of the means by which the industrious laborer is as well clad as an ^{English} millionaire need be, and by which working-girls are enabled safely to gratify their woman's instinct of decoration.

Elias Howe can justly claim that it was his invention which enabled the United States to put and keep a million men in the field during the war. Those countless garments, tents, haversacks, cartridge-boxes, shoes, blankets, sails, — how could they have been produced without the sewing-machine? One day during the war, at three o'clock in the afternoon, an order from the War Department reached New York by telegraph for fifty thousand sand-bags, such as are used in field-works. By two o'clock the next afternoon, the bags had been made, packed, shipped, and started southward.

Mr. Howe might well have excused himself from personal service in the field. He did not, however. Having raised and equipped a regiment in Connecticut, and presented every officer in it with a horse, he was elected its colonel; but being the most unwarlike of men, and totally ignorant of military affairs, he had the good sense to decline this honor, and enlisted in the regiment as a private, and served in that capacity until his health failed. Nothing prevented his serving to the end, but the certainty that he could not support the exposure and fatigue. By way of amusing himself in camp near Baltimore, he volunteered to be the postmaster of his regiment, and rode to Baltimore and back every day with the mail. He was sitting in a car, one day, in Baltimore, when he overheard two individuals of a coppery cast of character discoursing upon the conduct of the war.

"Yes, sir," said one of these gentlemen, "the whole thing was got up for the purpose of giving fat contracts to the — Abolitionists. There's old Howe, the sewing-machine man, worth his millions; they have actually given *him* the contract for carrying the mail to the army."

"You don't say so!" said the other, aghast.

To which his friend replied, "It's a fact; I saw Howe myself riding in one of the mail-carts yesterday."

Mr. Howe chuckled, and said nothing. Thus, and in no other way, did half the calumnies of the war originate, — those relating to General Butler, for example.

In the early days of the sewing-machine, it was not supposed that it would ever come into general use in families. The great cost of the machine, and the supposed difficulty of learning to use it, were considered fatal obstacles to its general introduction into households. The price has now been reduced to fifty-five dollars for the cheapest good machines, and it has been found that an intelligent woman can learn to sew with it in an hour. An average seamstress becomes proficient in the use of it in a month. For some time past, therefore, the great object of the celebrated makers is to produce the best family machine. This is the point of rivalry among them.

A lady who leaves her home, after a breakfast consultation with her husband, and goes forth to select a family sewing-machine, has undertaken an expedition which promises nothing but pleasure; but it does not perform its promise. The sewing-machine establishments in Broadway are numerous and splendid. She pauses before a magnificent marble store, with windows formed of single panes of plate-glass; in one of which are sewing-machines, brilliant with polished steel, silver plate, and rosewood, and in the other are beautiful garments covered with miraculous stitching, executed by those pretty parlor ornaments. Yielding to these

allurements, she enters a grand saloon, a hundred feet long, extending back to another street, and covered with Wilton carpet, of better quality, probably, than that which she treads in her own parlor. Perhaps the walls and ceilings are frescoed; and, if they are not, they are richly papered and painted. Sewing-machines in long rows, not too close together for convenient moving about, agreeably dot the whole surface of the apartment, as far as the eye can penetrate the gloom of the distance. Along the wall, at the farther end of the room, she will discover, by and by, a row of enclosed desks, like those of a bank, each desk being a small apartment, as elegant and commodious as taste and money can make it. These are for the dignitaries of the Company,—the president, the treasurer, the cashier, the general agent, the advertising clerk. Here and there a young lady may be seen “operating” one of the machines in a graceful attitude, and with such perfect ease as to dispel the fears of a purchaser most distrustful of her powers. The rapid and yet not noisy click of the machines is cheering, and seems the appropriate music of the place. And this grand hall is only one of many apartments. The basement, and the cellar below the basement, each as large as the store, are occupied as depositories, repairing-shops, packing-rooms; while in the story above the store may be found superb rooms, wherein ladies who have bought a machine receive instruction in the art of using it, attending daily, if they choose, until they have become proficient in hemming, sewing, braiding, making button-holes, and in all the other varieties of needle-work.

The clerk who advances to wait upon the lady soon learns her errand, and discovers her ignorance. Indeed, she frankly avows her ignorance. She has come out, she artlessly says, in pursuit of knowledge. She desires to ascertain which is the best sewing-machine in existence for family use. Long practice has taught an intelligent and ambitious young man how to deal

with cases of this kind. He does, in his inmost soul, *believe* that the sewing-machines made by the company he serves are the very best in the world, *especially* for family use. But he feels the delicacy of his situation. “Of course, madam, we are interested parties, and it would be no more than natural that we should represent our machines to be the best in the market. But it is no *part* of the policy of our company to *disparage* those made by our neighbors. We are on friendly terms with them, and we are ready to admit that some of them do make machines which for some purposes are excellent. But when it comes to machines for *family* use, which is our specialty, why then, madam, we cannot hesitate. Upon *that* point there can be but one opinion. Nevertheless, we do not ask ladies to believe what we say; we *show* them what our machine does, and let it speak for itself.” Conciliated by such modesty and candor, the lady watches with pleasure and admiration while one dexterous young lady runs up a seam, and another hems a sheet, and another does a little quilting, and another makes a button-hole in half a minute. The lady herself takes a seat at a machine, and is astonished to find herself sewing at a rattling pace, “without any previous instruction.”

She is convinced. She is perfectly satisfied. She sympathizes with the tender compassion expressed by the clerk for the great number of ladies who have been deluded into buying other machines, which, after distracting a household for many months, are now discarded and consigned to the garret. “You see, madam, advertising can force a machine on the market; but, in the long run, real merit overcomes all opposition.” She assents with her whole soul to this proposition. It accords with what she has observed of human life. She has even made the remark herself.

The impulse is strong within her to buy one of these peerless machines on the spot, and she has not the slightest

doubt that she shall do so in the course of the day. But it was agreed between her husband and herself, that she should examine all before purchasing; and so, in obedience to a stern sense of duty, she resolves to go through the form—the mere form—of looking at other machines. She feels that she must be able to *say* that she has fulfilled her compact.

In another spacious and elegant saloon, another accomplished clerk claims for another machine precisely the same excellences, which other young ladies proceed to exhibit. If she ventures timidly to intimate that she has been looking at a machine elsewhere, the accomplished clerk knows well how to proceed. He discourses at large upon the merits of all the machines. He exhibits all the varieties of needles employed in them, and expatiates upon the very complicated machinery used to propel those needles. “Your own common sense must tell you, madam, that the simpler a piece of mechanism is, the less liable it is to get out of order, and the more easily it is worked by an inexperienced person. Now, madam, our machine contains eleven pieces less than any other in the market, and your own common sense must tell you that every piece added to a machine makes it more complicated, and more easily disarranged. Don’t misunderstand me, madam; I do not say that the machine you examined on the other side of the street was not a very good one, in its day; but some people, you know, when they have a pretty good thing, are satisfied, and don’t keep up with the times. However, we never speak ill of our neighbors. We simply show what our machine is, and what it can do.

Your own common sense must decide.”

And so he goes on, until the lady shudders to think what a narrow escape she has had from falling a victim to the wiles of the brilliant young man who first entertained her. By the time she has gone the rounds of the ten or twelve sewing-machine establishments in Broadway between Canal Street and Union Square, she is in a state of mind to buy a wheelbarrow in order to end the agonizing struggle.

In truth, ladies, there is no such thing as an absolutely and universally *best* sewing-machine. Each has its special merits, which make it the best for some purposes. No machine exists which will sew equally well the sole-leather for a trunk and the cambric of a chemisette. The machine that is best for a family of young children may not be the best for a family of grown daughters, who go to balls and want new cloaks every winter. The machine that is best for a farmer’s wife may not be the best for a fine lady of the city; but though not the best, it is so good that she could hardly be made to believe there could be a better. We find, accordingly, that every lady believes firmly in the sewing-machine which she is so fortunate as to possess.

It is but just to add, that all the well-known makers have seized the truth, that the only way in which a business permanently great can be created, is by serving the public with systematic and scrupulous fidelity. Nothing can exceed the care taken by them all that no machine shall leave the factory which shall not be, as long as it lasts, an advertisement for the company whose name it bears.

HEART AND HEARTH.

WE sat and watched the hearth-fire blaze,
My friend and I together;
The crickets sang of harvest-days,
The wood of summer weather.

It told of shade, of storm and sun,
Its native oakland story;
To him it only spake of one
Who turned all gloom to glory.

The cricket carolled still of noon,
Bright with the sun's caresses;
To him it called a form like June,
Aflush with golden tresses.

Within the flame a spirit seemed
To soar and sway and falter,
While in his heart a presence beamed
More steadfast on its altar.

The embers, in their ashen bed,
Looked out with transient flashes;
He only saw sweet eyes that shed
Their rays through twilight lashes.

O'er stubbled fields the autumn wailed,
In low and mournful closes;
He only heard a song that sailed
O'er charmed realms of roses.

His eyes, once lit with battle-ire,
Aflame with warrior science,
Forgot their fierce, controlling fire,
Their flashes of defiance;

But with a dreamy love-light blest,
More luminous grew and tender,
As if the image in his breast
Had lit them with its splendor.

The voice that once his ardor proved,
Along the roaring column,
Now to mysterious measures moved
Subdued, serenely solemn.

He named her,—and the soft words came
In musical completeness,
As if the breathing of that name
Had touched his lips with sweetness.

We grow like what we contemplate, —
 And all his face was laden
 With light, as it would emulate
 The brightness of the maiden.

The moon, full blown to lily-white,
 Looked in, with love-lorn pallor;
 She knew his frame forgot its might,
 His will forgot its valor.

She kissed his brow and smoothed his hair,
 Like a consoling mother,
 And whispered, "I too only wear
 The brightness of another.

"Like Ruth, I walk his broad domain,
 And wait his lordly gesture;
 I glean his light, but reach in vain
 To touch his princely vesture."

With many a sympathetic guest,
 The air hung, star-beleaguered,
 When lo! to her who filled his breast,
 Pale Dian stood transfigured.

She smiled on her Endymion,
 And charmed his dreamy vision,
 And all his soul new glory won
 Before the sweet transition.

The vision fled, — my friend was gone,
 And left me idly gazing;
 But in the hearth-light I was shown
 A future altar blazing.

THE GENIUS OF DICKENS.

NOTWITHSTANDING the prominence given to the idea and sentiment of humanity in the works of the leading English poets and romancers of the time, it is doubtful if a genuine flesh-and-blood sympathy with human beings is a characteristic of contemporary literature. Liberality of opinion, and a democratic disdain of class distinctions, are in the fashion; but that cosmopolitan acceptance and ge-

nial delineation of the varieties of human nature, which we find in the Tory Sir Walter, are not specially observable in the works of literary liberals. Their liberalism is didactic rather than dramatic. Tennyson is a man of ideas and ideals, and introduces us only to the "first society" of the intellect and imagination. Browning has the dramatic power without the dramatic feeling; and what sympathies he

has are directed to persons and themes which excite the antipathies of average readers. In both we are conscious of a certain intellectual superciliousness, a dainty withdrawal from the common and vulgar in human life, an implied appeal to the higher class of cultivated minds alone. They seem to think the human race so fine a thing in itself, that most of the individuals who compose it ought to be ashamed of themselves for not being capable of loftier virtues or more impressive depravities. They love, in fact, their notions of the possibilities of humanity, rather than humanity itself. Like nature, as complained of by the painter, real human beings are apt to "put them out." Among novelists, Thackeray is tolerant, but then his toleration is essentially contemptuous of its objects; Kingsley, with all his vehement pretences to comprehension, only succeeds in individualizing his pet theories of men and women, and makes coxcombs even of his bullies; and George Eliot, who in general compass of intellect excels all contemporary romancers, and whose nicety and force of characterization are, in her own walk, so admirable, still appears to consider humanity with profound pity rather than confident hope, and leaves on the minds of her readers an impression of sadness which her large charity is powerless to overcome. It is curious that Carlyle, the most illiberal of modern writers, a man who loses no occasion to vent his scorn on whole races and nations, and who considers all the philanthropic opinions, enterprises, and tendencies of the age to be but signs of a prevailing infectious cant, should still possess more dramatic sympathy and insight, more appreciation of humble, homely worth, and more solid power of characterization, than the great body of the liberal thinkers who look upon his misanthropic generalities with disgust or horror.

Alone among his contemporaries, Charles Dickens seems to possess that instinctive sympathy with whatever is human and humane which is the fundamental condition of genial and varied

characterization. In impersonated abstractions of humanity which satisfy our ideal of human nature, he may be exceeded; in individualities which make us in love with our kind, he is unapproached. Tennyson has written one poem, "Enoch Arden," in which his beautiful genius has dealt with humble life; but though the sentiment is fine, and the diction austere and simple, the characters and the scenes are as remote from actual existence as any of those in the "Idyls of the King." If Enoch Arden be compared with *Peggotty*, in "*David Copperfield*," the difference between the two methods of characterization becomes at once evident. So intense and real is Dickens's conception, so strong his hold on the noble elements in *Peggotty's* being, that he can venture to represent him in all the uncouthness of his person, his language, and his surroundings. Through his strange, confused, ungrammatical, "vulgar" speech shines the soul of the man; and this makes his jargon as dignified as the periods of Burke. If Tennyson had attempted a similar feat in "Enoch Arden," the result would have been an ignominious failure.

The nature of a writer determines the character of his creations. Though the terms "subjective" and "objective" now play a prominent part in criticism, and are good to indicate loose distinctions between classes of minds, it is important to remember that all creative minds are subjective,—that the subjective includes everything in nature and human life, which such minds vitally perceive, absorb into their own being, and literally make their own. In the case of Dickens, gifted though he be with wonderfully acute powers of external observation, this is obviously the fact, for no writer stamps the character of his genius on everything he writes more plainly than he. It is impossible to mistake his style, his method, his sentiment, his humor, his characters. His observing power, when extended beyond the range of his sympathies, becomes "objective," it is

true, but ceases to be creative. In his genuine productions he not only embodies all that he knows, but communicates all that he is. The reality of his personages comes from the vividness of his conceptions, and not from any photographic quality in his method of representation. Observation affords him materials; but he always modifies these materials, and often works them up into the most fantastic shapes. Individuals, incidents, scenery, the very pavement of his streets, the very bricks of his houses, the very furniture of his apartments, are all haunted by Dickens's spirit. To read one of his romances is to see everything through the author's eyes; the most familiar objects take an air of strangeness when surveyed through such a medium; and the interest excited by the view has always in it a kind of fascination. We may dissent, criticise, protest, but still his clutch on our attention is never relaxed.

The weird imagination which thus penetrates his books is, however, but a single element of his nature, and indeed would not exercise so great a charm over so many classes of readers, were it not connected with such warmth of heart, keenness of observation, richness of humor, and controlling common-sense. In the foundation of his character, Dickens agrees with the majority of well-meaning mankind. He has no paradoxes in morality to push, no scientific view of human nature to sustain, no philosophy of society to illustrate, no mission to accomplish. His general opinions are those of a man of sound sense and wholesome sensibility; his general attitude towards the world is that of one who sympathizes and enjoys; his test of worth is amiability; his cure for every form of mental and moral disease is the old one of work. Nobody ever thinks of going to his writings for light on such moral problems as are opened in *Hamlet* and *Faust*. Intellectually, he seems incapable of generalization. Judged by his feelings and perceptions, no writer of his time seems so broad;

judged by his philosophical comprehension of laws, few seem so narrow. The whole system of English jurisprudence, the whole machinery of civil administration, the most clearly demonstrated principles of political economy, appear worthless or mischievous to his eyes, when his attention is concentrated on cases where they bear hard on individuals. He looks on such matters as humane men of ungeneralizing minds ordinarily do, though he gives to their complaints a voice which is heard wherever the English language penetrates. It would be in vain to search his writings for a single example in which he views a subject affecting the welfare of society in all its relations. The moment his sense is shocked and his sensibilities stirred, his reflective reason almost ceases to act, but his humor, his imagination, his conscience are all in motion. The systematic study of anything appears abhorrent to his feelings; and even in such a matter as the training of youth in the grammar of languages he has some of Susan Nipper's own indignation at "them Blimbers." So entirely is he absorbed by the perception of the moment, that often in the same book we have characters exhibiting exactly opposite traits, who are equally satirized. Thus in "*Bleak House*," Mrs. Jellyby is a philanthropist who subordinates the care of her family to the welfare of *Borrioboola-Gha*; but in that romance we also have Mr. Vholes, who is not less ridiculed and condemned for subordinating the welfare of the public to the support of "his three daughters at home, and his venerable father in the Vale of Taunton"; and there is just as much reason why reformers should laugh at Mr. Vholes, as that conservatives should shake their sides over Mrs. Jellyby. The truth is, that no organizations and no persons can stand this method of judging of them by their weak points, and the detection of weak points is of the very life of humorous perception.

And this limitation of Dickens's intellect is also a limitation of his

power of characterization. Because his genius personifies everything it touches, we must not, on that account, accept all its products as persons. There are scores of people in his novels who are "hit off," rather than delineated, and are discriminated from the mere names of persons in didactic satire only by that strong individualizing tendency in his mind which makes him give consciousness even to inanimate things, and which one critic goes so far as to call "literary Fetichism." The professional guests at Mr. Merdle's dinner-parties, in "Little Dorrit," the Veneerings and their associates, in "Our Mutual Friend," the company that gathers in Sir Leicester Dedlock's country-seat, in "Bleak House," are three among twenty instances which must readily occur to every reader. In these he individualizes the tone of the society he satirizes, rather than attempts to portray its individual members. This habit of sketchy characterization, in which the character is only shown by some external peculiarity or vice of opinion, and his interior life is entirely overlooked, is the ordinary mode in which Dickens's satirical talent is displayed, and it overloads his books with impersonated sarcasms. All these, however, may be deducted from his stories, and still leave him richer in solid characterizations than any half-dozen of his contemporaries combined.

Indeed, when Dickens resolutely sets to work to embody an imagined nature, he ever makes it self-subsistent and inwardly as well as outwardly known. His joy in some of these creations is so great, he floods them with such an abounding wealth of life, he makes them so intensely real to his own mind, and treats them so much like companions of his heart's hilarious hours, that the very excess of his characterizing power has led some critics to deny to him its possession. He so surcharges his characters with vitality that they seem like persons who have taken something to drink; and, as they burst into the more decorous society delineated by other English novelists, there

is a cry raised for the critical police. This exaggeration, however, is not caricature, for caricature never gives the impression of reality; and even in our age of historic doubts we have yet to learn of the sceptical Betsey Prig who had the audacity to doubt the existence and reality of Tony Weller, of John Willet, of Mr. Squeers, of Richard Swiveller, of Edward Cuttle, of Sarah Gamp, of Wilkins Micawber, of Mr. Boffin, or any other of Dickens's quaint specimens of human nature which he has overcharged with humorous vitality. Dickens caricatures only when his special object is to satirize; and the characters which illustrate his satirical genius we have already admitted to have no real natures. In his true province of characterization, he is certainly peculiar, for his personages are not only original but originals. As a general thing, he does not develop his characters, but conceives them in their entirety at once, and the situations and incidents in which they successively appear simply furnish occasions for their expression. Their appearance, opinions, manners, and even their phrases, he makes identical with their natures. He gives a queer application to the transcendental principle that "the soul does the body make," and supplies an external peculiarity for every inward trait. Beings which have no existence out of his own mind, he yet sees them in their bodily shape and motions as clearly as he sees his familiar acquaintances. Their unconscious actions are recorded with the accuracy of a witness who testifies under oath. He was evidently near Miss Brass when that grim spinster was questioned as to the plot in which she and her brother had been engaged, and noticed that, before she answered, she "took two or three pinches of snuff, and, having by this time very little left, travelled round and round the box with her forefinger and thumb, 'scraping up another.'" Most observers of Mr. Squeers's habits when drunk would have been satisfied with stating that he went to bed with his

boots on; but Dickens adds, — "and with his umbrella under his arm." When Uriah Heep is present, we are not only constantly reminded that he is "umble," but we are forced to note "the snaky undulation pervading his frame from his chin to his boots," "his shadowless red eyes, which look as if they had scorched their lashes off," and the frequency with which he grinds "the palms of his hands against each other, as if to squeeze them warm and dry, besides often wiping them, in a stealthy way, with a pocket-handkerchief." Indeed, so close and minute, as well as vivid, is Dickens's method of delineation, that it is impossible *not* to perceive and realize his creations. The critic who decries them as caricatures must be conscious, all the time, that they are more real to him than the carefully drawn characters he praises in other novelists of the time. Besides, they have a strange attraction to the mind, and are objects of love or hatred, like actual men and women. A large number of excellently drawn persons in modern fiction are uninteresting or commonplace in themselves, and hardly reward the labor expended on their delineation. In reading Anthony Trollope, for instance, one feels that here is an author who will never fail for subjects as long as the kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland contains thirty millions of people, "mostly bores," and as long as he has his mental daguerreotype machine in order. But the poetical, the humorous, the tragic, or the pathetic element is never absent in Dickens's characterization, to make his delineations captivating to the heart and imagination, and give the reader a sense of having escaped from whatever in the actual world is dull and wearisome. A free abounding life also animates his pages; and the subtle scepticism as to the worth of existence itself, which infects Thackeray's narratives, and makes us close his most entertaining novels with a jaded feeling, is entirely absent from those of Dickens.

The plots of his romances, though

frequently improbable in themselves, always seem probable in relation to the characters they are devised to bring vividly out. In the *Pickwick Papers*, the work which excels all its successors in riotous animal spirits, and in the power to communicate the sense of enjoyment, there is no plot, properly speaking, but only a succession of incidents. In "*Oliver Twist*" and "*Barnaby Rudge*" there is a strong infusion of the melodramatic element, which also appears less prominently in "*The Old Curiosity Shop*," "*Nicholas Nickleby*," and "*Martin Chuzzlewit*." The height of his power as story-teller was reached in "*David Copperfield*," which is perhaps the best of his works in all respects, though "*Dombey and Son*" is written with more sustained *verve*. The plot of "*Great Expectations*" is the most cunningly devised of all, to stimulate and to baffle curiosity; while that of "*A Tale of Two Cities*" is the most tragically impressive; but neither equals "*David Copperfield*" in both interest and charm. "*Hard Times*" is essentially a satire, and the stories of "*Bleak House*," "*Little Dorrit*," and "*Our Mutual Friend*," though they give occasion for the display of brilliant powers of narrative, description, and characterization, are somewhat lumberingly constructed. In all these successive books we observe a constantly increasing disposition to combine seriousness, both of moral and artistic purpose, with his whimsical, or comical, or pathetic incidents; his style grows more and more elaborate, more and more strewn with curious felicities of phrase, without losing much of its elasticity and ease; and if we miss something of the intoxicating animal spirits which gladden us in the *Pickwick Papers*, the loss is more than made up by the superior solidity and depth which thought and experience have given even to his humorous vein. The impression left by all his books is not only humane but humanizing. He is a philanthropist, both positively and negatively. He makes us interested in the most ignorant, credulous, foolish,

or grotesque personages, simply by the goodness of heart he puts into them; and he makes us dislike the proudest, highest, most cultivated, and most beautiful, provided they are tainted with selfish indifference to their kind. His imagination so delights in lovely embodiments of disinterestedness, that we are sometimes tempted to class him with philanthropic sentimentalists, idly fondling images of excellence impossible of realization; but we read a few pages on, and find him the intrepid practical assailant of everything in life which he considers mean, base, exclusive, illiberal, unjust, and inhuman.

The humor, the pathos, the power of weird description, the power of tragic representation, in Dickens, seem but the efforts of one faculty of imagination, as it is directed by different sentiments, and acts on different materials. His superabundant humor, though quotable in sentences, depends for its full appreciation on a knowledge of the personages whence it comes and the incidents which call it forth. But it also has something odd, droll, unexpected, and incalculable in itself, which always marks it as the product of one peculiar and creative mind. When Mrs. Crupp, David Copperfield's laundress, is asked by that young gentleman how she knows that love is the cause of his restlessness and bad spirits, she, slightly boozy with David's brandy, solemnly replies, "Mr. Copperfull, I'm a mother myself." Venus, the artist in bones and amateur in skeletons, who lends such ghastly drollery to so many scenes in "Our Mutual Friend," says to the impertinent boy who chaffs him: "Don't sauce *me* in the wicious pride of your youth; don't hit *me*, because you see I'm down. You've no idea how small you'd come out, if I had the *articulating* of you." When Jerry Cruncher, suspected by Mr. Lorry of having passed his nights in digging up bodies for the doctors, is asked by his employer what he has been besides a messenger, he conceives the luminous idea of replying, "Agricultooral character." Mr. Swiveller, informed by the

Marchioness that Miss Brass calls him a funny fellow, does not consider the description derogatory to his dignity, because, he says, "Old King Cole was himself a merry old soul, if we may put any faith in the pages of history." Mr. Vincent Crummles, wishing to do justice to the dramatic powers of Miss Henrietta Petowker, of the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, closes his eulogy with the climax, "She's the only sylph I ever saw who could stand upon one leg, and play the tambourine on her knee, *like* a sylph." Mr. Wemmick, when he invites Pip to dine with him, remarks: "You don't object to an aged parent, I hope. Because I have got an aged parent at my place." Mr. Wegg charges Mr. Boffin more for reading poetry to him than he does prose, for "when a person comes to grind off poetry, night after night, it is but right he should expect to be paid for its weakening effect on his mind." The "young man of the name of Guppy," in his memorable proposal of marriage to Esther Summerson, mentions as one of the advantages she would receive from the alliance, that his mother "is eminently calculated to be a mother-in-law." Mr. Dennis, the hangman, when desirous of propitiating the sentimental and scraggy Miss Miggs, addresses her by the endearing appellation of "My sugar stick." The Augustus of Miss Pecksniff runs off on the morning of his intended marriage with that meek maiden, and, as soon as he is safe on board ship, writes to her: "Ere this reaches you, the undersigned will be — if not a corpse — on the way to Van Diemen's Land. Send not in pursuit! I never will be taken alive!" And the immense humor of bringing a man of Mr. Boffin's mind and experience into contact with such a book as Gibbon's "Decline and Fall" could only have occurred to Dickens. The blank wonder of such a guileless soul in listening to the recital of the crimes of the Roman Emperors is delicious. "Wegg takes it easy," he says, contentedly, "but, upon my soul, to an old bird like myself, these are scarers!"

Among Dickens's characters there are few which he seems to delight in more than those in which goodness of heart is combined with imperfection of intellect or expression. His books swarm with persons representing every degree of mental defect and obstruction, from craziness like Miss Flite's to inexpressibility like Captain Cuttle's. Among these "that innocentest creeter Toots" is one of the most richly ludicrous. From the time we first meet him at Dr. Blimber's, "keeping a ring in his waistcoat-pocket to put on his little finger by stealth when the pupils went out walking," and devoting his energies in school hours to writing "long letters to himself from persons of distinction, addressed 'P. Toots, Esquire, Brighton, Sussex,' and preserving them in his desk with great care," he is the most lovable of all specimens of arrested development. There is something infantile even in his attempts to be "fast," such as his high times with Feeder, B. A., when, in the latter's room, with the doors locked, they crammed their noses with snuff, endured surprising torments of sneezing with the constancy of martyrs, and, drinking table beer at intervals, "felt all the glories of dissipation." Nothing could better show Dickens's perception of the humor which lies in the incongruous, than his giving this innocent, whose brain stutters as well as his tongue, a prize-fighter like "the Chicken" for a companion, and a champion of his rival, like Captain Cuttle, for a confidant. His confessions to the Captain of his love for Florence Dombey are delicious specimens of the combination of intellectual impotence with the tender passion. "The hollow crowd," he says, "when they see me with the Chicken, and characters of distinction like that, suppose me to be happy; but I'm wretched." "If you could see my legs when I take my boots off, you'd form some idea of what unrequited affection is." "If, by the sacrifice of all my property, I could get transmigrated into Miss Dombey's

dog — I — I really think I should never leave off wagging my tail." The struggle between his jealousy and his good-will, when he sees Walter after the latter's shipwreck, at last ends in the fear that he "must have got very wet," and the hope that he "didn't take any cold." The marriage of this affectionate weakling to such a tart, swift, and efficient personage as Susan Nipper is itself a stroke of humorous genius.

Charles Townshend said of the Duc de Nivernais, who came over from France as a sort of envoy, that he was "the preliminaries of a man sent over to arrange the preliminaries of a peace." Dickens has great skill in drawing such persons. His Cousin Pheenix is "the preliminaries of a man"; and so are Mr. Sparkler, Mr. Guppy, Mr. Snagsby, and a score of others that might be named. He is equally felicitous in representing the preliminaries of a woman, and of varying the character while he preserves the type. Indeed, his sharpness of mental sight enables him to fix and embody almost every variety of average mind, from the rapid, quick-witted, ever-alert Inspector Bucket of the Detective, whose brain is in perpetual motion, all the way down to old John Willet, who has but a flicker of intelligence, who lives on one notion for nearly as long a period as it takes him to acquire it, and who, after seven years of cogitation on the fact that his son Joe has "lost his arm among the Salvanners where the war is," dies at last with the edifying announcement that he is himself "going to the Salvanners." It is hopeless to attempt to give instances, on account of the very abundance of the illustrations, though we may say that, low down in the mental scale, "Mr. F.'s Aunt," who has such a desire to have Arthur Clenman brought "for'ard" in order that she may "chuck him out o' winder," is a specimen of inscrutable imbecility calculated to awaken the profoundest reflections.

In regard to Dickens's serious char-

acterization, and his dealings with the deeper passions, a distinguished French critic, M. Taine, has sneered at his respect for the proprieties, and contrasted his timidity with the boldness of Balzac and George Sand, especially in the analysis and representation of the passion of love. It is true that Dickens is excluded, like other English novelists, from the full exhibition of the allurements which lead to the aberrations of this passion; but what critic but a French one could have emphasized this deference for decorum, as if it shut him out altogether from the field of strong emotions? It does not exclude him from the minutest internal scrutiny and complete representation of the great body of the generous and the malignant passions. No Frenchman, even, could say that he was not sufficiently frank, exact, particular, and thorough in his exhibitions of pride, envy, fear, vanity, malice, hatred, duplicity, jealousy, avarice, revenge, wrath, and remorse. He has threaded the intricacies of these, with the penetration of a psychologist, while he has combined their action and varied their expression according to the modifications they receive from individual character. He has not won the reputation of being the most genial, pathetic, and humane of contemporary novelists by declining to describe some of the most tragic scenes that romancer ever imagined, and to represent some of the most hateful forms of humanity which romancer ever drew. Fagin, Noah Claypole, Ralph Nickleby, Arthur Gride, Quilp, Dombey, Carker, Pecksniff, Jonas Chuzzlewit, Uriah Heep, Grandfather Smallweed, Rigaud, Rogue Riderhood, Bradley Headstone, the ghastly and gushing Mrs. Skewton, the weird and relentless Miss Havisham, could never have been shaped by a man who had not closely studied the fiercest, harshest, meanest, and basest passions of human nature, or who hesitated to follow intrepidly out their full logical effects on character and conduct. Often grotesque in his tragedy, he is never wanting in intensity and vivid-

ness. The chapter in "Oliver Twist" entitled "The Jew's last Night alive," the description of Jonas Chuzzlewit's flight and arrest after his murder of Tigg, and the account of Bradley Headstone's feelings and reflections after his murderous assault on Eugene, are a few among many specimens of that minute and exact inspection of criminal spirits with which he so frequently both appalls and fascinates his reader. His antipathy to malignant natures contrasts strangely with the air of scientific indifference with which Balzac regards them; but it seems to give him even more power to penetrate into their souls. He is there as a biassed observer, detesting what he depicts; but his insight seems to be sharpened by his abhorrence. They are altogether out of the pale of his instinctive sympathies, but yet he is drawn to them by a kind of attraction like that which sustains the detective on the track of the felon. If he errs at all, he errs in making them sometimes too repulsive for the purposes of art.

In the representation of love, Dickens is masterly only in exhibiting its affectionate side, and in this no contemporary, English or French, approaches him. His favorite heroines, Agnes Wickfield, Lucie Manette, Florence Dombey, Esther Summerson, Little Dorrit, Lizzie Hexam, are models of self-devoted, all-enduring, all-sacrificing affection, in respect both to sentiment and principle. Illustrating as they do the heroism of tenderness, the most beautiful and pathetic scenes in his works draw from them their inspiration. It may be that they are too perfect to be altogether real; it may be that, as specimens of genuine characterization, they are inferior to Dora Spenlow, or little Miss Wren, or Bella Wilfer, in whom affection is connected with some kind of infirmity; but still, so intensely are they concealed, so unbounded is their wealth of love, that their reality, if questioned by the head, is accepted undoubtingly by the heart. Every home they enter is made the better for such ideal visitants, and the fact

that they are domesticated by so many thousands of firesides shows that they are not the mere airy nothings of sentimentalizing benevolence, but have in them the substance of humanity, and the attractive force of individual life. The love of such beings, if not the grand passion of the heroines of George Sand, is purifying as well as pure, and places their delineator among benefactors. Filial love, in its tenderest idealization, is what they primarily represent, but from this flow all gentle, kindly, generous, compassionate, and grateful emotions. Their pathetic beauty melts the insensibility of the most hardened cynic. Florence at the death-bed of little Paul Dombey, or flying from her father to the shelter of the Little Midshipman, or returning to him in his day of ruin and despair; — Esther Summerson, when for the first time she is enfolded in a mother's embrace, or when, at the end of her long pursuit in the track of Lady Dedlock's flight, she passes to the gate of the burial ground, stoops down, lifts the heavy head, "puts the long, dank hair aside," and sees her mother cold and dead; — Lucie Manette in that wonderful scene in Dufarge's garret, where she recalls her father to conscious life; — Little Dorrit in all the touching incidents which bring out the delicacy and depth of her sheltering affection for the broken prisoner of the Marshalsea; — these are but a few among many instances of that searching pathos of Dickens which irresistibly affects the great body of his readers, and even forces unwilling tears from hostile critics.

Why, then, it may be asked, is Dickens not to be ranked with the greatest masters of characterization? The objection as to his exaggerated manner in representing, we have found to be superficial, as his exaggeration rather increases than diminishes our sense of

the reality of his personages; the real objection is to his matter. Great characterization consists in the creation and representation of great natures; and the natures which Dickens creates may be original, strange, wild, criminal, humorous, lovable, pathetic, or good, but they are never great. The material of which they are composed is the common stuff of humanity, even when it is worked up into uncommon forms. His individualizing imagination can give personality to everything coming within the range of his thoughts, sentiments, and perceptions; but that range does not include the realm of ideas, or the conflict and complication of passions in persons of large intellects as well as strong sensibility. The element of thought is comparatively lacking in his creations. Captain Cuttle is as vividly depicted as Falstaff, but the Captain would be a bore as a constant companion, while we can conceive of Falstaff as everlastingly fertile in new mental combinations; and as never losing his power to stimulate and amuse. Esther Summerson is, like Imogen, an individualized ideal of womanhood; but Esther's mind never passes beyond a certain homely sense, while Imogen is the perfection of imagination and intelligence as well as of tenderness, and we feel that, though she should live a thousand years, she would never exhaust her capacity of thinking, any more than her capacity of loving. But if Dickens's genius never goes beyond a certain limit of observation, nor rises above a certain level of thought, it has still peopled the imagination, and touched and gladdened the hearts, of so many thousands of readers, that it seems ungenerous to subject him to tests he does not court, and ungrateful to note the shortcomings of a power which in itself is so joyous, humane, and beneficent.

GERMANY IN NEW YORK.

AMONG the features that impart a character so cosmopolitan to New York, a very prominent one is the large German element pervading that city and its suburbs and neighboring towns. "Which is the German quarter of New York?" I have heard strangers ask, as they noticed the decidedly Teutonic aspect of many passers to and fro in the crowded thoroughfares. It would not be easy to say. Taking the suburbs first, it will be found that much of Brooklyn proper, more of Williamsburg, no inconsiderable portion of Jersey City, and about two thirds of Hoboken, are occupied either by naturalized citizens of German birth, or by native-born Americans of immediate German descent. In the city, there is not a business street in which the infusion of Germany is not manifested by the names upon the sign-boards and door-posts. Whether you dwell to the eastward of Broadway or to the westward, it is much the same thing,—in six cases out of ten the nearest tobacconist, as well as the nearest tailor, is sure to be a German. Should you happen to inquire of a New-Yorker where such or such an article is to be procured, he will tell you, as likely as not, "O, anywhere, almost,—the Dutchman at the next corner grocery will be sure to have it." Don't call the grocer a "Dutchman" to his face, though, supposing you should enter his comprehensive mart to make your purchase. Few things excite a German's ire more than to call him a Dutchman. Pacific in his disposition as the Teuton usually is, I have witnessed more than one ugly row in the public places he frequents, because some person has applied this expression to him, either unguardedly or with wilful intent to exasperate. The objection is to be attributed, I fancy, rather to the fact that the term is frequently used in this country in a

disparaging sense, than to any aversion really entertained by the German mind to the industrious native of the land where dikes are as much a necessity as Dutch herrings.

Perhaps, if the preference is to be given to any principal street of New York as channelling the German quarter, the Bowery may be so set down. That very heterogeneous and perplexing jumble of things foreign and domestic may be likened to an immense chain of German sausages, interlinked here and there with material properly American. All along the Bowery, the principal German theatres and lager-bier "gardens" are interspersed at short intervals, and it is in this quarter chiefly that the aspirant for legislative honors or for city office lays his traps to catch the wary German vote.

In sketching German life in New York, it would be outside the question to refer to that comparatively small class of Germans who, from wealth and family connections, hold a high position in society. The representative German is usually a manufacturer of some kind, greater or smaller, or a mechanic,—very commonly a grocer, or a brewer of lager-bier. Sometimes he is a lithographer, a layer-out of maps, or an artist in one branch or another. Finishing photographs in oil or in water-colors is an occupation very common among New York Germans. Legions of them are dispersed as waiters through the hotels and restaurants of the city. A great many—and these chiefly of the Hebrew persuasion—find occupation as dealers in clothing, jewelry, and miscellaneous articles, while others drive a lucrative business as pawnbrokers or "mock-auctioneers." New York is indebted for its vegetable markets to the Germans, who were the first to educate the suburban soil for the growth of kitchen stuff, and who have still almost a monopoly of the market-garden business in the neigh-

borhood of the city. In the lower strata it will be found that many of the peripatetic glaziers who wander about the streets with the doleful chant, "Glass t' put een!" are Germans, as also are most of the wretched rag-pickers who trudge along the gutters with bag and hook, diving every now and then into the ash-barrels, with the hope of fishing up some pearl from the depths of those receptacles. Germans who are heavy bankers or stock-brokers, or engaged in commerce and manufacture generally, upon a large scale, soon become absorbed into the "upper-ten" element of New York society. Abandoning all the manners and customs of the fatherland to the smaller operators and the dealers in retail, they give little or no color to the native society with which they become incorporated. There is, indeed, a passion in the upper circles of New York for the dance called the "German," a term applied by extension to any ball or party at which it forms a leading feature in the exercises of the evening. In this sense the influence of the "German" upon the society of New York in its higher phases must be admitted; but I question if the introduction of the dance referred to is due to the absorbed Teutonic millionaire.

Of the middling and poorer class of Germans, New York and its suburbs contain about one hundred and fifty thousand, and it is to the characteristic social and political traits of these that I shall chiefly refer in this paper.

The traditional love of the German for the land of his birth—taking this in a geographical sense, and as distinct from associations—must surely be little more than an idea. Germans who have been prosperous in this country very seldom return to the fatherland, let them sing lustily as they may about it over their *Rheinwein* or their lager-bier. They carry their country along with them when they emigrate, just as they carry their cherished household gods. A patch from the banks of the Rhine, the Oder, or the Main can be found anywhere in the heart of New York, or

in the country for ten miles around it. This burly and honest person who keeps a restaurant, or *salon*, in Broadway, on the German plan, flitted hither a dozen years ago from the borders of the Black Forest. He loved that romantic district and its traditions so well that he brought them away with him in his capacious heart, and set them up in his back yard, which thenceforward became a *Garten Wirthschaft*,—a sort of Occidental "Gulistan" of sausage and lager-bier. There the traits of his boyhood's home are represented by small pine-trees, arranged in tubs full of earth. But if the presence of these is not sufficient to keep fond memory wide awake, then he employs a scenic artist to decorate the walls of the yard with views representing sombre stretches of pine-land, lighted up fitfully with wild gushes of water manufactured out of indigo and flake-white. Sometimes a wild boar appears in the foreground, slaking its thirst at a cascade of these refreshing pigments; and this imparts truth and character to the scene, besides being suggestive of Westphalia ham and *Weissbier*, both of which are to be had in the establishment. A castle frowns over all, from a lofty pinnacle of rock. To bring the pleasant *Garten Wirthschaft* of his native land yet more vividly before him, the portly vintner sets along the walls numerous earthen pots with climbing plants in them; and should these imbecile exotics display any lack of energy in scaling the masonry, then a requisition is again made upon the scenic artist, who, beginning with his magic pencil where the trailer struck work, continues it *ad libitum*, carrying its leaves and tendrils in mellow distemper over any given area of wall-surface. Small tables are ranged about the yard, and hither crowds of Germans resort in the summer time, to feast upon *ragoûts* of occult material, washed down with gallons of the ruddy malt liquor. In places of this kind, as, indeed, in most of the upper-class eating-houses of New York, the waiters are almost exclusively Germans. It is a specialty with Ger-

mans to attend in restaurants, and excellent waiters they for the most part make. Many of them have received fair educations, and not a few are excellent linguists, speaking two or three languages besides their own. They pick up English very soon after their arrival in this country. The first phrase in our language which every German waiter learns is, "All right!" This he uses with great complacency, though not always in the right place. "Waiter, these eggs are boiled quite hard." "All right!" "Waiter, I ordered veal cutlet, and you 've brought me *Wiener-sniitschel*!" "All right!" This phrase he never drops, though he learns in time to make proper application of it. He seldom has that indescribable air of politeness peculiar to French waiters. Sometimes, indeed, the German waiter is open to the charge of surliness; but this, in most cases, applies only to newcomers, who have not yet mastered the first rudiments of the English language, and, diffident about committing themselves to its intricacies, are driven to taciturnity and apparent moroseness.

More characteristic yet than the Broadway restaurants conducted on German principles are the smaller ones scattered everywhere throughout the city,—queer, dingy, rattle-trap dining-houses in which families of Teuton race—men, women, and children—appear to pass a great deal of their time. Take one as a specimen of the class. It is a small wooden house, standing in a row of similar cheap structures, close by one of the main horse-car avenues of the city. The street door opens right into the principal apartment, which is a room sadly out of perspective, owing to the settling of the timbers. The floor is covered with fresh sawdust. Rings of stale beer are observable on the small walnut tables, and the place reeks with the fumes of strong tobacco. The bar, which is also a counter for the exposition—as the term now goes—of a wonderful amount and variety of pungent viands, looks like a breastwork thrown up by a regiment of gourmands to oppose the march of famine. It is

piled with joints and manufactured meats adapted to the strong German stomach;—enormous fat hams, not thoroughly boiled, for the German prefers his pig underdone; rounds of cold corned beef, jostled by cold roast legs and loins of veal; pyramids of sausages of every known size and shape, and several cognate articles of manufactured swine-meat, of which it would be too much for the present writer to remember the names; baskets full of those queer, twisted, briny cakes which go variously, I believe, by the names of *Pretzel* and *Wunder*; sardine-boxes piled upon each other quite in the Pelion-upon-Ossa way; huge glass jars of pickled oysters, flanked by huge earthen jars of caviare. Raw onions in heaps give a tone to the combined odors of all these; and through this confusion of smells come powerful whiffs of the Limburger and Sweitzer cheeses, without which the *menu* of no German restaurant would be considered complete. Conspicuously posted upon the walls are the *Weinlisten*, from which documents you gather that white wine is to be had at from one dollar and a quarter to three dollars per bottle, and red wine at from one dollar to four. The inevitable keg of lager-bier lies upon its slanting trestles, behind one end of the counter. Opening from this room there is a smaller one, lower by a step, and beyond that, up a step, is the real snuggerly of the concern, which, in winter, suggests the joys of summer to the *habitués* of the retreat. This is a room of irregular shape, running almost to an acute angle at its farther end, and in this angle, by fencing off a few cubic yards of space with an ornamental iron railing, is formed a little delta of perennial verdure, roofed with glass. A fountain, presided over by an aquarian boy of cast-iron, painted white, plays in the centre of the little oasis. Numbers of gold-fishes are swimming in the basin of the fountain, which is tastefully bordered with rosy sea-shells. The water-plants in this plot are very pulpy and vigorous, and the ivy pursues its

reptile course, with some weakness of purpose, among the intricacies of the vegetation. To give perspective and grandeur to the whole, the inevitable scenic artist has painted the walls with mountain scenery, his conceptions generally being of a mixed character, comprising such anomalies as Swiss châteaux shaded by tropical palms. Photographs from cartoons by Kaulbach hang upon the walls. On a bracket in one corner there is a bust of Schiller, faced by one of Shakespeare in the angle opposite. Schiller is ever present to the German mind. The first monument erected in Central Park was that placed there by Germans to the memory of the poet, — a massive head in cast-iron, gazing thoughtfully from its pedestal at the swans that navigate the lake.

The amount of business done in many such rickety, unpromising places as the one just described is sometimes really astonishing. There is no lack of steady patronage during the daytime, when diners come dropping in, by twos and threes, to make havoc of the spiced victuals and fresh-tapped lager-bier. But at night, when the German theatres and other places of entertainment have disgorged their multitudes, then the carver of the cold pig has to gird himself up for his work, and the youth who "the spigot wields" in front of the trestled kegs is driven to his best pace in filling out the *Seidel* of creamy malt. The company in these resorts at night is a very mixed one. The legal and medical professions — in German — are fully represented. Tradesmen and small brokers of every grade abound, many of them bringing their wives and children with them. Yon good-looking man, with heavy amber mustache and closely-cropped head, is an extensive dealer in birds and rare animals of all sorts, and is reputed to have amassed a fortune in the business. Should you have occasion for a rhinoceros, a boa-constrictor, or a harpy eagle from Surinam, (these are mere luxuries, of course, and I am only supposing a case,) you can obtain them to

order from that enterprising German with the meerschaum face and amber mouth-piece. He has agents in all parts of the world, and may be dreaming, as he sits there in his own cloud of smoke, about expected advices from across the seas, of a giraffe, or a gorilla, bespoken for some spirited showman. Observe that person who looks so like a Russian boyar in his long green caftan heavily trimmed with fur, and cap to match, — a man with a marked stoop in the shoulders, and wearing blue spectacles upon his nose. That is a well-known — nay, renowned — musical composer, and conductor of concerts organized upon the monster principle. Musicians of more humble pretensions are also mingled with the throng. That small, pale-faced man, holding to his heart a brass ophicleide wrapped in green baize, and somewhat taller than himself, is currently believed to drink from forty to sixty glasses of lager-bier every day the year round, except holidays, — when he drinks more. Men with fiddle-cases abound, and there sits a man with both a fiddle-case and a wife. See what a fine, wholesome appetite the lady has. She calls for caviare, and when it comes she chops up with it a large slice of raw onion, and, having added to the whole a squeeze of lemon-juice and a liberal dusting of black pepper, spreads the savory mess upon thickly-buttered brown bread, and attacks it with zest. Her companion prefers the spicy sausage, to a roll of which, about four inches in diameter, he addresses himself emphatically. "Deep as the rolling Zuyder Zee" are the draughts of creamy beer indulged in by the hearty couple. But beer is not the only liquor ordered by the customers. Many bottles of Rhine-wine are circulating at the tables, and there is a fair consumption of *Kirschwasser*, *Kornschnapps*, arrack, and the various other strong waters more or less in use among the Germans.

On a far greater scale than the beer-houses just described are the German places of entertainment where music is provided for the gratification of the

customers. The largest of these halls — some of which are capable of accommodating from two to three thousand people at a time — are situated in the Bowery. Many are roofed with glass, and fitted with fixed tables, which extend, in rows, from end to end of the room. Common wooden benches, instead of chairs, are provided for the customers. From the afternoon until a late hour at night, musicians ply their art industriously in a gallery high overhead. The players remove the instruments from their lips only to exchange them for mugs of lager-bier. In the intervals of the music they light their pipes or cigars, and sit gravely studying the scores before them, as if they smoked in quavers and crotchets, and drank whenever they had forty bars' rest. It is common to see a table in these places occupied by one family, the smallest baby belonging to which comes in for its share of lager-bier. The tall glasses, like lamp-chimneys, that stand before some of the customers, contain *Weissbier*, a large glass being necessary to allow for the quantity of froth arising from that light and acid kind of malt liquor. Numerous waiters — many of them mere boys — weave themselves in and out through the crowd, with half a dozen mugs of lager in each hand, and a couple of the lamp-chimney arrangements full of *Weissbier* tottering atop of all. Small Teutonic girls, with their yellow hair strained back to a painful degree of tightness by semicircular combs, patrol the alleys with little trays before them, offering assorted *bon-bons* for sale. In the side-alleys games of various kinds are carried on. There is invariably a shooting-gallery of some twelve yards in length, where the bold marksman from the Hartz Mountains, perhaps, pops little shuttle-cock bolts from a spring gun at a grotesque figure made of painted wood, which, on being hit in the "bull's-eye," whisks round on a pivot, and jerks a lovely woman of painted wood into its place. The walls in some of these resorts are decorated with cartoons of wondrous conception.

I remember one terrible battle-piece, about forty feet long by twelve high, in which that small but redoubtable chieftain, General Sigel, who was the favorite leader of the American Germans in the early days of the war, figured to much advantage. He was represented as careering upon a frantic steed over a battle-field thickly strewn with the bodies of dying Confederates and of dead, waving over his head a falchion of romantic length. Fritz, the waiter, who served under him in Germany, in '48, will recommend to you some particular *ragoût* of acid flavor because it was a favorite dish of Sigel's, and there was a compound beverage named after him in one place that I recall.

Theatrical entertainments used to be a feature of many of these great beer-saloons, but the law no longer allows performances of the kind to be mixed up with lager, although music and dominos are not considered as incompatible with beverages to any desired extent. In the saloons there are often aviaries stocked with a great variety of birds. Some of those little enclosures already described are fitted up with curious models, representing mountains and châteaux and cottages, the real rocks covered with real moss. There is always a fountain among these, the water from which turns the wheel of a little mill, and keeps in motion a number of small wooden figures, engaged in various occupations, agricultural and domestic. Crowded as these immense halls are at night, it is very seldom that any disturbance occurs in them. Two or three policemen, in citizen's garb, are on hand in each, indeed, but their services are not often called into requisition. Here and there loud talking may be heard at the tables, for the Germans are very disputatious, and lager-bier, notwithstanding all that has been affirmed to the contrary, is intoxicating in its effects. But the excitement produced by it seems to be of a mild and innocuous character. Gambrinus, the patron saint of Bavarian beer, is but a drowsy duplicate of Bacchus, after all; nor does the festive goat, whose gam-

bols on the sign-boards of the beer-houses are supposed to typify the playfulness of the Teuton in a state of malt, appear to be exactly the right animal in the right place.

It is notable how much the German's idea of domestic felicity is disconnected with his own roof and threshold. He works assiduously at his calling from daylight until early afternoon, looking upon his dwelling as a workshop only, and fleeing from it with his wife and children at every available opportunity, to take his ease in the *Garten Wirthschaft*, which is really his home. Some of the poorest among the artisans drudge laboriously every day in the week, looking forward to Sunday, especially in summer, as a carnival time when it is right and proper that a good part of the six days' earnings should be invested in libations to Gambrinus. In a little shop hard by where I am writing, there has sat for years, day after day all the weeks round, a gruff old German shoemaker, browed and bearded like a satyr. His workshop measures about ten feet by six. The sleeping arrangement for himself and family, at the farther end of it, is a pitch-dark closet, not much larger than an ordinary cupboard. Rough-grained though he seems to be, he must have his bit of verdure nevertheless; and there it is,—a sickly geranium, pinning at the window in its earthen pot. On Sundays he and his wife spruce themselves up a little, and, having packed a basket with the everlasting sausages and Swiss cheese, away they go with their two small children, until they bring up at some holiday grove outside the city, where speculators have set up their altars for the sale of the refreshing beer. And this is the regular Sunday *délassement*, at New York, of thousands like my old satyr who pulls at waxed ends, and hammers upon shoe soles, in the little shop yonder, for sixty or seventy hours of every week, the year round.

The favorite summer resorts for Germans of every degree are situated on the Jersey side of the Hudson River,

away back of Hoboken, north and west. There is no law upon that happy shore against the sale of liquors on Sunday, and hence the preference. To the large breweries that tower up throughout that section of the country, saloons are usually attached, most of them provided with billiard-tables, and having large gardens on the premises, in which swings and "merry-go-rounds" for the young folks are fitted up. For the convenience of dancing parties there is generally a piano in the saloon. The Teutonic vintner is eccentric about his piano. I was acquainted with one stridulous instrument of the kind which was "contrived a double debt to pay," one end of it having been converted into a trestle for the irrepressible keg of lager-bier. The old machine was cracked in its upper register, and husky in its lower, as though it had taken its tone from the drowsing liquor of the place. Another, upon which I came in the arbor of a small wayside hostelry, was painted green, to harmonize with the verdure in which it was embowered, and from nails driven into its body and legs were suspended gay placards, setting forth the names of the liquors to be had at the bar. One of these, I remember, was "Brandismash." In the public groves and gardens there is generally a large platform for such dancers as prefer taking their waltzes *al fresco*, and the waltzing of the Germans generally—more particularly that of the German women—is very graceful and artistic in its way. Large parties usually bring musicians with them, and it is pleasant to hear the strains of those bands from grove to grove on that pleasant Jersey plateau in the fine summer days. Along the roads and lanes of this district groups of German cavaliers are to be met with every fine Sunday during the season, and often in the evenings of week days. These are for the most part young men occupied as clerks in the large wholesale establishments belonging to German merchants in the city. The horses ridden are generally very respectable-looking nags of the livery-stable class, well

groomed and caparisoned. Many of these dashing equestrians are got up in a tremendous sporting array, with velvet hunting-caps, high varnished boots, and silver-plated spurs. Sometimes, as they jog along in close column, they break out into harmonized German song, causing the pedestrian to wonder what the occasion can be, until a turn of the road brings him in view of the troop, as it bears down upon him half enveloped in a cloud of ruddy Jersey dust. When these fast young Teutons pull up at the breweries for refreshment, the Rhine-wine sparkles on the board, for they are bound to make a day of it, and have the best of everything.

And if this is the way in which the majority of New York Germans, great and small, spend their Sundays, it may be asked, "What religion do they mostly profess?" That I cannot undertake to say. Rationalism seems to prevail among them to a great extent. Rhine-wine is the religion of those who can afford to pay for wine, and lager-bier of those who can't. Music has much to do with the theology of both classes. All the German places of entertainment — theatres proper excepted — are in full operation on Sundays, and drive an immense business. Sunday-evening concerts, where the music is chiefly of the operatic, or "profane," character, have always been a leading feature here. With some of these — as with the concerts that used to be given at the great Lion Brewery, near the northern end of Central Park, and at Jones's Wood — there is interference, from time to time, on the part of the police. When this happens great is the indignation among the Germans. Public meetings are held to denounce the magistracy, and resolutions passed for bringing the matter to legal test; and, as opinion seems to be generally in favor of letting the well-behaved, if beery, Germans go their own way, things mostly return to their former state after a while, and the horn-blower and the fiddler cease to have their day of rest. New York owes everything to

its German element for music so excellent, in a general as well as in a special way, as to win the applause even of Europeans visiting the city. With two or three exceptions, the conductors of all the theatrical orchestras in New York are Germans. The monster concerts are always under the direction of Germans, and nineteen out of every twenty of the performers in them are of the Teutonic race. If you hear a good solo player in one of the orchestras, and inquire as to his name, you are almost sure to find that it is a German one. Sometimes the solo player comes accredited in the programme of the evening with a tremendous flourish of recommendation after his name. Witness the following smashing line about a famous performer on the French horn. I dare not tackle it with my pen, and therefore clip it from the printed document and paste it in.

"**Herr WACK** (Grossherzoglich hessen-darmstädtischer Hofmusikus)."

The military bands are all made up of Germans, and in the ball-rooms it is the same thing. The great musical association called the Liederkrantz was organized twenty years ago, and from it sprang the Arion Society, now equally famous with the parent one for its vocal and instrumental performances. There are numerous choral societies among the Germans of the city, besides. The most impressive dirge it has ever been my fortune to hear was that one chanted by nine hundred Germans on the steps of the City Hall, when the remains of President Lincoln were borne into the hall, on the 24th of April, 1865. This grand choir was composed of singers chosen from the principal musical organizations of the city.

The humor characteristic of the German race is of a very grotesque and peculiar kind. Like the strong spiced viands on which they batten, it is more pungent than delicate. The caviare and onion of the buxom dame lately mentioned might be something akin to it. This weird, exaggerated type of humor is the staple of the comic illustrated

papers published at Berlin and elsewhere in Germany; and just like the caricatures in *Kladderadatsch* or in *Fliegende Blätter* are the strange characters and processions got up by the Germans of New York at their carnival,—a feast held by the various musical associations of the city in February of each year. This famous *buffo* anniversary was instituted so long ago as the sixth century, and its origin is traceable to the Saturnalia of ancient Rome. Every German of any social standing in his community is bound to have among his chattels a masking costume of some kind or other, and the more absurd it is the better. It is a high time for the costumers, that time of the grand February carnival. The decorators and banner-painters drive a lively business then, and even the poets—poor fellows!—are in requisition, battering their large German brains into chowder in their efforts to reel off odes and mottoes and comic effusions appropriate to the occasion. In the extraordinary ceremonies arranged to do honor to Prince Carnival, the Arion and Liederkranz organizations take a leading part, the masked ball given by them being on a scale of great magnitude and expense. An Arion ball at the Academy of Music, in carnival time, is a thing to be remembered. Many of the *tableaux vivants* have reference to the politics of the day, numbering among their characters such personages as Brother Jonathan and Uncle Sam, both of them translated into German with great freedom. President Johnson figures on a platform with “four-and-twenty tailors, all in a row,” each of them doing his best to aid in the reconstruction of certain damaged garments representing States. Horrible practical jokes are played, such as pitching a man over from the upper tier of boxes to the floor, and thus creating a panic among the revellers, until the manslaughter is found to have been perpetrated in effigy only. Glee-clubs make the night hideous with their imitations of the natural frog-concerts on the Jersey Flats,

and there is usually a brass band in attendance, organized on the principle of every musician playing his own tune, and playing that as much *out* of tune as is consistent with the spirit of the occasion. Surprises are the order of the night, a succession of grotesque combinations and diabolical characters making their appearance when least expected, and in wonderful variety of form and color. There is a good deal of comic art observable throughout all these arrangements; but it is sadly destitute of refinement, its principal elements being coarse ribaldry and clumsy fool’s play. Besides these entertainments given by the two leading societies, similar ones, though on a smaller scale, are provided by the minor organizations. The Harmonia does its fooling in wild, if not picturesque array. Likewise do those burly Rhine-winners, the Colonia from Cologne, and the Mayencers from Mayence; nor are the Mozart Verein, the Männer Chor, the Turn Verein, and no end of other societies which it is unnecessary to enumerate here, slow in giving their countenance to the tumultuous doings by which carnival week is marked.

Physical culture is one of the objects chiefly aimed at by all the organizations, musical and otherwise, to which I have referred; and in this, as in some other things, Young America would do well to follow the example of Germany in New York. It is by the Turn Verein chiefly that the important branch of education in question is thoroughly attended to and insisted upon. Jones’s Wood, an extensive piece of ground on the East River about three miles from the city, is the spot usually selected by these associated athletes for holding their *Turnfest*,—a festival given annually some time in the fall of the year. The Turner *Zöglinge*, consisting of some three or four hundred boys who are being educated according to the system of the Turners, forms a very interesting feature of the procession on these occasions. These Turnfests are picnics on a large scale, the members of the combined societies bringing any

amount of provender and beverages with them. The scene is brightened by the presence of many fair damsels belonging to the families of the bold acrobats. Gymnastic feats, of course, are first on the programme of the day, and the artistic manner in which some of these are performed would reflect credit on many a professional of the tan-floored ring. No better evidence of the benefits resulting from a systematic training of the muscles need be looked for than the ruddy, healthful appearance of the young men and boys who figure in these performances. There is always some excellent music, vocal as well as instrumental, in attendance, and the afternoon passes merrily away with dances and a variety of curious German games. But there is a political as well as a physical motive at work among these Turners. In 1865 a convention of Turner organizations was held in Washington representing in all no fewer than fifty-nine associations. This movement resulted in the combination known as the North American Turner Union, with New York as its headquarters, and the officers of the New York Turn Verein as its leading spirits. The following extract from the minutes of the convention shows that a desire for wholesome political reform had much to do with the movement in question.

"The Turner Bund considers that, in dealing with public affairs in this country in the manner as in most cases it is done, there are great obstacles in the way of true liberty, and the Union declares it to be the duty of each and every association to instruct its members in reference to the various political questions, and to make, as far as they are concerned, every effort against every kind of political corruption.

"It is further declared, that it will be impossible for the Turner Union to reach its object if the various Turner associations do not take measures to inaugurate an earnest political agitation, and thus do their part in removing the political corruption and partisanship which hitherto have induced many

of the German societies to exclude the discussion of political questions.

"The Union calls attention to this subject the more as these questions can be agitated without committing the Turners to the usual system of wire-pulling; for it cannot be pretended that a decided position in reference to politics can be injurious to the system of organization and association among the Germans, though a few associations might consequently have to be subjected to a process of purification, which can only be beneficial as far as the whole is concerned. The statutes of the Union make it the duty of each member to be or become a citizen of the United States, and it is, therefore, considered exceedingly proper that a corporation of equal citizens should not neglect to do their duty as such."

Proficiency in the use of fire-arms is another branch to which the Germans devote much attention, and they hold *Schützenfeste* in the neighborhood of New York every year, at which prizes are awarded to the best marksmen. In the sporting branch of gunnery but little can be said in favor of the Teutonic fowler, who is generally a poacher and pot-hunter of the most arrant type. The remarkable scarcity of song-birds and small birds in general about the environs of New York has been attributed—and with justice, so far as my observation goes—to the German gunners, who act on the principle that all is game that comes to their bags. Numbers of skylarks were imported from Europe and set at liberty on Long Island, in the neighborhood of Brooklyn, a few years ago, and they appeared to be thriving for a while. Gradually they disappeared, however, and there is more than a suspicion afloat that the remains of these ill-fated foreigners had *post-mortem* honors paid to them in company with fancy pig-meats and Swiss cheese. Often, upon an autumnal afternoon, as you cross over by ferry-boat to the Long Island or the Jersey shore, you will fall in with some German butcher from the city, who is going forth deliberately, with gun and dogs, to levy

war upon Cock Robin and his friends of the wood-sides and hedges. This character is usually rigged out in true *Jäger* fashion, with an enormous game-bag, all fringed and tasselled, slung over his shoulder, and a double-barrelled gun of foreign manufacture, with a carved stock, upon his arm. His dogs are seldom of the regular sporting breeds. Sometimes he is accompanied by a large Newfoundlander, sadly out of proportion to the small game in view; but a dwarfed, bandy-legged variety of beagle, with a very long back, appears to be the animal most favored by the German sportsman as his companion and assistant in the chase. See him on his return, late in the evening, and he is making a great display with a few robins and thrushes, and, mayhap, a squirrel or two, hanging to the loops of his game-bag. Central Park is the only refuge now for the birds about New York, and many a wistful eye have I seen turned upon them by the Germans who sometimes take their afternoon relaxation in that pleasant resort.

In his politics the German of New York is largely influenced by lager-bier. The excise law passed by the Legisla-

ture in the spring of 1866 was a great source of trouble to him, as it forbade the sale of lager or any other liquor on Sundays, in the cities of New York and Brooklyn, and "the demesnes that there adjacent lie." The constitutionality of this law was denied by certain enterprising vintners, and the matter was referred to the Court of Appeals. Pending judgment, the law was not enforced during the summer; but its effects were apparent in the immense majority of German votes gained by the Democratic party in New York and Brooklyn last fall. Just now, at the opening of the new year, the constitutionality of the law has been affirmed by the Court of Appeals, and the watchwords, "Liberty and Lager-Bier!" are vibrating upon the air in guttural German accents.

Viewing the subject at large, a community like that of New York cannot but derive much benefit from the healthful combination of brain and muscle characteristic of its German element. The greatest benefits, however, will not be fully realized until the absorption of that element has given its tinge to the generations to come.

KATHARINE MORNE.

PART VII.

CHAPTER XX.

THE days that followed! Mr. Dudley had Paul; Rose and Lily, their lovers; I, but my dead! — the marble image of my cherished mistress, my charge, my second mother, my nearest friend, — in the season she loved best, the sweet summer of the year, — in the Indian summer of her sweet life, departed! My own life had for years been so built upon hers, that every hour that struck reminded me of some pleasure to be foregone, — some pleasant duty

no more to be discharged. Especially when I began to awake to the blind sense of some great trouble upon me, in the mornings, my first impulse always was to rise and dress, and hasten to take refuge with her, who would be certain to charm one half of it away, and to teach me how to turn the other into only a solemn blessing; and then, when my recollection returned to me, it would overwhelm me, as with her pall.

While I remained where everything spoke of her, it could not but be so. A fortnight after her funeral, I felt that

I could bear it no longer; and there seemed to be no reason why I should. My companionship was broken off,—my occupation gone. My employer sent me no more commands. I thought that he must now prefer a regular secretary; at any rate, I could serve him no longer after his daughters left him; and it would be painfully embarrassing for him to be forced to offer me my dismissal. Though his children were touchingly attentive to me, I thought I might be only in their way.

Mr. Dudley I scarcely saw, except at meal-times, when he looked very ill; but I spoke to the girls. They were very sorry, but very kind. They would not hear a word, however, of a final parting. I needed a change, they said, and no wonder. I was welcome to go to Mrs. Physick's, and to stay till I had regained something of my natural tone of health and spirits; but I must certainly come back at least for the month before their wedding; and they should be sadly disappointed if I did not return to them long before that, and, for the sake of old times, share with them and Paul the few remaining weeks that they now should ever be together as one family.

We went together through all the rooms where we had lived in company. In company still, we visited all Miss Dudley's favorite haunts. Paul started with us, but soon broke down, fell behind us, and was seen no more. We helped each other to recall the various incidents, the tasks and sports and jests, of the nine years that I had been with them,—nine wonderfully happy years I thought them now. We helped each other cry. Absorbed in my one great loss, I had forgotten till now how dear all the beautiful children—children now no more, but more than equals—had become to me. I never knew till now how dear I was to them.

"It is like losing something that was still left to us of dear Aunt Lizzy, to part with you!" sobbed Rose.

"And so it seems to me, to part with you."

"Katharine," said Lily, "how dreadful it is that, when our hearts have grown to yours with our growth, you should be bound to us by no tie of kindred too strong for you to break!"

"O, yes, Katharine!" rejoined Rose, a gleam of her old fancy making her smile through her tears, "spend the time of your absence profitably in finding out that you bear some unknown relationship to us, as near as you are dear. Be some vanished cousin-german, at the very least, or a forgotten aunt, or, better still, our poor, long-lost young mother, come to life."

If it had been still to do, I believe I should not have had the heart to present my resignation then, or until the last moment. Paul packed my books, and strapped my trunk, but was nowhere to be found when I would have said good by. The Temples considerably absented themselves that day till the evening. It fell to Mr. Dudley to put me into the barouche, which he did with a trembling hand and in silence.

Julia's and the Doctor's hearty welcome was, as usual, ready for me, and so was my chamber in *my* house; but the next days that I spent there were, in spite of my utmost endeavors after cheerfulness, among the saddest and most homesick that I have ever known.

About a week after my transit, the Doctor, at the dinner-table, remembered and handed me a letter, some days old, in Mr. Dudley's handwriting. Supposing it was upon some matter of business, and longing to see anything that came from Barberry Beach, I thoughtlessly asked leave to open it at once, and read:—

"DEVERLY, June 26, 18—.

"MY DEAR FRIEND,—(For life, I trust, even if a title ever to call you by a tenderer name be not in store for me,) since you forsook us, a twofold blank, a twofold hush, a double desolation, has settled down upon our house. Yet, while I have no right, neither have I any disposition, to complain of your

haste in leaving it, if leave it you must. The victim on the wheel is a coward or a fool, or both, if he entreats the executioner to pause between the blows. While still stunned by the loss of your best friend, I can best bear, perhaps, if I am doomed to bear, the loss of you.

Heavens! Was he losing his reason! I had the prudence to read no further then; but I suppose that even so much had stamped itself in consternation on my face; for Julia asked, "Is anything the matter?"

"Nothing that I can help, I am afraid," said I, evasively; "they are in great affliction."

She inquired no further.

Change upon change! Shock upon shock!—and this, in some respects, the most grievous one yet. It seemed to me as if the whirling of the world made me dizzy, and would turn my brain. My head soon ached, as any one might see. The hours crept on most slowly; but, before my usual bedtime, Julia begged me to take pity on myself and go to rest. Not much rest did I look for; but I thankfully accepted her proposal to go to my room, fastened my door, threw myself on my knees before God in prayer, and then, feeling as if still in that posture I could best meet the trial that He must send, I fearfully drew out the letter, opened it again, and read on:—

"But I entreat you not to pass sentence upon what I write of, before you have read the whole. Do not imagine that I lay before you any sudden fantasy of a mind overwhelmed by grief, and clinging in desperation to any floating spar or splinter of a wrecked home. My feeling towards you has been the steady growth of years, though its only *confidante* up to this time was she whose loss has left us both so desolate. May Heaven, in its mercy, send us both comfort! Might it be one another's!

"You were not many months under my roof before I recognized in you a woman capable of friendship as calm,

and free from vanity or calculation, as it was frank and kind. Therefore I early dared to be your friend. Out of the rich, deep soil of such a friendship as you showed me and mine, my love for you sprang up,—how soon I cannot tell,—but I think it struck its first root not long after the year in which you—so simply and naturally,—as if such self-devotion were instinctive with you—risked your own life to save my child's.

"I have lived in the world enough to show the world, I trust, nothing that it has no right to know; but you can judge as well as I whether my sister's penetration was likely to be foiled. If it had been, I had no secret that I wished to keep from her. She was no match-maker; but when she saw and heard the strength and steadfastness of what had become my love for you, she advised, nay, sometimes urged, me to do my best to secure you before any rival made his appearance to bear away the prize. I objected, that I was sure that you were not in love with me. She agreed, but added, 'She never will be, unless you make her so. If I know Katharine, she is as maidenly in mind and heart as in life. She is not in the habit of falling in love. She has received from nature, or in some way come by, the power to esteem, admire, or even to love if you will, what manifests itself to her as worthy, with only a disinterested affection, that does not seek to monopolize its object. She will never think of you as anything but a friend, a kind employer, or at most a father, until you authorize and beseech her to. She likes what I like. She loves what I love. She could love best what I love best. You never refuse me anything, Charles. Give me that younger sister. I could die an easy death if I might but bequeath her to you, and you to her, and the children to you both.'

"On other points I trusted her sagacity; but on this occasion, I feared that it was for once hoodwinked by her partiality for me. I put off following her counsel. There was too

much at stake. While I was silent, the most precious privileges of marriage were mine already,—the privilege to see and hear you daily, to protect you should you stand in need of a protector, and to watch over and provide for your comfort and happiness. My sister and my children had the great enjoyments of your companionship and care. All these certain goods to myself and them might be thrown away for nothing, by one moment of selfish rashness on my part. All these considerations lost their power when my Elizabeth lost her life.

"If you give me leave to say more in urging my suit, there is enough more to be said. Unless you give me leave, I have said too much already. But one thing more, of a different nature. My child,—let me say, if I may not say, My love, for then I will endeavor to school myself, God helping me, at some future time to love you as a daughter,—my child, do not accept me, *do* not accept any man, out of compassion! He who could desire so mad an act of self-immolation must be a monster of selfishness most unworthy of you,—utterly unworthy of the sacred name of husband! I am no monster to be gratified with maiden sacrifices. Believe that my spirit is as high as your own. I seek no pity but from God. Perhaps I could not bear it, even from you.

"It is said, I know, that the sensibilities are deadened with the death of youth. My own experience has tended rather to convince me that, whatever they may lose in quickness, they only gain in strength and depth. The heart is not always frosty so soon as the hair is hoary. Unless you can love me as I love you,—as heartily and devotedly as ever woman loved man, or man loved woman,—then send a kind refusal to one to whom your welfare is, or shall be, even dearer than yourself.

"Yours, in whatever way you would have him so,

"CHARLES DUDLEY.

"MISS MORNE."

In what a rare tumult of emotion he must have written, to express himself with so little of his usual calmness! Miss Dudley's death must have unhinged him even more than I feared. And now to have, instead of soothing, to grieve him further! To have nothing better for him, who offered me his best, than kind coldness or cold kindness! What a fate was mine!—to waste my first love unbeloved, then be so loved, unloving! O, why could not he love me "as a daughter" now! O that society, that religion, sanctioned an adoption, which might put me into Rose's or Lily's soon-to-be-vacant place! What child ever devoted herself to a parent with more entire filial reverence and affection than I could have done myself to him, henceforth? What child ever suffered more in being parted and estranged from her own family, than I was probably to suffer now? "A *kind* refusal!" Little doubt of that! How could I ever make it kind enough! If almost any other man had written that letter, I should have thought its excessive generosity affected,—merely the visible bait in the trap that was set to catch me. But in Mr. Dudley, love always took the form of loving to make its objects happy. Thus I mused as I read the letter; and then I came to the postscript:—

"P. S. I have observed that you never like to take a great step hurriedly. I not only acquiesce in—I even myself desire—some delay in your decision. For my own sake, I would not have you determine against me hastily, nor, for your own, too rashly promise to yoke your youth to my declining years."

A welcome reprieve! Now I need not write, at least, until my head was clearer. My mother's rule always was, "When in a difficulty, pray upon it; and, if you can, sleep upon it."

As, arising from my knees, I took up the envelope, which had fallen on the floor, to return the letter to it, it felt thick to my touch. There was some-

thing more in it! Nothing more from poor dear Mr. Dudley, I did hope, for poor dear Katy's sake! My trembling and unwilling fingers drew out a piece of note-paper stamped with Miss Dudley's cipher; and on it I read in Paul's sad scrambling hand.

"Scene, Library at Barberry Beach. Time, midnight. *Paulus, solus. Loquitur* :—

"COUSIN KATHARINE, — You have a good deal to answer for! Bernard and Arthur were in consternation, on their arrival this afternoon, at the state in which you left Rose and Lily. L. + R. — and therefore A. + B. — remain inconsolable.

"Further, my father was in like dismay at the condition in which he beheld me, when I presented myself to constitute his joy for the evening. I ditto at the ditto in which I found him. He wished that I had a mother. I thereupon dutifully made reprisals by wishing him a wife. He declared that he could love and cherish no wife but you; and I vowed that I could consent to honor and obey no other mother.

"Such being the case, or the cases, if you are not the most hard-hearted young gentlewoman in the Union, or, in other words, as hard-hearted as you appeared to be in leaving us at all, you will return at the earliest moment, even upon these hard terms, to take in hand

"Your affectionate and forsaken *what?*
"PAUL DUDLEY."

Paul must have been in higher spirits when he wrote that than I had seen him in since Miss Dudley died.

Something still showed through from the other side of the paper. I folded it the other way, and read in the graceful English characters most like Miss Dudley's:—

"DEAR KATHARINE, — You will agree with me that papa is not a man to be pressed, or to consent to be pressed, on any woman's acceptance;

but if you find it in your heart to return and make him happy again, I wish you to know beforehand, that there is at least one besides whose joy at your consent will be only less than his; and that will be

"Your fondly and trustfully attached
"LILY DUDLEY."

Rather proud, but for that none the less characteristic and hearty. On the next page still was, —

"DEAREST KATHARINE, — You used to laugh at me for thinking that I must always have everything just like Lily: but so far, you must own, it has always come to pass; and now, if Lily is to have the mother that she would love best, I know, by that omen, that the mother that I should love best will fall to the share of

"Your clinging sweet-brier,
"ROSE DUDLEY."

What could be more kind? What could be more cruel? What would be the end of it all? The end of it for the night was the best that could be; for, after wearing my restlessness completely out with thinking and fearing and, in spite of my headache, walking up and down the room till I was ready to drop with dizziness, I threw myself upon my bed, and fell into a very heavy sleep.

The sun shone high into my chamber as I awoke and started up with a strong impression on my mind, that Nelly had been there just before, smothering me with kisses, and vainly endeavoring to rouse me to listen to something which she repeated over and over: "O Katy, I have thought so much about you! I wanted so to have a chance to say to you, 'Do be careful how you marry! Of course you can't expect to have all the things together that you might fancy beforehand in your husband. You can't have perfection ever anywhere in this world. But let him be somebody whom you have known, not only long, but well, — some one that you won't

need to be always adapting yourself to, — somebody who is adapted to you already!"

In the excited and bewildered state in which I still was for some minutes, it seemed to me that I had received a message from the world beyond the grave; and I was absorbed in all the shrinking yearning towards, and all the yearning shrinking from, the apparition of my departed friend, which such an idea was adapted to excite. But as I arose and bathed my forehead with cold water, my memory cleared up, and brought back to me the simple fact, that Nelly used those expressions, or nearly those, in our last interview; though I had been at the moment too full of concern for her, and too empty, for life as I supposed, of any concern in matrimony, to pay much attention to them. Presented to me at this time, and in this manner, they gained new weight and power.

Moreover, there were coincidences in them which struck me forcibly. There was no other unmarried man of my acquaintance, except his son, whom I had known half so long and well as I had Mr. Dudley. And I never *had* been obliged to adapt myself to him. I had tried, of course, to avail myself of the great advantages which his household afforded me, to improve myself in courtesy and polish; but I had tried no more in his presence than in his absence. When, on what seemed fit occasions, I had uttered any opinions in his company, they had been my own, and uttered without any particular consideration whether they were likely to be his or not. In short, I had acted myself out before him, as before the rest of the world, modestly I trust, but independently; and I had never heard that he was displeased, but sometimes that he was pleased with my words or actions, when I had least thought of their affecting him in any way. He had much of Miss Dudley's close observation and discernment. Whatever I was, he must at any rate have seen what I was; and if he had been contented with that for years, he could

not be likely to call upon me now to change it. Wherefore I thought that, if I had only loved him, no need of self-adaptation on my part would have barred the altar.

Whether he was adapted to me or not was a question which I could not, to be sure, immediately answer in the affirmative; but, on the other hand, neither could I in the negative. The "sober handsomeness" of the old school, — equally removed from show and sordidness, — which he so much affected in house and grounds and equipage and living, seemed to me the very perfection of taste and elegance. If he praised an individual, a book, or a picture, I expected to be pleased when I met with him, her, or it, and was not often disappointed. Nelly had told me that I had a high spirit. I hated anything approaching to the mean-spirited in a man; but, on the other hand, any trait of selfish stubbornness or petty tyranny in him would, I suspected, always rouse my feelings into instinctive mutiny. Mr. Dudley had a strong will; but it was never put forth against others in trifles. There was a sweet, magnanimous royalty about him that was not apt to offer needless opposition, nor to meet with any. He could be stern; but it was in behalf of the weaker and the innocent, not against them. O, if I had but loved him! *If!* — What a happy woman his wife might be!

These reflections brought me to the fastening of my cuffs; the fastening of my cuffs brought me to the head of the stairs; and the stairs brought me down to Julia.

She was washing the breakfast-china, — all but mine. "Katy," exclaimed she, looking up from her dainty little white mop, "nine o'clock! I was frightened about you. I never knew you do so before. I'll forgive you for anything but being sick. Are you?"

"Only of the cares of this world," said I, smiling as cheerfully as I could.

"O, if that is all, we'll take a drive after your breakfast, and drive them away. I think Julep is cutting a tooth."

He must have an airing. You shall hold him, and I the reins, or *vice versa*. The Doctor has left me the new chaise and old horse on purpose."

"I should like it of all things, if you can excuse a dull companion; but I really have a good deal to think about."

"As for that, so have I. Rosanna left half of Julep's frocks out on the line, last night; and they were stolen. Now I must consider whether I had better buy him new ones, or cut over some of Philip's blouses for him, and put Phil into jackets, which he is coaxing hard for; so you need not be afraid of my being too chatty."

Julius, *alias* "Julep," was little Philip's year-old sole successor. He was a tranquil and tranquillizing little burden. We drove out, by my own choice, on the road which carried us the most out of the way of Barberry Beach and its inhabitants. That made me miss them still more. I had intended to use the leisure and stillness in studying the terms of my refusal. But in the clear, bright sunshine of midday, the thoughts often gain more clearness and light than by the midnight lamp. Instead of asking myself how I should refuse Mr. Dudley, I presently found myself asking why I should refuse Mr. Dudley; and thus with myself I continued:—

I. Why should I refuse Mr. Dudley?

Myself. Because I do not love him.

I. Then why do I not love him?

Myself. Why,—because the thing never came into my head.

I. Is that any reason why he should not put it in now?

Myself. Perhaps not; but then he is too old.

I. How old?

Myself. That is not known to myself; but he has grown-up children.

I. Don't I like them?

Myself. Yes, and love them almost as well as he does.

I. I cannot expect to have everything I might fancy united in one man. Am I young?

Myself. Not very; twenty-seven.

I. Would it be wrong to love Mr. Dudley?

Myself. No; he is a good and religious man. My best friend did—my best friends would—approve of it.

I. Would it be rash?

Myself. He has shown, in a rare degree, both the power and will to make the happiness of those who love him.

I. He is not miserly?

Myself. As liberal as judicious in expenditure.

I. Nor a spendthrift?

Myself. As moderate in the indulgence of his own tastes as liberal towards those of others.

I. Neither eccentric nor narrow?

Myself. His conduct is remarkable for uniform good taste and good judgment; his opinions are equally so for independence, candor, and charity.

I. His manners are not bad?

Myself. Nothing makes me so proud as, when polished, strangers visit his house, to have him come in, and to see the impression his elegance makes upon them.

I. But there is no formality about him?

Myself. He is as simple, unconstrained, and spontaneous as he is dignified and refined.

I. Is he, however, from any peculiarity in himself or in me, though pleasant to others, repellent to me?

Myself. Peculiarly otherwise.

I. Are his tastes and mine, in occupations and recreations, mutually distasteful, so that, whenever we joined in any business or pleasure, the enjoyment of one of us must be sacrificed to that of the other?

Myself. *Tout au contraire.*

I. Once more, to cut a long matter short, why don't I love him?

Myself. Why,—because I don't.

I. But why can't I?

Myself. Why,—because I can't.

I. I can't say that I make out much of a case for myself.

Myself. Well, if I must make a clean shirt,—I can hardly bring myself to say it even in my heart,—but the fact

is, that I was once in love with somebody else.

I. Am I in love with anybody else now?

Myself. Indeed I should hope not; but — I don't know.

I. Let me find out then; and if I am not, there is no imaginable reason why I should not try to love Mr. Dudley, and when I love him accept him.

Myself. How can I find out?

I. By going and seeing.

Myself. I will. Cost what it may, this question must be settled.

As soon as I reached home, I wrote a few lines to my old landlady, Mrs. Johnson, requesting her to inform me whether it would be convenient to her to receive me again for a day and night at Greenville. I took the note myself to the post-office, for the afternoon mail; for I dreaded the visit very much, and longed to have it over.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE next day but one I was in the cars, feeling as if I dragged "at each remove a lengthening chain." It never was any great trouble to me to take care of myself or my baggage on a journey; but I could not help thinking how a little conversation *like* Mr. Dudley's would have shortened the long way.

When I reached the end, how horribly natural it all seemed! Mrs. Johnson — with a few more combs and less hairs on her head than formerly, but only a few — bustled out to receive me, just as she did on my former arrival: "Miss Morne! My, I never! Who'd ha' thought! I've sent over for Jim to tea with you for the sake of old times. He's gin up the speritooal meetin' for 't; an' I expect him an' Emmy 'll be right along. You step right into the settin'-room, won't ye? an' take off yer bunnet."

"Thank you; I think I will go to my chamber first, if you please, Mrs. Johnson, and rid myself of a few cinders. I can find my own way, — that

is, if you intend my old room for me."

"Jest the same, — I cal'lated 't would kind o' be more home-like to ye, — jest as ye left it a'most. I 'll fetch ye up a light in half a second."

A thought and a prayer and a glance round the familiar, small, dull room, which I had left in so much emotion! How little, comparatively, I felt now! Was that because I was older? I had little time to answer the question. Voices were below, — a voice that I *rather* remembered.

"Well, aunt, haow 's your health?" (*Did Jim use to say that?*) "Where's Kate?"

"Up stairs, a-slickin' up."

"Haow?"

"Up stairs, a-takin' off her bunnet."

"Well, she's takin' off a lot o' time about it, ain't she? Her supper 'll be spoilt. Emmy, you run up an' help her. Muffins had ought to be ate hot," said the voice that *must be* Jim's, as kindly as ever, but louder than I recollected it.

I hastened down to the twilight "settin'-room," where, the last day that I had seen him, Jim had left me the snowballs and peonies. He was not there. Through the open door I saw him coming, however, from the kitchen, with the buttered toast in one hand and the teapot in the other, in front of his pursuing aunt, and talking so fast and so loud that at first her shrill remonstrances were drowned.

"Jim, look here! That tea ain't drawed yet! — you mind what I say! Give me back that 'ere pot, you sir, to set on the hob! My! What a family man you be!"

"Ain't I?" returned Jim with a grin, no whit disconcerted. "I'm always tellin' Emmy she don't half know her blessin's. Well now, Miss Morne, I want to know!" cried he, sliding the unctuous toast on the white cloth out of one hand, as with the other he caught mine and *pumped* it till the joints cracked like castanets. "If this is n't you! If this is n't natural and pleasant! She's been really growin' young-

er, — has n't she now, Emmy? — while some other folks has been growin' older, or more antiquated. Ahem!"

"Speak for yourself, sir," replied Emma, good-humoredly, making a feint of a box on the ear, which he made a feint of *dodging*. "Why, Katy, you 've lived among the grandees till you 've got to look like one yourself; but you 'll condescend to give me a kiss — won't you? — for the sake of old times. Jim, you better get that toast picked up before aunt comes back."

Jim complied with celerity, and, like "Mr. Tibbs," with prudent adroitness set the plate on the grease-spot he had made, but returned to the charge. "I declare, Katy, if you won't mind an old married man passin' the remark, or the observation, you do look like the flattered pawtrait of yourself! — Now don't she, Emmy?"

"Well, if you *won't* spare my feelings in my presence," retorted Emma, laughing, "I 'll get her to say what *you* look like."

"Like a rather paler man than I remembered him," said I, driven, metaphorically speaking, into a corner; "I am afraid he has been working too hard."

"*I'm* not," said Emma; "there 's no danger of *his* working at all too hard for the father of six hearty children, — except driving his team of hobbies. *I* say he looks like a mushroom, since he's taken it into his head to go without meat. He's got as plump and white as a devil's snuff-box."

"Well, now, just hear how she talks, — or converses," remonstrated Jim, "when I can prove — or demonstrate — that the native — or aboriginal — food of the human race — or species — before the Fall — or expulsion from the Garden of Eden — was —"

"Not half as nice as those muffins, I 'll warrant you," interrupted Emma. "Just give Katy one, will you? and aunt and me; and take one yourself, if you want; and hand around the butter; and make yourself useful."

"Well said, Emmy!" remarked Mrs. Johnson. "It's well there's one that

can manage him! I never see such a chatterbox in *my* born days. Let y'ur victuals stop y'ur mouth, 's a good rule for table manners; but I never see no hope o' learnin' it to him, sence he was ten year old, an' got beyond cuffin'."

As the evening began, it wore on, — only, on my part, more and more wearily. I was thankful to Emma when she said, I must be tired, and it was time to go home and see after the children, and hurried off her liege-lord expostulating and apologizing. When I could look at my watch, at last, I could hardly believe it was not midnight.

I lay down and passed the night, both waking and sleeping, confused with ideas that I was the little schoolmistress of more than nine years ago; that I could trust to my judgment of mankind with about as much safety as Titania could to hers, under the spell of Puck; and that something, which had been a vision of comely and most engaging manhood, had somehow vanished in a roar of groundless theories, fulminated, not always grammatically, in polysyllables punctuated by a pair of flying thumbs. This was partly because I was tired.

In the morning, I was aroused, as of old, by the song of the orioles in the tree, that pressed its boughs into the room through my open window. "Nay, not again! not again!" they said now. The cherries, that were so small, hard, and green when last I saw them, — or their fac-similes, — were now large and red. I gathered some, as Mrs. Johnson used to promise me I should. They were ripe and sweet. It was early; but I dressed with haste, as if that would hurry the hours away. After breakfast I walked out. The eventful hay-field I passed with utter indifference, except for shame at the unaccountable delusion which had distressed me so the last time that I hastened by it. The only object I beheld with any pleasure in the rural landscape was the railroad station, — not the most picturesque certainly even of

railroad stations. How I wished that I was that day to go home, or to go anywhere where it was not quite so dull! But I had been forced to promise that I would dine with Emma. I hoped that I should not see too much of Jim,—not for fear that I should like him too much, but for fear I should like him too little.

Why should I set down the table-talk at that dinner? Why hold up to ridicule a well-meaning, friendly man, who had shown me kindness, too, when few did so, and when his kindness was of value? A very well-meaning, friendly man he was; and Emma was happy with him; and if I saw now that I never could long have been so, why, he never said that I could. If he talked out of business hours, he worked in them. If his head was full of all sorts of wild *athies* and *isms*, so were her closets and cupboards, as she soon showed me, in spite of her saucy innuendoes, of all sorts of good things for herself and her children. She let him have his say, when it was not too troublesome; he let her have her way. While she was head of her household, it did not signify much whether or not he was preyed upon by an abstract idea that by phrenology, and by phrenology only, the character of a "help" could be ascertained. While he promptly and liberally paid her few doctor's bills, it did no harm for him in the bosom of his family to "prove—or demonstrate—electropahthy infallible, and allopahthy a humbug,—or a—illusion." And he might as well harangue about vegetarianism as anything else, she seemed to think, if it appeased his appetite, while he obediently minced the children's mutton. He had an active, eager, superficial mind, which he had faithfully striven to make the most of, with few and small advantages. If he was self-conceited, it was with a very harmless and good-humored self-conceit. It would have been unfair to compare him with the *crème de la crème* of Barberry Beach.

Notwithstanding, if persons or things

are queer, then queer they are; and what can one do about it? Jim *was* queer; and it was queerer still, that I should have stood so long in such helpless dread of his charms; and the perception of these two queernesses grew upon me more and more, all through that dinner and tea-time and evening, and accumulated in me to that degree that, when at last I took refuge in my chamber again, in spite of mortification,—in spite of regret for the regrets which had come so near saddening so many precious years of my youth gone by,—I dropped into a chair, and shook with laughter, until, to smother it from Mrs. Johnson's ears, I had to hide my face in my pillow.

When I had had my laugh out, however, I was ready to cry. I feared, in good earnest, that I was incapable of any real discernment, any true and steadfast love, and that even the preference which I began to suspect in myself for my lover was little better than a preference for ease, fortune, fashion, and Barberry Beach.

I cast my eyes around my blank chamber for comfort; and they fell on a letter, directed to me at Beverly in Mr. Dudley's handwriting,—at Greenville, in Dr. Physick's.—What had he written so soon again for? To say that he would not have me? Then, perhaps, I might begin to find that I cared only too much about him, as I first found it out about Jim, after I discovered that he could not have me. This was what Mr. Dudley wrote to say:—

"BEVERLY, JUNE 30, 18—.

"MY DEAR FRIEND,—Though I am aware that what I am about to say will make no difference in the decision which I am so anxiously awaiting on your part, I trust that our concerns, as ours, will always possess an interest for you; and I do not wish to leave you to hear of them from any others but ourselves.

"The manufacturing firm of — and —, in whose hands is the bulk of my property, have failed. Their difficulties arise only out of the late crisis.

I am not, thank Heaven! implicated, even indirectly, in any dishonesty. The property of my children's mother was settled upon them, and provides reasonably for them; and when Barberry Beach is sold, I shall be, though never probably again a wealthy man, able to live with credit and comfort.

"In great haste, yours sincerely, and, if you will permit me to say so, devotedly,

"CHARLES DUDLEY.

"MISS MORNE."

At first I wrung my hands, as the letter dropped from them; then I sprang up and clapped them! For then I knew that I loved him! O, how I loved him! I knew it, because his adversity had a charm for me, such as belonged to no other man's prosperity;—because I longed now only to reach him, and share with him all that I had,—the home that my dear mother and I had worked for and won,—my careful savings from his generous wages,—my youthful strength! I knew it also, because, now that I could no longer be dazzled by his outward possessions, I saw clearly how rich and noble and precious he was in himself!

The thought of him sitting down alone in sordid lodgings, or even in tasteless rooms, such as those in which I had spent the day, went to my very heart; but the ideal situation made him look, by contrast with his circumstances, only the grander. Yet I now no longer regretted my humbler origin and homelier nurture, as creating any unfitness in our affiance; for I believed that, trained by them, I could better cope with his difficulties than many a woman more daintily and softly reared. Whether I was in love with him or not,—after my experience, I rather hoped I was not, for that, as poor Nelly had told me, would only make me "love what was lovely in him, and fancy or forget all the rest,"—whether I was *in love* or not, I felt that I was beginning to love him with my heart and taste and judgment all together, "as heartily and devotedly as ever woman loved

man or man loved woman";—and that was all he asked.

And then, as, after worship that was less prayer than thanksgiving, I lay down on that bed, beside which, when it last was mine, I cried, "God help me!" so often and so hopelessly, a veil, as it were, fell from my eyes; and I saw how God had helped me ever since that time, and I read at once the long riddle of my trials! He sent me the appointed grief of my sister's illness at such a period as to hide that of my crossed love from all eyes but His own. In blessing her as only she could be blessed,—in heaven,—He blessed me both for heaven and earth. He made her death-bed a magnet to draw Miss Dudley towards us to help me bear both the open and the secret sorrow, and took the secret sorrow quite away almost as soon as He took her. Even the great woe of her loss He made the means of bringing on the choicest blessing of my life. All this, and much more too,—far too much to recount,—had He wrought out for me; but in the long and weighty chain of these awful mercies, I held this hard and heavy one the first, and by no means the lightest or the smallest link,—that the Lord had *not* granted me the request of my inexperienced heart, and sent leanness into the soul of my maturer years.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE cars rushed off—I suppose—with me early the next morning. To me they seemed to crawl. But what a wondrously happy day it was! The sun, the trees, the wayside cottages, even the heats of midsummer and noontide, were so glorious and glorified! What a secret did I bear with me to make another—and such another, and so unfortunate—so happy! It was my last lonely journey,—how different from any before! In the journey of life, I was henceforth to have a companion; and what a companion had God chosen for me! How could I ever make my life a worthy thank-offering to offer up,

—I to whom so much was given? When should I see *him*? What should I say to him when I saw him? What would he say to me?

No one expected me. No one was waiting for me at the Beverly Station. It would not happen so again. But I was not tired, and my travelling-bag was light. I would walk with it in my hand, and take the churchyard in my way, and listen for some voices from my graves. I had not hitherto taken heart to visit Miss Dudley's tomb; but I knew where it stood, in a little bower of *arbor vitæ* entered by a close walk at each end, in the Dudley corner.

As I entered the bower, I started back, and made the stiff leaves rustle behind me. A gentleman, with his head bowed and his face hidden in his hands, was leaning on the tomb. He started likewise; our eyes and hands met across it; and he exclaimed, "See, she joins our hands in death as she joined them in dying,—as she would have joined them in life, but could not. Katharine, what Death hath joined, only Death shall put asunder!"

I did not say him nay; and I saw, under the fading sunset and the soft new moon, how the new deep lines of sudden age smoothed themselves away from his dear and noble face, and its youth came back again. He seemed, as I did to myself, to have too much to say to say anything more at first; but he came round to my side, took my light burden from my hand, as if even that was more than he would have me bear, and waited while I kissed the tomb, then drew my arm gently within his own, and walked with me away. Only as he reached the gate he spoke, in a low, awe-struck tone,—"I thought I was a desolate and poor man half an hour ago!" And then—I think, on the whole, I would rather not tell what he said or what I said for a little while after that, as we strolled together to and fro in the path beside the graveyard, under the young moon; but he did not ask me again whether I would have him or not, and I never told, till I told it to Bernard at the altar.

When, at length, we grew more composed, "Mr. Dudley," said I, "the text says, 'The Lord gave *and* the Lord hath taken away,' as if the two actions were quite distinct in point of time. But have you never noticed how God gives *when* He takes away, or immediately after, as mothers do to comfort their children when they must deprive them of what they love?"

"I have no doubt of it, dear, to those who are ready to receive what He sends, and as He sends; but you have some particular meaning?"

"O, I have met with instances of it over and over, in my own experience, and now in yours. In taking away your fortune, *by* taking it away, He took away the last barrier between you and me."

"Proud, Miss Katharine?" said he, looking very roguish.

"No, indeed!—nor afraid of what people would say; *that* never came into my head till this moment. But I did not understand my own heart; I was afraid, while you had so much besides yourself to offer, that it might be setting itself, not on you, but *yours*."

There was a singular mixture of fun and feeling in his expression as he replied, "Then I cannot keep you and Barberry Beach both, can I?"

"Why no! Can you?"

"If I cannot, I choose you. But since I wrote to you, Miss Clara Arden has heard of a good tenant for me, who would take good care of house and grounds, and pay a good rent for three years to come; and the children, especially Master Paul, who will be earning something soon, perhaps, now that he sees cause, beg so hard for a reprieve, that I think of granting it, subject of course to your veto."

"How very glad and thankful I should be, if we could ever earn it back again! You warned me not to pity you; but cannot I safely say I felt for you?"

"Yes, if I am not almost receiving sympathy under false pretences. You were questioning just now of the ways of Providence. Have *you* never felt that God, as some foreign surgeons are

said to do, neutralized the effects of one blow by another? The loss of the home that Elizabeth loved so dearly helped to reconcile me to her death, by showing me the suffering that it spared her; and her death helped to reconcile me to the loss of my home, because she could no longer feel it."

"And time and absence will soften all the associations of the place with her from pangs into pleasures, before we go back there, Mr. Dudley. O, why did she never enjoy what we enjoy?"

The haggard look came back upon his face as he answered, "She never suffered what I have suffered, — what one of us must suffer still! — No, such an answer is not for such an hour as this, my Katharine! Let me take it back and only say, that some of God's angels on earth are like His angels in heaven, not only in other things, but in this, that they neither marry nor are given in marriage; and the state that is good enough for the latter must be best for the former; though how it is so, is not for us to know." . . .

"I think I ought not to turn back again. It is growing late, and I am a little tired, Mr. Dudley."

"And must you always call me 'Mr. Dudley'?" pleaded he, as we bent our steps towards the Doctor's.

"Must I not?" returned I, laughing.

"If you would dislike too much to call me Charles. That seems to be the alternative."

"Am I not too young?"

"Indeed I hope not; for then I must be too old. How old am I?"

"That I never happened to hear."

"And never asked?"

"Certainly not."

"Why?"

"I did not think it a piece of information necessary to the discharge of the duties of the confidential secretary. I should not think you much over thirty to-night, if I did not remember what a tall boy Paul was nine years ago."

"Paul is twenty-three; and I am twenty-one years older than Paul. Is that too old?"

"Not if it does not make you uncomfortable, — not if people would not frighten people with their 'declining years.'"

"Ah! only wait until you are forty."

"I shall be only too happy to wait."

Thus merrily we parted; but Mr. Dudley called me back to say, "I may cheer the poor children with the news to-night?"

"Certainly; and, if you will be so good, give my fondest love to them, and say that their dear letters went straight to my heart, and will always stay in it."

"And when may they come and see you?"

"Whenever it suits them. They cannot come too early nor too often."

"Good night, and rest sweetly, dearest love."

"Good night, Mr. —"

"*What!*"

"Mr. Charles."

"That is rather better. I begin to have hopes of you. Till the last few weeks, I was never in all my life without some one to call me Charles; and it has made me feel like a boy at a strange school."

After that how could I ever demur again to calling him what he pleased when we were alone? And when we were not alone, I rather think "Mr. Dudley" still pleased him best, as it did me.

"Was not that Mr. Dudley's voice at the door?" asked Julia.

"Yes. He walked home with me."

"Could not he come in?"

"I don't believe I asked him. I dare say he will to-morrow."

Julia, like the admirable and exemplary parrot, thereupon "said nothing, but," as she afterwards told me, "did an uncommon deal of thinking."

At ten o'clock the next morning, the fat spotted coach-dog ran by the windows, looking like a huckleberry pudding on all-fours, and the barouche set down Lily, Rose, and Paul. They all seemed, in their different ways, full to overflowing of joy and tenderness, and welcomed me into their family most cordially and delightfully.

The little Princess Rosebud, with her romantic notions, was eager that her father should be married at once, so that I could come home and take a mother's place in superintending her own and her sister's wedding. But I always shrank from such hasty doings. As I said to Mr. Dudley, when he consulted me about our plans, we could be married after we were engaged; but we never could be *engaged* again after we were married. I think he sympathized with my feelings. At any rate, he fell in with my wishes, assured me that I should not be hurried, and was so kind as to add, that he considered me very well worth waiting for. In my secret heart I held that, if there *was* much "self-adapting" to be done by me, I had better — considering the not over-plastic nature of the material I had to work upon — find it out, and at least begin the work beforehand; but, from that time to this, I never could find out that there was.

For the rest of the summer, I spent the mornings for the most part with Rose and Lily, and helped them in every way that I could, — in preparing the house to be given up with the furniture, and in working on their *trousseaux*. (Miss Dudley had left legacies in ready money to all of us, so that there was no want of funds.) Their wedding took place about the end of September. It was small, on account of their late bereavement and other circumstances, but from the same causes all the more affecting and impressive; and they never looked so beautiful before, or the bridegrooms so striking and interesting.

They set off on short bridal tours, and Barberry Beach was given up. Mr. Dudley went to the Parsonage, which was to be his home until he should come to mine; and Paul to lodgings in Boston, where he had entered the office of an eminent lawyer.

That *breaking up* once fairly over, that autumn was a blessed season within and without. Mr. Dudley and I walked together, not by the mile, but by the hour, day after day, in the deli-

cious Indian summer of the year and of our loves, becoming better and better acquainted with one another, — becoming, if I may say so without self-flattery, dearer and dearer to one another. He had no long unpaid debts to trouble him. We had no cares, little company but each other's. We told each other much of our separate past histories, and traced together, as if in the very light of God's countenance, the steps by which, unthinking and unknowing as we were, He had led us on from our early trials towards one another.

We all of us naturally wish for unbroken prosperity; and the preachers sometimes preach at us as if we ought to pray for unbroken adversity. But I think that some of the richest and fullest human lives that I have known have had a large share both of sunshine and showers. I never should have known more than half of the beauty of my dear husband's character, at least, if the other half had not been brought out under bereavement and the loss of fortune. They spiritualized him, not into an ascetic, but into almost an angel, whose countenance beamed with the near approach of God, who had laid His hand upon him.

On Miss Dudley's birthday, — the anniversary of my dear bridegroom's first receiving me as a resident at Barberry Beach, — we were married, I need hardly say in Bernard Temple's beautiful little church; but for the satisfaction of my granddaughters, lest my daughters should have forgotten, I will add that I wore the lavender silk which Miss Dudley long ago gave me, and a shawl which she lately left me; so that I seemed to myself as if attired — as she would have wished me to be, I know — by her own loving hands.

Bernard and Rose, by secret arrangement with the gentleman who hired Barberry Beach, had had all the simple furniture of Mr. Dudley's small private study brought to my house; and I had placed it in a room of about the same size, exactly as it stood before. There I installed him the next morning

after the wedding. His lips really trembled with delighted and tender emotion; and, for the first time, then I saw how he had missed his home. I had resumed half of my house. Julia and the Doctor often talked of underletting part of it, but never before could find any lodgers to suit them. They remained my tenants, and we boarded with them.

Many persons have appeared to me to grow, as individuals, poor in the midst of, and by means of, what are called "their means"; because, I suppose, they make of them, not their means, but their end. As happened to Midas, gold takes with them the place of everything else. With it their manhood pines and their souls starve; without it they have nothing and are nothing. In the case of a few others, the metal *strikes in*. Mr. Dudley used it, when he had it, as a means to become rich in body, mind, and heart. He bought with it innocent and elegant enjoyments for his fortunate friends, and for himself, the gratitude and prayers of the unfortunate, health, culture, and a store of beautiful and blessed memories. It left him active, simple, full of resources in himself, easily pleased, and ready to give pleasure.

During the previous autumn it had occurred to me that, if he could only put together such information as in our walks he gave me about pretty natural objects, and anecdotes connected with them, in the style of his racy, picturesque, and witty conversation, they might make up a handbook acceptable to the many persons who were already waking up to an interest in such objects and subjects, but who were without time, or perhaps inclination, to study technical scientific works.

The idea caught his fancy. We spent the mornings of all the rest of the winter following our wedding in carrying it out. Side by side, in the little study, he wrote, and I painted illustrations. As often as the clock struck off an hour of our work-time, we took a short recess and a few turns up and down the room, compared progress, and ex-

changed suggestions. In the spring appeared "Wild-Flowers and Shells of New England, by Charles and Katharine Dudley."

How I started when I saw my own name on the title-page! It was one of my whims—if I had a few—to think that no woman's name looked well in print. I expostulated.

"I never found borrowed plumes becoming," said Mr. Dudley. "Besides, my accomplished love; if you are sure that no lustre can be added to your own illustrious name, you will not grudge casting a little on your sex."

I adapted myself.

The book happened to meet a want which had been felt, but not filled. It ran rapidly through several editions, and paid us well. The times grew better. The firm of — and — in great measure retrieved themselves. What with one thing and what with another, when the three years for which the place was let were at an end, we found ourselves in circumstances which, in the opinion of all concerned, fully justified our return to Barberry Beach.

I need not say how glad we all were; but I had one peculiar cause for rejoicing. My brother George now needed our mother's home more than I. His adopted father died a bankrupt in the *crash*, and he himself had never thriven. His wife's health was failing. She needed change of air, and he had no means to procure it for her. He wrote me a humble, broken-spirited letter, begging me to forgive and forget, and help him, if I could; and I was thankful to have it in my power to establish them in the apartments we were leaving, do for them what my mother would have wished to do, and make poor Georgiana's last days comfortable.

She was very grateful, grew fond of me, and on her death-bed owned to me, with many tears, how it was that George did not receive mamma's letter. Half in play, she opened mine in his counting-room before he saw it; and then—she was very young, and very much in love, and did not know us—she thought

we might be artful girls, trying to take advantage of poor mamma's situation to work upon her mind and get George's inheritance for ourselves. So she gummied my letter up again and burned my mother's, and made George believe for the time that we must have tried in vain to obtain such a letter from her, and only pretended we had sent one. It was a most shallow trick; and I wonder that he could have been taken in by it. Notwithstanding, it was a relief to have it explained, and to find that my only near relation had been weak rather than—worse. After she died, he became homesick for New York; and I was able, by adding the rent of the house to the little he could earn, to make him easy there.

One other *éclaircissement* took place before our return to Barberry Beach. My father's executor retired from business, and sent me a packet "Relating to the trust-property of Katharine Morne, spinster." From which packet I learned that the two yearly payments he had made me did not come from my father's stocks at all, but from an investment made by the executor of a certain sum received *by him, for me, from my then guardian, Philemon Physick.* Philemon Physick, being straightway—in my husband's absence at the Parsonage—put to the question, and straightly dealt with, by both his wife and me, was driven to declare that he did "not suppose, now, there could be much harm in my knowing that the sum specified was a thank-offering from Mr. Dudley at the time of my saving Mrs. Arthur Temple's life, when she came so near dying of diphtheria."

"O Charles!" cried I, the next time he came in, after telling him of my discovery, "how could you withhold from me all these years the pleasure of thanking you?"

"You think Miss Morne *would* have thanked me, do you, Katharine Dudley?" said he, with a look of so much intelligence that I was compelled to smile, self-convicted, and to shake my head half at myself, half at him. "Well, whether she would have or not, I could

not help it. Grateful or ungrateful, how could I, after what you did, leave you liable to be thrown on the world at any moment, to struggle for a living with nothing but your own little empty hands? The *ruse* served me a good turn for the time; and when the time was past, I saw no need of bringing the matter up again."

In almost unmingled happiness we returned to the home which we left with so many mingled emotions; and there I have spent with him ten years of such peace and prosperity as fall to the lot of few under heaven, lulled to sleep, night after night, by the solemn voice of many waters like the deep breathing of eternity, and waking day after day to see the pure new sun arising from the baptism of the ocean, and summoning me to strive after an unworldliness and activity like his own.

Lily's cottage was ready for her before we returned to our own. She passes as much time there as her husband can spend with her; but he is now in Congress; and, as they are inseparable, she is obliged to be a great deal at Washington, where I am not surprised to hear that she is greatly and equally admired and respected. As we all, however, dread the influences of the place for her children, they are always left, when Congress is in session, with us or at the Parsonage. She has three,—Arthur, Rose, and Charles; and Rose, four,—Bernard, Lily, Paul, and Kate. They are all, as their parents' children might be expected to be, more or less pretty, clever, and good, and help to keep us young and merry. The twins make model mothers, but not of the kind who can spare no thought or feeling for the offspring of any other women. Rose is the Lady Bountiful of the parish and the town; and Lily, of one of the best of the national Soldiers' Hospitals.

The government seems to re-echo the words,—almost the last words of Miss Dudley,—“I can trust Paul!” Colonel Paul Dudley's regiment of volunteer cavalry is constantly called upon

when daring and difficult service is to be done, and has been thrice thanked in general orders. He did not tell us; but a brother-in-arms of his told Arthur that a brigadier-general's commission had been offered to Paul, but that he answered, "I understand my own business pretty well by this time, I flatter myself, but I don't pretend to that of my superiors; and I'd rather lead a regiment 'where glory waits them,' than a brigade to grief." The speech sounds like Paul, though not much like Young America in general; and I suppose he made it. It does not follow, notwithstanding, that he must always go on making it, especially as he is understood to be, in the intervals of other duty, an uncommonly close student of the art of war.

Mr. Dudley is much what he was thirteen years ago, only to me dearer. I have never yet succeeded, however, in ascertaining whether I am in love with him or not. On one side of the question is the fact, that the view I take of him is singularly lasting for an illusion; but on the other side, the other fact, that, if I have not combined in him everything that I "could fancy in a husband," I must either "fancy or foresee or forget" it. Even his seniority, which we used to regret, has become in one way a source of comfort to us now, because, if my constitution should break up somewhat early, of which, as my guardian has lately acknowledged to me, there are some indications, my dear husband and I are likely to be not so long parted as we might be if he were a younger man. I have expressed to him my earnest wish that, if that parting should come, he would seek some other to restore the domestic happiness without which there can scarcely be happiness to one of his affectionate nature; and I here record my blessing on any woman who may accept and discharge so dear a trust. But he says, and I fear, that he has become too *used* to me to accustom himself to another, and that no other on earth could ever now take the place to him of his Katharine.

I conclude with the mention of a gift and a coincidence, both of which have given me a great deal of pleasure. Mr. Dudley knows my fondness for old English poetry. The evening before my last birthday, he returned from a trip to Boston just before tea. When I went to bed, there was, as formerly, the brown packet under the hat on the table in the hall. The next morning, I was not much surprised to find on my tea-poy a beautiful little volume, bound in antique stamped leather with brazen clasps. But I was equally surprised and delighted, when I opened it, to read in full, printed in black-letter on the very first of its illuminated pages, that long ago half-said oracle of the churchyard.

THE CONDITIONS.

Sad souls, that harbor fears and woes
In many a haunted breast,
Haste but to meet your lowly Lord,
And he will give you rest.

Into his commonwealth alike
Are ills and blessings thrown.
Bear ye your neighbors' loads; and lo!
Their ease shall be your own.

Yield only up his price, your heart,
Into God's loving hold;
He turns with heavenly alchemy
Your lead of life to gold.

Some needful pangs endure in peace,
Nor yet for freedom pant.
He cuts the bane you cleave to off,
Then gives the boon you want.

O that to all sorrowful souls this prophecy might be fulfilled, as surely as to all faithful souls it will be, in this world or in a better, in one or in another way, in time or in eternity. Amen!

POSTFACE.

Stolen from private memorandum-book, and printed without leave.

ON the afternoon of the day that the last proof-sheets of my two-million-edition novel went to the press, I sat in my desolate *sanctum*, weeping like a new Alexander for new worlds to conquer, when I heard Bridget, my faithful and spirited maid-of-all-work, — faithful towards me and spirited towards all men,

—assaulting a penny-postman, who could not content himself with the customary cent she offered out of the box of such coins, which, like all wise householders, I kept for him behind my front door.

Interposing in behalf of the victim of circumstances, and wellnigh of Biddy I received for my reward a thick packet, directed to me in a handsome, gentlemanly hand, — grown less firm, though, as it struck me, since I had last seen it, — the hand of my father's friend by desert, and mine at least by inheritance, the distinguished naturalist, Charles Dudley, A. A. S., &c., &c., &c. On my untying the envelope, out fell a letter, of which the following is a copy: —

“BEVERLY, December 30th, 186—.

“DEAR EDWARD, — My daughters, while arranging the papers of my dear wife, found the accompanying manuscript directed to their care. They think that, if published, it might do something to cheer and encourage some young readers through some of the trials incident to youth, and especially to girlhood.

“Of this it is impossible that they should be impartial judges; but if you agree with them in the opinion that, by this means, some echo may yet speak to others from the tomb of one whose life was so eloquent of hope and joy to me and mine, I must not suffer the jealousy of grief to withhold my consent.

“If you incline to prepare her little story for the press, I know, moreover, how implicitly I may rely both on your delicacy and your experience in such matters, to disguise or suppress everything in it which might in any way expose or wound the living.

“As sincerely as briefly yours,

“CHARLES DUDLEY.

“MR. FOXTON.”

I doubt whether I could be impartial myself; for I knew, though not intimately, the late Mrs. Dudley. More than once I had had the good fortune to be a guest at her table, and to feel myself sweetening to the core, like a St.

Michael's pear in September, under her sunny autumn looks; while cordiality and hospitality shone on all around her out of her beautiful face. It was — though not unanimously called so, and though not eminently so in outline — a very beautiful face to me, not only in its coloring, but in its rare combination of the two expressions of joy and sensibility. You saw in it that she could suffer, — perhaps had suffered, — but did enjoy most generously and gratefully. And how she could sing! and how she would laugh!

At any rate, I undertook the task *con amore*; but when my revision was submitted to her family, Colonel Dudley happened to be at home upon a furlough, for the cure of a sabre-cut. Upon reading the manuscript, he complained that, owing to his “second mother's characteristic modesty and reserve, her autobiography was too much like the play of Hamlet, with the part of Hamlet omitted by particular request.”

The Mrs. Temples were, on second thoughts, obliged to own that this criticism was just. They were able, they said, from their own recollection of her many charms of mind and manner, to fill out into a beautiful whole for themselves the slight outline she gave of her own part in her own story; but they feared that it might convey only a wholly inadequate idea to strangers.

To remedy this defect in such small degree as it was capable of a remedy, they drew to the utmost on their own and their brother's memory for details of her life and conversation with them, and of praises from time to time bestowed upon her. They applied also to her guardian and his wife, and to the venerable Mr. Wardour, to whom, after his niece's death, Mrs. Dudley became almost as a daughter. He at once, to their equal surprise and delight, placed at their disposal a manuscript which he had received from Mrs. Blight on her death-bed, as the most precious legacy which was hers to leave. It was written, as the dates in it showed, before her marriage, and was entitled,

"The best things that my best friend said to me."

From the spoken and written memoranda thus obtained, I made copious extracts, and interwove them into the original text with as much real and as little apparent art as I was master of, in order that, as my tailor would say, "the piecing" should "not show." Therefore the fault lies with the editor, and not with the author, if any appearance of vanity and egotism has been discovered in the narrative.

That narrative lies already before the world. It remains to me only to preserve here, for my own benefit, the following few lines which were written as its Preface, but which I have been forced to withhold, lest they should reveal the end of the story at the beginning:—

"My fortieth birthday! I should never have suspected it, if the dear little grandchildren had not come in the morning with their gifts to tell me that, if I would send the barouche to the Parsonage for Rose, she would come with Lily to keep the solemn anniversary with us! How old I ought to feel, and do not! What a miserable life I thought I was to have, and did not!

"Would it do the Rose and Lily buds any good to hear about that, when their time comes? I never could *tell* anybody—but one—about it. But could not I write about it?—I never can know till I try,—and leave it for them to read when all 'grandmamma's' other stories are told, and a gravestone stands up for her *Finis*."

SORROW.

UPON my lips she laid her touch divine,
And merry speech and careless laughter died;
She fixed her melancholy eyes on mine,
And would not be denied.

I saw the West-wind loose his cloudlets white,
In flocks, careering through the April sky;
I could not sing, though joy was at its height,
For she stood silent by.

I watched the lovely evening fade away,—
A mist was lightly drawn across the stars.
She broke my quiet dream,—I heard her say,
"Behold your prison-bars!"

"Earth's gladness shall not satisfy your soul,—
This beauty of the world in which you live;
The crowning grace that sanctifies the whole,
That I alone can give."

I heard, and shrank away from her afraid;
But still she held me, and would still abide.
Youth's bounding pulses slackened and obeyed,
With slowly ebbing tide.

"Look thou beyond the evening sky," she said,
 "Beyond the changing splendors of the day.
 Accept the pain, the weariness, the dread,
 Accept, and bid me stay!"

I turned and clasped her close, with sudden strength,
 And slowly, sweetly, I became aware
 Within my arms God's angel stood, at length,
 White-robed and calm and fair.

And now I look beyond the evening star,
 Beyond the changing splendors of the day,
 Knowing the pain He sends more precious far,
 More beautiful, than they.

THE PLAINTIFF NONSUITED.

THIS was the tenth and last day of a criminal case which I was reporting. There had been a comfortable crowd each morning, — one just overflowing the benches, and rippling about the doorway; but this closing scene had drawn and packed two crowds into one, — a dense mass, anxious and silent, waiting for the jury to bring in their verdict. It was very uncomfortable, even to those inside the bar.

"We shall have to stay here ten hours yet," said one of the lawyers. "Suppose we adjourn to the judge's room, with the reporters, and have some refreshments and a story." So we all rose, much to the surprise of the spectators, whose anxious eyes followed us, and walked out of the stifling atmosphere into the library, where we made ourselves comfortable in the spacious chairs and sofas.

"I call on the counsel who closed for the defence," said the first speaker, "for a story."

Thus appealed to, the gentleman, an intellectual, keen-eyed man, with a kindly expression on his thoughtful face, dallied with a pencil on the table a moment and said, smiling: "Gentlemen, how can you hope for or expect a

good story from me, when you know I am neither a woman nor a free-thinker? However, my wife is a woman, fortunately, and I will admit, in strict professional confidence, that she is pretty free in expressing her thoughts on all subjects; so perhaps you may see fit to waive these primary objections, and listen to me." Here he looked at my pencil racing over the paper, and hesitated a moment; then sighed, like one submitting to inevitable destiny, and launched out as follows: —

"It is unnecessary, perhaps, for me to tell any of my legal brothers here, that the summer in Nassau Street is hot; but I may be allowed to say, in passing, that it was very hot in my office in Nassau Street on one particular August afternoon, a dozen years since. In fact, I was sitting very unprofessionally in my shirt-sleeves, when Mr. Lockshaw — firm of Phillips and Lockshaw — came into the office, rather red, and much excited.

"'Mr. Riley,' said he, 'you must go to Wisconsin to-night.'

"'To-night! Do you think I am a carrier-pigeon, Mr. Lockshaw? It will take thirty hours at least, with the best possible appliances of our fleet friend the steam-horse.'

" 'We have,' he continued, not heeding my remarks, 'fifteen thousand dollars due us there from Wells & Co., and we learn from private advices that they are going to sell out, and run away to California. Now what can we do, except attach their property?'

" 'Nothing,' I replied, 'and you will be very fortunate if you do that before they assign.'

" His finger trembled at this suggestion, as he moved it slowly over the map; and, stopping suddenly, he said: 'Here it is, on the Fox River, about a day's drive back from Lake Michigan. There is no town marked on the map, but you can't miss it. We will give you a thousand dollars extra, beside your expenses and regular fee.'

" 'Well, Mr. Lockshaw, I suppose there is no use in refusing, so get your notes ready, and I'll leave on the next train.'

" He had not been gone ten minutes when up came Mr. Wolfe, an old friend and client; and, what was much more important to me, the father of Fanny Wolfe, who, according to a mutual agreement, was to become Mrs. Riley two months from that date.

" 'Well, Riley, I'm glad to find you in,' said he, with something of the patronizing air of a prospective father-in-law, 'you must go to Wisconsin for me.'

" 'Wisconsin! What is the matter there, sir?'

" 'A good deal,' said he; 'fifteen thousand dollars at least, and hanging by a single thread, too.'

" 'Fifteen thousand dollars! Why, you surprise me; though I know there is a great deal of money hanging by single threads all over the country. What shape is it in?' said I. 'Who owes it to you?'

" 'Wells & Co.,' he replied. 'Why, what's the matter, Riley? Are they friends of yours?'

" 'You will excuse me, gentlemen, for having been so unprofessional, on this occasion, as to allow my face to betray my feelings,' said Riley to us, 'but I recovered immediately, and replied to

Wolfe that they were not my friends, and asked him where Wells & Co. lived.

" 'About a day's drive back from Lake Michigan, on the Fox River,' said he, 'and you must attach their goods. They have a large stock I'm told, — some forty thousand dollars' worth.'

" 'I am very sorry, Mr. Wolfe, that it so happens,' said I, greatly perplexed at the unpleasant position I was in, 'but I cannot go for you.'

" 'You must,' said he, positively; 'I depend on it. You are not going somewhere else, are you?'

" 'No, not exactly,' said I, anxiously, for he was not a man to be trifled with, and I felt uneasy when I thought of Fanny. 'But I'm going to be busy, — very busy, — in fact entirely absorbed in a case for another client.'

" 'Who is it?' said he. 'You must put him off. This is too important, and must be attended to. I will give you twenty-five hundred dollars and your expenses, if you'll go.'

" 'But I cannot attend to it, I assure you, unless my other clients release me. I will send them a note, and they can decide while I am getting ready to go.'

" 'So I wrote a note to Phillips and Lockshaw, stating the case, and urging them to unite with Mr. Wolfe, and let me collect on account of both claims, as Mr. Wolfe said he understood there was forty thousand dollars' worth of goods in Wells & Co.'s store.

" 'When I had finished writing, the errand-boy was gone. Here was a dilemma, for I had no time to see my clients in person, and Mr. Wolfe was pacing the room much excited. He had long been my client, and I had made a thousand dollars from his business where I had a hundred dollars from Phillips and Lockshaw; besides, I was to be one of his family in two months; but I had been retained by the other parties, and professional honor, of course, demanded my utmost exertions in their behalf, against all opponents whatsoever.

" 'Well,' said he, turning sharp on his heel, seeing me holding the note by one corner, 'how is it?'

"Why, my boy is gone, and I cannot get this delivered, nor have I time to see them, for I must go off on the next train, and need all my time to get ready in. You must employ some other lawyer this time."

"Here," said he, "I'll deliver the note."

"No, sir," said I, fearful of an interview between him and Lockshaw; "I would n't think of allowing you to do that."

"Yes," he insisted; "pass it over, and I'll deliver it. I'm good at skipping these streets. I have done it ever since I was big enough to dodge an omnibus. Let me have it, quick!"

"I hesitated a moment, then handed him the note."

"Phillips and Lockshaw!" said he, his gray eyes snapping, and he scowled a little. "Well, I'll probably be here when you get back."

"I returned very soon, but he was not there. Phillips and Lockshaw were both there, and very red in the face, too, for a wholesale firm. They resembled a pair of rose peonies, freshly plucked; only peonies are fragrant, and do not sweat, and my clients did sweat profusely."

"Did Mr. Wolfe bring you a note from me?" I inquired.

"Yes," replied my clients, both in the same breath.

"What was your answer?"

"Well, you see, he asked me," said Lockshaw, "before I saw the note, if we could let you off from our engagement, whatever it was, for a few days. I told him that we could n't possibly release you, because we wanted you to go to Wisconsin and attach some goods. The minute I said that, he threw down the note and went out of our office almost on a run."

"You have defeated yourselves!" said I, to the great terror of the wholesale firm. "He will get ahead of us, sure."

"But you must run!" said Mr. Lockshaw.

"You must n't sleep nor eat day nor night!" said Phillips, in his excite-

ment, anxious to contribute his utmost to assist me.

"Gentlemen," said I, "you had better see Mr. Wolfe, and agree to have me collect for all of you. In the mean time, I will get on the train, and you can come there to report."

"I had been aboard about ten minutes, when, just as the cars were moving off, my clients came running up, and being unable to explain in words, they did so by signs; Mr. Phillips shaking his head, which I interpreted to mean that I was to neither eat nor sleep, and that he had not agreed with Wolfe. Mr. Lockshaw, at the same time, was nodding vigorously, and moved me on with his hands; which I took to mean that he approved of me, indorsed my course, wished to convey the company's blessings, and desired me, without fail, to outstrip Wolfe's man, and circumvent all their enemies."

"A bothering pair," said I to myself,—"a couple of skrimpy patterns, cut out of poor cloth. Both of their bodies and brains are not worth the little finger of old Wolfe,—the hot-head!"

"I felt unpleasant and dissatisfied; because, if I succeeded in Phillips and Lockshaw's case, I would most likely fail in my own suit with Wolfe's daughter, for he was a man of strong passion, and Fanny had plenty of her father's spirit."

"What added to my anxiety was the fact that Mr. Wolfe had met with some Western losses, and did not feel very amiable. He had always relied on me in difficult cases, and I felt now as if my position would not be fully understood,—that he could not, or would not, look on professional honor as I did."

"But the cars soon shook these thoughts out of me, as we banged along through dust and dirt all night and next day; and the next night we came into the range of the cool lake winds, and so on to Chicago,—hungry, flaccid, and sleepy."

"I had looked through the train for Mr. Wolfe's lawyer, but failed to find

any one I knew, and concluded that I was ahead, thus far at least ; so I registered my name in full, and went to bed.

“ ‘My friend,’ said I, speaking to the clerk in a style somewhat prevalent thereabout, as I came down rather late next morning, — ‘my friend, why did n’t you call me as I ordered? I wanted to take the Lake Shore train for Wisconsin.’ ”

“ ‘You changed your order, sir,’ said the clerk. ‘You told us you did not want to go.’ ”

“ ‘No, sir,’ said I, ‘begging your pardon, I did not change my order.’ ”

“ ‘It is so marked here,’ he replied, showing me the slate, ‘Order changed, — need n’t call, — stays to-morrow.’ ”

“ ‘You have made an entry against the wrong name,’ said I.

“ ‘This is not the gentleman,’ said another clerk, coming up. ‘The gentleman who changed Mr. Riley’s order paid his bill, and has taken the Lake Shore train. Here is his name, — C. Wakefield, New York.’ ”

“ ‘Wakefield and I had never met, though he knew Fanny. He was undoubtedly Wolfe’s lawyer, and had got ahead of me. ‘Give me my bill, quicker than lightning,’ said I. ”

“ ‘But don’t you want your breakfast?’ replied the clerk ; ‘the train has gone.’ ”

“ ‘No, I want my bill ; that’s all I want in this house.’ ”

“ ‘It was a mistake, sir, that no one could help,’ said he, writing.

“ ‘I understand what it was,’ said I, ‘but I’ll try to help it, if you will give me my bill,’ — and, throwing down the money, I seized my valise and started.

“ ‘Here, take me to the Lake Shore train on a dead run, and don’t stop for anything,’ said I to a coachman at the foot of the stairs. ‘Ten dollars if you make the train,’ I shouted through the front window of the coach after I got in. He did not hear, and I punched him. He came to a dead stop of course. ‘Ten dollars if you reach the train,’ I repeated. It is wonderful, now I think of it coolly, what a difference *that* made.

He had been figuring it up, and concluded that by missing the train he would get a fare back ; but now, by reaching it, he would get five fares in one. It seemed as if the coach and the horses heard my offer, and instantly put forth individual exertions, somewhat in harmony with the driver, to earn the money ; for I commenced rocking, dancing, and jumping about, like an acrobat trying to dive through both doors and the front window at one leap.

“ ‘I think the people in the streets must have had a vague idea that the coach contained a pair of boots wrestling with a hat, — the boots being, most of the time, on top. People at crossings dodged out of the way in angry amazement, and the very dogs ran into the gutters, looking back over their shoulders, wondering what ailed the coach.

“ ‘Hold on, driver !’ said I, punching him again. ‘I don’t want a funeral in our family just yet.’ ”

“ ‘All right,’ said he, whipping his horses, thinking I was urging him on.

“ ‘Hold on ! hold on ! You fool !’ I shouted, pulling his coat-tails through the window and tugging at them. ‘You’ll kill me.’ ”

“ ‘Yes,’ he yelled, ‘I’ll kill ’em or make it !’ and, jumping to his feet, he lashed his horses to the highest pitch, and brought me alongside the moving train.

“ ‘Now then !’ he cried, tearing open the door ; and, jumping out, I clambered on the platform, and threw down a twenty-dollar bill, which he picked up, tipping his hat in acknowledgment.

“ ‘Well, Mr. C. Wakefield, what do you think of this?’ said I, soliloquizing as I cuddled down in my seat. ‘If I do not beat you, then my name is not Riley, and there are no snakes in Texas.’ ”

“ ‘I had hoped, until now, that Wells & Co. would pay up and save trouble, or that some sort of a compromise would be made between the New York claimants ; but it was idle to hope any longer. I must be prepared to meet

and overcome all sorts of schemes and games; and, as the first discreditable trick to detain me in Chicago, by changing my order so that I should miss the train, had failed of its object, and exposed Mr. C. Wakefield's presence and designs, I must expect to meet almost any obstacle that could be placed in my way for a less sum than fifteen thousand dollars.

"That was the prize for which we now both struggled, and half an hour's delay might defeat me; so I called up the conductor, and questioned him particularly about the place where we were to stop. I found out where to go for a good dinner, the best livery team, and the sharpest lawyer.

"I walked back to the hind platform of the last car, and slipped off with my valise before the train had fairly stopped. I went directly to a comfortable little public house, frequented by farmers, principally, and, ordering dinner, I immediately consulted Mr. Benway, the best lawyer to be found, paying him one hundred dollars down, with assurances of more. In two hours the papers were drawn; dinner was over, and we were riding across the prairie toward Wells & Co.'s store. I had fairly distanced Wakefield, and felt good. Added to this emotion of triumph was an indescribable sense of freedom from restraint, and an exhilarating feeling of roominess, in the wide, grassy, echoless plain; and there was a tonic, too, in the winds that blew out of the boundless horizon.

"'Mr. Benway, I believe I should like to live in that lonely farm-house all my days,' said I. 'Do you ever get homesick here?'

"'No,' said he, 'I never have regular nostalgia, — which, I take it, is an excessive inflammation of the memory; but I sometimes feel an almost insatiable longing for pine-trees, and crows, and mountains; and when it gets too strong for me, I come out here with my bird-dog, and shoot prairie-chickens, singing and shouting to scare off the blues. You can't imagine, unless you've tried it, how much good it does

a man to sing old hymns, and boyhood songs, for instance; and yell fire, if so disposed, till his throat is sore, without fear of policemen. It keeps alive the spirit of liberty and love of nature in a man's heart.'

We both laughed, and, breaking into Old Hundred, sung at the top of our voices, filling at least half a mile of space with noise not entirely unmelodious. I was at my highest pitch, with my mouth wide open, when I saw a man standing on a knoll, some distance to the right, shouting and beckoning us that way.

"'It is the sheriff,' said Benway, as we drew near, 'and he has got something over in the slough, — a deer or a horse-thief, I'll bet, for he is death on both.'

"'We rode up on the rise of ground, and, looking over into the slough, saw two horses mired, and on the other side was a man covered with mud, and limping off through the grass, evidently quite lame.

"'What's the matter?' said Benway.

"'That's a counterfeiter,' replied the sheriff. 'I was chasing him, and we both rode down in there, pellmell, and got mired, — blast his picture.'

"'The counterfeiter's horse had struggled out to our side, and was shaking himself.

"'Here,' said the sheriff, taking the horse by the bridle, and pulling a pistol from the saddle-pocket, 'you go around, Benway, and head him off. No, you need n't, though, for I understand his dodges, and can do better. You two stay here'; — and, mounting the counterfeiter's horse, he rode around the end of the slough, a hundred rods off, and came up in front of the man, who turned back towards us again.

"'Now, see here,' said the fellow, cocking a large revolver, 'you'd better keep off.'

"'No, I guess not,' said the sheriff, 'I think I'd better keep on. I've been hunting you too long. I've grown fond of you, and fairly hanker after your fascinating face. I could n't

think of giving up my game just as it is ready to bag, you know.'

"'But *you* may go into the bag, that's all,' said the man. 'I'll shoot, if you don't keep off.'

"'No, now,' replied the sheriff, riding up nearer; 'you would n't do that before witnesses.'

"The fellow looked over at us; and a sullen face it was too, his coarse, black eyebrows covering a third of his forehead, and growing clear across the top of his nose; then he turned suddenly to the sheriff and fired. The horse jumped as if he had been shot at before, and, wheeling about, threw his rider on the ground, and the counterfeiter started on a run again.

"'So that's your game, is it?' said the sheriff. 'I only want to know what your game is, so as to play according to rule'; — and, drawing his pistol, he snapped it at the fellow, but it missed fire. Throwing it down, he dashed after the man, and, coming up to him as he struggled through the tall tangled grass, near the slough, he seized him by his arms behind, and threw him down. We had started on a run too, and, coming up, we tied his arms with a handkerchief.

"In the grass close by, Benway and I found two fifteen-thousand-dollar packages of counterfeit bills, which we claimed as our share of prize money. In the fellow's saddle-pockets the sheriff found plates, engraving tools, and dies.

"'You are a captain, I guess,' said the sheriff. 'Hold out your hands here, and let me put on these bracelets. There you are now,' continued he, standing back to admire him, as if he had been a statue of the Greek Slave; — 'there you are now, all ready for court, with your regular uniform on, and the jury won't disagree a minute when they come to see your face, I think.'

"'Won't they, though?' said the man between his teeth. 'Well, I'll agree to pay you for this, and give good interest too, some time!'

"'Of course,' retorted the sheriff,

'that's what all you fellows promise me when I first catch you. You are fellows of great promise, — but I take it out as I go. I'm for prompt pay, you know.'

"'Well now, Benway,' said he, turning to us, 'what have you got to drink, and where are you going?'

"Having satisfied the sheriff on the first point, Benway said, 'We are going out to attach Wells & Co.'s goods, and you must go with us.'

"'Their store is closed,' replied the sheriff; 'I just came through there.'

"'Then we must break down the door,' said Benway.

"'But can you give bonds?' he inquired.

"'Yes, I represent the house of Phillips and Lockshaw, good for a hundred thousand dollars, and I have one thousand here in my pocket, just to make things go easy.'

"'All right,' said the sheriff, briskly, — 'down goes their door. Now one of you take our handsome friend into the buggy, while the other rides his nag.' So I mounted the horse; the sheriff caught and mounted his; and falling into line, with the buggy ahead, we moved on again.

"What we had most to fear now was that Wells & Co. would make an assignment, and leave us to fight it out with a mob of claimants, and get little or nothing at last. So we hurried along; but it soon came on dark, then darker, and finally black; and we lost our way.

"'I believe we are going round and round,' said the sheriff.

"'No, I think we must be all right,' said Benway, 'for the mud has come on the left side of my face ever since dark.'

"'See here, my friend, you are a night-bird,' said the sheriff to the counterfeiter. 'Can't you do something handsome, and smell your way out of this scrape?'

"'Yes,' said he, 'if you'll let me get on my horse, he and I can take you to the Fox Crossing on a bee-line.'

"'You are a very intellectual young

man, considering your occupation,' said the sheriff, 'and your kind intentions do you honor; but I guess we'll take the will for the deed, and find our own way out.'

"What are you doing now?" inquired Benway of the sheriff, who was dismounted, and down in the grass.

"Spreading a newspaper," he replied. 'I want to see if we shall come to it again, for I believe we are playing circus here';—and about a hundred yards farther on he spread out the other half of the paper.

"We went on again, through the endless, everlasting grass, and in about an hour came to the paper,—the horses snorting and turning one side to avoid it; and then we came to the other piece.

"This won't do," said the sheriff. 'We have beat down a road, and the horses have followed it round and round. Let us camp';—and, spreading his horse-blanket, we sat down on it near the buggy.

"Not quite so noisy as New York," said he, after a long silence, 'but it's better. I've tried 'em both, and just for a place to live in, now, I would n't give this prairie for the whole island, from Spuyten Duyvil down.'

"Then we sat there a long time, silently watching the sky; and presently, where the clouds grew thin and vapory, the moon came slowly out, shining full in our faces.

"Good morning, good morning!" said the sheriff, kissing his hand to her, as he rose to his feet. 'Now let's face about,' he continued, 'and keep the good old girl straight behind us, and we shall go all right.'

"We had gone but a short distance when he said: 'I hear horses behind, and I guess they are counterfeiters, come to rescue the prisoner. If they are part of your gang,' said he to the counterfeiter, 'and attempt to rescue you, I give you fair notice that the father of your children may get hurt unless you keep quiet.' The man did not speak, but I heard the chain on his handcuffs rattle a little.

"Who is that?" asked one of the horsemen, riding up behind.

"Some travellers," replied the sheriff.

"You are out rather late. Have you met the sheriff?" asked the horseman.

"Ah, ha!" said that official, in a low voice, drawing his pistol, and cocking it; 'I've a devilish good mind to pepper the scoundrels. Are you loaded, Benway?'

"No, I have no pistol," he replied, in a low tone.

"I'm sorry, because we could n't very well hit amiss among them fellows," said the sheriff, 'for they are a desperate gang. I believe it would save the county several thousand dollars' expense of grand and petit jurors, and board in jail, if I could only make a centre shot, now.'

"I say, have you seen the sheriff?" said the horseman again, riding still nearer, but keeping within easy reach of his companions.

"See here!" said the sheriff, reining his horse suddenly around in the path before them. 'I'm the sheriff of this county, myself; and I weigh a hundred and eighty pounds, when I'm light! I've got one of your gang in irons,—the Great Mugwump himself, I reckon,—strongly guarded by men armed to the teeth; so you just ride up here and surrender, or we'll blow you through, and kill old Mug too. Ride up here now, or we'll fire.'

"Instead of obeying this sanguinary order, one of the party sang out, 'Ho-ho-hold on now, she-sheriff! don't shoo-shoot your friends!'

"Bah!" said the sheriff, lowering his pistol and turning about disgusted, 'it's Old Royce. I wonder what's up now.'

"Who is it?" said I to Benway.

"It is Roswell Lewis, a lawyer," he replied. 'We call him Old Royce. He's out on that attachment suit against Wells & Co., and your friend Wakefield is with him, probably. Here, sheriff,' said Benway, 'ride back and give him this bottle: that will unlock his brains if anything can.'

"That's pretty good," said Old

Royce, 'and tastes like imported. My friend Wakefield here never takes anything; so I guess I'll drink for him. I've always had to do double duty in the world. By the way,' he continued, 'I must tell you a good dodge that my friend here came on a pigwidgeon lawyer down in Chicago. This lawyer was trying to get ahead of my friend here, and had left orders to be called for the morning train, but what does my friend here do but go and have the order changed,—do you see?—and so the little pigwidgeon is left behind. It's just such little touches of genius as that, sheriff, that redeems human nature, and makes us more than brutes. He'll make fifteen thousand dollars by it. Hallo, what's your hurry, sheriff? I can't keep up if you're going to *trot*, you know. This horse was made on purpose for a circus, I guess. He'd do all the square jumping up and down to music, but he ain't worth shucks to go ahead. He's a humpy horse, and I believe my brains would all be shaken into my boots if I rode him another day';—and he grumbled away in the same strain till we got out of hearing, and afterward, I presume.

"In two hours more we reached the Fox, and forded it, and found a sleepy ostler in the hotel; but on looking in the buggy for my valise, I found it was gone, and it contained all my papers. We had probably left it by the slough. Here was a bad fix; for when it came daylight, Wakefield would attach, of course.

"What shall we do, Benway?" said I. "Can't you invent some plausible story to detain them?"

"It looks to me," he replied, "as if we were to be defeated at last. I'll send some men to look for the valise, and we'll see what can be done after that; but I know old Royce well, and when his head is clear again he'll be sharp enough—to use his own phrase—to shave hogs with a feather."

"I felt desperate now, for I had come to look on the matter as fairly under my control, and had already set Wakefield down as defeated; but here the

tables were to be turned with a vengeance, and my enemy was to triumph.

"Benway," said I, when he came back, "I have got them, I guess. You say that Wells boards in this house and that you are intimate with him. Go to him with this fifteen thousand dollars in counterfeit money, and tell him that Old Royce is going to attach his goods. Then give him the money, with instructions to be counting it over in his room, while you tell Royce that now is his time to attach, because Wells has sold out and is counting his money up stairs. Tell Wells that, if he plays his part properly, he will settle the Wolfe claim very soon."

"Benway hesitated a moment, then said, 'Well, under the circumstances I guess I will, for we are dealing with unscrupulous fellows.' So when breakfast was over I saw Benway talking with Wells, and soon after with Royce, who immediately went to the deputy-sheriff.

"Now then," said Royce to this official, after getting him out in the horse-shed, with Wakefield, "what we want is *grit*. We must break down the door and grab all the money we see; and mind you, if he puts it in his pocket we must pull it out of his pocket, that's all. Business is business, and this is *big* business, and you must be gritty. There are moments of destiny," said he, pulling a bottle from his pocket, and taking a long drink, "and this is one of 'em."

"The whole party came back looking pale, and the deputy started ahead, old Royce Lewis following next, and Wakefield closing up the rear on the stairway. Shortly after they disappeared we heard the door crashed in, and a scrambling rush followed.

"We afterwards learned from the deputy, a jovial fellow, that Old Royce was the first man in the room, and that, after grabbing what money he could hold in each hand, he knocked the balance on to the floor and sat down on all he could cover, shouting to the deputy, 'I've got the pile; attach me! attach me!'—moving his elbows up

and down, meanwhile, like a young crow trying in vain to fly. When they came down stairs, flushed with triumph, Mr. Lewis took occasion to recount his twenty-five years' experience at the bar, which seemed to have been years of triumphs for him, and an uninterrupted series of defeats for all his opponents. After this more conviviality, more stories, more triumphs at the bar, but no one suspected the money.

"Meantime the men returned with the valise just as Royce Lewis, Wakefield, and the deputy were leaving town with the money, and they had but fairly crossed the river when Wells invited us all up to his store to celebrate the success of the trick just played.

"Wells was very jolly; and that mysterious and hitherto invisible being called 'Co.' came out strong. He even went so far as to say that he guessed 'Wells did n't eat no snow,' which meant, probably, that he slaked his thirst and satisfied his appetite by the more economical and time-saving methods usual among men. But the exact import of his words cannot be known in this world, for he disappeared down cellar after uttering them, and never came up again, to my knowledge.

"Here, take some more all around," urged Wells. "This last drive was the best I ever came on any one."

"Yes," said Benway, walking up to the desk and looking at the papers, sharply, "it *was* good,—first-rate,—even for the West, where we manage to keep ahead in business; but I believe the sheriff can show you a better one."

"I should n't wonder if I could," replied the sheriff, walking up to Wells and serving the papers.

"The man who 'did n't eat no snow' looked so white for a moment that a stranger would have thought that snow was his regular food,—in fact that he ate nothing else. But the next moment he turned to Benway, fiercely, and said, 'You scoundrel, you got in here by fraud; it's a swindle; I won't stand it. I've a mind to knock you down, sir.'"

"No, don't now, Wells," said Ben-

way; 'it is too expensive for you, under your present circumstances. We should have got in here any way, and you merely saved a door by the operation; that's all.'

"Not all, exactly," said Wells; 'for I should have made an assignment and beaten you.'

"Yes, I see it is all ready," said Benway, taking up some papers from the desk; 'but I'm pleased to notice that your very valuable autographs are not attached. Wells, you are a gentleman, and I'm sorry you've had bad luck; but you'll come out.'

"After securing two trusty men to take charge of the store, we hunted, fished, smoked, and talked away the day. I never felt better in my life. The air was delicious, and, riding back to the lake over the prairie next day, I had a long talk with Benway on philosophy. He had much help in him, and so my soul waxed fat. The first man we saw was old Royce Lewis.

"Where is your friend Wakefield?" inquired Benway.

"The man who came that stunning game over the pigwidgeon lawyer," said the sheriff.

"Why, he went off on the morning train, with orders to have the money deposited here in bank," replied Royce.

"So he thinks it's all right, then," said the sheriff.

"Yes," replied Royce, contemptuously; 'but I understood it all the minute my hands touched the money. The paper was too limpsy. But I made sure of my fee out of the case, though,—game or no-game.'

"Yes," said the deputy, coming up, 'you were so very smart that you took your fee out of the counterfeit money.'

"This came so unexpectedly, and was received with such shouts of laughter, that the old man, for the first time in his life, perhaps, had nothing to say, and hurried off without attempting a reply.

"I finished my business, and took the next train East. I found Phillips and Lockshaw excited, as usual. They had learned from Mr. Wolfe that his

claim had been collected in money, and they were much relieved, if not pleased, on hearing the true state of the case.

"I met Wolfe on the street near my office.

"So I beat you, Riley, after all," said he; "but allow me to say, sir, that I don't think you did the fair thing by me. You might have said at once that you were going out there for Phillips and Lockshaw."

"But, sir," I replied, "I had been retained by them in the case, and was bound to protect them by concealing their designs."

"I don't think so," he replied; "besides, they could stand the loss, and I can't."

"Mr. Wolfe," said I, "I should as soon think of embezzling my client's money, as I would of intentionally revealing any of the secrets confided to me as a lawyer."

"Next morning, when I met Wolfe, he not only refused to acknowledge my salutation, but was actually almost purple with rage. He had received a letter from Royce Lewis, stating that the money was counterfeit.

"I lost no time in calling on Fanny, but found her not at home. I excused that, thinking she might have been out; but the next day I saw her in the street, and she avoided me.

"I wrote her a brief, but vigorous note, explaining my position, and endeavoring to impress upon her the necessity I felt of maintaining my professional honor stainless, and above suspicion even. This came back indorsed, 'Riley *versus* Wolfe. The plaintiff nonsuited.'

"The visible tracks of my respected would-be father-in-law," I said, examining the note closely for other writing, but there was nothing else to be found.

"I admired spirit, when it *was* spirit, instead of impertinence, selfishness, or some other small sin; but I certainly did not admire Wakefield, and he was now Fanny's suitor. If I could not gain her for myself, I felt bound to save her from him, and went to work for that purpose.

"The chief obstacle to all my plans was the old gentleman, who seemed to be hastening matters to a crisis. I heard that Fanny was soon to become Mrs. Wakefield.

"I had kept up a correspondence with Benway in the Phillips and Lockshaw matter, and had learned from his last letter that Wells & Co. owned a branch store up the country farther, which was filled with goods, and they were doing finely.

"I immediately sent a legal acquaintance to Mr. Wolfe, with instructions to offer him a thousand dollars for the Wells claim, which was gladly accepted, for the Phillips and Lockshaw suit had been compromised for ten thousand dollars, and it was supposed that Wells & Co. could not pay one per cent to any other claimant.

"I forwarded the notes to Benway, with instructions to attach the new store of goods, if possible, and then compromise for twelve thousand dollars,—intending to lower the demand to six thousand, if necessary.

"In reply, I received a letter from Benway, telling me confidentially that Wells was really one of the best-hearted men in the world, and would, when he got on his feet, pay every cent. If, however, I would take ten thousand dollars down, he would send me a draft for that. In two weeks the draft came for ten thousand dollars, less exchange, and I enclosed it to Mr. Wolfe, duly indorsed over to him by me, with my compliments.

"He came to my office, but I was out; he went to my hotel, and I was out; but he found me in the street.

"I bowed to him coldly and was passing on, for I knew my man, but he grasped my hand, and said: 'My dear Riley, I beg your pardon. I have not done you justice. But the fact is, that Wisconsin loss almost ruined me. It would have ruined me, I believe, if this draft had not come just as it did. It's your money, Riley, and I would not take it under any other circumstances, or now, even, only on condition that I may pay it back when I get my mat-

ters straightened up, and collections made.'

"I'm glad to hear, sir, that it has helped you so much," said I. 'The money is yours, of course. Good morning, sir,' and I attempted to pass on.

"But I cannot permit this, Riley," said he, impulsively; 'you must come over to dinner.'

"I made some lame excuse, but he insisted.

"We shall all expect you," he said, 'for to tell the truth, Riley, we have been gloomy enough of late,—Fanny particularly. My financial difficulties depressed the whole household. Come to dinner to-morrow.'

"I nodded, having suddenly become a little too much choked up to talk much, and walked away.

"I went there at the appointed time, of course, for Wolfe always had one acceptable thing at his table, and that was good-humor. He was princely at his repasts. At first we felt formal, but it would n't do; we broke down, and presently found our old selves again. She was engaged to Wakefield, and I was too much of a gentleman to be otherwise than jolly over it,—so very merry, indeed, that she did n't seem to like it.

"She had expected sentimental sighs,

sheep's eyes, allusions to old times, and such things. But the old gentleman poured forth a deluge of fun, and I joined him in increasing the good feeling. I have since been confidentially informed that I was never so brilliant in my life,—in fact, perfectly fascinating! I went there regularly to dinner, and often met Wakefield, whose day of destiny was drawing near. They were to be married in a month,—that was fixed. I learned afterwards that it had been adjourned over a short time, and I could n't find out the reason. So I went up to Mr. Wolfe's house and settled Mr. C. Wakefield at one blow.

"Gentlemen, I could n't help it. There is a statute against cruelty to animals, and he was suffering.

"It is a peculiarity of mine, perhaps, that, when a case is decided against me, I bear no ill-will; and when it is *for* me, I always pity my opponent. Therefore it was, that 'as a man and a brother' lawyer I felt sorry for poor Wakefield when Fanny entered on her docket, 'Wakefield *versus* Wolfe. The plaintiff nonsuited.'

"But my grief was transient, for in that case, as in all cases against her, I was then, and still remain, the defendant's attorney, in fact and in law."

SOME UNAPPRECIATED CHARACTERS.

BY AN OLD FOGY.

INJUSTICE is the law of the world, and men delight in being the law's supporters. There is never exhibited a ready disposition to admit the claims of merit; and whenever those claims are allowed, it is because right and might happen to be jostled on to the same side, much to the wonder of both. The world has been beaten into improve-

ment, as boys used to be beaten into learning at school, before it was discovered that the boy is really father of the man, and that to whip him is to do violence to a parent,—a being whom we are called upon to honor and to obey. Men never would have got beyond wolf-skin breeches,—if, indeed, they would ever have got into them,—if they had

not been forced to improve their condition through the practice of the arts of design by wise men, to whom, as a matter of course, they have been duly ungrateful. Is it strange, then, that, being incapable of understanding what is for their own good, and naturally indisposed to do justice to their benefactors, men should be found incapable of comprehending the merits of those characters in whom individuality is strongly developed, and who have chosen to live according to their own sense of enjoyment, and not to take their rules of life from those outside barbarians who fill the census returns, and constitute "the masses"? Special injustice has been done all through the ages to a number of eminent personages, who have had as many stones thrown at them as if they had slept in cairns. It is not creditable to our time, when even Benedict Arnold has found something like an apologist, that the personages referred to should have no one to attempt to place their virtues before an unadmiring world. Books and articles have been written to show that Catiline, and Iscariot, and Tiberius, and Catherine de' Medici, and Henry VIII., and Claverhouse, and Robespierre, and others whose names are in humanity's black lists, were not half so bad as their reputations, — were, in some instances, eminently worthy creatures, who had been singularly misapprehended by mankind. But these are all first-class characters, — your first-rates, of whom one is naturally disposed to think well because they are first-rates, — and incapable of doing wrong, because they do it on so magnificent a scale. Catiline was a patriot, and only sought to anticipate Cæsar, but failed, poor man! Tiberius was a great statesman, who protected the Roman provincials, and did so by disposing of the aristocrats in Italy, — holding a wolf by the ears, as he phrased it, — a wolf that would have devoured the flock, and torn the imperial shepherd, — that model Pastor Fido, — had he for a moment slackened his hold. Catherine de' Medici was a fine politician, a balancer of par-

ties, who, if she did hound Catholics upon Huguenots, would have been quite as ready to hound Huguenots upon Catholics, had it paid as well. Henry VIII. was a martyr to his love of order and horror of civil war, and he made martyrs of his wives in the same cause, they being successively parts of himself, and bound to share his lot. Claverhouse was a devotee of the sentiment of loyalty. Robespierre was strictly and sternly honest, and, though he cut off people's heads, he never picked their pockets. And so on, to the end of the chapter of tyranny and crime. But there are other unappreciated characters, who, while they are often mentioned, cannot be called great, and whom the world treats as if they were all bad, and constantly holds up as warnings and examples. In behalf of these characters there is something to be said, and the attempt to reconcile them with humanity may not be entirely unprofitable, even if they are not so fortunate as to have perpetrated many murders.

One of the oldest of these characters, who has been doing service for almost thirty centuries, — though nothing could be more out of character than that he should do anything, — is the Sluggard of Solomon. In the Book of Proverbs, the royal Hebrew, who, like the Turkish Solymán, was the greatest of his line, apostrophizes the unhappy Sluggard, in good set terms, and, after recommending to him the example of that fussy little creature, the ant, which wasteth the summer time, and even that of autumn, in laboriously providing for a future that never may come, exclaims, — "How long wilt thou sleep, O Sluggard? when wilt thou arise out of thy sleep? Yet a little sleep, a little slumber, a little folding of the hands to sleep." And has not the garden of the Sluggard, though for a very different reason, become as famous as the Garden of Eden, or that in which Diocletian cultivated cabbages for the market of Salona? Its broken walls, its crop of weeds, the cattle of the neighbors devouring the nothing which it raises, —

are they not familiar to us all from our youth upward, through the teachings of those who throw clouds over the hopes of childhood by enforcing upon the minds of boys and girls that they are doomed to work as long as they live? To a right-minded man there must occur much in favor of the Sluggard which he was too consistent a character to urge in his own defence. He was a sensible fellow, who was making the best of a wicked world. He was of the belief of those Oriental religionists, who hold that man approaches nearest to perfection in exact proportion to the profundity of his self-absorption and repose. He minded his own business, which is the surest way to make a fortune, and to avoid making mischief. All the great evil in the world is the consequence of the meddling propensities of active creatures, from Alexander the Great fool to the lowest village gossip. Take the recent history of our own country, — with its big battles, bigger debts, and biggest taxes, — to what is all our suffering due, but to the detestable activity of men who were nursed on the notion that they must be ever busy, and who learnt their lesson so well that they set a couple of millions of human beings flying at one another's throats, and called into existence an army of most industrious tax-gatherers? Who made the Secession war? Some four or five hundred men, who thought, with Hercules, that the earth was created only as a place for the master-spirits of the world to bustle in. They would have been blessings to their country, had they profited from the example of the Sluggard, and folded their hands to sleep. Had Mr. Davis, and Mr. Rhett, and Mr. Yancey, and Mr. Toombs, and other Southern leaders, been as lazy as they were industrious, our Eden never would have been disturbed, and we should have remained blissfully ignorant of much costly knowledge. But they scorned the Sluggard's course, and deemed it their duty to be most disastrously industrious. They would not give themselves up to slum-

ber, and so they sent a half-million of their countrymen into that slumber which can be broken only by the archangel's trump. It is ever thus. It is only busy men, men of whom Byron was thinking when he said that "quiet to quick bosoms is a hell," who make all that disturbance which costs so much, and for which quiet people have to pay, whether they will or not. No such charge can be advanced against men who model themselves on the Sluggard, and who are sublimely indifferent to all the ordinary and extraordinary objects of ambition. Lazy men, it must be admitted, do not accomplish much — they accomplish nothing — in behalf of what is called "the progress of the species"; but, on the other hand, they do not keep the world in hot water. They allow things to take their course. And it is by men of another sort endeavoring to do something for the race, — and a great deal for themselves, — that the earth is made to merit its title of a tomb. There is no counting the graves that active men have dug. They are the sexton's best supporters, and pass over to him the flower of mankind, cutting off, not merely the best youth of their countries, but the hope of reproduction. From Sesostrius to Stonewall Jackson, it is the busy, the industrious, the meddling, the quarrelsome man who disturbs society, and forces it into courses that make it the purveyor for beasts of prey. Attila was well denominated "The Scourge of God," for he whipped men into unnatural activity, and prevented them from attending to what was properly their own business. He was one of those overseers who are miracles of restlessness, and who flog whole nations into the activity of war, the worst form that exertion — always unpleasant — can take, save when it is dictated by the demands of unmistakable patriotism.

Had the Sluggard seen fit, for a moment, to depart from his character, he might have given Solomon some tolerably cogent reasons for his devotion to his bed and his love of slumber. But he was a wise man, and therefore he

would not contend against the wisest of men, who was a king to boot. He might have argued, that to get up and go to work would be to afford evidence that he was a wicked man, and was, in punishment for his sins, undergoing the common sentence. When our race fell through Adam's fall, the offended Creator passed upon it the sentence of hard labor for life, the world being the prison, and having, as Hamlet says, many wards. "Cursed is the ground for thy sake," are the words of that awful doom; "in sorrow shalt thou eat of it all the days of thy life. Thorns also and thistles shall it bring forth to thee; and thou shalt eat the herb of the field. In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread, till thou return unto the ground." All work, therefore, is evidence of demerit, and the less work a man does, the more meritorious he must be. This is the philosophy of the eight-hour movement. The lazier a man is, the better he is. His sentence is a light one. Hence the Sluggard was a man of exemplary goodness. He did nothing, and was as useless as if he had been born the master of a thousand slaves. A conservative in principle, he adhered with strict fidelity to the faith in which he had been brought up, and was a true *fainéant*, and doubtless had locks as long (and uncombed) as those of any Merovingian king that ever allowed crown to fall from his head, and sceptre to drop from his hand, rather than make exertion to keep one or both. He did not even "daff the world aside, and bid it pass," for to do that would have required exertion. He "let it slide."

As to the ant, to which Solomon referred the Sluggard, it might have been replied to his Majesty, that that active insect often has its labor for its pains, and nothing more; and that in a moment it often loses the fruits of long months, if not years, of energetic industry. The hoofs of beasts and the feet of men crush thousands of ant-hills daily, — a plain proof that industry does not always prosper, and leading irre-

sistibly to the conclusion that, though it is allowed, it is not enjoined. In countries where ants transact a large business, they often encounter most disastrous failures, like other speculators. In Southern Africa they build what are called edifices, and which are more deserving of the name than are many of the abodes of men, for they are so large and so strong that they will bear the weight of many men on their summit. And what follows from all this outlay of labor? Why, that the Aard Vark, or earth-hog, tears a hole in the side of one of these hills, "breaking up the stony walls with perfect ease," says Mr. Wood, "and scattering dismay among the inmates. As the ants run hither and thither, in consternation, their dwelling falling like a city shaken by an earthquake, the author of all this misery flings its slimy tongue among them, and sweeps them into its mouth by hundreds. Perhaps the ants have no conception of their great enemy as a fellow-creature, but look upon the Aard Vark as we look upon the earthquake, the plague, or any other disturbance of the usual routine of nature. Be this as it may, the Aard Vark tears to pieces many a goodly edifice, and depopulates many a swarming colony, leaving a mere shell of irregular stony wall in the place of the complicated and marvellous structure which had sheltered so vast a population."* Such is the reward of the ant's industry when most skilfully and wonderfully exerted; and as Solomon knew everything, it is strange that he should have had the face to fling the ant's action into the face of the Sluggard, who, had he not been restrained by indolence and good breeding, could easily have put down the royal argument. The ant is the type of most hard-working men, who accumulate largely, and go on swimmingly, making much of Mammon's muck, when along comes some Aard Vark in the shape of a cunning speculator, who sweeps it all away. The Sluggard has nothing of the kind to

* Homes without Hands, pp. 65, 66, — a delightful book for all who are fond of natural history.

fear, for he has nothing to lose. With him, time is money, but in a very different sense from that of the proverb. He spends his time as he goes, or, we should say, as he is carried along, for he is too wise to indulge in locomotion. So it was with the Sluggard of Solomon, who did not live to declare that all is vanity. He enjoyed the passing hour, and set a noble example to the sons of men, not one of whom would work if he could exist without having resort to the curse, — a curse as old as the expulsion from Eden. The Sluggard knew the bliss of repose, and might have cited Psalms against Proverbs, — “He giveth his beloved sleep,” — had he deemed the matter one worthy of words, and of the exertion implied in quotation. But he said nothing, calmly maintaining his principles by a speaking silence, and concentrating all his energies on nothing. Like all genuinely lazy men, he was as incapable of thought as of envy; but if he could have thought about anything, the story of the Seven Sleepers would have filled his mind; and could he have envied anybody, it would have been that one of those sleepers who had the highest capacity for sleeping without dreams, and who therefore, in the Sluggard’s estimation, had a better claim to be considered a wise man than could have been advanced even by Solomon himself.

Speaking of the Seven Sleepers, I am afraid that we do not always “realize” the full force of the old legend in which those gentlemen figure, or repose, and which has always been a favorite with me, because of the long, unbroken, delicious, dreamless slumber that is associated with it. Almost seventy thousand nights, and as many days of sleep, with no getting up in the morning, no beds to make, no servants to tell you to turn out, no bills to pay for lodging! It is too much for the human mind calmly to contemplate in all its details and all its force, and hence the vagueness with which the story and similar stories are generally mentioned. Past time is no time to us; and we lump together the ages that are

gone as if they were necessarily closely associated. Now, the Seven Sleepers’ snooze lasted through one hundred and eighty-seven years; but their long night was so long ago that we do not understand how very long it lasted, or how very meritorious were those seven Ephesian youths who made themselves friends of darkness when the Pagan tyrant Decius had them walled up. We can form a better idea of the length of their slumber, and therefore the better appreciate the sublimity of their laziness, by supposing something of the kind to have happened here, and that the Seven Sleepers had just dropped in upon us. Let us suppose that in the year 1680, — just after the termination of Philip’s War, and when the pious population of the Bay Colony were reposing in the arms of victory, and comfortably reflecting that little Phil (bloody heathen that he was!) had been sold into tropical slavery, — a sudden alarm came upon seven youths who were laboring in a maize-field, and that they, all unarmed, or panic-stricken, fled into some cave, under the belief that the impious Indians, whose lands they had helped to seize, were upon them. Away go Zebedee, Zachariah, Zadock, Zephaniah, Zimri, Zaccheus, and Zebulon, until they find a cave, in which, exhausted by their race, they drop asleep; and so profound is their rest, that it is not broken till the year 1867. Imagine their feelings when, having been roused by the shriek of a passing railway train, they rub their eyes, get up, and proceed to make their way to their homes! They would be as much astonished as if they had suddenly fallen upon a new planet. Between the Massachusetts of 1680 and the Massachusetts of 1867, the difference is so great that no mind can fairly grasp it; and the young Puritans, who would now be well advanced in their third century, would come to the conclusion that they had waked up in the other world, — but in which part of it they would be terribly perplexed to say, when seeking to decide a question bearing so strongly on their everlasting welfare. Going to sleep when the Colony

was scarcely more than a wilderness, they would wake up when it had become one of the most advanced and enlightened communities on the globe. Leaving a poor settlement, with its few thousand inhabitants scattered among a few small towns, placed in or on the verge of woods, they would return to an opulent State, containing more than three hundred towns, not a few of which have populations much larger than were to be found in any British town, London alone excepted, in 1680. Flying from Indians, they would come back to a land in which an Indian is as much a curiosity as he is in Liverpool or Manchester. Running away when men believed in witchcraft, they would walk back when men believe determinedly in — nothing. Falling asleep when the journey from Boston to Cambridge was a long one, and not lightly to be undertaken, they would wake up when a journey from Boston to Springfield is scarcely a morning's jaunt. Hiding when to hear from England required three months of time, they would leave their place of refuge when it is possible to hear from England — "home," as they would call it — in three hours, slow time. Not a solitary point of resemblance would be visible between the Bay Colony and the Bay State, and the dreamers would be less at home here than in the English villages whence came their fathers. And the people among whom they would find themselves would be as much astonished as if they really had come from beyond the grave, instead of having cheated it of a portion of its prey for much more than a hundred years.

There would be a wide difference between our Seven Sleepers and the original Seven Sleepers, for the latter "came back," as men say of ghosts, to a fast-declining world. When the young Ephesians retired from business, the Roman Empire had got well advanced toward its fall, and during their retirement it had "progressed backward" in a material sense much faster than it had advanced spiritually through its adoption of Christianity. Evidences of this de-

cline would have been abundant to Maximian and his associates, when they looked about them, and compared things as they were under Theodosius the Younger with things as they had been under Decius. Not so with our Seven Sleepers, who, on waking, would encounter nothing but proofs of increase on every hand. But that would not make them feel any the more at home, and they would astonish the people, in these times of suspension of cash payments, by offering pine-tree shillings in exchange for bed and board; and some sharp fellows would make a good thing out of them by selling them goods for good silver at paper prices. Perhaps some of the younger class of the old settlers are sleeping away the time, as here suggested. If so, and they should be discovered, we hope the discoverer will have the sense and humanity not to disturb them, merely that they might learn the difference between the Massachusetts that Governor Leverett ruled and the Massachusetts that rules Governor Bullock. Never break any one's sleep, for every moment of sleep is so much gained by the sleeper. I have always admired and loved that Duke of Brunswick who, when, like a thoughtful and provident man and husband, he had a grave prepared for himself and his wife, in the vault of the Blasius-Dom, was informed by the gentlemen who were building for him till Doomsday, that they had come to a flat stone, and asked him whether it should be taken up. "Not for worlds," answered he. "It covers, doubtless, some dead man, who had himself buried so deep in the earth, in order that he might never be dug up; leave him quiet." And he further directed, that, when his own turn for burial should come, "his coffin should be very gently let down upon this stone, and then covered over with earth. Take care, let it be gently done, — it might wake him!"* This was doing as one would be done by; and if the ashes of German dukes should

* Germania, by the Baroness Blaze de Bury, Vol. I. pp. 149, 150.

ever be disturbed after the fashion that befell those of French kings, sincerely must it be hoped that an exception will be made in behalf of the dust of Duke Rudolph Augustus, who, in 1690, showed so much consideration for a nameless dead man. The measure he meted to others should be meted to him again. The only occasion when it is proper to rouse a sleeper is when it is his business to "get up and be hanged," for law's hests must be obeyed, though Master Barnadine would not listen to the order. It is told of Condé and of Alexander that they had to be wakened on the mornings of their greatest victories; but to rouse them was inexcusable, for who would not prefer the good of sleep to the glories of Rocroy and of Arbela?*

Another of these unappreciated characters, and one who has suffered from the libels of his murderer, is the Old Man of the Sea, of whom we know nothing save what that murderer himself has told us; but so excellent was that Old Man, so blameless were his life, walk (when he did walk), and conversation, that not even Sinbad's "cooked" narrative can wholly obscure his virtues. They shine through the clouds of calumny which the lying sailor contributed to the columns of some Bagdad journal, or Arabic Gentleman's Maga-

zine. That Sinbad lied confoundedly, is, I believe, admitted on all hands; and in no one of the accounts of his seven voyages is he more untruthful than in that of the fifth, in which the Old Man of the Sea is introduced. Observe that here occurs his statement that his ship was sunk by two rocs, which threw rocks upon its deck,—an absurd story, which it is impossible to believe for one moment, and which was probably invented to defraud the underwriters, the Bassorah Lloyds. All that is certain is, that the vessel was lost, and that Sinbad alone was saved of all her crew and passengers. With that wonderful luck which was always his, he got to a lovely island, into which, as Satan into Paradise, he brought sin and misery. Hardened sinner that he was, and with no more conscience than a news-monger or politician of modern days, he seems to have been struck with the excellence of the island. "It seemed to be a delicious garden," he says. "Wherever I turned my eyes, I saw beautiful trees, some loaded with green, others with ripe fruits, and transparent streams meandering between them. I ate of the fruits, which I found to be excellent, and quenched my thirst at the inviting brooks." These softening influences had no effect on the old buccaneer, who had the true Anglo-

* The best of all these sleeping stories is that which has Frederick Barbarossa, according to Mr. Carlyle the greatest of all the German Cæsars, for its central figure. Barbarossa died when absent on the third Crusade, A. D. 1190; but, according to tradition, "he is not yet dead, but only sleeping till the bad world reach its worst, when he will reappear." His sleeping-place is a stone cavern, in the hill near Salzburg. A peasant once entered the cavern, and saw him, and, in answer to the imperial question, told him what it was o'clock; whereupon old Redbeard said, "Not yet time, but it will be soon!" One would think the thunder of Sadowa, considering its significance for Germany, ought to have brought him out of his cave,—but it did not. He has been sleeping six hundred and seventy-six years! Even the slumber of the Seven Sleepers seems but a nap, a southern siesta, compared with Frederick's long night; but then his night seems to be disturbed by dreams, and his sleep is interrupted by moments of wakefulness. The idea of getting rid of the world's care through a long sleep, is well put by Mr. Hawthorne, in "The Old Manse." "Were I to adopt a pet idea, as so many people do, and fondle it in my embraces to the exclusion of all others," he says, "it would be, that the great want which mankind labors

under, at this present period, is—sleep! The world should recline its vast head on the first convenient pillow, and take an age-long nap. It has gone distracted, through a morbid activity, and, while preternaturally wide awake, is nevertheless tormented by visions that seem real to it now, but would assume their true aspect and character, were all things once set right by an interval of sound repose. This is the only method of getting rid of old delusions, and avoiding new ones,—of regenerating our race, so that it might in due time awake, as an infant out of dewy slumber,—of restoring to us the simple perception of what is right, and the single-hearted desire to achieve it; both of which have long been lost, in consequence of this weary activity of brain, and torpor or passion of the heart, that now afflict the universe. Stimulants, the only mode of treatment hitherto attempted, cannot quell the disease; they do but heighten the delirium." If this was true in 1846,—and Heaven knows it was the literal truth,—how true it is in 1867, with French Revolutions, Russian wars, Sepoy wars, Italian wars, Secession wars, Paraguayan wars, and German wars added to the sum total of weariness!—But what a thought it is, that Barbarossa should have become the Sluggard of Solomon!

Saxon faculty of thinking himself superior to everybody he met, and who could find no land so good as that which he was so constantly leaving. Walking into the island, he found, on the banks of a romantic stream, an ancient man, who he at first supposed was, like himself, a shipwrecked mariner, as he appeared to be "much broken down." He saluted the stranger, but received no other reply than a slight nod, the old gentleman evidently resenting intrusion upon his property. As to his broken-down appearance, that is accounted for by supposing that he was of an eccentric turn of mind, and believed that one of the advantages of wealth is that it allows its possessor to wear out his old clothes, which always are easy, and fit well, though they may not be fit to be worn in the opinion of poor men, who must pay regard to appearances. Sinbad asked his new (old) acquaintance what he was doing, to which piece of impertinence that acquaintance replied by making signs which the sailor interpreted to mean that he wished to be taken across the rivulet, there to gather fruit. With the simplicity of a greenhorn, a part quite unbecoming in one who had made his fifth voyage, Sinbad took the dumb gentleman on his shoulders, and transferred him to the other side of the stream, and asked him to dismount; but this was a request not to be complied with. The sailor had intruded himself upon the property of another, and that other was determined to give him a great moral lesson, and to teach him that no one but an ass would go rambling about the earth, after having received so many hints that it would be better for him to stay at home. It was an intimation to him that, if the pupil was abroad, so was the schoolmaster. The roving blade was converted into a beast of burden, and was made to know how horses feel when they are whipped and spurred by the superior animal. It was as if General Wade Hampton or Mr. Barnwell Rhett had been sold to the black owner of some plantation on which white slavery existed because

of the radical inferiority of the light-skinned race. It shows the low nature of Sinbad's soul, that his trouble caused him to take to drinking. While trotting about, he chanced upon some gourds, one of which he filled with the juice of those grapes which were so abundant in the happy isle. This juice, having fermented, became a very agreeable tippie, drinking which the unlucky Mussulman was put in good spirits, and bore himself with such gayety, singing and dancing, that his conduct attracted the attention of the Old Man, who, being moved by a philosophic fondness for experimental inquiry, proceeded to test the value of the medicine which had produced so happy an effect on his bearer. He signed for the gourd, got it, and swallowed all its contents. Unaccustomed to such intemperance, and having all his life been a member of a total-abstinence society, he soon became so drunk as to lose his seat, and was thrown by his beast while in a most beastly condition. Taking advantage of his unhappy state,—the consequence of a solitary departure from the course of a virtuous life,—Sinbad did then and there beat out the brains of the Old Man, and thus afford another warning against the evil that comes from an indulgence in strong drink.

The story is Sinbad's own, and he has done the best for himself; but were it possible to bring the Old Man into court, questionless we should have a very different reading of it. Enough of light, however, shines through the mist of the narrative to show that the Old Man, though he may have behaved somewhat discourteously toward Sinbad,—being like the old Romans, who considered every stranger an enemy,—was a marked character, and deserving of a better fate than that of having his head punched because he took too much punch, like a fine old Irish gentleman of the times of the Galway code. He was a person of taste, as we see from the beauty of his island home, in this respect reminding one of Lambro, who felt the "Ionian ele-

gance" mentioned by his poetical biographer:—

"Still o'er his mind the influence of the clime
Shed its Ionian elegance, which showed
Its power unconsciously full many a time,—
A taste seen in the choice of his abode,
A love of music and of scenes sublime,
A pleasure in the gentle stream that flowed
Past him in crystal, and a joy in flowers,
Bedewed his spirit in his calmer hours."

Do not these lines describe the life of the Old Man, and his refined tastes, according to Sinbad's tale? Leaving aside music,—which he may have regarded as a sensual thing, and therefore not to be encouraged,—the Old Man had all the points that characterized the Greek Lambro,—and the Greeks are the first of races. His abode, according to his murderer, resembled a delicious garden, in which he could look in no direction without beholding some natural beauty. In that "delicious garden" the Old Man had long lived, and without having harmed any one, so far as trustworthy evidence goes; for the assertions as to his homicidal propensities made by certain nameless fellows with whom Sinbad fell in, must go for nothing, as they were never submitted to cross-examination. It is a likely story that he would have strangled his own bearers! We should as soon believe a slaveholder would maltreat his "people," who are his chattels personal, and in whose welfare he has a proprietor's interest. The strangling story was an afterthought, and was meant to meet any ugly inquiries as to Sinbad's conduct that the authorities of Bagdad might have thought proper to make in the interest of commerce, had the affair been pushed to legal adjudication. The Old Man was happy because he was virtuous, and he might have been living to this day had Sinbad never landed on his island, and there carried civilization and all its woes. Like other marine adventurers, the sailor introduced liquor and drunkenness where such things never before had been known. He conquered the Old Man, as the Indians have been conquered, by the use of the fire-water; and that venerable personage, who had been

as exemplary and secluded a character as Parnell's Hermit, was lost from the moment that he came in contact with the Saracen, then the foremost man of all the world, and much given, like all foremost folk, to raising the very deuce in all countries into which he could push himself,—and he pushed himself everywhere, and when he got to the Atlantic shore of Africa he rode into the waves, and grumbled because there were no more countries to be reaped by his sword. The Old Man of the Sea was doubly unfortunate: it was his misfortune, in the first instance, to fall in with the Norman of the Orient, and, secondly, it was a yet greater misfortune that the intruder alone should have written his history. What murdered man would have a decent character, were his murderer to become his biographer, and the only authority as to his history? The Old Man stands with Guatimozin and Atahualpa, whose stories are told by their executioners, and by them alone.

There is an unappreciated character of the better sex, in whose behalf very little has been said, and whose name is synonymous with vixen, scold, shrew, and all else that is bad in the every-day woman. I refer to that Athenian matron who had for her husband, in a land renowned for the beauty of its men, one who is spoken of as

"That low, swarthy, short-nosed, round-eyed satyr,
With the wide nostrils and Silenus aspect,
The splay feet and low stature,"—

but also as

"The earth's perfection of all mental beauty,
And personification of all virtue,"—

even to Xanthippe, wife (for her sins) of Socrates, son of Sophroniscus. The wife is as immortal as the husband, but hers is an "immortality of ill." Had she married any other man than Socrates,—and it is difficult to suppose she could not have made a better match,—the world never would have heard of her, and she would have been all the happier. For something like twenty-three centuries she has been the type of all that is repulsive in her sex, and she lives in our minds as no

other Grecian woman there can live. She and Aspasia were contemporaries ; but how shadowy is our conception of the latter, compared with the vivid idea we have of the wife of Socrates ! So to say, she was photographed long ages before man had learned to make the sunlight one of the slaves to his vanity. It is not a very pleasing reflection, that what is evil should take so firm a hold of the mind, while the good perishes like the flower that blooms and blushes by the wayside. For whether Xanthippe's portrait be correct or a caricature, certain it is that she is so "freshly remembered" only because of her real or reputed bad qualities, while all the amiable and mild-tongued dames of Athens of the Periclean time, of her rank and condition, are as utterly unknown as those antediluvian housekeepers whose ill-luck it was to fall upon the most comprehensive of all washing-days. She yet "walks," and is reproduced in thousands of families every day of our mortal lives ; and many a man thinks himself a Socrates because he has a scolding, peevish, quarrelsome wife, with a thousand-tongue power of annoyance.

Yet there is evidence which would seem to show that Xanthippe was not the vicious creature she is so commonly painted. In the *Memorabilia* of Xenophon, to which we owe much of our knowledge of Socrates, the philosopher is represented (II. 2) as administering a severe rebuke to his eldest son, Lamprocles, — after having put him through the usual course of cross-examination, and made him admit himself to be an ass, — because he was enraged with his mother. It is in vain that the young fellow declares that his mother utters such things as no one can bear from anybody ; his father comes down upon him with all the power of his logic, to show that he owes a great duty to his mother, and calls him "wretch" when he admits that he seeks to gain the good-will of others, and yet supposes he is to do nothing for a mother, whose love for him so far exceeded that of any other. The pic-

ture which he draws of the maternal relation, and of the filial duty that follows therefrom, is one of the finest things in classical literature, and is not often exceeded by similar writing in the works of Christian teachers. Now it is not very probable that Socrates would have been under so grave concern on this point, had his wife been destitute of good qualities ; nor would he have omitted all mention of her evil qualities, had they been so prominent as we are required to believe. It would have been in entire harmony with his ethical teachings to place great stress on the son's duty to bear with his mother because she was harsh and violent, had she been noted for harshness and violence. But of this he says nothing. On the contrary, the impression which his words leave is that the poor woman was rather a model character than otherwise, who might have been tempted into a display of ill-temper by the misconduct of her eldest son, but whose ordinary life was not marred by constant exhibitions of the most unamiable peculiarities. Lamprocles, who belonged to the "Young Athens" party, we may suppose, would have been tempted to laugh in the paternal face when listening to such "noble sentiments," had Xanthippe been the nuisance as a wife that she is popularly supposed to have been. He would have supposed "the governor" was "chaffing," and would have turned off the matter as a capital joke. Quite the reverse of this was his conduct. He took the fatherly flogging with meekness, and probably he was all the better for such an exhibition of wholesome discipline. Xenophon does not intimate that there was anything incongruous in his teacher's conduct, but treats it as if it were quite in the regular order of things, — which we should not have expected of him, had the lady been so very bad ; for, as his work is the merest eulogy of his "guide, philosopher, and friend," it would have been natural in him to enlarge on the moral excellence of Socrates as illustrated by his insistence on the duty of

the son to love and reverence his mother, supposing Xanthippe's constant conduct was so wonderfully calculated to make her children forget their duty to her, and also was so likely to create feelings the reverse of reverential.*

But suppose we assume that the popular view of Xanthippe's daily course is the correct one, and that she would have been more than a match for that immortal shrew-tamer, Petruchio, — does it follow that nothing can be said in palliation of her doings? By no means. Take her at her worst, as women mostly are taken when men paint them, there is something to be said in her behalf. The charitable, and we believe the reasonable, view of her life is this, — that she was driven half mad by the foolish action of her wise husband. When they were married, she was, it is inferable, as sweet and fair a virgin as could have been picked out of the entire feminine population of the city of the Violet Crown, — for Socrates was the very ugliest of ugly dogs, and your ugly dog, through the workings of some inscrutable Providence, is always sure to have a handsome wife. She entered on "a union of hearts and housekeeping" with the usual high hopes that animate all young women under circumstances so interesting to them, but which are disappointed in most cases; and she meant to do her duty, and expected that her husband would be an example of industry and diligence. To be sure, she had made "no great catch," for Socra-

tes was anything but rich, and his social position, though respectable, was not high. But he was a skilful master of his father's calling, which was that of a sculptor, and a group of Graces carved by his hand was in existence at Athens five or six centuries after his death; whence it follows that he was clever at his art, and that he was capable of supporting his family in easy circumstances, as sculptors were in high favor with the Athenians in those days. But he did not choose to devote himself to productive pursuits. He took it into his head that he had a "mission," and that it was his duty to convince his fellow-citizens, who had a very high opinion of themselves, — as they well might have in the two generations following the Persian war, — that they were a collection of self-conceited noodles. "At what time Socrates relinquished his profession as a statuary," says Mr. Grote, "we do not know; but it is certain that all the middle and later part of his life, at least, was devoted exclusively to the self-imposed task of teaching; excluding all other business, public or private, and to the neglect of all means of fortune. We can hardly avoid speaking of him as a teacher, though he himself disclaimed the appellation: his practice was to talk or converse, — or to *prattle without end*, if we translate the derisory word by which the enemies of philosophy described dialectic conversation. Early in the morning he frequented the public walks, the gymnasia for bodily training, and the schools where youths were receiving instruction; he was to be seen in the market-place at the hour when it was most crowded, among the booths and tables where goods were exposed for sale; his whole day was usually spent in this public manner. He talked with any one, young or old, rich or poor, who sought to address him, and in the hearing of all who chose to stand by. Not only he never either asked or received any reward, but he made no distinction of persons, never withheld his conversation from any one, and talked upon the same gen-

* According to some accounts of the closing scenes in the life of Socrates, when his friends came to see him, very early on the morning of his last day, they found Xanthippe sitting by him, with a child in her arms, — which child could scarcely have been theirs, as both were stricken in years, Socrates being close upon threescore and ten. Probably it was a grandchild. When the visitors entered, Xanthippe burst into tears, and said, "O Socrates, this is the last time your friends will ever speak to you, or you to them!" — her tears and her words being quite unlike what might have been expected of her, if she was the odious creature that is brought to mind whenever her name is mentioned. After her exclamation, he sent her home, in order that he might not be disturbed by her lamentations; and it is added, that she left the prison with the most frantic expressions of grief, which would have been strange had she hated him.

eral topics to all. He conversed with politicians, sophists, military men, artisans, ambitious or studious youths, &c. He visited all persons of interest in the city, male or female. His friendship with Aspasia is well known, and one of the most interesting chapters of Xenophon's *Memorabilia* recounts his visit to, and dialogue with, Theodote, — a beautiful *hetæra*, or female companion. Nothing could be more public, perpetual, and indiscriminate as to persons than his conversation."*

In this lively picture of the ex-statuary's manner of life we have the probable cause, and the certain excuse, of Xanthippe's hot temper and warm words; and there are few Christian women who would not have gone as far as she went — taking her at the worst representation — in resenting such marital neglect, and in striving to punish a husband who had given up the honest task of supporting his family, and had devoted himself to the thriftless pursuit of imparting knowledge under difficulties. Had he taken pay for his teaching, the good woman, who had to think of rent and taxes, of food and clothes, of doctors' demands and milliners' bills, might have cared little for her husband's eccentric mode of getting an income. But he took no pay. He was content to be poor, which would have been laudable in him had he been a bachelor, but which was his disgrace, and justifies the treatment he finally received from the Athenians, when we note that he had a wife and three children, who looked to him for support, but who found his conduct insupportable. The house-mother probably bore with his scandalous neglect of his duties as long as any of her husband's money was left, and she could manage to get along; but when the last obolus had been drawn out of the savings' bank, and there was a dearth of cash, and a plentiful supply of care by way of keeping the balance even, she could no longer keep silence, tightly reined as were Athenian matrons, and proceeded to give Socrates a piece of her mind, —

the only gift that, thanks to his shiftlessness, she had it in her power to make to any one.

And who can blame her? There were neither pease nor pulse, figs nor olives, corn nor wine, in her larder or cellar, places which once it had been her pride to know were well filled. Her last gown had been turned, and turned again, till it could be turned no more, save to be turned into the rag-bag, — if, indeed, there were such a thing as a rag-bag in the philosopher's mansion. She had not had a new hoop for years, and had been unable to purchase the last specimen of crinoline, — that which tilts, like the old knights of departed days. Her shoes were down at heel, and were on their last legs, as well as on hers. Her cap was of that Parisian mode which had been obsolete for a lustrum. Her furs had become ragged, and would not have pawned for a week's house-rent. A new bonnet was to her but an old idea. Not a cloak or a cap had she that was not of as old a date as the battle of Delium. Her boys were sights to behold, with their stockings all holes, their toes out at the toes of their shoes, their crownless hats, their outgrown and worn-out jackets and trousers, and their thin cheeks and lanky bodies, nourished on food as thin and windy as their father's philosophy. The butcher never called at the house, having long called in vain for the amount of his last bill. The fishmonger would not have sent in a damaged pollock. The coal-dealer had declined her last application even for Rhode Island coal, warranted not to burn in this world or the next. The grocer had barred her claim to a bar of soap, and the children of the greatest of teachers were in danger of perishing from cholera, — the immortal plague of Athens was nothing but cholera, — because they could not be well washed. A "tyrannical turncock" had cut off the supply of Cochituate, and washing-day had become a tradition, which was the less matter, because there was as little to wash as there was to wash with. From attic to cellar there was nothing to be taken, or it

* History of Greece, Vol. VIII. pp. 550-552.

would have been taken on execution. The rats had long left the house, and the cat had followed them; while the domestic dog, the very incarnation of fidelity, had, in pure disgust with his master's philosophy thus practically expounded, gone off and joined the Cynic school in the Cynosarges.

It made matters all the worse, that Socrates might have had as much money as even his wife wanted. "Teaching" might have been to him a much more profitable pursuit than ever he had found "sculpting," as Mr. Artemus Ward would designate the philosopher's original calling. Had he followed the course of Prodicus, and Protagoras, and Gorgias, and others of the most renowned sophists of his day, he could have maintained his family in affluence, and kept it in the best circles,—a star of the "upper ten" of Athens,—and had a good account at his bank. A woman may marry a man for his talents and his fame, but when she finds that his talents are barren as the east wind, and that, instead of being a source of gain to him, they have led him to poverty, she may be excused for concluding that she has made a fool of herself,—a conclusion that never yet sweetened human temper, but which has soured many a temper that nature had made sweet,—and for acting in character. Seeing that he had it in his power to make money, but that he would not make it, Xanthippe sought to convert him from the error of his ways, or, failing that, to punish him. She did not effect his conversion,—that's certain, for he continued to go about Athens talking for nothing and finding himself, till his loving countrymen put him out of the way. How far she punished him for his shortcomings as a husband and a father in refusing to provide for his family,—which made him worse than an infidel,—we can only guess. He took her scolding with great coolness, according to the reports of his friends; but we know that he had as fiery a temper, from nature, as his wife had acquired from the ill-treatment she experienced at his hands; and the efforts he had to make

to keep his temper under her attacks probably were so severe as wellnigh to compensate for her sufferings. It would be satisfactory to have this point clearly made out, for justice demanded that he should not escape the proper consequences of his neglect of duty,—as he would had his temper been naturally equable, for then he would have shed Xanthippe's scoldings as wax-cloth sheds the rain.

There was yet another aggravation of the evil that flowed from the want of industry and attention to business of which Socrates was so heinously guilty, and one, too, that bore with peculiar force on the sensitive feminine mind. No woman can bear to see her husband made ridiculous. Even wives who have not been famous as conjugal models have been quick to feel the ridicule of which their husbands have been the objects. Now Socrates was made eminently ridiculous by one of the greatest wits of all time, who wrote for one of the sharpest communities that ever keenly enjoyed a capital display of the ludicrous. We, who know that he was a great teacher, are not much affected by the blackguardly attacks to which he was subjected. He is to the modern world one of the greatest of moral lights, and of all merely mundane characters of ancient days he stands highest in the estimation of Christendom. But the Athenians did not look at him with our eyes. To us, he is one of "the dead who grow visible from the shades of time," and we see him in the grand proportions assigned him by Xenophon and Plato. To the Athenians he was an ever-present character, and to many of them, including the most eminent members of the respectable classes, he was a perfect burr, sticking to them, and irritating them beyond endurance. Hence, when "The Clouds" of Aristophanes came out, and was performed before thousands of natives and foreigners, the ridiculous part assigned in it to Socrates must have been highly enjoyed by most of the upper ten, while the multitude laughed over it in the mere wantonness of mirth, as they

would have laughed at Aristophanes had Socrates been able to make him act absurdly. The philosopher took this scurrilous attack, as he took every manifestation of sentiment, friendly or unfriendly, with edifying equanimity, witnessing the performance and explaining it for the benefit of strangers. Probably he cared very little about it, for the man who looks upon praise with contempt is not likely to be disturbed by censure so coarse that it corrects itself. But it was not so with Xanthippe. She was no philosopher. She was thin-skinned, and it was a great aggravation of her other woes that her husband, and by consequence herself, was furnishing fun—the public laughing at him, not with him—for all Athens. Her female acquaintances sympathized with her after the usual fashion, which is a great deal more aggravating than the coarsest of masculine attacks. Her self-love must have been bitterly wounded, when she found that, in addition to being poor, she must be an object of laughter. It is an old saying, that the worst evil of poverty is that it makes people ridiculous, and Madam Xanthippe felt its full force in a sense that was far more cutting than it is ordinarily known to the poor. Unlike Job's wife, there was nothing lofty or dignified in the cause of her distress. She was not simply ridiculous because she was poor,—she was poor *and* ridiculous. It is not very difficult to imagine the first curtain lecture that Socrates underwent after "The Clouds" was performed. The worst of Mr. Caudle's inflictions in the same line was a blessing by comparison.

Considering all that Xanthippe suffered,—considering her disappointment through her husband's neglect of a lucrative business,—considering the provocation she had in her husband's refusal to take pay for his teachings, when the ordinary rate of interest in Athens was one per cent a month, and there were most eligible investments for all savings,—considering the enmity he incurred for his family through his offensive conduct toward the most in-

fluent citizens, and the ridicule of which he was the object,—and considering the fact that he would be off feasting with Alcibiades, and Critias, and other big-bugs, while there was not a stick of wood or a handful of wheat in his house,—considering all these things, she had good reason for making the philosopher's house too hot to hold him, that being the only way in which its cold atmosphere could be warmed. Against his treatment she protested in the only way that was left to her; and she should be looked upon, not as a shrew, who spoke out of the abundance of her heart, but as a woman asserting the rights of her sex, and denouncing a gross breach of the obligation that husband enters into with wife when they decide to make the journey of life together. As such she is entitled to the grateful remembrance of all women, as the originator of that movement which has for its end the equalization of women with men. She was a lady of the pattern of Roxana, no doubt, or she never could have had resort to conduct so extreme as war with her husband. There was nothing of the Statira about her,—nothing of the shy, silent, submissive sufferer, such as "the tyrant man" is supposed peculiarly to affect, because it is an article easily expended, or otherwise dealt with. It is not difficult to imagine her portrait: a tall, fair-haired, blue-eyed, somewhat freckled girl on the day of her marriage,—but thin, bony, and angular in later days, her looks declining with the fortunes of Athens, and as a consequence of constant domestic troubles. What became of her after the death of her husband? History is silent on the subject. Judging from the usual course, she must have finished her days in the almshouse, a not illogical conclusion to an improvident marriage. Her husband's friends could not have held her in much esteem, and, even had they been inclined to help her, had not the power to do much for her support, being involved in the catastrophe that brought a cup of hemlock to Socrates, and Socrates to

his end. Her lot is one of the saddest in history : to be miserable in life, and, because thus miserable, to be libelled in death.

Blue-Beard belongs to our gallery. He should have been one of Xanthippe's contemporaries ; and had he been so, they might have made a match, in which event he would have met his match. She was not a person to have been marched off to the Blue Chamber, there to be quartered, and to await the coming of her successor, as a defunct French king of the old monarchy used to wait at St. Denis the coming of his successor. She would have given him as hard a bout as Tom Walker's wife gave the Devil. If Blue-Beard did make such summary work with his wives, he must have had the sense to choose only Statiras for the companions of his softer hours. But did he kill them, and cut them up, and place their precious limbs in a room of his own house? The tale is full of contradictions, and ought not to be lightly accepted. Is it probable — nay, is it possible — that he would have been able to provide himself with so rapid a succession of wives, all selected from the first families too, had there been anything mysterious in the sudden deaths of the ladies at periods so brief after their nuptials had been celebrated? Would not the parents of any young lady whose hand he sought have felt it to be their duty to hint something about the extraordinary fatality that waited on the occupants of one half his couch? Some of them would have gone even further, and have spoken right out on the subject, and flatly have refused to entertain proposals for the hand of Fatima, or Shireen, or Zuleika, or Amina, until the Blue Chamber should have been fully opened to public inspection. Surely all parents are not so ready to marry their daughters as to wed them to certain and sudden death? Nor can it be supposed that all young ladies are prepared to marry a man who not only has the usual skeleton in his house, but a houseful of skeletons. It is impossible to believe that, if Blue-Beard *did* divorce

himself from his wives so truculently, he would have kept their remains in the place where he lived, and to which he was in the habit of bringing a new wife almost as often as Scheherezade's Sultan of the Indies took one. He would have refrained from preserving on the premises the evidence of extraordinary crime, and would have given the ladies Christian burial, — privately, to be sure, but decently, and with due regard for his own safety. He must have known that some one of the ladies would stumble upon the Blue Chamber, even if she never had heard of it, — and then there would have been no such thing as keeping the matter out of the newspapers. It would have been in the *Levant Herald* in a week, and the Turkish police would have been on his track, and he would have come to grief, to the joy of all good citizens. Nor is it possible to believe that, on leaving home, he should have given the keys of all his rooms to his wife at the time, with the express permission to make use of them all but one ; for he had been married too often not to have learned that all sense of the grace involved in the permission would have been lost in the thought of the prohibition, and that the Blue Chamber was as good as opened from the instant he had morally sealed it against the lady's visits. No ; he would have sent the mysterious key to some mercantile friend, with the request that it might be placed in his iron safe, under one of Hobbs's best locks. An honorable man, he would have scorned to place temptation so pointedly before the wife to whom he was so fondly attached ; and a prudent man, he would have avoided all mention even of the existence of the key, so that, when Mrs. Blue-Beard was reminded of its existence by its absence, she would have comprehended the delicacy of her lord's conduct, and appreciated it. They would have lived happily ever afterward, and a sad story would have been lost to the annals of romance. Without being too sanguine, we think Blue-Beard's married life was a far better one than appears in the popular ac-

counts. He was an admirer of the sex, and he was in search of the ideal woman, — a sort of Oriental Cœlebs, who would be content with nothing short of perfection; and how was he to know, save through comparison, who the perfect woman was? And how could he compare ladies, or proceed inductively toward the establishment of his end, without making many experiments? He was a practical philosopher, and applied the Baconian procedure, as it is generally called, to the grand matter of matrimony. Circumstances favored him, and out of these came all the scandal that has ever since clung to his name, and made him the very impersonation of a wife-killer, — so much so, that Henry VIII. is known, and in spite of Mr. Froude's labors ever will be known, as "the royal Blue-Beard," to the serious injury of the fame of the unlucky Mussulman. As to that last affair of "the magnificent three-tailed bashaw," which closed so tragically for him, and brought his course of experimental philosophy to so sudden an end, it has been grossly misrepresented; and the misrepresentation has endured because he was not alive to tell his own tale. His version of the business is wanting; but we are able, from various hints that floated in society, to piece out something like the truth. Blue-Beard was the victim of a plot formed against his life, honor, and property by Fatima, his wife, and her sister Anne, to which the brothers of those ladies and the first lover of Fatima — whom she had jilted to marry the rich Turk — were parties. Sister Anne was angry with him because he had preferred Fatima to herself. He was murdered in broad day, as a consequence of this domestic conspiracy; and Fatima, in whose favor he had made a will, came into possession of all his estates and personals, and married Ismael, or whatever the gentleman's name may have been. Proceedings so bloody required some explanation, and hence the Blue Chamber and its horrors, which the authorities believed to be a true bill, or affected so to be-

lieve; and with so much property in possession, and having afforded evidence that they did not stand upon ceremony with their enemies, the conspirators were strong enough to maintain their social position. The East is the land of violence; and if governments there were to take up and prosecute to completion every outrage that is perpetrated, they would have no time to commit outrages for their own benefit. The ample means which Fatima was mistress of made it easy for her to bribe the Grand Vizier, and so the transaction was hushed up, and the guilty parties lived most correctly, and Blue-Beard lay in his bloody tomb, sleeping with his wives, — all but one of them, — the victim of misplaced confidence.

A singularly misunderstood character, whose solid worth seems to be almost entirely unappreciated, is Gallio, Proconsul of Achaia. By Christians this excellent Roman is almost invariably spoken of as if he were one of the worst of men, — a cold-blooded fellow, indifferent to all important things, and looking with especial contempt on the new faith that Paul preached. To them he is the very model of the pococurante, and therefore actually worse than the most zealous of persecutors, — for indifference is the worst of errors in the eyes of zeal. Yet Gallio was "none of those things" that he is commonly supposed to have been, but a man of great theoretical goodness, and of corresponding conduct. He was, as we said, Proconsul of Achaia, and lived at Corinth when St. Paul arrived at that city from Athens, and had newly taken office. There was a great Jewish population at Corinth, who hated the new dispensation, and who had a special dislike for Paul, whom they regarded as a renegade of the worst description, because he was doing Old Jewry immense damage by his mighty labors. They got up a charge against the Apostle of the Gentiles, accusing him of having violated their religious law, he being a Jew. They supposed that Gallio was, as

most public men are, a popularity-hunter, and that, at the beginning of his proconsulate, he would be anxious to please the large body of Hebrews settled as a separate community at Corinth.

But Gallio "cared for none of those things" that are of so much moment in the eyes of ordinary politicians, and was so far gone in heathen morality, so indifferent to a good report of his doings from Corinth to Rome, that actually he preferred justice to cruelty, and mercy to rigor,—which, to judge from the treatment he has since received at Christian hands, constituted an offence second only to that involved in Nero's persecutions. He listened to the charge against Paul, as advanced by Sosthenes and others, with the utmost patience; but when they had ceased, and Paul was about to enter on his defence, Gallio "shut down" on the whole business, as one with which a Roman ruler had no concern. It was in his estimation, and in fact, a Jewish squabble, and therefore unworthy the attention of the masters of the world. The Jews, he saw, really had no case, and could not be allowed to take up the time of the court. It was, he said, a question of words and names, and of the Jewish law, and they must look to it, for he would be no judge of such matters: "and he drave them from the judgment-seat." The Jews at Corinth meant to use him as Jews of Jerusalem had used Pilate, and as yet other Jews at home, at a later day, used Festus and Felix; but they found him a very different man from Pilate,—one whom they could neither use nor abuse. Pilate disregarded law and morality, in his desire to appease the respectable rabble of Jerusalem, when they demanded the blood of Jesus, which he emphatically declared was innocent blood, and of which he vainly washed his hands, for the stain will not "out." Had Gallio been a moral coward, like Pilate, he would have so proceeded as to put an end to Paul's mission, either by imprisoning him, or putting him to death, or sending him to Rome on

an appeal to Cæsar. He would have "gagged" Paul for the benefit of the "old law," and at the suggestion of its supporters. This he would not do. He stood upon the Roman law, which Paul had not violated, and therefore was not allowed to speak in his own defence, as he had been guilty of no offence even according to the showing of his prosecutors, who were in reality nothing but persecutors. The Jews might deal with Paul,—if they could,—as his offence was against their superstition, as all Romans regarded it. They might excommunicate him,—a punishment of about as much weight as the excommunication of Victor Emanuel II. has proved in our time. The Greeks who watched the course of the proconsular tribunal no sooner saw the Jews ruled out of court, than they rushed upon Sosthenes, and gave him a regular "lamming" right before Gallio's face,—a specimen of Lynch law that is quite unrivalled, and which had the additional zest of being administered in the very presence of the regular tribunal, "before the judgment-seat." It was the doings of these Lynching Greeks for which Gallio cared nothing. The common notion is, that he was indifferent to Paul's doctrine, and to the points in dispute between Paul and his accusers; but this is wrong, for the Proconsul of Achaia never heard a word of Paul's doctrine, and he knew he had no legal right to take up the Jewish charge against the preacher, no matter how well it was founded. He was indifferent to the licking which the Greeks gave the Hebrew chief of the synagogue. He cared for none of their violent proceedings. To suppose that Gallio expressed any hostility or indifference to Christianity, is as absurd as it would be to suppose the Greeks who beat Sosthenes were animated by a love of Paul's principles. The Greeks hated the Jews, and the two peoples were always murdering one another in the cities around the Mediterranean, whenever they could do so; and the assault on Paul's accuser was only an incident in a bitter quarrel of religion

and of race. As to Gallio, he gave the matter as much thought — that is, none at all — as an English governor of New Zealand would give to the squabbles of a few of his subject savages, who should have fallen out about the possession of a dried skull, the original proprietor of which they had eaten so long ago that they had forgotten how he tasted, and whether he was tender or tough.

Gallio, from all that we know of him, was a man of much more than average claims to respect, on the score of talents, sense, and conduct. Annæus Novatus was his original name, and it was by his adoption into the family of the celebrated Junius Gallio that he came by that name which has so strange a place in the general estimation. He was a brother of the philosopher Annæus Seneca. "As regards the personal character of Gallio," say the English biographers of St. Paul, "the inference we should naturally draw from the words of St. Luke closely corresponds with what we are told by Seneca. His brother speaks of him with singular affection, not only as a man of integrity and honesty, but as one who won universal regard by his amiable temper and popular manners. His conduct on the occasion of the tumult of Corinth is quite in harmony with a character so described. He did not allow himself, like Pilate, to be led into injustice by the clamor of the Jews; and yet he overlooked, with easy indifference, an outbreak of violence which a sterner and more imperious governor would at once have arrested." * Gallio was one of the victims of Nero.

Caliban (who must have been a descendant of the Old Man of the Sea) is a character against whom a very strong feeling exists, and not without some reason; for he, not being put on his guard to say nothing which would criminate himself, does admit to have been guilty of certain indelicate atten-

tions toward Miss Miranda, that bear considerable resemblance to that *rap-tus mulierum* which has been the chief failing of "salvage men" time out of mind. Yet his case is not altogether a bad one. He asserts, and his master does not question the correctness of his assertion, that, when first Prospero came to the enchanted island, the two were on the best of terms, and were mutually gainers by their intercourse. Prospero told Caliban the names of the sun and the moon, and made much of him, and gave him to drink of a certain tippale which seems to have been very grateful to the uncouth creature's unsophisticated palate, — "water with berries in 't." Coffee, perhaps, or cherry rum. In return, Caliban showed to his visitor, whom he hospitably received,

"All the qualities o' the isle,
The fresh springs, brine pits, barren place, and fertile."

That so "fair a fellowship" should have been broken must be matter for regret, though, if we accept Prospero's statement, supported by Caliban's admission, Caliban was the blamable party; but may not Caliban have been tempted beyond his strength? So keen a critic as the late Mr. Thackeray gives it as his opinion that Miranda coquetted with Caliban; and if his view is right, the first offence came from the visitors, not from the host. The lady's fondness for flirtation was no excuse for the extreme measure to which Caliban was about to have resort; but it ought to be remembered that his education had been shamefully neglected, that he knew nothing of the usages of good society, and that the enchanted island formed no part of the Pays du Tendre. Gravely brought up, that specimen of the Lords of the Isles was ever disposed to take things *au sérieux*, and probably he misinterpreted the innocent demonstrations of Miranda, — demonstrations excusable as the only means of passing away the amount of time she had on her hands, and of keeping her hand in for the day when she should be restored with her father

* The Life and Epistles of St. Paul, by the Rev. W. S. Conybeare and the Rev. J. S. Howson, Vol. I. p. 418.

to court life. She must have been horribly bored on the island, which, in spite of its being enchanted, was anything but enchanting to her. Had Caliban had a clear understanding of matters, he might have pleaded Miranda's flirting propensities by way of excuse for his very demonstrative reply thereto; but he was too raw to have anything like a just perception of his rights, either moral or legal, or he would not have admitted his guilt, or have failed to advance whatever of mitigating circumstances could have been found in the young woman's conduct.

Prospero was naturally indignant when he learned what had passed, and, though he magnanimously spared the offender's life, he took out the difference in scolding. His language to his slave is not a whit more refined than that of the slave to his master. The position of Caliban is not unlike that of a black slave in those days when slavery was a stable institution; and Prospero makes a very fair likeness of a "haughty Southron." Caliban might have said that he did not go to Prospero, but that Prospero came to him; and that with respect to that little matter about Miranda, taking the darkest view of it, he was only exercising one of his *droits de seigneur*. His guests had been thrown on his island, and who knows but that he was a wrecker, and had rights of flotsam and jetsam of his own invention? He may have thought, with Sir Artegal, that

"What the mighty sea hath once possessed,
And plucked quite from all possessors' hands,"

was at the disposition of whoever could seize it and keep it; and that, by coming upon his island, father and daughter were good prize, according to the free-and-easy interpretation of the law of the strongest, by the strong, from which no appeal lies. If thus he thought, he thought viciously, not so much in a moral sense as in a material sense; for it happened that Prospero was the stronger party, and soon brought Prince Caliban to his bearings. The

superior intelligence of Prospero put it in his power to subdue the island's owner, and to seize his domain. The Italian gentleman did what so many Christians were doing in Shakespeare's time,—he helped himself to the home of an inferior race. He had resort to squatter sovereignty, and in exercise of his right to decide under what institutions he would live, he established slavery, with Ariel and Caliban as his slaves. Ariel was as much a slave as Caliban, though on time, and devoted to higher employments. Caliban was made a domestic drudge, Ariel an assistant-magician. Yet Prospero gave Ariel hard words, words not much softer than those bestowed on t'other nigger. He calls him "malignant thing," tells him he lies, and taunts him with the service he had rendered him in freeing him from the cloven pine,—which last proceeding was peculiarly ungenerous and ungentlemanly, seeing that the deliverer had made a slave of the delivered. Had Ariel so far imitated Caliban as to seek the favors of Miranda? Probably not, or he might have been successful where that "freckled whelp, hag-born," (these are some of Prospero's choice compliments to the poor devil,) failed so signally, making the greatest shipwreck that occurs in "The Tempest." For Ariel had one of those faces which "limners love to paint, and ladies to look upon." The want of society on the island would have been Miranda's excuse had she allowed Ariel to hope, and it is extremely improbable that he would have courted her after the fashion of Caliban. But the delicate spirit seems not to have been struck by the delicate maid, or Prospero, who had no patience with passion, would not have made a distinction between the two slaves, the one of his body, and the other of his mind. The manner in which these slaves bore themselves after the shipwreck is in exact keeping with their respective prospects. To Ariel, Prospero promises his freedom in two days; and hence Ariel, so sure of becoming a freedman, and with the hope of becoming a voter, labors zeal-

ously in his master's cause. Caliban has no such promise, and therefore he becomes the slave of Stephano, to whom he looks for vengeance on his oppressor. That he should have wished Prospero to be knocked in the head, was as natural as that a black slave under our old *régime* should have desired the same thing for his master; and until we are prepared to condemn the slaves who joined our armies in the late war, we ought not to denounce Caliban for wishing to ascertain whether the roof of his owner's head was more vengeance-proof than

that of the castle of Mazaepa's Polish Palatine. Prospero virtually admits the justice of Caliban's course, by forgiving him, which he would not have done had he not been conscious of having wronged him. And if the master could pardon the slave who would have squeezed his gullet *ad deliquium*, and then have cut off his head, assuredly a people who have just liberated almost four million slaves—regarded as ranging with Caliban by their lords, who are no longer their masters—ought to look with charity on the enslaved owner of the enchanted isle.

OLDPORT IN WINTER.

OUR August life rushes by, in Oldport, as if we were all shot from the mouth of a cannon, and were endeavoring to exchange cards on the way. But in September, when the great hotels are closed, and the bronze dogs that guarded the portals of the Ocean House are collected sadly in the music pavilion, nose to nose,—when the last four-in-hand has departed, and a man may drive a solitary horse on the avenue without a pang,—then we know that “the season” is over. Winter is yet several months away,—months of the most delicious autumn weather that the American climate holds. But to the human bird of passage all which is not summer is winter; and those who seek Oldport most eagerly for two months are sometimes those who regard it as uninhabitable for the other ten.

The Persian poet Saadi says that in a certain region of Armenia where he travelled people never died the natural death. But once a year they met on a certain plain, and occupied themselves with recreation, in the midst of which individuals of every rank and age would suddenly stop, make a reverence to the west, and, setting out at full speed to-

ward that part of the desert, be seen no more. It is quite in this fashion that guests disappear from Oldport when the season ends. They also are apt to go toward the west, but by steamboat. It is pathetic, on occasion of each successive bereavement, to observe the same looks and language among those who linger behind; and it needs some fortitude to think of spending the winter near such a Wharf of Sighs.

But we console ourselves. Each season brings its own attractions. In summer one may relish what is new in Oldport, as the liveries, the incomes, the manners. There is often a delicious freshness about these exhibitions; it is a pleasure to see some opulent citizen in his first kid gloves. His new-born splendor stands in such brilliant relief against the confirmed respectability of the “Old Mill,” the only thing, on the Atlantic shore which has had time to forget its birthday. But in winter the Old Mill gives the tone to the society around it; we then bethink ourselves of the crown upon our Trinity Church steeple, and resolve that the courtesies of a by-gone age shall yet linger here. Is there any other place

in America where gentlemen still take off their hats to one another, on the public promenade? The hat is here what it still is in Southern Europe, the lineal successor of the sword as the mark of a gentleman. It is noticed that in going from Oldport to New York or Boston, one is liable to be betrayed by an over-flourish of the hat, as is an Arkansas man by a display of the bowie-knife.

Winter also imparts to these spacious estates a dignity which is sometimes wanting in summer. I like to stroll over them during this epoch of desertion, just as once, when I happened to hold the key of a church, it seemed pleasant to sit, on a week-day, among its empty pews. The silent walls appeared to hold the pure essence of the prayers of a generation, while the routine and the ennui had vanished all away. One may here do the same with fashion as there with devotion, extracting its finer flavors, if such there be, unalloyed by vulgarity or sin. In the winter I can fancy these fine houses tenanted by a true nobility; all the sons are brave, and all the daughters virtuous. These balconies have heard the sighs of passion without selfishness; those cedar alleys have admitted only vows that were never broken. If the occupant of the house be unknown, even by name, so much the better. And from homes more familiar, what lovely childish faces seem still to gaze from the doorways,—what graceful Absences (to borrow a certain poet's phrase) are haunting those windows!

There is a sense of winter quiet that makes a stranger soon feel at home in Oldport, while the prospective stir of next summer removes the feeling of stagnation. In most quiet places, one suffers from the knowledge that everybody wishes them to be unquiet; but nobody has any such longing here. Doubtless there are aged persons who deplore the good old times when the Oldport mail-bags were larger than those arriving at New York. But if it were so now, what memories would there be to talk about? If you wish for "Syrian peace,

immortal leisure,"—a place where no grown person ever walks rapidly along the street, and where few care enough for rain to carry an umbrella or walk faster,—come here.

My abode is on a broad, sunny street, with a few great elms overhead, and with large old houses and grass-banks opposite. There is so little snow that the outlook in the depth of winter is often merely that of a paler and leafless summer, and a soft, spring-like sky almost always spreads above. Past the window streams an endless sunny panorama, for the house fronts the chief thoroughfare between country and town;—relics of summer equipages in faded grandeur,—great fragrant hay-carts,—vast moving mounds of golden straw,—loads of crimson onions,—heaps of pale green cabbages,—piles of gray tree-prunings, looking as if the patrician trees were sending their superfluous wealth of branches to enrich the impoverished orchards of the Poor Farm,—wagons of sea-weed just from the beach, with bright moist hues, and dripping with sea-water and sea-memories, each weed an argosy, bearing its own wild histories. At this season, the very houses move, and roll slowly by, looking round for more lucrative quarters next season. Never have I seen real estate made so transportable as in Oldport. The purchaser, after finishing and furnishing to his fancy, puts his name on the door, and on the fence a large white placard signifying "For Sale." Then his household arrangements are complete, and he can sit down to enjoy himself.

By a side-glance from our window, one may look down an ancient street, which in some early epoch of the world's freshness received the name of Spring Street. A certain lively lady, addicted to daring Scriptural interpretations, thinks that there is some mistake in the current versions of Genesis, and that it was Spring Street which was created in the beginning, and the heavens and earth at some subsequent period. There are houses in Spring Street, and there is a confectioner's shop; but it is

not often that a sound comes across its rugged pavements, save perchance (in summer) the drone of an ancient hand-organ, such as might have been devised by Adam to console his Eve when Paradise was lost. Yet of late the desecrating hammer and the ear-piercing saw have entered that haunt of ancient peace. May it be long ere any such invasion reaches those strange little wharves in the lower town, full of small black gambrel-roofed houses, with projecting eaves that might almost serve for piazzas. It is possible for an unpainted wooden building to assume, in this climate, a more time-worn aspect than that of any stone; and on these wharves everything is so old, and yet so stunted, you might fancy that the houses had been sent down there to play during their childhood, and that nobody had ever remembered to fetch them back.

The ancient aspect of things around us, joined with the softening influences of the Gulf Stream, imparts an air of chronic languor to the special types of society which here prevail in winter,—as, for instance, people of leisure, tradespeople living on their summer's gains, and, finally, fishermen. Those who pursue this last laborious calling are always lazy to the eye, for they are on shore only in lazy moments. They work by night or at early dawn, and by day they perhaps lie about on the rocks, or sit upon one heel beside a fish-house door. I knew a missionary who resigned his post at the Isles of Shoals, because it was impossible to keep the Sunday worshippers from lying at full length on the seats. Our boatmen have the same habit, and there is a certain dreaminess about them, in whatever posture. Indeed they remind one quite closely of the German boatman in Uhland, who carried his reveries so far as to accept three fees from one passenger.

But the truth is, that in Oldport we all incline to postures of repose. Now and then a man comes here, from farther east, with the New England fever in his blood, and with a pestilent desire

to do something. You hear of him, presently, proposing that the Town Hall should be repainted. Opposition would require too much effort, and the thing is done. But the Gulf Stream soon takes its revenge on the intruder, and gradually repaints him also, with its own soft and mellow tints. In a few years he would no more bestir himself to fight for a change than to fight against it.

It rather makes us smile, therefore, to observe that universal delusion among the summer visitors, that we spend all winter in active preparations for next season. Not so; we all devote it solely to meditations on the season past. I observe that nobody in Oldport ever believes in any coming summer. Perhaps the tide is turned, we think, and people will go somewhere else. You do not find us altering our houses in December, or building out new piazzas even in March. We wait till the people have actually come to occupy them. The preparation for visitors is made after the visitors have arrived. This may not be the way in which things are done in what are called "smart business places." But it is our way in Oldport.

It is another delusion to suppose that we are bored by this long epoch of inactivity. Not at all; we enjoy it. If you enter a shop in winter, you will find everybody rejoiced to see you—as a friend; but if it turns out that you have come as a customer, they will look a little disappointed. It is rather inconsiderate of you to make such demands out of season. Winter is not exactly the time for that sort of thing. It seems rather to violate the conditions of the truce. Could you not postpone the affair till next July? Every country has its customs. I observe that in other places, New York for instance, the shopkeepers seem rather to enjoy a "field-day" when the sun and the customers are out, and the business and the ladies drive. In Oldport, on the contrary, men's spirits droop at such times, and they go

through it sadly. They force themselves to it during the summer, perhaps,—for one must make some sacrifices,—but in winter it is as inappropriate as strawberries and cream.

The same spirit of repose pervades the streets. Nobody ever looks in a hurry, or as if an hour's delay would affect the thing in hand. The nearest approach to a mob that one ever sees here is when some stranger, thinking himself late for the train, (as if the thing were possible,) is tempted to run a few steps along the sidewalk. On such an occasion I have seen doors open, and heads thrust out. But ordinarily even the physicians drive slowly, as if they wished to disguise their profession, or to soothe the nerves of some patient who may be gazing from a window.

Yet they are not to be censured, since Death, their antagonist, here drives slowly too. The number of the aged among us is surprising, and explains some phenomena otherwise strange. You will notice, for instance, that there are no posts before the houses in Oldport to which horses may be tied. Fashionable visitors might infer that every horse is supposed to be attended by a groom. But the tradition is, that there were once as many posts here as elsewhere, but that they were removed to get rid of the multitude of old men who leaned all day against them. It obstructed the passing. And yet these aged citizens, while permitted to linger at their posts, were gossiping about men still older, in earthly or heavenly habitations, and the sensation of longevity went on accumulating indefinitely in their talk. Their very disputes had a flavor of antiquity, and involved the reputation of female relatives to the third or fourth generation. An old fisherman testified in our Police Court, the other day, in narrating the progress of a street quarrel: "Then I called him 'Polly Carter,'—that's his grandmother; and he called me 'Susy Reynolds,'—that's my aunt that's dead and gone."

In towns like this, from which the

young men mostly migrate, the work of life devolves upon the venerable and the very young. When I first came to Oldport, it appeared to me that every institution was conducted by a boy and his grandfather. This seemed the case, for instance, with the bank that consented to assume the slender responsibility of my deposits. It was further to be observed, that, if the elder official was absent for a day, the boy carried on the proceedings unaided; while if the boy also wished to amuse himself elsewhere, a worthy shoe-dealer from across the way came in to fill the place of both. Seeing this, I retained my small hold upon the concern with fresh tenacity; for who knew but some day, when the directors also had gone on a picnic, the senior depositor might take his turn at the helm? It may savor of self-confidence, but it has always seemed to me, that, with one day's control of a bank, even in these degenerate days, something might be done which would quite astonish the stockholders.

Longer acquaintance has, however, revealed the fact, that these Oldport institutions stand out as models of strict discipline beside their suburban compeers. A friend of mine declares that he went lately into a country bank, near by, and found no one on duty. Being of opinion that there should always be some one behind the counter of a bank, he went there himself. Wishing to be informed as to the resources of his establishment, he explored desks and vaults, found a good deal of paper of different kinds, and some rich veins of copper, but no cashier. Going to the door again in some anxiety, he encountered a casual school-boy, who kindly told him that he did not know where that financial officer might be at that precise moment, but that half an hour before he was on the wharf, fishing.

Death comes to the aged at last, however, even in Oldport. We have lately lost, for instance, that patient old postman, serenest among our human antiquities, whose deliberate tread

might have imparted a tone of repose to Broadway, could any imagination have transferred him thither. Through him the correspondence of other days came softened of all immediate solicitude. Ere it reached you, friends had died or recovered, debtors had repented, creditors grown kind, or your children had paid your debts. Perils had passed, hopes were chastened, and the most eager expectant took calmly the missive from that tranquillizing hand. Meeting his friends and clients with a step so slow that it did not even stop rapidly, he, like Tennyson's Mariana, slowly

"From *his* bosom drew
Old letters."

But a summons came at last, not to be postponed even by him. One day he delivered his mail as usual, with no undue precipitation; on the next, the blameless soul was himself taken and forwarded on some celestial route.

Irreparable would have seemed his loss, did there not still linger among us certain types of human antiquity that might seem to disprove the fabled youth of America. One veteran I daily meet, of uncertain age, perhaps, but with at least that air of brevet antiquity which long years of unruffled indolence can give. He looks as if he had spent at least half a lifetime on the sunny slope of some beach, and the other half in leaning upon his elbows at the window of some sailor boarding-house. He is hale and broad, with a head sunk between two strong shoulders; his beard falls like snow upon his breast, longer and longer each year, while his slumberous thoughts seem to move slowly enough to watch it as it grows. I always fancy that these meditations have drifted far astern of the times, but are following after, in patient hopelessness, as a dog swims after a boat. What knows he of the President's Message? He has just overtaken some remarkable catch of mackerel in the year thirty-eight. His hands lie buried fathom-deep in his pocket, as if part of his brain lay there to be rummaged;

and he sucks at his old pipe as if his head, like other venerable hulks, must be smoked out at intervals. His walk is that of a sloth, one foot dragging heavily behind the other. I meet him as I go to the post-office, and on returning, twenty minutes later, I pass him again, a little farther advanced. All the children accost him, and I have seen him stop — no great retardation indeed — to fondle in his arms a puppy or a kitten. Yet he is liable to excitement, in his way; for once, in some high debate wherein he assisted as listener, when one old man on a wharf was doubting the assertion of another old man about a certain equinoctial gale, I saw my friend draw his right hand slowly and painfully from his pocket, and let it fall by his side. It was really one of the most emphatic gesticulations I ever saw, and tended obviously to quell the rising discord. It was as if the herald at a tournament had dropped his truncheon, and the fray must end.

Women's faces are apt to take from old age a finer touch than those of men, and poverty does not interfere with this, where there is no actual exposure to the elements. From the windows of these old houses there often look forth delicate, faded countenances, to which belongs an air of unmistakable refinement. Nowhere in America, I fancy, does one see such counterparts of the reduced gentlewoman of England, — as described, for instance, in "Cranford," — quiet maiden ladies of seventy, with perhaps a tradition of beauty and bellehood, and still wearing always a bit of blue ribbon on their once golden curls, — this head-dress being still carefully arranged, each day, by some handmaiden of sixty, so long a house-mate as to seem a sister, though some faint suggestion of wages and subordination may be still preserved. Among these ladies, as in "Cranford," there is a dignified reticence in respect to money-matters, and a courteous blindness to the small economies practised by each other. It is not held good-breeding, when they meet in a

shop of a morning, for one to seem to notice what another buys.

These ancient ladies have coats of arms upon their walls, hereditary damasks among their scanty wardrobes, store of domestic traditions in their brains, and a whole Court Guide of high-sounding names at their fingers' ends. They can tell you of the supposed sister of an English queen, who married an American officer and dwelt in Oldport, — of the Scotch Lady Janet, who eloped with her tutor, and here lived in poverty, paying her washerwoman with costly lace from her trunks, — of the Oldport dame who escaped from France at the opening of the Revolution, was captured by pirates on her voyage to America, then retaken by a privateer and carried into Boston, where she took refuge in John Hancock's house. They can describe to you the Malbone Gardens, and as the night wanes and the embers fade, can give the tale of the Phantom of Rough Point. Gliding farther and farther into the past, they revert to the brilliant historic period of Oldport, the successive English and French occupations during our Revolution, and show you gallant inscriptions in honor of their grandmothers, written on the window-panes by the diamond rings of the foreign officers.

The newer strata of Oldport society are formed chiefly by importation, and have the one advantage of a variety of origin which puts provincialism out of the question. The mild winter climate, and the supposed cheapness of living, draw scattered families from the various Atlantic cities; and, coming from such different sources, they leave some exclusiveness behind. The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power, are doubtless good things to have in one's house, but are cumbrous to travel with. Meeting here on central ground, partial aristocracies tend to neutralize each other. A Boston family comes, bristling with genealogies, and making the most of its little all of two centuries. Another arrives from Philadelphia, equally fortified in local heraldries unknown in Boston. A third from New York brings a

brief pedigree, but more gilded. Their claims are incompatible. There is no common standard, and neither can have precedence. Since no human memory can retain the great-grandmothers of three cities, we are practically as well off as if we had no great-grandmothers at all.

But in Oldport, as elsewhere, the spice of conversation is apt to be in inverse ratio to family-tree and income-tax, and one can hear better repartees among the boat-builders' shops on Long Wharf than among those who have made the grand tour. All the world over, one is occasionally reminded of the French officer's verdict on the garrison town where he was quartered, that the good society was no better than the good society anywhere else, but the bad society was capital. I like, for instance, to watch the shoals of fishermen that throng our streets in the early spring, inappropriate as porpoises on land, or as Scott's pirates in peaceful Kirkwall, — unwieldy, bearded creatures in oil-skin suits, — men who have never before seen a basket-wagon or a liveried groom, and whose first comments on the daintinesses of fashion are far more racy than anything which fashion can say for itself.

The life of our fishermen and pilots remains active, in its way, all winter; and coasting vessels come and go in the open harbor every day. The only schooner that is not so employed is, to my eye, more attractive than any of them; it is our sole winter guest, this year, of all the graceful flotilla of yachts that helped to make our summer moonlights so charming. While Europe seems in such ecstasy over the ocean-race, there lies at anchor, stripped and dismantled, a vessel which was excluded from the match, it is said, simply because neither of the three competitors would have had a chance against her. I like to look across the harbor at the graceful proportions of this uncrowned victor in the race she never ran; and to my eye her laurels seem the more attractive. She seems a fit emblem of the genius that waits,

while talent merely wins. "Let me know," said that fine, but unappreciated thinker, Brownlee Brown, — "let me know what chances a man has passed in contempt; not what he has made, but what he has refused to make, reserving himself for higher ends."

All out-door work in winter has a cheerful look, from the triumph of caloric it implies; but I know none in which man seems to revert more to the lower modes of being than in searching for sea-clams. One may sometimes observe a dozen men employed in this way, on one of our beaches, while the northwest wind blows keenly (our coldest wind), and the spray drifts back like snow over the green and sluggish surge. The men pace in and out with the wave, going steadily to and fro like a pendulum, ankle-deep in the chilly brine, their steps quickened by hope or slackening with despair. Where the maidens and children sport and shout in summer, there in winter these heavy figures succeed. To them the lovely crest of the emerald billow is but a chariot for clams, and is valueless if it comes in empty. Really, the position of the clam is the more dignified, since he moves only with the wave, and the immortal being in fish-boots wades for him. These bivalves resemble the quahaug, and are chiefly salted down for bait. After a heavy gale, a man may sometimes gather several bushels.

The harbor and the beach are thus occupied in winter; but one may walk for many a mile along the cliffs, and see nothing human but a few gardeners, spreading green and white sea-weed as manure upon the lawns. The mercury rarely drops to zero here, and there is little snow; but a new-fallen drift has here just the same virgin beauty as farther inland, and when one suddenly comes in view of the sea beyond it, there is a sensation of summer softness. The water is not then deep blue, but pale, with opaline reflections. Vessels in the far horizon have the same delicate tint, as if woven of the same liquid material. A single wave lifts itself lan-

guidly above a reef, — a white-breasted loon floats near the shore, — the sea breaks in long, indolent curves, — the distant islands swim in a vague mirage. Along the cliffs hang great organ-pipes of ice, distilling showers of drops that glitter in the noonday sun, while the barer rocks send up a perpetual steam, giving to the eye a sense of warmth, and suggesting the comforts of fire. Beneath, the low tide reveals long stretches of golden-brown sea-weed, caressed by the lapping wave.

High winds bring a different scene. Sometimes I fancy that in winter, with less visible life upon the surface of the water, and less of unseen animal life below it, there is yet more that seems like vital force in the individual particles of waves. Each separate drop appears more charged with desperate and determined life. The lines of surf run into each other more brokenly, and with less steady roll. The low sun, too, lends a weird and jagged shadow to gallop in before the crest of each advancing wave, and sometimes there is a second crest on the shoulders of the first, as if there were more than could be contained in a single curve. Greens and purples are called forth to replace the prevailing blue. Far out at sea great separate mounds of water rear themselves, as if to overlook the tossing plain. Sometimes these move onward and subside with their green still unbroken, and again they curve into detached hillocks of foam, white, multitudinous, side by side, not ridged, but moving on like a mob of white horses, neck overarching neck, breast crowded against breast.

Across those tumultuous waves I like to watch, after sunset, the revolving light; there is something about it so delicate and human. It seems to bud or bubble out of the low, dark horizon; a moment, and it is not, and then another moment, and it is. With one throb the tremulous light is born; with another throb it has reached its full size, and looks at you, coy and defiant; and almost in that instant it is utterly gone. You cannot conceive yourself to be

watching something which merely turns on an axis, but it seems suddenly to expand, a flower of light, or to close, as if soft petals of darkness clasped it in. During its moments of absence, the eye cannot quite keep the memory of its precise position, and it often appears a hairbreadth to the right or left of the expected spot. This enhances

the elfish and fantastic look, and so the pretty game goes on, with flickering surprises, every night and all night long. But the illusion of the seasons is just as coquettish, and when next summer comes to us, with its blossoms and its joys, it will dawn as softly out of the darkness, and as softly give place to winter once more.

MARBLE QUARRIES.

ONE by one pale forms of beauty,
Which so long in darkness lay,
Have been summoned from their caverns
To the adoring light of day.

Gods, for many vast Olympiads,
Rested here in snowy sleep,
Record of whose grim awaking
No historic pages keep.

Through insensate sunless æons,
Niobe for Scopas wept;
And the fingers of Apollo
On his lyre of marble slept.

Here the Dying Gladiator
Lived eternities of pain,
While the Cnidian Aphrodite
All her charms revealed in vain.

Here the priestly Trojan struggled
In the snake's eternal rings,
Typing Ormuzd, and Osiris,
And the God whom Milton sings;—

Julius and the Young Augustus;
Proserpine, with Egypt's Dream;
Near the mighty Galilean,
Sophists of the Academe,—

Flashing out in ghostly whiteness,
Trembling like a vesper bell
On the soul of Phidias, dreaming,
Or where Myron's mantle fell.

So the dazzled Tuscan, gazing,
Saw, where Sinai's glory shone
From the lightning-veiled Jehovah,
Moses, in his tomb of stone.

But there is one solemn chamber,
Which has been forever locked ;
Though its portal would have opened,
Had angelic Michel knocked.

Shade of Buonarotti ! Fondly
Seek that cavern's marble keep,
Where, with face upturned, our martyr
Lies in pale and dreamless sleep.

Nothing of the Roman toga,
Or the world's forgotten dress,
Drapes his figure, all unclassic
Save its garb of commonness.

Something of the Roman Lictor,
In that presence, is revealed
By the axe, so long uplifted
For those giant arms to wield.

Classic as the blacksmith apron,
Which the hosts of Persia bore,
Time will make that booted woodman,
And the hunting-shirt he wore.

Gently break his marble slumber ;
Place him in our central land,
With the title earned by labor,
And its sceptre in his hand !

Show the lines of care and travail,
Wrinkling patient eyes and brow
Like the oxen's in the furrow,
Toiling wiser than they trow, —

Eyes of seer, whose prophet vision
Saw Virginia's gallows-tree
Shaping, through the smoke of cannon
To a dream of Galilee.

Through his roughly nurtured features
Let a childlike sweetness play !
So the Godlight filled the stable
Where the Babe of Mary lay.

Carve those lips, whose inspiration,
Like Isaiah's psalm and sigh,
Thrilled us when the ghosts of armies,
On their burial-field, passed by.

Throne the Anointed of the people,
Clasped and folded to their heart
For his *homely* grace, demanding
Grand embodiment in art.

Crown him with the nation's sorrow!
Diadem him with her stars!
Wreath below, with black men's muskets,
Treason's gonfalon of bars.

Time's Avenger! He has waited —
With the axe uplifted — long,
While the Upas grew, which, falling,
Crashed through centuries of wrong.

THE CUSTOM OF BURIAL WITH THE HEAD TOWARDS THE EAST.

IN Shakespeare's *Cymbeline* there occurs a passage suggesting a curious question, to which it has not been easy to find an answer. It is that where Guiderius and Arviragus are preparing to bury Imogen, who, in the dress of a youth, lies apparently dead. Guiderius says, —

"Nay, Cadwal, we must lay his head to the east;
My father hath a reason for 't."

What was that reason? In the flood of annotation which has been poured over the plays of the greatest of poets, there has been no reply to this rather interesting inquiry. We have quite enough of a guidance that perplexes or misleads, of illustrations that do but darken, and emendations of what was quite straight till private hands intermeddled to crook it. There is plenty of vapid and false criticism, from one of the most learned of English bishops; from one of the most ponderous of English moralists; from one of the most shining names in classic English verse. But no critic or commentator that we know of, from "piddling Tibbald" to Coleridge the transcendental, with his cloudy pomp of professional words and fanciful abstractions, has had

a syllable to bestow upon this point. Knight's *Pictorial* has no representation of it. Our own ingenious Mr. Hudson offers no lesson or conjecture about it. Mr. Richard Grant White — and he alone, so far as we know, has had his attention called to this subject — says: "What was Belarius's reason for this disposition of the body in the ground, I have been unable to discover." If we turn to the German version of the play by Schlegel and Tieck, we find that the passage is not only not explained, but entirely mis-translated. It is made to say,

"Nay, Cadwal, we must lay his *face* to the east";
"Nach Osten, Cadwal, muss sein *Antlitz* liegen";

which is certainly wide of the original by just half the circumference of the earth; for if the face is to look eastward, the head must, of course, be reclined westward. The two brothers were about to bury the brutish Cloten, whom Guiderius had just slain, at the same time with the beautiful boy whom they so tenderly lamented. And doubtless he would have had them both laid out in the same direction; — for, as he said,

"Thersites' body is as good as Ajax,
When neither is alive";

and the reason that his father had given, whatever it was, would still apply here. But again, what *was* that reason? If the command had been to lay the head to the opposite quarter of the sky, we can readily suppose what the motive was for such a requisition. The face would then be turned towards the east, the sunrise, and the doctrine of the resurrection might thus seem to be symbolized. But, on the contrary, the countenance of the dead is made to front that portion of the heavens where the sun does nothing but sink towards its setting, and set.

And yet that cheerful and encouraging idea is not the one that is most frequently presented in the religious usages of the ancient world. Quite the reverse. The description that we here have in Shakespeare corresponds with the funeral customs that generally obtained before the Christian era. We have it from Ælian and Plutarch, that such was the method in ancient Greece, and especially among the people of Athens. We hear the voice of the Delphic Apollo:—

“Go, first propitiate the country’s chiefs,
Who, when interred, faced the declining sun.”

There is some discrepancy, indeed, among the Greek writers on this subject. But there can be little doubt that the fact is as we have stated. Sir Thomas Browne, in his *Hydriotaphia*, asserts—and seems to have good authority for the assertion—that the Phenicians, children of the East as they were, turned the dead face towards the west.

Under the influence of Christianity this order was reversed, and doubtless for the reason that has been already assigned. The ancient Christian writers are agreed in their testimony, so far as they give any, that, in burial, the countenance was turned towards the sky, in sign of a heavenly origin; and towards the east, in sign of an immortal hope. Robert Herrick, the Catullus of English poetry, expresses this in the *Hesperides*:—

“Ah, Bianca! now I see
It is noon and past with me.

In a while it will strike one;
Then, Bianca, I am gone.
Some effusions let me have
Offered on my holy grave;
Then, Bianca, let me rest
With my face towards the east.”

But, as if here also there must be some confusion, we read in one of the old dramatists the following lines:—

“I turn thy head unto the east,
And thy feet unto the west;
Thy left arm to the south put forth,
And the right unto the north.”

Just the contrary of what was quoted before. And it is worth observing that the figure thus described is cruciform. The hands extended at right angles with the body, instead of lying at the side, or being folded upon the bosom, could never have been a prevailing mode of interment, and is evidently meant to be merely an image of the great crucifixion. And all this corresponds perfectly with the aspect of the vast church structures which were going up in various parts of Europe in the Middle Ages, taking centuries to build, with many thousands of men sometimes working at once upon a single building. A hundred thousand workmen, Michelet assures us, were employed at the same time upon the sculptured pile at Strasbourg; and there is the marvel at Cologne not finished yet. The cathedrals were in the shape of a cross, with their head, the most sacred part, where was the chapel of the Madonna, always lying towards the east. This latter fact is remarkable, and may throw some light on the subject we have now in view. We naturally conclude that this position was adopted on account of the superior sanctity of that quarter of heaven from which Christ came, and the light of his Gospel first dawned. The lines just quoted clearly transfer this position and idea from the church-building to the human body as it is laid in the grave. There is a passage in Michelet’s *History of France* that sets forth the same thought, and expands it with so much fancy and rhetorical fervor that it is worth reciting, if it were only as a sample of his peculiar style, poetic

and idealistic, of writing history. "The cathedral," he says, "is a petrified mystery, a suffering in stone; or, rather, it is the Sufferer himself. The whole edifice, in the austerity of its architectural geometry, is a human body. The nave, stretching out its two arms, is man on the cross; the crypt, the church under ground, is man in the tomb; the tower, the spire, — it is still he, but up, and mounting to heaven. In that choir, bent from the line of the nave," — it should be remarked that only in a very few instances is it found so bent, — "you see his head bowed in agony; you recognize his blood in the burning purple of the windows. Let us touch these stones with care; let us tread softly upon these pavements. Everything there bleeds and suffers yet. A great mystery is passing before us." This may sound very fanciful. But even the cautious Dean Milman avers, in his *History of Latin Christianity*, that the Gothic cathedral was "typical in every part, from the spire to the crypt."

Under impressions like these, it would not have been singular if a correspondent usage had sprung up (though there is perhaps no positive evidence of it) of laying the heads of the deceased towards the rising sun, as is indicated by the old dramatist quoted. Indeed, we should wonder if it had been otherwise; and there is fair ground of conjecture that such may have actually been the case in some instances; in some instances, we say, for it does not seem likely that the original tradition of all Christendom should ever have been extensively departed from, and its primitive usage been thus inverted.

But now, again, — as if the subject could never be wholly free from contrary facts and discordant testimony, — the direction in which the apse of the church pointed was by no means universally the same. In France and in Germany it pointed, indeed, pretty uniformly to the east, — in the great Gothic structures, perhaps, invariably so. In the temple of St. Sophia at Constan-

tinople, erected centuries before the Northern builders arose, it was so. In London, the modern cathedral of St. Paul's, as well as the ancient Abbey, are both calculated on the same principle of orientation. But in Italy the case is strikingly otherwise. The greatest churches of Rome, with St. Peter's at their head, open their vast *portals* to the populace on their eastern side, instead of presenting to that sacred quarter the close mysteries of their chancel and high altar and uppermost recess.

It is now time to gather up into some distinct statements the result of what has been suggested, and see if we can get at what was in the mind of Shakespeare when he made Guiderius say, "My father hath a reason for 't." And first, it has been the habit of all religions to regard some one particular point of the horizon as holy above all the rest, to which all observances had reference. The stationary Hindoos sought with their eyes the fabulous mountain of the gods, towards the cool north, through the far mists that would never allow them the vision of it. The roving Goths, in their worship of Odin, stormed towards the South after that city of Asgard where they were to find fulness of joy. The Mussulmans, wherever they spread their carpets for devotion, turn towards Mecca, the city of the prophet. The Hebrews worshipped *towards* the holy temple, and, when that was thrown down, towards the hill where it had stood. So early as when that temple was dedicated, King Solomon spoke of those who, in the after ages, should pray towards that place; and the Prophet Daniel, in his exile, when he opened his windows in the direction of Jerusalem as he prayed, was imitated by whole generations of his people, in their longer exile and wider dispersion over every part of the earth. Now this same Jerusalem was the point toward which turned Christian worship in the early centuries of the Church. Jerusalem invited Christian arms for its deliverance a part of the time, and attracted Christian hearts to it by their most sacred sympathies always. It

was not like Mount Merû in the North, where the gods sat in council; nor like the city Asgard in the South, where the gods sat at their feasts; but, far away in the East, it was the place of the Master's grief and sepulchre.

We are tempted here to repeat an anecdote relating to the superstitions of some, at least, of the African slaves of our Southern States. It is taken from a letter addressed by Dr. Robert W. Gibbes to Governor Alston of South Carolina, a few years ago. The Doctor writes: "Negroes are generally fatalists, and believe that every one has his time appointed to die; and if it be come, they expect to die; and if not, they will get well without medicine. Frequently I have found the patient's bed turned from its position of the day before, in order that he might die with his face towards the rising sun; and often have I had it restored, informing them that their 'time had not come to go home,' as they call it." It is an affecting story, and not wholly out of place here. Doubtless the poor fellows, from a similar feeling, would like to have their eyes, after their sight was gone, turned still in the same direction. The east and their native land, the home of their memory and the home of their hope, would naturally run together in the gleams and shadows of that parting hour.

A further reflection is this. As the eastern quarter of the heavens, both from history and from sentiment, as the point whence religions sprang and the point where the day breaks, would naturally be the religious quarter to the Western nations, whether the head or the face of a corpse was studiously deposited in the direction of the Orient would be equally significant in a religious view. There would be the same pious intent; though it would partake, in the one case, more of an historical, and in the other, more of an allegorical character. If the *head* were to the east, it would lie nearest to the scene of miraculous events, and to ground considered thrice holy. If the *face* were to the east, it would, beside such local ref-

erences, or even without them, prefigure the great hope of human souls.

To return to the line and a half of Shakespeare which have given occasion to this wide ramble of a disquisition. The action of the play is in Britain, just previous to the Christian era. Britain was then the chief seat of the Druidical institutions. Its religious ceremonies were those of the Druids. Now it would be in the highest degree probable, even before making any researches into the subject, that this religion of sacerdotalism and caste, so unlike anything of European birth, did not originate in that extreme corner of the old Western world. It would be too violent a conjecture that such could be the case. The elder Pliny must have told but a small part of the story in saying that this religion was brought into Britain from Gaul; and Julius Cæsar must have been still further from the fact in saying that it was brought into Gaul from Britain. If you go on into Germany, where it contrived to gain a footing, you will still be a great way off from its primitive domain. Eastward, — still eastward. Its doctrines, its ceremonies, its symbols, and the names of its divinities, closely resembling the Sanscrit, afford large testimony that *India* was its native soil. Even so early a writer as Aristotle, and Diogenes Laërtius after him, rank the Druidic priesthood with the priesthoods of the remotest East; and modern scholarship has followed out that idea with ample confirmations. A writer in the second volume of the Asiatic Researches has the boldness to say that "Stonehenge is evidently one of the temples of Buddha"; and again, "that the Druids of Britain were Brahmins is beyond the least shadow of a doubt." This may be spoken extravagantly, but the general idea that Druidism may be traced back to the Hindoos may be regarded as well sustained. In view of this fact, and especially when we consider how much addicted this worship was to the observation of heavenly phenomena and the cardinal points of the sky, nothing is more natural than that

it should choose to lay the buried body with the head towards the sacred land of the East. The motive would be precisely parallel with that which determined the position of the cruciform church of the Middle Ages.

When, therefore, old Belarius, in the play, prescribes that mode of interment, and "hath a reason for 't," we may be willing to travel to the East Indies to discover what that reason was. And there is fair ground for thinking that there we find it. We are confirmed in this conclusion by a certain air of mys-

tery that seems to hang over the passage which is so singularly and abruptly introduced into the dialogue. And since the burial usage in Christian countries was exactly the reverse of the instruction here given, may we not entertain the thought that the universal mind of Shakespeare meant to mark that difference, and to show, by one touch of his art, that the persons of his drama lived at a time when a foreign faith ruled in his native island, and there was as yet no Christendom?

HEROES OF CENTRAL AFRICA.

THE old Fathers supposed that the terrestrial paradise was situated in Central Africa, and the two Chinese gentlemen who lately visited Great Britain "for literary purposes" probably noted down that some such superstition still prevails in that benighted land. How else could they explain the great social event of last season? Would they dare to assert in their book (which is doubtless by this time advertised in the *Celestial Gazette*) that an English gentleman of wealth and leisure, who had it in his power to visit any part of the world, not excepting even China itself, preferred to pass several years in a series of swamps near the African equator, exposed to every kind of danger, discomfort, and disease, — excluded from all society save that of illiterate and ignoble savages, — and that, on his return home, instead of being clapped into a lunatic asylum, he was welcomed by the voice of the nation, conducted to the foot of the throne, and made a mandarin of many tails? And why? Because he had discovered that a river which did not belong to Great Britain came out of a lake which did not belong to Great Britain, — and this same practical people, who show themselves so anxious to establish

their factories at the mouths of rivers in China (without displaying the least curiosity respecting the sources of these rivers) could yet burn with universal enthusiasm and pride because their countryman had performed this difficult but utterly useless feat? No, that kind of thing would not go down at Pekin. The travellers might quote in their defence all that in the West is considered sacred and unchangeable, — a speech by Sir Roderick Murchison, or a leader in the *Times*. That would not help them in the least: they would be scouted by society, their tails would be cut off, they would be beaten with the Great Bamboo, and their publisher would be covered with shame.

But what would they say if they heard of the Alpine Club, — that insane association of Englishmen who repair to Switzerland at certain seasons for the purpose of climbing up and sliding down the steepest places which they can find? Two or three of them break their necks every year, and their companions write picturesque letters to the daily journals, describing the catastrophe. One would suppose that it was not in the power of man to devise anything more absurdly dangerous than this; but that honor has

been reserved for a barrister named McGregor, who, after helping to establish ragged schools and the hoot-blackening brigade, suddenly took to paddling over waterfalls, &c. in a kind of pocket-canoe, and has lived sufficiently long to publish a book about it. A Canoe Club has been started in consequence, which, if a few members are drowned at once, may prove a brilliant success. African exploration, therefore, is a sober and business-like pursuit when compared with these. There is usually some scientific pretext for the expedition, there are always some scientific results from it, and there is a prevalent idea that explorers are the harbingers of Christianity, commerce, and civilization.

Now that the physical sciences are at length becoming part of a gentleman's education, we may hope that the future generation of explorers will adopt a course of training in geology, botany, &c. And as for civilization, we know the undeviating sequence of events;—that after the traveller comes the mission-house; after the mission-house, the factory; after the factory, the fort. But do not let us delude ourselves with these dreams as far as Central Africa is concerned. While so many fertile and healthy regions of the earth offer immediate reward to capital and labor, it would be ridiculous to waste efforts upon a continent which does not possess a single great navigable river, which has no doubt immense resources in its bosom, but which at present yields little beyond ivory, inferior rubber, inferior ebony, and a scanty supply of gold, and which is girdled by sullen, treacherous natives, and by marshes in which no white man can live. Let us not sing of "Africa and golden joys," but take the common-sense view of the question, by putting common sense out of the question altogether. Central Africa is the Holy Land of the present day. The old Crusading spirit lives; it is only the equipments that have been changed,—the newest breech-loader for the palmer's staff, and Scotch tweed for chain ar-

mor. Explorers resemble the knights-errant of olden times; they exile themselves from Society, and return (if living) after many years to be crowned with her laurels and rewarded by her smiles. It is all so romantic and mediæval that I am only afraid it cannot last. Some modern Cervantes will arise, and, with a typical John Bull as Don Quixote, and some native Sambo as Sancho Panza, will "smile all our chivalry away," at least the little that is left. Well, that day must come at last. When all our coal and iron are exhausted, and England is made a meadow, and Central Africa has been rendered habitable, its swamps nicely drained, and its deserts covered with alluvium, some remote descendant of Sir Samuel Baker may perhaps take a villa on the shores of the Albert Nyanza, and go there in the dry season for the purpose of reading, "in the quaint characters of the nineteenth century," the travels of his great ancestor upon the spot celebrated by his triumph. Nothing more romantic than those travels ever occurred in the ages of romance; nothing more poetical was ever invented by a poet's brain. It is all like a dream from the enchanted past, and, as if to crown the illusion, not even the gilt spurs are wanting. Sir Samuel is the first African explorer whose services have received public recognition; and this innovation proceeded from a Tory government,—a solemn warning to those who disbelieve in supernatural influences.

This is the story of the Nile. There are two rivers, the Blue and the White. Bruce discovered the sources of the Blue Nile, previously described by the Portuguese Jesuits, and it was not known till some time afterwards that the White Nile was really the main stream. Its sources are derived from two lake basins (as Ptolemy asserted in ancient days). Burton and Speke discovered one of these lakes, the Victoria Nyanza, and returned to the eastern coast, whence they had started. Speke and Grant found the Nile flowing out of the Victoria Nyanza, and

followed it down towards the sea. As they arrived at Gondokoro, a dirty little slave-station upon the White Nile, they met another party entering the arena which they were about to leave. That must have been a remarkable sight. On the one side two weary, ragged men, sick of Africa, and emaciated by disease. On the other an English sportsman in good health and spirits, with armed men, horses, astronomical instruments, elephant guns, gaudy presents, and all the paraphernalia of exploration. At first Baker was mightily disconsolate: he feared that there was nothing left for him to do. But Speke informed him of the other great lake, which he himself had been unable to reach on account of a native war. This was the Albert Nyanza; and Speke, by putting Baker upon its scent, has earned his share in the honors of the second lake, as well as of the first. On the other hand, he never realized the importance of this second basin; he always maintained that he had "settled the Nile question," and died, like Columbus, without having grasped the meaning of his own discoveries.

Baker stands supreme above other explorers on account of the remarkable obstacles which he overcame. It must be understood that the natural road to the Nile sources, by going up the river towards them, had been abandoned after repeated failures. The British government had sent in their two last expeditions (on the suggestion, I believe, of Dr. Beke) from the eastern coast, with the view of striking in upon the head-waters of the Nile by this more indirect but more practicable route. Sir Samuel, however, accomplished that which Mr. Petherick and other competent judges had pronounced to be impossible. It had been supposed that Gondokoro could be opened only from the inside; and that the Turkish slave-traders, who justly regard British travellers as the forerunners of "Abolition," would never allow one to pass that barrier. In fact, those who have read "The Albert Nyanza," which is as fascinating

and dramatic as a novel, will remember how these gentry corrupted his escort, and threatened his life; and how it was solely by the exercise of a quality which, had he been killed, would have been called "lamentable rashness," that he succeeded in penetrating into Central Africa at all.

Sir Samuel was accompanied during his four years' hard travel by his wife, a young, handsome, and very delicate-looking Hungarian lady, who on one occasion saved the expedition from ruin by her promptitude and tact; who, after they had discovered the lake, urged her husband to extend their explorations, in order to solve a certain geographical problem, although at that time she could scarcely walk; and who even showed that she could handle a sword, and mingle in a *mêlée* when his life appeared to be in danger. It may be remarked, by the way, that this young heroine does not consider it necessary to wear any such hermaphrodite costume as that lately adopted by Doctor Mary Walker, but dresses with taste, is perfectly feminine in every way, and has passed through the somewhat difficult ordeal of a London season with considerable *éclat*.

Sir Samuel declares that he will never go to Africa again, and it is to be hoped that he will keep his word. He could add nothing to his reputation, and he has fairly earned repose. But there is one explorer who makes no such resolutions, and who would inevitably break them if he did. In fact, Dr. Livingstone may be considered as a resident in unknown parts of Central Africa, and an occasional traveller in England. He speaks our language with a Bechuana accent, and has been seen wandering down St. James's Street, in the height of the London season, in a gold-laced cap and a thick Inverness cape. It is evident that he is not at home in civilization, and as the Greenlander, decoyed to the sunny south, pines for his whale's blubber and his snow hut, so Dr. Livingstone escapes with relief from the pleasures and luxuries of the great metropolis to his dear Caffres and

the homely comforts of the *kraal*. Not that this is to be wondered at. There is nothing so delightful as fresh air and liberty. It is a grand thing to be able to live in a country where one is secure from the tyranny of social observances, and can enjoy freedom without being compelled to wield the franchise in defence of it; where whatever is not suggested by taste is not dictated by necessity; where one is not obliged to wear tight boots, or make morning calls, or go out to evening parties, or read newspapers, or answer letters; where one can return to the primitive simplicity and (if desired) to the primitive nakedness of man; where the silvered surface of the mountain stream is the traveller's looking-glass, and the forest leaf his pocket-handkerchief; where he eats only when hungry (and not always then); where the wide earth is his couch to-night, and to-morrow may be his grave, and the round stone, now his pillow, may become his tomb-stone, and the gray fever-mists which are now his bed-curtains may be his shroud in disguise. Well, Dame Nature treats us badly now and then. Sometimes she makes it too hot for us, and sometimes too cold; sometimes too dry, and sometimes too damp; she blows her dust into our eyes, entangles us with her thorns, wearies us with her mountains, and half drowns us in her floods; burns us, freezes us, starves us, pinches us, poisons us, and sooner or later murders us outright; but then what joys she reveals to us if we desert the strong-holds of civilization, and let her take us all up in her arms! It is not always that her features are dark and convulsed with rage, that blue lightning darts from her eyes and that thunder rolls from her voice, that venom falls upon us from her lips, and that she grips us tightly in her awful grasp. No; often when we have closed our eyes, and are passively awaiting death, we feel those arms relax, and a soft, warm bosom palpitates beneath us, and pours its sweet intoxicating juices through our veins; and from her eyes, like golden suns, stream down upon us rays of

maternal love; and as we are borne along with an undulating motion, her voice murmurs music in our ears, her locks of hair are flowers which perfume existence, and within us we feel the vibrations of a mighty soul.

It is a glorious and awful thing to be alone in the desert,—a speck in that mighty solitude,—a spark in the abyss. Behind the traveller is the memory of past dangers, before him is the absolute unknown. Every step is a novelty, a sensation; the summit of every eminence may disclose to him a prodigy; and all the while his mind is caressing this one idea:—"I am the first white man who has trodden on this land, who breathes this air. I can call that mountain after anybody I choose: it belongs to me. The Geographical Society will give me a gold medal; I shall have to make a speech; my name will be printed in all the maps";—and so on.

Well, I presume that this species of ambition is as good as any other, and it does not appear to be cursed with satiety as soon as the others are. No wonder that Livingstone loves the wilderness. It is more remarkable that he should love the savage, whom Sir Samuel cordially detests. But this, perhaps, can be explained.

The Anglo-Saxon explorer enters Africa with his mind fixed upon one geographical point, towards which he strides, impatient of annoyance and chafing at the least delay. The natives of the country he regards simply as savage or domestic animals. If they belong to the camel species, he uses them; if they belong to the tiger species, he overawes them or avoids them; and if they belong to what he considers the monkey species, he despises and detests them, because he does not understand them. Revering honesty and truth, he finds himself surrounded by dishonesty and lies; in every village he is the centre of intrigues; he is regarded as a bird of passage to be plucked; his dealings with the savage are those of buyer and seller, which are never of an elevating character, and in which the African certainly does not appear to an

advantage. They, on the other hand, ignorant of the value of time, cannot comprehend his anxiety to leave them; they are offended by his brusqueness, and by the contemptuousness which he does not care to hide; and a bad feeling will often spring up from no other cause, — for they are the most vain and sensitive creatures in the world.

But the missionary lives among them as a minister in his parish; he acquires their language, understands their methods of thought, becomes habituated to their constant duplicity, learns how to handle their stubborn, suspicious natures, sometimes how to win their poor little childish hearts, and sometimes, as in Dr. Livingstone's case, is won by them. It is evident from his last book that he loves the savage to distraction. He wishes to persuade us that the African, outside of Dahomey, never sacrifices anything more highly endowed with life than a flower or a shrub, and that his fetish-worship, which is no religion at all, is superior to the religion of Mohammed; and indignantly denies that the negro is being converted to Mohammedanism in parts of Africa which he has not visited. Of course his asseverations upon this point must be rejected, since they are not founded upon experience; and this charming confidence in the gentle African, which induces him to assert that the organized murders which prevail all over Northern Guinea are confined within the precincts of Dahomey, does more credit to his heart than to his head. But let us turn from what he thinks, to contemplate what he has done.

David Livingstone was born of poor parents, but like most Scotchmen can boast of remote ancestors, and a family history pregnant with traditions. At the age of ten he was put into a factory as a *piecer*, and bought Ruddiman's "Rudiments of Latin" out of his first week's wages. He pursued the study of that language for many years afterwards at a night-school, between the hours of eight and ten, and on his return home would pore over his dic-

tionary and grammar till his mother snatched the books out of his hands, and packed this intellectual debauchee off to bed. In this way he learned to read Horace, Virgil, and other authors whose merits are not appreciated by the ordinary school-boy. Indeed, it is much to Livingstone's credit that at an age when most puerile stomachs reject all mental food in favor of short-bread, toffee, oatmeal cakes, and other Caledonian delicacies, he should have devoured everything in the shape of literature (excepting novels) that he could find. Scientific works and books of travel, he tells us, were his chief delight; but his father, conceiving the former to be hostile to religion, attempted to substitute for them "The Cloud of Witnesses," Boston's "Fourfold State," and other excellent but somewhat indigestible productions. Young Livingstone appears to have taken these condiments with reluctance; and when ordered to read Wilberforce's "Practical Christianity," he became desperate, rebelled outright, and was soundly thrashed for his lack of filial obedience and literary taste. However, the works of Dr. Thomas Dick having afterwards fallen into his hands, he was induced to come to terms with theology, and finally determined to go as a missionary to China. With a wisdom which every missionary would do well to emulate, he began at once to study medicine, scoured the country with Culpepper's "Herbal" under his arm, searching for simples, and used to read while at work in the factory, placing his book upon a portion of the spinning-jenny. Thus he acquired that power of abstracting his mind in the midst of uproar, which he found of use afterwards when studying native languages in an African village, where all is tam-tam-beating, conch-blowing, and general conversation in a tone of voice equal in force and volume to a European shriek. The money which he earned by cotton-spinning in the summer enabled him to attend medical, Greek, and divinity classes at Glasgow in the winter. Having been admitted as a Licentiate of the Faculty

of Physicians and Surgeons, he offered his services to the London Missionary Society, on account of its unsectarian character; and, the opium war putting China out of the question, he volunteered for Southern Africa, to which country Moffatt's gigantic labors were beginning to attract attention.

He started for Africa in 1840, and remained there till 1856. He took up his abode in the far interior, married Moffatt's daughter, and labored for many years as a missionary among the Caffres. He made, also, in virtue of his vocation, several important journeys, sometimes accompanied by Mr. Oswell, who has modestly concealed his adventures from the world, but who is known to be the greatest of all elephant-hunters, and who was with Dr. Livingstone when Lake Ngami was discovered.

But Livingstone, like many other men, owes his renown to a misfortune. A dispute arose between the natives and the Dutch Boërs; it soon flamed into a kind of war. The Doctor, of course, took the part of his parishioners, and the Boërs, in order to drive him out of the country, destroyed his house and property. Livingstone returned home from a journey to find the house which he had built with his own hands in ashes, and the lexicons and dictionaries which had been the companions of his boyhood scattered and torn. He mourned over this ruin awhile, but consoled himself with the thought that he was now free. "They want to shut the country, — I will open it," said he. He girded up his loins, sung (or might have done so) the *Nunc te dimittis*, and disappeared into the wilderness.

On the western coast of Africa, somewhat less than a thousand miles above the Cape, is, a large and ancient city, San Paolo de Loanda. It is the metropolis of Angola, a Portuguese province, and ranks next only to Goa in importance and in beauty. Prior to the discovery of Brazil it was resorted to by the noble adventurers of Portugal, who performed wondrous exploits against the savages, and who searched

the mountains diligently for red gold. When the New World came into fashion, Angola was made use of simply as a slave-mine, Loanda as its port; and since the abolition of that "engaging pursuit," the great city has been crumbling slowly away. It has still its governor's and its bishop's palace; but its harbor is empty, its College of the Jesuits has been converted into an ox-stable, and the province has been made a penal settlement.

Now it happened that her Britannic Majesty's Consul for Loanda, Mr. Gabriel, on returning home from a walk one day, found a short, swarthy man pacing up and down his piazza, in apparently an anxious frame of mind. He was dressed in an old pea-jacket, and was not particularly clean. The "distressed British sailor" is a phenomenon not entirely unknown to consuls, and this appeared a most transparent case. Mr. Gabriel inquired his business.

"Well, I have just come up from the Cape of Good Hope," said the stranger.

Mr. Gabriel looked puzzled, perhaps a little incredulous. "I was not aware," said he, "that any vessel from the Cape had come into port to-day."

"No," said the other, dryly. "*I came by land.*"

At these words, as when the magic charm is pronounced in the fairy tales, the dirty rags fell off, and disclosed, not precisely a beautiful princess, but the famous Dr. Livingstone, rumors of whom, sometimes ominous and always vague, had occasionally floated to San Paolo de Loanda.

Mr. Gabriel maintained him and his twenty-seven Makololo for seven months. Poor Gabriel! He was a generous, warm-hearted man, and was carried off by the African climate, after resisting it for many years. His last deed of kindness to a stranded traveller was extended to the present writer, who paid him a visit, without credentials of any kind, and with the sum of three and sixpence in his possession. But he was welcomed, nour-

ished luxuriously, and royally accommodated with the sinews of travel. Mr. Gabriel was not one of those who are hospitable only to celebrities.

Dr. Livingstone, in spite of continued ill-health, was determined to redeem the promise which he had made of restoring his faithful companions to their homes. On September 20, 1854, he started from Loanda, and performed the unparalleled feat of crossing the continent of Africa from the western to the eastern shore.

The Portuguese of Lisbon have attempted to depreciate this achievement, which, however, dazzled the Portuguese of Angola and the Mozambique. When travelling in the former country, the planters chattered to me about the stupendous man who had ridden all that way upon an ox, and without any umbrella. One gentleman showed me the result of an astronomical observation which the Doctor had marked on the wooden floor with a hot poker. A large family of mulatto children clustered round these hieroglyphics, which they regarded with great reverence; and the name of Livingstone, which they cannot pronounce, will go down among them mangled to posterity.

When he went to Africa the second time, it was no longer as an obscure missionary, but as an emissary of the British government, and distinguished men crowded to the quay to shake hands with him before he sailed. A steamer was placed under his command; he was directed to explore the Zambesi, and, if possible, to establish the nucleus of a settlement upon its shores. The Church of England mission, too, attracted by his glowing descriptions of Eastern Africa, and assured of its healthiness, sent out many able and enthusiastic men. The fate of that mission is well known; an account of its martyrdoms has just been published; and although its author, the Rev. Mr. Rowley, brings no charge against Dr. Livingstone, it is impossible to absolve him entirely from blame. As for his expedition, some important geographical discoveries were made,

especially those of the Lakes Shirwa and Nyassa; and owing to the exertions of Dr. Kirk the Kew Gardens have been enriched with a fine collection. But in all important matters, the Zambesi, as Dr. Livingstone ought to have known before he went there, is navigable only for a short distance, and its shores are too unhealthy for purposes of settlement. If the expedition had a political purpose, and there is no doubt that Great Britain wants another *point d'appui* in Eastern Africa, it failed. The book also failed. It was necessarily inferior to his first; it was tarnished by several sectarian personalities; and in fact it was thrown completely into the shade by the Nile discoveries.

But it must always be remembered that Baker and Speke are mere triflers in Africa, compared with Livingstone. He is the father of African travel; and, having remained in England only long enough to write his book, he has gone out again, this time alone, to explore the country south of the Nyanzas. He has been appointed by the government to what is called a *roving consulate*, that is to say, he is H. B. M. Consul for Central Africa, and can go to any part of it he pleases.

Let us now turn to a man of very different intellectual calibre, though of less popular fame as an explorer. Captain Burton has earned a niche among the heroes of Central Africa by his journey to the Lake Regions, which cleared the path for the discovery of the sources of the Nile. But, as we shall see in turning over the leaves of his remarkable life, he has earned laurels not in one continent only, but in almost every region of the world, and in many different provinces of human knowledge.

Captain Burton claims descent from the celebrated author of the "Anatomy of Melancholy." He was educated on the Continent, which partly accounts for the cosmopolitan nature of his character. When old enough to go to Oxford, he matriculated at Trinity College, but soon grew weary of the dull routine of college discipline and study, "cut "

lectures, chapels, and halls, and plunged ardently into Cornelius Agrippa, and other writers on the art of magic, inspired by the same eccentric passion for the mysterious and unknown which carried him afterwards from the beaten tracks of life into the deserts of Africa and Arabia. He left Trinity, as may be supposed, without taking a degree, refused a commission in the Queen's, hungering not after garrison conquests, the bow-window of the "Rag," the "sweet shady side of Pall-Mall," and other fascinations of domestic military life, but accepted (in 1843) a commission in the Eighteenth Sepoy Regiment of the Bombay Presidency. With intervals of travel (from which emanated "Goa or the Blue Mountains," "The Unhappy Valley," and other books) he spent the first six years of his military career in Sind, then a newly conquered Mohammedan province. He became a favorite of Sir Charles Napier, who gave him a staff appointment, and allowed him to roam over the new territory as canal engineer. During five years he spent his days and nights almost entirely among the natives, and at the end of that period was able to pass an examination in six Eastern languages. In 1849, an attack of rheumatic ophthalmia, the result of overwork, sent him home; he remained in Europe three years, absorbing civilizing influences. In 1852, his health being restored, he volunteered to explore the great unmapped waste of Eastern and Central Arabia. The Court of Directors refused, fearing that he would perish, like Stoddard Conolly and the brothers Wyburd, and that his friends would come with requisitions to trouble the peace and devour the patronage of the India House. However, they granted him a twelvemonth to perfect himself in the knowledge of the Oriental languages. He considered that he could do this best by performing the pilgrimage to Mecca *in character*, and, having disguised himself in England as the Sheikh Abdallah, embarked for Southampton in a Peninsular and Oriental steamer. He passed a month at

Alexandria, practising as an Indian doctor; and as he not only possessed considerable knowledge of medicine, but was a potent Mesmerist, and could do the "magic-mirror business," he quickly established a thriving practice, and was offered by one old lady a hundred piastres (nearly one pound sterling) to remain at Alexandria, and superintend the restoration of her blind left eye.

It was not without difficulty, "involving much unclean dressing and expenditure of horrible English," that he obtained from the English Consul a certificate declaring him to be an Indo-British subject named Abdallah, doctor by profession, and, "to judge from certain blanks in the document, not distinguished by any remarkable conformation of nose, mouth, or cheeks." For I should have explained that Nature had gifted him with a thoroughly Oriental face, as if by way of suggesting to him the enterprise in which he was now engaged. This, of course, combined with his intimate knowledge of Eastern languages and habits to facilitate matters immensely. "Golden locks, and blue eyes," he remarks, "however desirable *per se*, would have been sad obstacles to progress in swarthy Arabia."

Having purchased the necessaries for his pilgrimage, including a shroud, without which no good Mussulman undertakes any perilous journey, he went on to Cairo, (third-class in a little steamer, facetiously called the "Little Asthmatic,") where, in order to learn still more of native character, he set up a little shop in groceries and drugs, at an outlay of thirty shillings. His chief customers were little boys, who came, half-pence in hand, to buy, not gingerbread, as in the celebrated cent-shop in "The House of the Seven Gables," but sugar and pepper, its equivalent in Egypt. He then went through the ordeal of the Rhamadan (the terrible Mohammedan fast), but before starting for Mecca fell into the evil company of a military Albanian, with whom he drank of that which is forbidden, and scandalized the neighborhood.

If the reader wishes to learn how he journeyed through the desert to Mecca, and afterwards to Medina, how he drank of the waters of Zem-Zem, kissed the Black Stone, and visited the tomb of the Prophet, he must refer to Captain Burton's narrative itself. It was a most remarkable achievement, anticipated by Burckhardt, but accomplished by no one else belonging to the present generation.

Not less daring was his journey to Harar, an African Mecca situated in the Somaui country. Here he was absolutely without European predecessors, and he considers it himself the boldest of all his undertakings.

Shortly after his return from the Somaui country, he was placed at the head of the expedition, already alluded to, for exploring the Lake Regions of Central Africa, and received gold medals from the Geographical Societies of London and Paris. When the second expedition was sent out, Captain Burton, for some reason as yet unexplained, was passed over, and Captain Speke was placed in command. The former was appointed Consul at Fernando Po, and, having spent his holidays in a visit to Utah, he went there in 1861. Though not precisely a roving consulate, he was afforded facilities for making many excursions (to call them by a very modest word) into the interior. He was the first to ascend the Cameroons Mountain, — a dormant volcano rather higher than the Peak of Teneriffe (which he has also ascended), and on the summit of which he discovered snow, although it is on the African equator. He made trips to the Gaboon, to the Congo, to Loanda, explored the river Volta, and paid a visit to the King of Dahomey. He is now Consul at Santos, Brazil, and has just obtained from the Brazilian government the concession of a lead mine which he discovered at Iporanga.

Captain Burton is not only a great explorer; he is a scholar and a man of the world. He is one of our leading Orientalists, gained a scholarship in a native university in India, has taken

his degree as Master in Sufism, — the parent philosophy of Free-Masonry, — and obtained a diploma as dervish; for he is learned in all the theology of the Mohammedans. He has considerable knowledge of botany, medicine, and geology; earned a *brevet du point* in France, for skilful swordsmanship; is a first-rate shot, horseman, and athlete; is acquainted with most of the European languages, and with all European literature, ancient and modern; can sketch cleverly; can forge horseshoes; and is translating Camoens into English verse. In conversation, he is almost omniscient. I have never yet heard a subject started in his presence on which he had not something to say worth remembering. To sit next to him at dinner is to enjoy a banquet of the brain. It is amazing that he should be gifted with so many various and opposite qualities of mind, — still more amazing that he should have found time to do so much. But what is there that a steady, unslacking will, supported by a good physical constitution, cannot achieve? During his Indian years he worked usually fourteen or sixteen hours a day. He is fond of society, but it is that he may absorb knowledge from minds as he does from books. He never throws time away; when not reading, writing, or observing, he is either listening or talking. He does not play at billiards or cards; and these are the devouring elements of young men's lives. Our other pleasant vices take up less time, and we generally learn something from them, — though it is an expensive method of education, and not to be recommended; but these devour the mind, and yield nothing to it in return.

How is it, then, it might be asked, that this man of many attainments has not won a mightier reputation? In the East, it is true, his name is a household word; in Europe and America, he is admired by a cultivated fragment of the public; to the outside masses he is almost entirely unknown.

To this I reply, that a man is known widely only by his books, and Captain

Burton's books do not do him justice. In the first place, they lack sentiment; there is nothing in them that appeals to the emotions and the sympathies; all is cold and hard. He represents only the base or ludicrous side of the human beings with whom he is brought in contact. There is no spark of the man in his books; he hides himself away in a prickly shell. He tells the story of his sufferings, his dangers, and his triumphs, but all in a diary-entry, business-like kind of way; he does not reveal the anguish and the transports with which they must have been accompanied. We look in vain among his writings for those painful and touching scenes which make our hearts bleed for the narrators. We find there no Mungo Park, sitting alone and helpless in the desert, yet saved from despair by the contemplation of a beautiful moss which reveals to him the hand of the Creator; no Samuel Baker, hanging over the bed of his delirious wife; no David Livingstone, returning to find his home desolate and strewn with the leaves of his beloved books. Captain Burton is too proud to lay bare his heart to the public eye; and while we can admire this dignity and reserve, we maintain that it is almost fatal to the success of a personal narrative. The traveller writes an *Odyssey*, of which he himself is the *Ulysses*; he should, therefore, artistically speaking, lay all modesty aside, and render the *Ego* as attractive a personage as he can; which, in Burton's case, would be accomplished by simply putting himself down on paper. If unwilling to do this, he must attempt to interest the reader in his subordinate characters, or by displaying powers of description. But this Burton will not or cannot do; he never warms into eloquence; he is not a lover of nature; he does not as an author cultivate *l'art de plaire*; and, indeed, so far from striving to please his reader, he appears to regard him as a natural foe, and seldom neglects an opportunity of trampling on his prejudices or of sneering in his face.

His books, then, appeal solely to the brain, and this at once reduces him to a select circle of admirers; but these even have many reasons to complain. He is decidedly difficult to read. His weapons are so numerous that he over-arms himself, and does not wield them with sufficient skill. He does not possess the gifts of selection and arrangement. His works contain innumerable gems, but piled pages on pages without method, huddled up in so obscure a heap that the ordinary reader yawns past them with half-closed eyes. It is only the man of knowledge who can detect the precious thoughts among the rubbish, and who can comprehend the richness of the mind whence they are drawn. One would imagine that his method of composition was simply to empty out his Lett's pocket-book upon foolscap paper, and send the manuscript to the printers without further elaboration. There is always abundance of good raw material, but then it is so very raw,—half-developed ideas crawling about on all fours, unpeeled witticisms, and a heterogeneous mass of scientific facts, which ought to be neatly labelled and put away in an appendix, or cunningly introduced into the body of the text. In short, Captain Burton's mind is represented in his books as the zoological collections of the British Museum are represented in the glass cases of that establishment,—nothing is seen to its best advantage, and half of the specimens are not seen at all.

It is evident that his style has been corrupted by his Oriental studies; but since he possesses these immense stores of information, with considerable powers of original thought, humor, and observation, why does he not study the science of book-making, in which there is so much that is mechanical, but which cannot be mastered without brain-sweat and patient thought? No writers accumulated facts with greater industry than Balzac and Macaulay; but they exercised yet greater labor upon their style, till they had so perfected it that the common eye, dazzled by the

beauty of the fabric, often fails to observe the materials of which it is composed. How was this done? By scrupulous self-criticism and unremitting toil. Macaulay would sometimes write a sentence over half a dozen times before it would read smoothly to his ear; and Balzac wrote the *Peau de Chagrin* sixteen times. Thus drudged the great masters of two great languages. No genius, however splendid, can afford to dispense with style. Style is structure, without which a book is not a building, but a quarry, — style is voice, without sweetness of which there can be no true eloquence, — style is art, which adorns the nakedness of human thought, and composes symmetry of sentiments and of ideas.

I have said much upon this subject because I am convinced that, if Captain Burton chose, he might become an agreeable writer. But I am aware that it is not true criticism to demand neat literary manipulation in the works of men who spend the greater portion of their lives away from their own language, and who are usually forced to write hurriedly, that the book may appear before the discovery has died from the public mind. Sir Samuel Baker is a literary artist, as well as a gallant explorer; but we have no right to expect this double talent in travellers, and

to blame them if we do not find it. They are great authors, though in another way, — they perform poems instead of writing them; and some day, perhaps, from the deeds of these heroes of Central Africa a Camoens will rise to put them into words.

"What is there new out of Africa?" Livingstone is no longer by the waters of the Lake Nyassa. Some of his men have returned sick, but he has gone on. He has raised the curtain which hangs before the portal of the unknown world; it falls behind him, and we hear of him no more. Yet, though lost, he is not forgotten; he has a place in the heart of all who read these pages, and of thousands more besides.

These words were penned two months ago: how altered is their meaning now! I borrowed an image from death, and death makes it a reality; I wrote an adieu, and it becomes an epitaph.

Another name in the long calendar of African martyrology, — Ledyard, Ritchie, Mungo Park, Burckhardt, Clapperton, Lander, Laing, Vogel, Baikie, and many more. But this last name, LIVINGSTONE, is the most glorious of all. Glorious as a missionary of the Gospel, glorious as a geographical discoverer, he died gloriously as a warrior, fighting to the last.

REVIEWS AND LITERARY NOTICES.

The Twin Records of Creation; or Geology and Genesis: their Perfect Harmony and Wonderful Concord. By GEO. W. VICTOR LE VAUX. London: Lockwood & Co.

In making the Lion of Geology and the Lamb of Genesis lie down together in the same Procrustean bed, Mr. Le Vaux has naturally found it necessary to clip somewhat the claws, mane, and tail of the lion, and to somewhat elongate the lamb. And, after all, there is not so great a family resem-

blance between the two, we think, as to suggest the idea of twinship to anybody but Mr. Le Vaux. The process of adaptation itself is not exactly novel, but there is something original in our author's spirit, if not his method, which gives his book a peculiar interest. He has always had, he confesses, a passion for geology; and he enters into a description of the different geological periods — which correspond in his theory to the days of the Scriptural history of creation — with the greatest delight in the marvels of his theme. He revels in the sea of prime-

val fire ; he floats enchanted on the waves of the shoreless ocean ; his fancy feeds fat upon the gigantic grasses and ferns of the era of large vegetables ; he is the intimate acquaintance of the Ichthyosaur, the Iguanodon, and the Pterodactyl. With all this, it cannot be said that he develops more than an elementary knowledge of the science he loves, or that he appears to be in any respect a learned or wise man. He writes his book with the aid of profuse quotation from the poets, and when their fancy does not supply him with facts he draws upon his own ; and he believes in the sea-serpent. He does not always quote correctly, and he attributes Pope's "Messiah" to Steele. He imagines that "betimes" is identical in meaning with *at times* ; and his immense megalosauric sense becomes occasionally entangled in the mammoth vegetation of his tropical language ; as, for example, when he says, in a description of the Oolitic world :—

"Far, far below, the base of the hill on which we stand is washed by the swelling billows of the Western main, the white-crested waves breaking betimes over the rocks and shallows, as they roll *to* or recede *from* the shore. Boundless prairies, decked with an ocean of gorgeous verdure, spread out, far as the eye can reach, towards the mid-day sun. The eastern horizon is bounded by forests of gigantic pine and fern, which are woven together by thick luxuriant underwood, and the intervening plains are studded, at intervals, with circular groves of palm and shrubs."

This colossal passage is preliminary to an account of an awful Oolitic mill between the Megalosaur and the Iguanodon, the champions being respectively twenty and twenty-seven yards in length, and of proportionate height and bulk. Mr. Le Vaux, in his character of special reporter, says :—

"But terrific cries are wafted towards us on the breeze,—cries which reverberate through the mountains like the rumblings of thunder on the distant hills,—the cries of monsters about to engage in mortal combat, the 'war-whoop' of the huge Megalosaur and colossal Iguanodon. As the waves of a thousand hurricanes roll to the rock or assault the shore, so the former advances ; as a huge rock meets the mighty waves of a thousand tempests, so does the latter meet the former. As a hundred storms of winter, gloomy and dark, pour down from frowning mountains, as a hundred torrents from the hills meet, mix,

and roar in the valley, so dark, so loud, impetuous, and terrible is the deadly encounter of these primeval monsters. Their roaring, their groans, resound through the vales and forests, spread over the hills, and re-echo from rock to rock. Nature seems to be hushed in fear and amazement,—every living creature flies away from the scene of encounter in confusion and terror. But lo ! the monsters have rolled over and over on the plain,—Death has raised his voice,—the tumult ceases,—one of them (the Iguanodon) has fallen a victim to the ferocious strength and superior activity of the other, and soon is his carcass partially devoured by the voracious victor."

The fate of another champion of the primeval P. R.—the Pterodactyl—is portrayed in strokes quite as bold and massive as these :—

"But hark ! crashing sounds resound in the brushwood ; the dumb noise of ponderous footsteps strikes the ear ; when, lo ! a gigantic animal, far larger than the largest elephant, emerges from the forest and appears on the scene. His snout is narrow and long, but of immense power, and his mouth is furnished with prodigious and terrific teeth, shaped or serrated like the teeth of a saw, those of the lower and upper jaws fitting exactly into each other. His neck is long, and his huge body is as large as the wooden horse of Troy,—as a ship of ancient times ; his legs and feet are proportionately massive and thick,—like the trunks of some gigantic oaks which have braved, in triumph, the storms of a thousand years ; and, as a whole, his dimensions are enormous beyond all conception. Onward, however, comes the king of the prairies ; forward he rushes, and with one stroke of his terrible foot—with one thrust of his powerful claws—the unwieldy teleosaurian crocodile is struck dead on the mud, and immediately devoured."

Whatever may be thought of the direct result achieved for the reconciliation of science and revelation by Mr. Le Vaux, we imagine all his readers must agree that he has at least effected a negative good by rendering geology much more incredible than Genesis.

Famous Americans of Recent Times. By JAMES PARTON. Boston : Ticknor and Fields.

THE favor done to this age and generation by Mr. Parton in taking eminent pub-

lic men out of the keeping of panegyric and abuse, and giving them to popular knowledge in some appreciable human quality, is scarcely to be over-estimated, and it has certainly not till now been valued enough. Mr. Parton did not begin by pleasing the critics, and his recognition was tardy and cool, though he had long been one of our most popular writers. He wrote at once for the people, and, while preserving perfectly his self-respect, made the people his sole judges. He paid them also the highest compliment in his power, by refusing to seek their favor through flattery of their prejudices. His heroes, in spite of his great popularity, are not the popular heroes; he who honors his readers so greatly does not at all honor their idols. It must be said of Mr. Parton that each person of whom he writes is the man at whose character he has arrived by the most diligent study of all his words and acts. It may result sometimes that Mr. Parton is mistaken; but we feel that he has never willingly deceived himself, nor suffered himself to be deceived. We cannot believe that he has ever written carelessly. These delightful stories, which hold us with the charm of romance, are not only the work of a very skilful artist, but of a very honest man, not less conscientious as to why he shall say a thing, than as to how he shall say it. We need scarcely add, that it is the work also of a generous and liberal spirit, having no more sympathy with successful meanness than with mere baseness of purpose.

The biographical studies which make up this volume present the same general characteristics observable in Mr. Parton's more extended works. In respect of style and all points of literary execution, they are the best things he has done; for his artistic growth has been continuous, and these studies are his latest productions. That it has been of use to Mr. Parton to write for the scholars and critics who read the *North American Review* is evident enough to any one who contrasts the articles taken from that publication with his earlier work. The difference is to be felt in quality of thought, as well as in manner, though there is not much fault to be found with Mr. Parton's way of thinking in any of them, for it is always manly and humane.

As a whole, the present volume has a peculiar merit in its variety. It deals with the kinds of greatness usually achieved by Americans, — political, mercantile, inventive, social, — and deals with them all in a

very fresh and fearless way, insomuch that we should be willing to wait for Mr. Parton to write of our theological and literary worthies, and our military heroes, before we read much about them. It seems to us that our author writes of inventors with the most heart, and he certainly contrives to interest his reader very deeply in their lives and works. The sketch of Charles Goodyear in this book is as delightful as the story of any adventurous discoverer of the sixteenth century; but in fact the inventors are the discoverers of our time, and it is they who carry forward, in their true spirit, the magnificent enterprises of other days. There is little of their heroism and devotion in the great merchants whose stories our author rehearses, but there is still, in the lives of such men as Girard, Vanderbilt, and Astor, the fascination of that daring which in our country makes business a drama full of strong situations and startling effects. These men rank in their claims upon our remembrance and respect with such politicians as Clay, Webster, Calhoun, and Randolph, — all men of marked individuality, and each representing different political theories, — who in Mr. Parton's book are not less interesting than the great traffickers, because, unlike the great traffickers, they were each a failure in his way.

The articles on Henry Ward Beecher and Theodosia Burr are to be esteemed as studies of our social life at two widely distant and widely different epochs. Mr. Beecher represents no new ideas in religion. He is the leading thought and speech of the strong, earnest, self-reliant element — not refined to intellectual subtlety or morbid doubt — which is perhaps the most hopeful element in New York, and which is the beginning of a social rather than a religious regeneration. It is American and good; it has sound sense and wholesome impulses; if it errs, it is not too perfect and great to repent and amend. Mrs. Alston preserves the memory of an America long past away, — of a vanished reflection of philosophical France, — of a polite and well-bred coloniality. We are afraid that Mr. James Gordon Bennett is as representative in his way as either of these others, and we must class the article devoted to his career with those on Mr. Beecher and Theodosia Burr. Such a man and such ideas could exist nowhere but in America, and it appears to us that the *New York Herald* is published because there is an unpublished *New York Herald* in the

hearts of a vast number of Americans. As a tranquil, dispassionate, un pitying study of character, we know of nothing in modern English literature surpassing this paper of Mr. Parton on James Gordon Bennett.

Philip II. of Spain. By CHARLES GAYARRÉ, Author of "The History of Louisiana under the French, Spanish, and American Domination," etc., etc. With an Introductory Letter, by GEORGE BANCROFT. New York: W. J. Widdleton.

FOR no reason that we can very satisfactorily explain, we have read this odd book quite through; and at the end we are in doubt whether Mr. Gayarré, who is of Spanish extraction, wrote the work in the extravagant and curious English it now wears, or whether he produced it in Spanish, and has been too literally translated. It is certainly as individual in expression as in conception, and is scarcely to be compared with other histories in any way. Indeed, the author himself declares that it is rather a biography of Philip than a chronicle of his reign, and deals with events chiefly as they concern the development of his character.

The work opens with a picture of the hideous corporeal decay into which Philip fell before death, and dwells with revolting fidelity upon the facts of his loathsome and terrible malady. The author thereafter proceeds to study his subject in the acts of his private and public life, confining himself mainly to the consideration of demeanor and policy immediately affecting Spaniards. The persecution of the Protestants in the Netherlands is scarcely more than collaterally mentioned, and the cruel war for the destruction of the Moriscos does not receive much greater attention. But the violent subversion of the Aragonese liberties and the no less insolent and deliberate though tacit reduction of the Castilian Cortes to legislative nonentity, occupy the author in four out of the ten chapters of his book, and interest his reader more than all the rest. In fact, the whole story of Philip's minister, Antonio Perez, is a fascinating episode, though we follow the brilliant, unprincipled, and unhappy adventurer with much the same sort of interest that we feel in the fortunes of Lazarillo de Tormes, or any other picaresque hero. Mr. Gayarré has done well to give so much space to this episode; for it seems to us that nothing else could have so well illustrated the character of

Philip and of Philip's Spain as such an absurd and gloomy tragedy. Aragon actually enjoyed a degree of liberty till the favorite of the morose king intrigued with Philip's reputed mistress, and, after incurring his displeasure, and suffering his dilatory but not the less unrelenting persecution, escaped from Madrid to Aragon, where, as a native of that kingdom, he claimed the protection of her privileges, stirred up the people to revolt against Philip's assumptions, successfully defied his government and the Inquisition, and at last fled to France, leaving the Aragonese and their ancient rights to the annihilating resentment of the king. The trial of Perez lasted near half a score of years, moving or halting as it seemed possible or not to destroy him together with the secrets of Philip which he held. To Mr. Gayarré's volume we must refer the reader, for the extraordinary events of the trial. An unworthier rogue than Perez seems never to have precipitated the disasters of a generous people; and at no time in history does any people seem to have lost its liberty more entirely from want of patriotic and courageous leadership.

This want could scarcely have occurred through indifference of the former governing classes to the interests of the country, but rather through a blind and unreasoning devotion to the king. Philip could ruin Aragon and ruin Spain, not because the Spaniards had lost their manhood, but because their loyalty had outgrown their manhood. It is pathetic to read in Mr. Gayarré's book how faithfully the Cortes strove in vain for the passage of laws favoring industry and equity and at least material progress, and how unfailingly and remorselessly Philip snubbed them into inaction and despair. The story would have been more impressive if it had been told with more succinctness; but the reader is nevertheless made to understand the situation and the fact that no one but Philip, who was Spanish in everything that was bad, and Spanish in nothing that was good, could have annulled Spain. He came, like George III., a native prince succeeding a foreign-born ruler, and sympathizing with all that was stupid and arbitrary and mean in his countrymen; and he was only more destructive to Spain than George was to England, because Spain was Catholic and England was Protestant.

We cannot say that Mr. Gayarré has placed Philip's character in a new light, or

developed it with very powerful effect ; but he has made an interesting book, and in some respects a valuable one. It is all the more interesting in its enthusiastic hatred of Philip and the Inquisition, from the fact of the author's Spanish race and ancestral religion.

The work was written, we are told, during the late war of the Rebellion, to beguile the anxieties of the time ; and we could wish that a greater number of persons in the seceding States had employed their painful leisure so harmlessly to themselves, and so usefully to others. As it is, this is the only book produced south of Mason and Dixon's line, within the last six years, which deserves notice. It deserves more than this, perhaps, as the first contribution from the South to those historical studies in which American scholars have distinguished themselves.

Greece, Ancient and Modern. Lectures delivered before the Lowell Institute. By C. C. FELTON, LL. D., late President of Harvard University. In two volumes. Boston : Ticknor and Fields.

It is not easy to describe the affectionate and yet candid spirit in which the author of this work treats all the aspects of the wonderful Hellenic civilization, and makes us acquainted with Greek literature, art, and life, from Homer's time to our own. It is as if the vast tract of time intervening between the epochs were some region of the world, and our author had travelled there, sojourning in every part of it, and dwelling whole years in its famous cities and amid its storied scenes. He knows it thoroughly, and loves it, with due reservations and exceptions ; and we are all the wiser because he remains to the end an observer of Greeks, and does not himself become Greek. With all his erudition and his enthusiasm, he never forgets that he is relating his large experiences to a popular audience at the Lowell Institute, and that his hearers will be as quick to judge as they are willing to learn. His is very clear and honest discourse ; and if in what is always so pleasant the reader finds little that is absolutely new in thought or very subtle in feeling, he cannot deny that the opinions are usually just, and the sentiment invariably generous. The work is essentially a popular one : there is necessarily some repetition of matters already known to the student ; but the book takes a place empty before, and has a power of

entertaining and delighting which attracts the reader again and again to its pages. There is nothing in it which a sincere regard for the author's memory could make us wish absent, except its occasional jocosities.

The idea of Greece which he presents is a very complete one. The first course of Lectures deals with Greek literature from the earliest times, and notices the less familiar phases of this literature in the Alexandrian and Byzantine periods, and the all but unknown contemporary Greek poetry, as well as the classic works. The life of the Greeks in city and country, in-doors and out-doors, their dress, their manners, their education, their beliefs, and their amusements, affords material for the second course. In the third course is given a general and particular view of the different Greek polities, and of the famous statesmen, lawgivers, and orators identified or connected with them ; while the fourth series of Lectures form an historical and social study of Grecian life from the time of the Macedonian ascendancy till the promulgation of the Constitution of 1844.

At this day, when the terrible tragedy of the Greek War of Independence is re-enacting in Crete, and the whole world looks on with the guilty apathy that characterized the attitude of Christendom during the earlier part of the former struggle, everything relating to that heroic revolution possesses a new interest. With this part of Greek history, as with every other period of it, the acquaintance of President Felton was very thorough, and all that he has to say of contemporary Greece has a peculiar value from the fact that he had seen and known the civilization of which he writes. In some things he shows that the modern Greeks are still the Greeks of classic days, as their speech is in great degree the language of old ; but they have found it more difficult to restore the aorist in their civilization than in their grammar ; and our sympathy must rather be given to them as a brave Christian people, akin to us in time and in faith, struggling against Mohammedan tyranny and barbarism, than as the Spartans and Athenians battling for the fine old abstraction, classic liberty.

As we turn to that part of President Felton's work which treats of the classics, we are conscious of a quite different, yet more familiar atmosphere ; for these are the Greeks who have been at our doors from childhood. It is very pleasant to follow

them home and be made their guest, — to dine with them, to go at sunrise to the theatre with them, to lounge up and down Athens, either hearing or telling some new thing continually. We are clearly and easily instructed concerning their dress and all their social customs, as well as their laws and history, to some knowledge of which the citizen of a free country seems to come by nature. Our Mentor is not a poet, but he is a gentleman of a very genial as well as honest habit of mind, and he is on excellent and familiar terms with every great and worthy Greek we meet, and he sympathizes with nearly everything in Athens. He does not like the Dorians, he frankly confesses it, but he is just to them nevertheless; and though he loves the Athenians, he is not blind to some faults of their polity and character. In fine, the Greeks are once more a living people in his book.

We should not give a correct idea of President Felton's work if we did not speak of the conscientious manner in which it seems all to be done. You feel secure that no pleasant fancy is playing you false as you follow him; while you cannot fail to be impressed by the minuteness as well as the variety of his knowledge concerning Greek life, literature, art, and history. The work, therefore, has a double value, and is twice qualified to meet a popular want.

The Solitudes of Nature and of Man; or the Loneliness of Human Life. By WILLIAM ROUNSEVILLE ALGER. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

MR. ALGER brings to the examination of one of the most interesting aspects of life a spirit full of delicate and generous sympathies, a mind stored by wide reading, and an enthusiastic industry. It has been his purpose to study the nature of solitude as a fact of place, — in the desert, the sea, the wilderness, and the ruin, — and as a principle in the heart of man, isolating individuality, grief, love, occupation, selfishness, genius, and death, — and to evolve from this study lessons concerning the dangers

and uses of solitude. His work throughout is illustrated from the lives of men and the world; and following the strictly ethical part of it are sketches of men whom instinct or circumstance led to seek solitude, and who loved it.

Mr. Alger's affection for his theme has sometimes, it seems to us, made him claim for solitude characters which can hardly be considered solitary, but it has not tempted him into the much greater error — to which his abundant compassion rendered him peculiarly liable — of defending or applauding men for their solitude. Even of the solitude of men of genius he can say: "The panacea for their wretchedness is to seek fulfilment and excellence, instead of fame and applause. It is not aspiration, but ambition, that is the mother of misery in man. . . . Great intellect, imagination, and heart are conditions of noble joy and content, when free from that extravagant desire for public approbation which so often accompanies them." Indeed, the philosophy of the book is generally as sound as its feeling is warm; and the uses of solitude are pointed out as that recovered balance and power of quiet introspection which make men fitter to live in the world.

The frequent passages of beauty and thought which occur in these essays make us regret all the more the extravagances — nearly as frequent — of fancy and of phrase in which the author indulges himself. The brightness of Eastern imagery has so taken the fondness of Mr. Alger, that the colors of Western expression seem thin and pale to him; and his metaphor continually passes into hyperbole, making us feel ungratefully the consequences of study that gave us his book on "The Poetry of the Orient." He has a weakness also for unkempt verbal immigrants from the High Dutch, — cousins-German to our English speech, as we may call them, — with the bar-sinister for the most part. What with his Orientalism and his Germanism, he sometimes produces an effect of grotesqueness and extravagance which might be studied as a model of everything to be avoided in style.

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CHAPTER XV.

ARRIVAL OF REINFORCEMENTS.

MYRTLE HAZARD sat in stony stillness, like an Egyptian statue, long after the steps of Master Byles Gridley had ceased to be heard, as he descended the stairs and walked in his emphatic way through the long entry of the old mansion. She could not doubt his sincerity, and there was something in her own consciousness which responded to the suspicions he had expressed with regard to the questionable impulses of the Rev. Joseph Belamy Stoker.

It is not in the words that others say to us, but in those other words which these make us say to ourselves, that we find our gravest lessons and our sharpest rebukes. The hint another gives us finds whole trains of thought which have been getting themselves ready to be shaped in inwardly articulated words, and only awaited the touch of a burning syllable, as the mottoes of a pyrotechnist only wait for a spark to become letters of fire.

The artist who takes your photograph must carry you with him into

his "developing" room, and he will give you a more exact illustration of the truth just mentioned. There is nothing to be seen on the glass just taken from the camera. But there is a potential, though invisible, picture hid in the creamy film which covers it. Watch him as he pours a wash over it, and you will see that miracle wrought which is at once a surprise and a charm, — the sudden appearance of your own features, where a moment before was a blank without a vestige of intelligence or beauty.

In some such way the grave warnings of Master Byles Gridley had called up a fully shaped, but hitherto unworded, train of thought in the consciousness of Myrtle Hazard. It was not merely their significance, it was mainly because they were spoken at the fitting time. If they had been uttered a few weeks earlier, when Myrtle was taking the first stitch on the embroidered slippers, they would have been as useless as the artist's developing solution on a plate which had never been exposed in the camera. But she had been of late in training for her lesson in ways that neither she nor any-

body else dreamed of. The reader who has shrugged his (or her) shoulders over the last illustration will perhaps hear this one which follows more cheerfully. The physician in the Arabian Nights made his patient play ball with a bat, the hollow handle of which contained drugs of marvellous efficacy. Whether it was the drugs that made the sick man get well, or the exercise, is not of so much consequence as the fact that he did at any rate get well.

These walks which Myrtle had taken with her reverend counsellor had given her a new taste for the open air, which was what she needed just now more than confessions of faith or spiritual paroxysms. And so it happened that, while he had been stimulating all those imaginative and emotional elements of her nature which responded to the keys he loved to play upon, the restoring influences of the sweet autumnal air, the mellow sunshine, the soothing aspects of the woods and fields and sky, had been quietly doing their work. The color was fast returning to her cheek, and the discords of her feelings and her thoughts gradually resolving themselves into the harmonious and cheerful rhythms of bodily and mental health. It needed but the timely word from the fitting lips to change the whole programme of her daily mode of being. The word had been spoken. She saw its truth; but how hard it is to tear away a cherished delusion, to cast out an unworthy intimate! How hard for any!—but for a girl so young, and who had as yet found so little to love and trust, how cruelly hard!

She sat, still and stony, just as Master Gridley had left her. Her eyes were fixed on the chair in which he had been sitting. It was a very singular and fantastic old chair, said to have been brought over by the first emigrant of her race. The legs and arms were curiously turned in spirals, the suggestions of which were half pleasing and half repulsive. Instead of the claw-feet common in furniture of a later date, each of its legs rested on a misshapen reptile, which it seemed to flatten by

its weight, as if it were squeezing the breath out of the ugly creature. Over this chair hung the portrait of her beautiful ancestress, her neck and arms, the specialty of her beauty, bare, except for a bracelet on the left wrist, and her shapely figure set off by the ample folds of a rich crimson brocade. Over Myrtle's bed hung that other portrait, which was to her almost as the pictures of the *Mater Dolorosa* to trustful souls of the Roman faith. She had longed for these pictures while she was in her strange hysteric condition, and they had been hung up in her chamber.

The night was far gone, as she knew by the declining of the constellations which she had seen shining brightly almost overhead in the early evening, when she awoke, and found herself still sitting in the very attitude in which Master Gridley had left her. Her lamp had burned out, and the starlight but dimly illuminated her chamber. She started to find herself sitting there, chilled and stiffened by long remaining in one posture; and as her consciousness returned, a great fear seized her, and she sprang for a match. It broke with the quick movement she made to kindle it, and she snatched another as if a fiend were after her. It flashed and went out. O the terror, the terror! The darkness seemed alive with fearful presences. The lurid glare of her own eyeballs flashed backwards into her brain. She tried one more match; it kindled as it should, and she lighted another lamp. Her first impulse was to assure herself that nothing was changed in the familiar objects around her. She held the lamp up to the picture of Judith Pride. The beauty looked at her, it seemed as if with a kind of lofty recognition in her eyes; but there she was, as always. She turned the light upon the pale face of the martyr-portrait. It looked troubled and faded, as it seemed to Myrtle, but still it was the same face she remembered from her childhood. Then she threw the light on the old chair, and, shuddering, caught up a shawl and flung it over the

spiral-wound arms and legs; and the flattened reptiles on which it stood.

In those dead hours of the night which had passed over her sitting there, still and stony, as it should seem, she had had strange visitors. *Two women* had been with her, as real as any that breathed the breath of life, — so it appeared to her, — yet both had long been what is called, in our poor language, *dead*. One came in all the glory of her ripened beauty, bare-necked, bare-armed, full dressed by nature in that splendid animal equipment which in its day had captivated the eyes of all the lusty lovers of complete muliebriety. The other, — how delicate, how translucent, how aerial she seemed! yet real and true to the lineaments of her whom the young girl looked upon as her hereditary protector.

The beautiful woman turned, and, with a face full of loathing and scorn, pointed to one of the reptiles beneath the feet of the chair. And while Myrtle's eyes followed hers, the flattened and half-crushed creature seemed to swell and spread like his relative in the old fable, like the black dog in Faust, until he became of tenfold size, and at last of colossal proportions. And, fearful to relate, the batrachian features humanized themselves as the monster grew, and, shaping themselves more and more into a remembered similitude, Myrtle saw in them a hideous likeness of — No! no! it was too horrible! Was that the face which had been so close to hers but yesterday? were those the lips, the breath from which had stirred her growing curls as he leaned over her while they read together some passionate stanza from a hymn that was as much like a love-song as it dared to be in godly company? A shudder of disgust — the natural repugnance of loveliness for deformity — ran all through her, and she shrieked, as she thought, and threw herself at the feet of that other figure. She felt herself lifted from the floor, and then a cold thin hand seemed to take hers. The warm life went out of her, and she was to herself as a dimly

conscious shadow that glided with passive acquiescence wherever it was led. Presently she found herself in a half-lighted apartment, where there were books on the shelves around, and a desk with loose manuscripts lying on it, and a little mirror with a worn bit of carpet before it. And while she looked, a great serpent writhed in through the half-open door, and made the circuit of the room, laying one huge ring all round it, and then, going round again, laid another ring over the first, and so on until he was wound all round the room like the spiral of a mighty cable, leaving a hollow in the centre; and then the serpent seemed to arch his neck in the air, and bring his head close down to Myrtle's face; and the features were not those of a serpent, but of a man, and it hissed out the words she had read that very day in a little note which said, "Come to my study to-morrow, and we will read hymns together."

Again she was back in her little chamber, she did not know how, and the two women were looking into her eyes with strange meaning in their own. Something in them seemed to plead with her to yield to their influence, and her choice wavered which of them to follow, for each would have led her her own way, — whither, she knew not. It was the strife of her "Vision," only in another form, — the contest of two lives her blood inherited for the mastery of her soul. The might of beauty conquered. Myrtle resigned herself to the guidance of the lovely phantom, which seemed so much fuller of the unextinguished fire of life, and so like herself as she would grow to be when noon should have ripened her into maturity.

Doors opened softly before them; they climbed stairs, and threaded corridors, and penetrated crypts, strange yet familiar to her eyes, which seemed to her as if they could see, as it were, in darkness. Then came a confused sense of eager search for something that she knew was hidden, whether in the cleft of a rock, or under the boards of a floor, or in some hiding-place

among the skeleton rafters, or in a forgotten drawer, or in a heap of rubbish, she could not tell; but somewhere there was something which she was to find, and which, once found, was to be her talisman. She was in the midst of this eager search when she awoke.

The impression was left so strongly on her mind that, with all her fears, she could not resist the desire to make an effort to find what meaning there was in this frightfully real dream. Her courage came back as her senses assured her that all around her was natural, as when she left it. She determined to follow the lead of the strange hint her nightmare had given her.

In one of the upper chambers of the old mansion there stood a tall, upright desk of the ancient pattern, with folding doors above and large drawers below. "That desk is yours, Myrtle," her uncle Malachi had once said to her; "and there is a trick or two about it that it will pay you to study." Many a time Myrtle had puzzled herself about the mystery of the old desk. All the little drawers, of which there were a considerable number, she had pulled out, and every crevice, as she thought, she had carefully examined. She determined to make one more trial. It was the dead of the night, and a fearful old place to be wandering about; but she was possessed with an urgent feeling which would not let her wait until daylight.

She stole like a ghost from her chamber. She glided along the narrow entries as she had seemed to move in her dream. She opened the folding doors of the great upright desk. She had always before examined it by daylight, and though she had so often pulled all the little drawers out, she had never thoroughly explored the recesses which received them. But in her new-born passion of search, she held her light so as to illuminate all these deeper spaces. At once she thought she saw the marks of pressure with a finger. She pressed her own finger on this place, and, as it yielded with a slight click, a small mahogany pilaster sprang forward, revealing its

well-kept secret that it was the mask of a tall, deep, very narrow drawer. There was something heavy in it, and, as Myrtle turned it over, a golden bracelet fell into her hand. She recognized it at once as that which had been long ago the ornament of the fair woman whose portrait hung in her chamber. She clasped it upon her wrist, and from that moment she felt as if she were the captive of the lovely phantom who had been with her in her dream.

"The old man walked last night, God save us!" said Kitty Fagan to Biddy Finnegan, the day after Myrtle's nightmare and her curious discovery.

CHAPTER XVI.

VICTORY.

IT seems probable enough that Myrtle's whole spiritual adventure was an unconscious dramatization of a few simple facts which her imagination tangled together into a kind of vital coherence. The philosopher who goes to the bottom of things will remark that all the elements of her fantastic melodrama had been furnished her while waking. Master Byles Gridley's penetrating and stinging caution was the text, and the grotesque carvings and the portraits furnished the "properties" with which her own mind had wrought up this scenic show.

The philosopher who goes to the bottom of things might not find it so easy to account for the change which came over Myrtle Hazard from the hour when she clasped the bracelet of Judith Pride upon her wrist. She felt a sudden loathing of the man whom she had idealized as a saint. A young girl's caprice? Possibly. A return of the natural instincts of girlhood with returning health? Perhaps so. An impression produced by her dream? An effect of an influx from another sphere of being? The working of Master Byles Gridley's emphatic warning? The magic of her new talisman?

We may safely leave these questions

for the present. As we have to tell, not what Myrtle Hazard ought to have done, and why she should have done it, but what she did do, our task is a simpler one than it would be to lay bare all the springs of her action. Until this period, she had hardly thought of herself as a born beauty. The flatteries she had received from time to time were like the chips and splinters under the green wood, when the chill women pretended to make a fire in the best parlor at The Poplars, which had a way of burning themselves out, hardly warming, much less kindling, the fore-stick and the back-log.

Myrtle had a tinge of what some call superstition, and she began to look upon her strange acquisition as a kind of amulet. Its suggestions betrayed themselves in one of her first movements. Nothing could be soberer than the cut of the dresses which the propriety of the severe household had established as the rule of her costume. But the girl was no sooner out of bed than a passion came over her to see herself in that less jealous arrangement of drapery which the Beauty of the last century had insisted on as presenting her most fittingly to the artist. She rolled up the sleeves of her dress, she turned down its prim collar and neck, and glanced from her glass to the portrait, from the portrait back to the glass. Myrtle was not blind nor dull, though young, and in many things untaught. She did not say in so many words, "I too am a beauty," but she could not help seeing that she had many of the attractions of feature and form which had made the original of the picture before her famous. The same stately carriage of the head, the same full-rounded neck, the same more than hinted outlines of figure, the same finely-shaped arms and hands, and something very like the same features startled her by their identity in the permanent image of the canvas and the fleeting one of the mirror.

The world was hers then,—for she had not read romances and love-letters without finding that beauty governs it in all times and places. Who was this

middle-aged minister that had been hanging round her and talking to her about heaven, when there was not a single joy of earth that she had as yet tasted? A man that had been saying all his fine things to Miss Susan Posey, too, had he, before he had bestowed his attentions on her? And to a dozen other girls, too, nobody knows who!

The revulsion was a very sudden one. Such changes of feeling are apt to be sudden in young people whose nerves have been tampered with, and Myrtle was not of a temperament or an age to act with much deliberation where a pique came in to the aid of a resolve. Master Gridley guessed sagaciously what would be the effect of his revelation, when he told her of the particular attentions the minister had paid to pretty Susan Posey and various other young women.

The Rev. Mr. Stoker had parted his hair wonderfully that morning, and made himself as captivating as his professional costume allowed. He had drawn down the shades of his windows so as to let in that subdued light which is merciful to crow's-feet and similar embellishments, and wheeled up his sofa so that two could sit at the table and read from the same book.

At eleven o'clock he was pacing the room with a certain feverish impatience, casting a glance now and then at the mirror as he passed it. At last the bell rang, and he himself went to answer it, his heart throbbing with expectation of meeting his lovely visitor.

Myrtle Hazard appeared by an envoy extraordinary, the bearer of sealed despatches. Mistress Kitty Fagan was the young lady's substitute, and she delivered into the hand of the astonished clergyman the following missive:—

"TO THE REV. MR. STOKER.

"REVEREND SIR,—I shall not come to your study this day. I do not feel that I have any more need of religious counsel at this time, and I am told by a friend that there are *others* who will be glad to hear you talk on this subject.

I hear that Mrs. Hopkins is interested in religious subjects, and would have been glad to see you in my company. As I cannot go with her, perhaps *Miss Susan Posey* will take my place. I thank you for all the good things you have said to me, and that you have given me so much of your company. I hope we shall sing hymns together in heaven some time, if we are good enough, but I want to wait for that awhile, for I do not feel quite ready. I am not going to see you any more alone, reverend sir. I think this is best, and I have good advice. I want to see more of young people of my own age, and I have a friend, Mr. Gridley, who I think is older than you are, that takes an interest in me; and as you have many *others* that you must be interested in, he can take the place of a *father* better than you can do. I return to you the hymn-book, — I read one of those you marked, and do not care to read any more.

"Respectfully yours,

"MYRTLE HAZARD."

The Rev. Mr. Stoker uttered a cry of rage as he finished this awkwardly written, but tolerably intelligible letter. What could he do about it? It would hardly do to stab Myrtle Hazard, and shoot Byles Gridley, and strangle Mrs. Hopkins, every one of which homicides he felt at the moment that he could have committed. And here he was in a frantic paroxysm, and the next day was Sunday, and his morning's discourse was unwritten. His savage mediæval theology came to his relief, and he clutched out of a heap of yellow manuscripts his well-worn "convulsion-fit" sermon. He preached it the next day as if it did his heart good, but Myrtle Hazard did not hear it, for she had gone to St. Bartholomew's with Olive Eveleth.

CHAPTER XVII.

SAINT AND SINNER.

It happened a little after this time that the minister's invalid wife improved

somewhat unexpectedly in health, and, as Bathsheba was beginning to suffer from imprisonment in her sick-chamber, the physician advised very strongly that she should vary the monotony of her life by going out of the house daily for fresh air and cheerful companionship. She was therefore frequently at the house of Olive Eveleth; and as Myrtle wanted to see young people, and had her own way now as never before, the three girls often met at the parsonage. Thus they became more and more intimate, and grew more and more into each other's affections.

These girls presented three types of spiritual character which are to be found in all our towns and villages. Olive had been carefully trained, and at the proper age *confirmed*. Bathsheba had been prayed for, and in due time startled and *converted*. Myrtle was a simple daughter of Eve, with many impulses like those of the other two girls, and some that required more watching. She was not so safe, perhaps, as either of the other girls, for this world or the next; but she was on some accounts more interesting, as being a more genuine representative of that inexperienced and too easily deluded, yet always cherished, mother of our race, whom we must after all accept as embodying the creative idea of woman, and who might have been alive and happy now (though at a great age) but for a single fatal error.

The Rev. Ambrose Eveleth, Rector of Saint Bartholomew's, Olive's father, was one of a class numerous in the Anglican Church, a cultivated man, with pure tastes, with simple habits, a good reader, a neat writer, a safe thinker, with a snug and well-fenced mental pasturage, which his sermons kept cropped moderately close without any exhausting demand upon the soil. Olive had grown insensibly into her religious maturity, as into her bodily and intellectual developments, which one might suppose was the natural order of things in a well-regulated Christian household, where the children are brought up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord.

Bathsheba had been worried over and perplexed and depressed with vague apprehensions about her condition, conveyed in mysterious phrases and graveyard expressions of countenance, until about the age of fourteen years, when she had one of those emotional paroxysms very commonly considered in some Protestant sects as essential to the formation of religious character. It began with a shivering sense of enormous guilt, inherited and practised from her earliest infancy. Just as every breath she ever drew had been malignantly poisoning the air with carbonic acid, so her every thought and feeling had been tainting the universe with sin. This spiritual chill or *rigor* had in due order been followed by the fever-flush of hope, and that in its turn had ushered in the last stage, — the free opening of all the spiritual pores in the peaceful relaxation of self-surrender.

Good Christians are made by many very different processes. Bathsheba had taken her religion after the fashion of her sect; but it was genuine, in spite of the cavils of the formalists, who could not understand that the spirit which kept her at her mother's bedside was the same as that which poured the tears of Mary of Magdala on the feet of her Lord, and led her forth at early dawn with the other Mary to visit his sepulchre.

Myrtle was a child of nature, and of course, according to the out-worn formulæ which still shame the distorted religion of humanity, hateful to the Father in Heaven who made her. She had grown up in antagonism with all that surrounded her. She had been talked to about her corrupt nature and her sinful heart, until the words had become an offence and an insult. Bathsheba knew her father's fondness for young company too well to suppose that his intercourse with Myrtle had gone beyond the sentimental and poetical stage, and was not displeased when she found that there was some breach between them. Myrtle herself did not profess to have passed through the technical stages of the customary spiritual

paroxysm. Still, the gentle daughter of the terrible preacher loved her and judged her kindly. She was modest enough to think that perhaps the natural state of some girls might be at least as good as her own after the spiritual change of which she had been the subject. A manifest heresy, but not new, nor unamiable, nor inexplicable.

The excellent Bishop Joseph Hall, a painful preacher and solid divine of Puritan tendencies, declares that he prefers good-nature before grace in the election of a wife; because, saith he, "it will be a hard Task, where the Nature is peevish and froward, for Grace to make an entire Conquest whilst Life lasteth." An opinion apparently entertained by many modern ecclesiastics, and one which may be considered very encouraging to those young ladies of the politer circles who have a fancy for marrying bishops and other fashionable clergymen. Not of course that "grace" is so rare a gift among the young ladies of the upper social sphere; but they are in the habit of using the word with a somewhat different meaning from that which the good Bishop attached to it.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE VILLAGE POET.

It was impossible for Myrtle to be frequently at Olive's without often meeting Olive's brother, and her reappearance with the bloom on her cheek was a signal which her other admirers were not like to overlook as a hint to recommence their flattering demonstrations; and so it was that she found herself all at once the centre of attraction to three young men with whom we have made some acquaintance, namely, Cyprian Eveleth, Gifted Hopkins, and Murray Bradshaw.

When the three girls were together at the house of Olive, it gave Cyprian a chance to see something of Myrtle in the most natural way. Indeed, they all became used to meeting him in a brotherly sort of relation; only, as he

was not the brother of two of them, it gave him the inside track, as the sporting men say, with reference to any rivals for the good-will of either of these. Of course neither Bathsheba nor Myrtle thought of him in any other light than as Olive's brother, and would have been surprised with the manifestation on his part of any other feeling, if it existed. So he became very nearly as intimate with them as Olive was, and hardly thought of his intimacy as anything more than friendship, until one day Myrtle sang some hymns so sweetly that Cyprian dreamed about her that night; and what young person does not know that the woman or the man once idealized and glorified in the exalted state of the imagination belonging to sleep becomes dangerous to the sensibilities in the waking hours that follow? Yet something drew Cyprian to the gentler and more subdued nature of Bathsheba, so that he often thought, like a gayer personage than himself, whose divided affections are famous in song, that he could have been blessed to share her faithful heart, if Myrtle had not bewitched him with her unconscious and innocent sorceries. As for poor, modest Bathsheba, she thought nothing of herself, but was almost as much fascinated by Myrtle as if she had been one of the sex she was born to make in love with her.

The first rival Cyprian was to encounter in his admiration of Myrtle Hazard was Mr. Gifted Hopkins. This young gentleman had the enormous advantage of that all-subduing accomplishment, the poetical endowment. No woman, it is pretty generally understood, can resist the youth or man who addresses her in verse. The thought that she is the object of a poet's love is one which fills a woman's ambition more completely than all that wealth or office or social eminence can offer. Do the young millionnaires and the members of the General Court get letters from unknown ladies, every day, asking for their autographs and photographs? Well, then!

Mr. Gifted Hopkins, being a poet,

felt that it was so, to the very depth of his soul. Could he not confer that immortality so dear to the human heart? Not quite yet, perhaps,—though the "Banner and Oracle" gave him already "an elevated niche in the Temple of Fame," to quote its own words,—but in that glorious summer of his genius, of which these spring blossoms were the promise. It was a most formidable battery, then, which Cyprian's first rival opened upon the fortress of Myrtle's affections.

His second rival, Mr. William Murray Bradshaw, had made a half-playful bet with his fair relative, Mrs. Clymer Ketchum, that he would bag a girl within twelve months of date who should unite three desirable qualities, specified in the bet, in a higher degree than any one of the five who were on the matrimonial programme which she had laid out for him,—and Myrtle was the girl with whom he meant to win the bet. When a young fellow like him, cool and clever, makes up his mind to bring down his bird, it is no joke, but a very serious and a tolerably certain piece of business. Not being made a fool of by any boyish nonsense,—passion and all that,—he has a great advantage. Many a woman rejects a man because he is in love with her, and accepts another because he is not. The first is thinking too much of himself and his emotions,—the other makes a study of her and her friends, and learns what ropes to pull. But then it must be remembered that Murray Bradshaw had a poet for his rival, to say nothing of the brother of a bosom friend.

The qualities of a young poet are so exceptional, and such interesting objects of study, that a narrative like this can well afford to linger awhile in the delineation of this most envied of all the forms of genius. And by contrasting the powers and limitations of two such young persons as Gifted Hopkins and Cyprian Eveleth, we may better appreciate the nature of that divine inspiration which gives to poetry the superiority it claims over every other form of human expression.

Gifted Hopkins had shown an ear for rhythm, and for the simpler forms of music, from his earliest childhood. He began beating with his heels the accents of the psalm-tunes sung at meeting at a very tender age,—a habit, indeed, of which he had afterwards to correct himself, as, though it shows the same sensibility to rhythmical impulses which is beautifully illustrated when a circle join hands and emphasize by vigorous downward movements the leading syllables in the tune of Auld Lang Syne, yet it is apt to be too expressive when a large number of boots join in the performance. He showed a remarkable talent for playing on one of the less complex musical instruments, too limited in compass to satisfy exacting ears, but affording excellent discipline to those who wish to write in the simpler metrical forms,—the same which summons the hero from his repose and stirs his blood in battle.

By the time he was twelve years old he was struck with the pleasing resemblance of certain vocal sounds which, without being the same, yet had a curious relation which made them agree marvellously well in couples; as *eyes* with *skies*; as *heart* with *art*, also with *part* and *smart*; and so of numerous others, twenty or thirty pairs, perhaps, which number he considerably increased as he grew older, until he may have had fifty or more such pairs at his command.

The union of so extensive a catalogue of words which matched each other, and of an ear so nice that it could tell if there were nine or eleven syllables in an heroic line, instead of the legitimate ten, constituted a rare combination of talents in the opinion of those upon whose judgment he relied. He was naturally led to try his powers in the expression of some just thought or natural sentiment in the shape of verse, that wonderful medium of imparting thought and feeling to his fellow-creatures which a bountiful Providence had made his rare and inestimable endowment.

It was at about this period of his life,

that is to say, when he was of the age of thirteen, or we may perhaps say fourteen years, for we do not wish to overstate his precocity, that he experienced a sensation so entirely novel, that, to the best of his belief, it was such as no other young person had ever known, at least in anything like the same degree. This extraordinary emotion was brought on by the sight of Myrtle Hazard, with whom he had never before had any near relations, as they had been to different schools, and Myrtle was too reserved to be very generally known among the young people of his age.

Then it was that he broke forth in his virgin effort, "Lines to M——e," which were published in the village paper, and were claimed by all possible girls but the right one; namely, by two Mary Annes, one Minnie, one Mehitable, and one Marthie, as she saw fit to spell the name borrowed from her who was troubled about many things.

The success of these lines, which were in that form of verse known to the hymn-books as "common metre," was such as to convince the youth that, whatever occupation he might be compelled to follow for a time to obtain a livelihood or to assist his worthy parent, his true destiny was the glorious career of a poet. It was a most pleasing circumstance, that his mother, while she fully recognized the propriety of his being diligent in the prosaic line of business to which circumstances had called him, was yet as much convinced as he himself that he was destined to achieve literary fame. She had read Watts and Select Hymns all through, she said, and she did not see but what Gifted could make the verses come out just as slick, and the sound of the rhymes just as pooty, as Izik Watts or the Selectmen, whoever they was,—she was sure they could not be the selectmen of this town, wherever they belonged. It is pleasant to say that the young man, though favored by nature with this rarest of talents, did not forget the humbler duties that Heaven, which dresses few singing-birds in the golden plumes of fortune, had laid upon

him. After having received a moderate amount of instruction at one of the less ambitious educational institutions of the town, supplemented, it is true, by the judicious and gratuitous hints of Master Gridley, the young poet, in obedience to a feeling which did him the highest credit, relinquished, at least for the time, the Groves of Academus, and offered his youth at the shrine of Plutus, that is, left off studying and took to business. He became what they call a "clerk" in what they call a "store" up in the huckleberry districts, and kept such accounts as were required by the business of the establishment. His principal occupation was, however, to attend to the details of commerce as it was transacted over the counter. This industry enabled him, to his great praise be it spoken, to assist his excellent parent, to clothe himself in a becoming manner, so that he made a really handsome figure on Sundays and was always of presentable aspect, likewise to purchase a book now and then, and to subscribe for that leading periodical which furnishes the best models to the youth of the country in the various modes of composition.

Though Master Gridley was very kind to the young man, he was rather disposed to check the exuberance of his poetical aspirations. The truth was, that the old classical scholar did not care a great deal for modern English poetry. Give him an Ode of Horace, or a scrap from the Greek Anthology, and he would recite it with great inflation of spirits; but he did not think very much of "your Keatses, and your Tennysons, and the whole Hasheesh-crazy lot," as he called the dreamily sensuous idealists who belong to the same century that brought in ether and chloroform. He rather shook his head at Gifted Hopkins for indulging so largely in metrical composition.

"Better stick to your ciphering, my young friend," he said to him, one day. "Figures of speech are all very well in their way; but if you undertake to deal much in them, you'll figure down your prospects into a mighty small sum.

There's some danger that it will take all the sense out of you, if you keep writing verses at this rate. You young scribblers think any kind of nonsense will do for the public, if it only has a string of rhymes tacked to it. Cut off the bobs of your kite, Gifted Hopkins, and see if it does n't pitch, and stagger, and come down head-foremost. Don't write any stuff with rhyming tails to it that won't make a decent show for itself after you've chopped all the rhyming tails off. That's my advice, Gifted Hopkins. Is there any book you would like to have out of my library? Have you ever read Spenser's Faery Queen?"

He had tried, the young man answered, on the recommendation of Cyprian Eveleth, but had found it rather hard reading.

Master Gridley lifted his eyebrows very slightly, remembering that some had called Spenser the poets' poet. "What a pity," he said to himself, "that this Gifted Hopkins has n't got the brains of that William Murray Bradshaw! What's the reason, I wonder, that all the little earthen pots blow their covers off and froth over in rhymes at such a great rate, while the big iron pots keep their lids on, and do all their simmering inside?"

That is the way these old pedants will talk, after all their youth and all their poetry, if they ever had any, are gone. The smiles of woman, in the mean time, encouraged the young poet to smite the lyre. Fame beckoned him upward from her temple steep. The rhymes which rose before him unbidden were as the rounds of Jacob's ladder, on which he would climb to a heaven of glory.

Master Gridley threw cold water on the young man's too sanguine anticipations of success. "All up with the boy, if he's going to take to rhyming when he ought to be doing up papers of brown sugar and weighing out pounds of tea. Poor-house, — that's what it'll end in. Poets, to be sure! Sausage-makers! Empty skins of old phrases, — stuff 'em with odds and ends of old

thoughts that never were good for anything, — cut 'em up in lengths and sell 'em to fools ! And if they ain't big fools enough to buy 'em, give 'em away ; and if you can't do that, pay folks to take 'em. Bah ! what a fine style of genius common-sense is ! There 's a passage in the book that would fit half these addle-headed rhymesters. What is that saying of mine about 'squinting brains' ? ”

He took down “Thoughts on the Universe,” and read : —

“Of Squinting Brains.”

“Where there is one man who squints with his eyes, there are a dozen who squint with their brains. It is an infirmity in one of the eyes, making the two unequal in power, that makes men squint. Just so it is an inequality in the two halves of the brain that makes some men idiots and others rascals. I know a fellow whose right half is a genius, but his other hemisphere belongs to a fool ; and I had a friend perfectly honest on one side, but who was sent to jail because the other had an inveterate tendency in the direction of picking pockets and appropriating æs alienum.”

All this, talking and reading to himself in his usual fashion.

The poetical faculty which was so freely developed in Gifted Hopkins had never manifested itself in Cyprian Eveleth, whose look and voice might, to a stranger, have seemed more likely to imply an imaginative nature. Cyprian was dark, slender, sensitive, contemplative, a lover of lonely walks, — one who listened for the whispers of Nature and watched her shadows, and was alive to the symbolisms she writes over everything. But Cyprian had never shown the talent or the inclination for writing in verse.

He was on the pleasantest terms with the young poet, and being somewhat older, and having had the advantage of academic and college culture, often gave him useful hints as to the cultivation of his powers, such as genius often requires at the hands of humbler intelligences. Cyprian was incapable of jeal-

ousy ; and although the name of Gifted Hopkins was getting to be known beyond the immediate neighborhood, and his autograph had been requested by more than one young lady living in another county, he never thought of envying the young poet's spreading popularity.

That the poet himself was flattered by these marks of public favor may be inferred from the growing confidence with which he expressed himself in his conversations with Cyprian, more especially in one which was held at the “store” where he officiated as “clerk.”

“I become more and more assured, Cyprian,” he said, leaning over the counter, “that I was born to be a poet. I feel it in my marrow. I must succeed. I must win the laurel of fame. I must taste the sweets of — ”

“Molasses,” said a bareheaded girl of ten who entered at that moment, bearing in her hand a cracked pitcher, — “ma wants three gills of molasses.”

Gifted Hopkins dropped his subject and took up a tin measure. He served the little maid with a benignity quite charming to witness, made an entry on a slate of .08, and resumed the conversation.

“Yes, I am sure of it, Cyprian. The very last piece I wrote was copied in two papers. It was ‘Contemplation's in Autumn,’ and — don't think I am too vain — one young lady has told me that it reminded her of Pollok. You never wrote in verse, did you, Cyprian ? ”

“I never wrote at all, Gifted, except school and college exercises, and a letter now and then. Do you find it an easy and pleasant exercise to make rhymes ? ”

“Pleasant ! Poetry is to me a delight and a passion. I never know what I am going to write when I sit down. And presently the rhymes begin pounding in my brain, — it seems as if there were a hundred couples of them, paired like so many dancers, — and then these rhymes seem to take possession of me, like a surprise party, and bring in all sorts of beautiful thoughts, and I write

and write, and the verses run measuring themselves out like — ”

“Ribbins, — any narrer blue ribbins, Mr. Hopkins? Five eighths of a yard, if you please, Mr. Hopkins. How’s your folks?” Then, in a lower tone, “Those last verses of yours in the Bannernoracle were sweet pooty.”

Gifted Hopkins meted out the five eighths of blue ribbon by the aid of certain brass nails on the counter. He gave good measure, not prodigal, for he was loyal to his employer, but putting a very moderate strain on the ribbon, and letting the thumb-nail slide with a contempt of infinitesimals which betokened a large soul in its genial mood.

The young lady departed, after casting upon him one of those bewitching glances which the young poet — let us rather say the poet, without making odious distinctions — is in the confirmed habit of receiving from dear woman.

Mr. Gifted Hopkins resumed: “I do not know where this talent, as my friends call it, of mine, comes from. My father used to carry a chain for a surveyor sometimes, and there is a ten-foot pole in the house he used to measure land with. I don’t see why *that* should make me a poet. My mother was always fond of Dr. Watts’s hymns; but so are other young men’s mothers, and yet *they* don’t show poetical genius. But wherever I got it, it comes as easy to me to write in verse as to write in prose, almost. Don’t you ever feel a longing to send your thoughts forth in verse, Cyprian?”

“I wish I had a greater facility of expression very often,” Cyprian answered; “but when I have my best thoughts I do not find that I have words that seem fitting to clothe them. I have imagined a great many poems, Gifted, but I never wrote a rhyming verse, or verse of any kind. Did you ever hear Olive play ‘Songs without Words’? If you have ever heard her, you will know what I mean by unrhymed and unversed poetry.”

“I am sure I don’t know what you mean, Cyprian, by poetry without rhyme

or verse, any more than I should if you talked about pictures that were painted on nothing, or statues that were made out of nothing. How can you tell that anything is poetry, I should like to know, if there is neither a regular line with just so many syllables, nor a rhyme? Of course you can’t. I never have any thoughts too beautiful to put in verse: nothing can be too beautiful for it.”

Cyprian left the conversation at this point. It was getting more suggestive than interpenetrating, and he thought he might talk the matter over better with Olive. Just then a little boy came in, and bargained with Gifted for a Jew’s-harp, which, having obtained, he placed against his teeth, and began playing upon it with a pleasure almost equal to that of the young poet reciting his own verses.

“A little too much like my friend Gifted Hopkins’s poetry,” Cyprian said, as he left the “store.” “All in one note, pretty much. Not a great many tunes, — ‘Hi Betty Martin,’ ‘Yankee Doodle,’ and one or two more like them. But many people seem to like them, and I don’t doubt it is as exciting to Gifted to write them as it is to a great genius to express itself in a poem.”

Cyprian was, perhaps, too exacting. He loved too well the sweet intricacies of Spenser, the majestic and subtly interwoven harmonies of Milton. These made him impatient of the simpler strains of Gifted Hopkins.

Though he himself never wrote verses, he had some qualities which his friend the poet may have undervalued in comparison with the talent of modelling the symmetries of verse and adjusting the correspondences of rhyme. He had kept in a singular degree all the sensibilities of childhood, its simplicity, its reverence. It seemed as if nothing of all that he met in his daily life was common or unclean to him, for there was no mordant in his nature for what was coarse or vile, and all else he could not help idealizing into its own conception of itself, so to speak.

He loved the leaf after its kind as well as the flower, and the root as well as the leaf, and did not exhaust his capacity of affection or admiration on the blossom or bud upon which his friend the poet lavished the wealth of his verse. Thus Nature took him into her confidence. She loves the men of science well, and tells them all her family secrets, — who is the father of this or that member of the group, who is brother, sister, cousin, and so on, through all the circle of relationship. But there are others to whom she tells her *dreams*; not what species or genus her lily belongs to, but what vague thought it has when it dresses in white, or what memory of its birthplace that is which we call its fragrance. Cyprian was one of these. Yet he was not a complete nature. He required another and a wholly different one to be the complement of his own. Olive came as near it as a sister could, but — we must borrow an old image — moonlight is but a cold and vacant glimmer on the sundial, which only answers to the great flaming orb of day. If Cyprian could but find some true, sweet-tempered, well-balanced woman, richer in feeling than in those special imaginative gifts which made the outward world at times unreal to him in the intense reality of his own inner life, how he could enrich and adorn her existence, — how she could direct and chasten and elevate the character of all his thoughts and actions!

"Bathsheba," said Olive, "it seems to me that Cyprian is getting more and more fascinated with Myrtle Hazard. He has never got over the fancy he took to her when he first saw her in her red jacket, and called her the fire-hang-bird. Would n't they suit each other by and by, after Myrtle has come to herself and grown into a beautiful and noble woman, as I feel sure she will in due time?"

"Myrtle is very lovely," Bathsheba answered; "but is n't she a little too — flighty — for one like your brother? Cyprian is n't more like other young men than Myrtle is like other young

girls. I have thought sometimes — I wondered whether out-of-the-way people and common ones do not get along best together. Does n't Cyprian want some more every-day kind of girl to keep him straight? Myrtle is beautiful, — beautiful, — fascinates everybody. Has Mr. Bradshaw been following after her lately? He is taken with her too. Did n't you ever think she would have to give in to Murray Bradshaw at last? He looks to me like a man that would hold on desperately as a lover."

If Myrtle Hazard, instead of being a half-finished school-girl, hardly sixteen years old, had been a young woman of eighteen or nineteen, it would have been plain sailing enough for Murray Bradshaw. But he knew what a distance their ages seemed just now to put between them, — a distance which would grow practically less and less with every year, and he did not wish to risk anything so long as there was no danger of interference. He rather encouraged Gifted Hopkins to write poetry to Myrtle. "Go in, Gifted," he said, "there's no telling what may come of it," — and Gifted did go in at a great rate.

Murray Bradshaw did not write poetry himself, but he read poetry with a good deal of effect, and he would sometimes take a hint from one of Gifted Hopkins's last productions to recite a passionate lyric of Byron or Moore, into which he would artfully throw so much meaning that Myrtle was almost as much puzzled, in her simplicity, to know what it meant, as she had been by the religious fervors of the Rev. Mr. Stoker.

He spoke well of Cyprian Eveleth. A good young man, — limited, but exemplary. Would succeed well as rector of a small parish. That required little talent, but a good deal of the humbler sort of virtue. As for himself, he confessed to ambition, — yes, a great deal of ambition. A failing, he supposed, but not the worst of failings. He felt the instinct to handle the larger interests of society. The village would perhaps lose sight of him for a time; but he meant to emerge sooner or later in

the higher spheres of government or diplomacy. Myrtle must keep his secret. Nobody else knew it. He could not help making a confidant of her,—a thing he had never done before with any other person as to his plans in life. Perhaps she might watch his career with more interest from her acquaintance with him. He loved to think that there was one woman at least who would be pleased to hear of his success if he succeeded, as with life and health he would,—who would share his disappointment if fate should not favor him.—So he wound and wreathed himself into her thoughts.

It was not very long before Myrtle began to accept the idea that she was the one person in the world whose peculiar duty it was to sympathize with the aspiring young man whose humble beginnings she had the honor of witnessing. And it is not very far from being the solitary confidant, and the single source of inspiration, to the growth of a livelier interest, where a young man and a young woman are in question.

Myrtle was at this time her own mistress as never before. The three young men had access to her as she walked to and from meeting and in her frequent rambles, besides the opportunities Cyprian had of meeting her in his sister's company, and the convenient visits which, in connection with the great lawsuit, Murray Bradshaw could make, without question, at The Poplars.

It was not long before Cyprian perceived that he could never pass a certain boundary of intimacy with Myrtle. Very pleasant and sisterly always she was with him; but she never looked as if she might mean more than she said, and cherished any little spark of sensibility which might be fanned into the flame of love. Cyprian felt this so certainly that he was on the point of telling his grief to Bathsheba, who looked to him as if she would sympathize as heartily with him as his own sister, and whose sympathy would have a certain

flavor in it,—something which one cannot find in the heart of the dearest sister that ever lived. But Bathsheba was herself sensitive, and changed color when Cyprian ventured a hint or two in the direction of his thought, so that he never got so far as to unburden his heart to her about Myrtle, whom she admired so sincerely that she could not have helped feeling a great interest in his passion towards her.

As for Gifted Hopkins, the roses that were beginning to bloom fresher and fresher every day in Myrtle's cheeks unfolded themselves more and more freely, to speak metaphorically, in his song. Every week she would receive a delicately tinted note with lines to "Myrtle awaking," or to "Myrtle retiring," (one string of verses a little too Musidora-ish, and which soon found itself in the condition of a cinder, perhaps reduced to that state by spontaneous combustion,) or to "The Flower of the Tropics," or to the "Nymph of the River-side," or other poetical alias, such as bards affect in their sieges of the female heart.

Gifted Hopkins was of a sanguine temperament. As he read and re-read his verses, it certainly seemed to him that they must reach the heart of the angelic being to whom they were addressed. That she was slow in confessing the impression they made upon her, was a favorable sign; so many girls called his poems "sweet pooty," that those charming words, though soothing, no longer stirred him deeply. Myrtle's silence showed that the impression his verses had made was deep. Time would develop her sentiments; they were both young; his position was humble as yet; but when he had become famous through the land—O blissful thought!—the bard of Oxbow village would bear a name that any woman would be proud to assume, and the M. H. which her delicate hands had wrought on the kerchiefs she wore would yet perhaps be read, not Myrtle Hazard, but Myrtle Hopkins!

THE CITY OF ST. LOUIS.

ST. LOUIS is an immense surprise to visitors from the Eastern States, particularly to those who come round to it from furious and thundering Chicago. It has stolen into greatness without our knowing much about it. If Chicago may be styled the New York, St. Louis is the serene and comfortable Philadelphia, of the West. Having passed through its wooden period to that of solid brick and stone, it has a refined and finished appearance, and there is something in the aspect of the place which indicates that people there find time to live, as well as accumulate the means of living. Chicago amuses, amazes, bewilders, and exhausts the traveller; St. Louis rests and restores him.

The railroad ride of two hundred and eighty miles from Chicago does not promise much for the city at the end of it. At Springfield, the capital of Illinois, the train bleeds civilization at every pore. Away goes the lawyer who has been solacing himself with Mr. Bancroft's last volume, and away goes every one else almost who appears to be capable of a similar feat. After Springfield, the cars fill with another kind of people,—rough, candid, round-faced simpletons, the sport of politicians, who, on one side of an imaginary line, make them elect Democrats to Congress, and, on the other, fight to destroy their country. What is this we hear? "Give Pemberton as many men as Grant had, and he'd whip him before breakfast." And again, "That Stonewall Jackson of yours was a mighty smart fellow." To which the flattered Southern brother modestly replies, as if to waive the compliment, "He was a very pious man."

It is a strange state of things in a country, when a day's ride transports us to a region which reveres what we laugh at, and loathes what we adore. It is strange to travel in one morning, without change of cars, from the nine-

teenth century to the eighteenth. It is strange to be at 9 A. M. at Abraham Lincoln's tomb and see pilgrims approach it with uncovered head, and at 12 M. to find yourself surrounded by people who affect to hold in contempt all that he represented, without having the slightest understanding of it. Nor less startling is it, after a long ride over unpeopled prairies, attired in the dismal hue of November, to be shot out upon the shore of the Mississippi, in view of a scene so full of novelty and wonder as that which St. Louis presents on the opposite bank. The three railroads which connect St. Louis with the Northern, Southern, and Eastern States, as well as the short lines which run back a few miles to the mines that supply the city with coal, all terminate here; so that the river severs the city from all the noise and litter of the railroads. The bridge, however, will soon send the trains screaming through the town. At present, it requires seven hundred horses, two or three hundred men, and a dozen large and powerful ferry-boats, to convey across this half-mile of swift and turbid water the passengers and merchandise brought to the eastern bank by the railroads.

There is no Brooklyn here. Except a few shanties, there are no signs of human residence in "East St. Louis," as the newer maps term it, or "Illinois Town," as the people name it. There is nothing to be seen there but railroad tracks raised high above the possible swelling of the river, with pools of water between the embankments; a long, tidy station-house of painted wood; and the broad, roughly paved "Levee," steeply slanting to the river. The Mississippi, like Shakespeare, Niagara Falls, the Pyramids, the unteachable ignorance of an original Secessionist, and many other stupendous things in nature and art, does not reveal its greatness all at once. When, however, the stranger is informed, and sees himself

the evidence of the fact, that the river, which now appears so insignificant, sometimes creeps up that steep, wide Levee, and fills all that broad "American Bottom" miles back to the "bluffs," he begins to suspect that the Father of Waters may, after all, be equal to its reputation. Such ferries as those by which we cross the Hudson and the Delaware are impossible upon a river so swift and so capricious as this. The ferry-boat is built like other steamboats, except that it is wider and stronger. With its head up the stream, it lies alongside of a barge to receive its enormous freight of coal-wagons, omnibuses, express-wagons, mail-wagons, carts, and loose mules enough to fill the interstices. Being let go, the boat, always headed to the impetuous flood, swings across,—the engine merely keeping the huge mass from being carried away down the stream.

Seen from the top of the ferry-boat, St. Louis is a curved line of steamboats, a mile and a half long, without a single mast or sail among them. The whole number of steamboats plying between this city and other river towns is two hundred and sixty-five, of which one hundred may frequently be seen in port at once, ranged along the Levee in close order, with their sterns slanting down the stream, and their bows thrust against the treacherous sand of the shore, each boat presenting a scene of the third act of "The Octoroon." Any one who has witnessed Mr. Bourcicault's excellent play of that name has only to imagine the steamboat scene stretched out a mile and a half, and throw in a few hundred mules and colored men,—the latter driving the former by means of the voice and whip,—and he will have before him a correct view of the St. Louis Levee. Chicago smiles at the necessity under which St. Louis labors of carrying its merchandise up and down that very wide, rough, and steep bank, and contemplates with fine complacency its own convenient river, which brings the grain, the cattle, the boards, and every box and bale to the precise spot where it is wanted, from

which it is hoisted to the warehouse without the agency of human muscle. Chicago laughs at the idea of such a town competing for the trade of the prairies with a city of seventeen elevators. But let Chicago take note: St. Louis, which for many years supposed an elevator impossible on the banks of the Mississippi, now *has* an elevator in most successful operation. The difficulty caused by the ever-changing height of the river is overcome in the simplest manner. When the river is low, the huge spout which connects the elevator with the boat is lengthened, and as the river rises it is shortened. Such success had the elevator, that, during the first forty days of its existence, it received six hundred thousand bushels of grain. It only needs a few more Yankees along the St. Louis Levee to, apply similar devices to the "handling" of other merchandise, and abolish the mules and their noisy drivers.

Twenty-five years ago, Charles Dickens landed upon this Levee, and was driven up to the summit of it into the oldest part of the city, which he thus described:—

"In the old French portion of the town, the thoroughfares are narrow and crooked, and some of the houses are very quaint and picturesque,—being built of wood, with tumble-down galleries before the windows, approachable by stairs, or rather ladders, from the street. There are queer little barbers' shops, and drinking-houses too, in this quarter; and abundance of crazy old tenements with blinking casements, such as may be seen in Flanders. Some of these ancient habitations, with high garret gable-windows perking into the roofs, have a kind of French shrug about them; and, being lop-sided with age, appear to hold their heads askew, besides, as if they were grimacing in astonishment at the American improvements."

There is nothing of this now to be seen in St. Louis, except that the ancient streets along the river are narrower than the rest. All is modern, Amer-

ican, Philadelphian, — especially Philadelphian. No daughter is more like her mother than St. Louis is like Philadelphia. From 1775 to 1800, Philadelphia was the chief city of the country, to which all eyes were directed, and to which the leaders of the nation annually repaired. So dazzling was this plain and staid metropolis to the eyes of Western members and merchants, that, in laying out the cities of the West, they could not but copy Philadelphia, even in the minutest particulars. The streets of Philadelphia running parallel to the river are numbered; so are those of St. Louis, Cincinnati, and other Western towns. The cross-streets of Philadelphia were named after the trees, plants, and bushes that grew upon its site, such as Sycamore, Vine, Cherry, Walnut, Chestnut, Pine, and Spruce. Accident changed some of these appellations in the course of years, so that we find such names as "Race" and "Arch" mingled with those of the trees. So infatuated were the Western men of the early day with the charms of Philadelphia, a visit to which must have been the great event of their lives, that they not only named their streets at home Sycamore and Chestnut, but used also the accidental ones, such as Race and Arch. Nearly every street in Nashville has a Philadelphia name. Half the streets of Cincinnati have Philadelphia names. In St. Louis, too, we are reminded of the Quaker City at every turn, both in the names and the aspect of the streets. Those old-fashioned, square, roomy brick mansions, — the habit of tipping and pointing everything with marble, — the brick pavements, — the chastened splendor of the newer residences, — the absence of any principal thoroughfare, such as Broadway, — the prodigious extent of the city for its population, — the general quiet and neatness, — all call to mind comfortable Philadelphia. They have even adopted, of late, the mode of numbering the houses practised in the Quaker City, — the system which makes a person live at 1418 Washington Street, merely because his

house is the eighteenth above the corner of Fourteenth Street.

St. Louis enjoys the tranquillity which strikes every stranger with so much surprise, because nature has placed no obstacle in the way of its growth in any direction, and therefore there is no crowded thoroughfare, no intense business centre, no crammed square mile. New York is cramped in a long, narrow island, between two wide and rapid rivers, as yet unbridged. Cincinnati a mile and a half from the Ohio encounters an almost precipitous hill, four hundred and sixty feet high. Chicago had to be raised bodily in the air, while twelve feet of earth was thrown under it to keep it there. Boston cannot grow without making ground to grow upon. But fair St. Louis, the future capital of the United States, and of the civilization of the Western Continent, can extend itself in every direction back from the Mississippi, without meeting any formidable obstacle. The ground is high enough to lift the city above the highest floods of the river, but nowhere so high as to require expensive grading. The prairie behind the city is neither level nor inconveniently undulating. North of the city there are some bluffs of slight elevation, which have been turned to excellent account as the sites of the two chief cemeteries. The highest hill, however, which we remember about the city, is that lofty Mound on the bank of the river, supposed to have been thrown up for a look-out station by the Indians, ages ago, from which St. Louis derives its name of the "Mound City." It was with a cutting pang of regret that we observed the partial destruction of this most curious monument of the past, and heard of the supposed necessity for its removal. We could not see the necessity. Though St. Louis should grow to be a greater and more imperial city than Rome (which it will), the time will never come when that Mound, if perfectly preserved, would not be one of its most interesting objects. It was originally, and could easily be again, a well-shaped mound, about as high and

about as large as the State-House in Boston.

There being no hindrance to the natural growth of the city, it has arranged itself in a natural manner. Along the river, as far back as Third Street, the wholesale business of the town is done. Here are rows of tall brick stores and warehouses; here are the post-office, the exchange, the court-house; here are the mills and the factories, which must be near the river. All the bustle and clatter of the place are confined to these three or four streets nearest the water, and to the streets crossing them,—a strip of the town three miles long and a quarter of a mile wide. Fourth Street contains the principal retail stores, many of which are on the scale of Broadway. Here the ladies of St. Louis replenish at once and exhibit their charms, flitting from store to store. Fifth Street is also a street of retail business; but beyond that line the city presents little but a vast extent of residences, churches, public institutions and vacant lots; these last being so numerous that the town could double its population without taking in much more of the prairie. From the cupola of the court-house, the city appears an illimitable expanse of brick houses, covered always with a light smoke from forty thousand fires of bituminous coal. The two principal hotels are the largest in the United States, and among the best. The nearness of the city to the wilderness and the uninhabited prairie fills the markets with game. Venison is cheaper than mutton, wild turkeys, than tame. The markets of St. Louis probably furnish a greater variety and profusion of delicious food than any others in the world, and the art of cookery seems never to have been lost there.

The resemblance of this highly favored city to Philadelphia is only external. It has a character of its own, to which many elements have contributed, and which many influences have modified. The ball-clubs, playing in the fields on Sunday afternoons, the

billiard-rooms open on Sunday, the great number of assemblies, balls, and parties, the existence of five elegant and expensively sustained theatres in a town of two hundred and twenty thousand inhabitants, the closing of all the stores by sunset in winter, and before sunset in summer, and an indefinable something in the tone and air of the people, notify the stranger that he is in a place which was not the work exclusively of the Puritan, nor even of the Protestant. It is, indeed, a town of highly composite character. The old and wealthy families, descendants of the original French settlers, still speaking the French language and maintaining French customs, give to the place something of the style of New Orleans. As the chief city of a State that shared, and deliberately chose to share, the curse of slavery, it has much of the languor and carelessness induced by the habit of being served by slaves. The negro, too, has imparted his accent to the tongue of the people. Nearly one half of the population being Catholic, and the Catholic Church being by far the wealthiest denomination of the place, and much the most active, enterprising, and wise, the civilization of the town is essentially Catholic; and even the imitative negroes turn out on Sundays and play matches of base-ball in costume. The city being midway between the Northern Lakes and the Gulf of Mexico, and offering opportunities to men of enterprise, has attracted a few thousands of Northern people, who have been, and are now, a powerful propelling force in St. Louis and in the wondrous State of Missouri. Add to these various elements sixty thousand Germans, whom the Secessionists of St. Louis compliment with the title of the "Damned Dutch,"—uttering the words with that ferocious emphasis which they usually reserve exclusively for the "Damned Yankees." Our placid and good-natured German friends are not apt to excite the ire of their fellow-citizens; but at St. Louis they have contrived to make themselves most intensely abhorred by the "aristocracy"

of the place, nine in ten of whom were Secessionists. Reason: It was the loyal and democratic Germans who, in 1861, saved the city from falling into the hands of the Rebels, and it is the Germans who, to-day, constitute the strength of the United States in the State of Missouri. Let us drink, at all future Union banquets, in foaming lager, to the "Damned Dutch of St. Louis," for truly we owe them honor and gratitude.

The many evidences which meet the eye, in this city, of solid and ancient wealth, are a constant marvel to visitors accustomed to the recentness of other Western cities. How was the money gained which built those hundred-thousand-dollar residences, these numerous and spacious churches, colleges, convents, hospitals, and filled them with pictures, books, and apparatus? The capital which has created, renewed, and adorned this city was gained *here*, upon the spot, by her own people; not borrowed from abroad.

St. Louis is just one hundred and four years old. In the summer of 1763, Pierre Laclède Liguist, a vigorous and enterprising Frenchman, led from New Orleans a large party of French trappers and traders, for the purpose of founding at the junction of the Mississippi and Missouri a depot for the furs of the vast region watered by those rivers. In December, after five months of toil, he saw the mouth of the muddy Missouri, but preferred for the site of his settlement the fine bend of the Mississippi, twenty miles below, which he had observed on his way up. Landing there, he marked the spot by "blazing" some of the trees, and, in the following February, sent, from his winter quarters below, a party of thirty young fellows to build sheds and cabins for the settlement. The 15th of February, 1764, the day on which this little band landed, was the birthday of St. Louis. In the course of the year, the main body of adventurers arrived, the Indians were conciliated, cabins of upright poles were built, a little corn was planted, trade was

begun, and the settlement fairly established.

A Frenchman was a popular personage with the Indians in those days. He had no conscientious scruples against taking a squaw; and his religion had much in it that was imposing to the savage mind. There was usually a fiddle in French settlements, and it was not idle on festive days. The Frenchman of that day had not familiarized his mind with the history of Joshua, and it did not give him much concern to know that the Indians were heathen. He took the business of settling the new country lightly, and accommodated *himself* to the wild life of the prairie and the river, instead of attempting to subdue *them*, and found upon them a Christian state, "to the glory of God." He did not even take the trouble to build a good solid log-house, such as the men of our race built, but was content to stick poles in the ground, and cover the roof with bark and skins,—a slight improvement upon the wigwam. Never, never would those gay and pleasant Frenchmen have conquered the continent from savage man and savage nature; but they got along very peaceably with the Indians, had a dance on Sunday afternoons, and made the best of their lot. It is quite true, as the good people of St. Louis often say, that, if the English had settled St. Louis, there would have been massacres and wars without end. Yes; the white men who do not hate and exterminate Indians, the white men who can find solace in the arms of squaws, and build wigwams instead of houses, may possess delightful qualities of head and heart, but they are not the men who found empires.

European politics, strange to say, had a powerful influence upon this little settlement of fur-traders. The peace of 1763 gave all the country east of the Mississippi to the English. As soon as tidings of this dreadful event reached the Frenchmen who had settled upon the Illinois, they made haste to remove to St. Louis, so as to avoid the infamy of living under the rule of their

"natural enemy." No sooner had they arrived, than news still more terrible reached them: Louis XV. had ceded all his possessions west of the Mississippi to Spain! For the next thirty years the village was an outpost of Spanish Louisiana, in whose broad extent no one could own land who was not a Catholic. The Frenchmen submitted to the easy sway of the Spanish commandant, and the settlement slowly increased in numbers and wealth. To go to New Orleans and return was a voyage of ten months. Furs, lead, and salt were sent down the river in barges; which, returning in the following year, brought back the beads, tomahawks, and trash coveted by the Indians, as well as the few articles required by the settlers. As the village grew, the range of its business extended, and parties of trappers and of traders ascended the Missouri, and laid its upper waters under contribution. From the Mississippi to the Pacific, there was a territory two thousand miles broad, all alive with Indians, with buffalo, beaver, deer, bears, and every kind of game. From 1764 down to the year 1815, when the first steamboat ascended the river, St. Louis gained the chief part of its livelihood by hunting, trapping, and trading over that wondrous, illimitable park, of which it was the principal entrance. There was no fur-producing region, between the river and the Rocky Mountains, which was not embraced in the system of which St. Louis was the controlling power. St. Louis was the metropolis of the hunting-shirt.

Slow is the growth of cities which have no civilized population behind them. The following table shows the population of St. Louis at different periods:—

1764		120
1780		687
1785		897
1788		1,197
1799		925
1811		1,400
1820		4,928
1828		5,000
1830		5,852

1833		6,397
1835		8,316
1837		12,040
1840		16,469
1844		34,140
1850		74,439
1852		94,000
1856		125,200
1859		185,587
1866		204,327
1867		220,000

The great event in the history of St. Louis was its transfer, with all that was once called Louisiana, to the United States. This occurred in 1804, forty years after Pierre Laclede Liguist had blazed the trees on the site of St. Louis. The entire province of "Upper Louisiana" then contained nine thousand and twenty whites and one thousand three hundred and twenty blacks. St. Louis consisted of one hundred and eighty houses, nearly all of which were one-story cabins made of upright hewn logs, roofed with shingles. Many of the inhabitants had married squaws, and some of the trappers had an Indian wife in the town, and another in the hunting-grounds. On one occasion, a Frenchman and his Indian wife presented their eight children for baptism all at once. The old records contain various indications that, in this French village of St. Louis, neither the wife nor the community saw anything very censurable in a married man having illegitimate children. There is a joint will, for example, in the archives, in which husband and wife express the utmost fondness for one another, and beg to be buried as near one another as possible. The clause following these affectionate expressions bequeaths five thousand francs to an illegitimate daughter of the fond and beloved husband. There was one Catholic church in the place, built of logs; of course, no other than a Catholic church would have been permitted by the Spanish bigots who ruled the province. The people were gay, good-humored, and *polite*, but totally destitute of the force, the spirit, the ambition, the enterprise, which made the people of cold and bar-

ren New England fish for cod off Newfoundland, and open a profitable commerce with the West Indies, while they were still warring with the Indians. A St. Louis merchant of 1790 was a man who, in a corner of his cabin, had a large chest which contained a few pounds of powder and shot, a few knives and hatchets, a little red paint, two or three rifles, some hunting-shirts of buckskin, a few tin cups and iron pots, and perhaps a little tea, coffee, sugar, and spice. There was no post-office, no ferry over the river, no newspaper. No one could post a bill in the town for a lost horse without a permit from the Governor; no Protestant could own a lot. But, as we have before observed, the people enjoyed existence in their way. There was a pleasant, social life in the place. On occasions of festivity, each family brought its quota of provisions, paid its share of the fiddler's fee, came together in some convenient place, and danced till the sun went down. And thus they would have lived and danced to the present hour, but for the cession of the province to the United States.

That glorious event changed everything. See how the system of freedom works when it supplants the system of restriction. The post-office was, of course, immediately established. The laws forbidding Protestant worship, and requiring owners of land to profess the Catholic faith, being abolished, vigorous men (not many, but enough for propelling force) moved in from the East and South, and began the work of creating what we now call St. Louis. In 1808, there was a newspaper. In 1809, there were fire-companies. In 1810, there were road masters, who had power to compel the requisite labor on the highways. In 1811, there were two schools in the town, one French and one English. In the same year a market was built; and already the streets had changed their names from *La Rue Principale*, *La Rue Royale*, *La Rue des Granges*, to such as Walnut and Chestnut; and *La Place d'Armes* had also become plain Centre Square.

In 1812, by the formation of the great Missouri Fur Company, the power of combined capital and labor was brought to bear upon the hitherto wild, precarious business of collecting furs, and expeditions were sent out upon a scale and with resources that insured success. The trappers and hunters were organized, disciplined, and directed by able men, who could stay at home and form part of a stable community. The lead mines began to be worked to better advantage on a larger scale. Above all, agriculture, which the French settlers had only regarded as a means of obtaining food, assumed increasing importance. In 1815, the era of the steamboat began.

But though there was enough vigorous brain in the town, after the cession, to give it impetus and organization, there was not enough to prevent its falling into an error that retarded its progress for forty-five years. In 1820, after a long and most animated discussion, St. Louis cast its vote for slavery, and led Missouri to the same decision. The population then was 4,928. In 1830, it had increased to 5,852! An increase of 924 inhabitants in ten years! If Missouri had chosen the better part in 1820, St. Louis would at this moment be a city of a million inhabitants, and Missouri a State of four millions.

The rapid growth of St. Louis dates from 1833, when the prairie world began to attract the attention of emigrants. Every family that settled upon the banks of the Missouri, the Mississippi, or upon their tributaries, contributed its quota of business to a city which is the natural capital of the Mississippi Valley, and which is the natural centre of the great steamboat interest of all that wonderful system of rivers. From 1830 to 1860, the population of St. Louis trebled every ten years, and, from being the narrow and ill-favored town described by Charles Dickens, expanded into the spacious, elegant, tranquil, and solid metropolis we find it now.

Who can describe how bitterly St.

Louis expiated, during the Rebellion the mistake of 1820? The wealth, the social influence, the planting interest, and much of the cultivated brain of the city and the State, were in the fullest sympathy with the Secessionists. The Governor of the State was a Secessionist, and nearly every other man whose official position would render him important in a crisis. In all Missouri, there were in 1860 about 20,000 Republicans, but nowhere in the State was there any considerable body of them in one place, except at St. Louis among the "Damned Dutch." The United States Arsenal in the city, filled with arms and ammunition, was commanded by an officer bound to the South by every tie that usually influences men. And yet the arsenal and the city were promptly saved from the clutch of treason.

We talk of erecting monuments to the saviours of the country, but we shall never erect a monument to its real saviours,—the Secessionists themselves, whose madness came so often to the rescue of the gasping Union. If they had only been, at critical moments, a little less foolish, a little less blindly arrogant, ignorant, cruel, or ridiculous,—just a little,—how could we, with so many enemies among us, and with every power in Christendom except one on their side,—how could we have put them down? They lost St. Louis by their headlong precipitation. When Frank Blair and his friends returned from nominating Mr. Lincoln at the Chicago Convention of 1860, a ratification meeting was held at St. Louis, which was assailed and broken up by a mob of "Democrats." Some of the speakers were struck with stones, all were insulted by blasphemous yells and hellish imprecations. That riot saved St. Louis, for it led to the formation of the Wide-Awake Club, which issued, in due time, in sixty-six regiments of loyal Missouri volunteers. Readers remember the Wide-Awakes of 1860. With us, they were only the decoration of the "campaign,"—the material of which its torchlight processions were com-

posed; but at St. Louis they were necessary for the maintenance of freedom and order. They attended every Republican meeting, armed with a loaded club and a flaming lamp of camphene, and assailed disturbers of the peace with club and fire. Disbanded after the election, they reorganized in the following February, when traitors began to cast inquiring eyes upon the arsenal; but now they appeared in another guise, as regiments of militia, armed through the exertions of Frank Blair, and led, at length, by that alert and valiant soldier, Nathaniel Lyon. These were the men who saved the arsenal, broke up the traitors' camp in the suburbs, and kept the enemy's troops always a hundred miles from the city.

We in the North can but faintly realize the desolation and misery of the war in Missouri and St. Louis. The blockade of the river reduced the whole business of the city to about one third its former amount; and yet nothing could prevent refugees from the seat of war from seeking safety and sustenance in the impoverished town. Families were terribly divided. Children witnessed daily the horrid spectacle of their parents fiercely quarrelling over the news of the morning, each denouncing what the other held sacred, and vaunting what the other despised. In the back counties, whole regions were absolutely depopulated. "No quarter," was the word on both sides. "In counties," says a well-informed writer, "where the Rebels had control, no Union man dared to remain; in counties where Union men were dominant, no Rebel was permitted to reside. As the wave of war flowed or ebbed across the State, it carried on its surface the inhabitants in one direction or the other. As the Rebel armies advanced, Union citizens retired, taking with them their families and household goods; when the enemy retrograded, followed up by the Federal armies, the Union men returned and the Rebel families receded. The whole population was at war. There was no neutrality, and

could be none. In this way those sections of the State which were debatable ground became uninhabitable, were depopulated, and turned into a wilderness."

During the last two years of the war, the prodigious expenditures of the government in the Southwest enriched many citizens of St. Louis, and employed some thousands of them. It is, nevertheless, a decisive proof of the solidity of the business men of the city, that they bore the long stagnation so well, and came out of the war generally prepared to resume business at the point and on the scale at which the interruption occurred. St. Louis is, in every sense, herself again, with the absence of the black incubus that weighed her down. All is hopefulness and energy there now. It is but two years since the war ended, and yet the city did more business in 1866 than in any other year of its existence. The article of corn may be considered as representative in those Western cities. In 1860, St. Louis received and disposed of a little less than four and a quarter millions of bushels of corn. In 1863, the quantity was less than one million and a half of bushels. In 1865, it was a little more than three millions. In 1866, the quantity mounted to the unprecedented number of 7,233,671 bushels! An examination of Mr. George H. Morgan's "Statement of the Trade and Commerce of St. Louis," for 1866, will show that there is scarcely any branch which did not do a larger amount of business in 1866 than in any other year since the foundation of the city.

The war inflicted wounds which are not so easily healed. We heard much in St. Louis of the ill-temper of the defeated Secessionists; but they seemed to us more sad than bitter, more anxious than resentful. If, in their intercourse with strangers, they were reserved, it appeared to be because the only topic upon which they have been accustomed to converse is utterly exhausted. And really, after thirty years of talk, and four of war, they may well

pause, fatigued, and try a little meditation. In mingling with those polite and reticent men, we could feel for them nothing but good-will. We could not but remember that for thirty years they had been severed, intellectually and morally, from the rest of the human race, and had not shared in the new light and better feeling of recent times. We could not but remember, that, during the war, they were as *sure* that they were right as we were sure that we were right. We could not but remember, that they dared more, sacrificed more, suffered more than we did.

And then these Southern brethren of ours are, in all intellectual matters, such children, that it is impossible, while you are among them, to feel otherwise than tenderly towards them. Judging from the Southern literature that may be found in great variety on the counters of St. Louis bookstores, we should say that the reading people of the South are still subsisting upon the novels and poems of Sir Walter Scott. They appear to have taken Scott *seriously*, as though Sir Walter had really thought Ivanhoe was a more admirable personage than James Watt, and wanted people to stop making steam-engines and go back to chivalry! Let the middle-aged reader recall the time when he read Scott's novels with the passion so proper and natural to youth, then let him endeavor to imagine what sort of person he would now be if he had read nothing else since; and he will be able to form a conception of the kind of people who litter the bookstores of St. Louis with "Cavalier" newspapers and "Southern Lyrics." Nothing is so amusing as the gravity, nay, the solemnity, with which they treat the most trivial topics. While we were at St. Louis, a band of negro minstrels performed a burlesque of a "tournament" which had been recently held in the city. One of these amiable writers discoursed on this topic in a manner to draw tears.

"This sooty band of harmonists, who have stolen their complexion from the negro and their character from

the same individual, — if, indeed, they have any, — are engaged just now in entertaining the public with a burlesque of the Tournament lately held at the Fair Grounds. These mountebanks, emboldened by the laugh of the crowd, and having no knowledge of the proprieties of social life to restrain them, have presumed to push their insolence beyond all limit of reason or decency, and to present the actions of private persons in scenes of the broadest caricature upon the stage. They have gone further, and made, as well, the incidents and personages of the social gathering that followed that event the subject of their noisy mirth and coarse buffoonery."

Imagine two columns of this eloquence, — all on the subject of a little piece of harmless fun by a "sooty band of harmonists." A heap of such clippings lies before us, cut from all sorts of periodicals; but in the heap there are one or two that contain a gleam of sense. The following is more than a gleam: it is a burst of light: it solves the whole problem of reconstruction. The conversation is supposed to have taken place on board of a Red River steamboat, among a group of Arkansas planters: —

"*First Planter.* I have made up my mind to sell half of my farm, and I shall sell it to a Yankee.

"*Second Planter.* You are joking. You could n't endure a Yankee neighbor.

"*First Planter.* No, I am not joking; I swear I am in earnest. I want an enterprising Yankee neighbor. I think he can teach me a good many things, and that I can teach him a good many things, and that together we can double the value of my lands, and improve the condition of my county. We have n't a school in the county, — not one. We have good water power, but no machinery. Our lands are as rich as the banks of the Nile, but they will not bring to-day twenty-five dollars an acre, and we are head over ears in debt. Gentlemen, we need a Yankee element to develop Arkansas.

"*Second Planter.* But his politics.

"*First Planter.* Damn politics! We have followed abstractions until we are wellnigh ruined."

We greatly fear that this conversation originated in the inventive mind of a Yankee; but its publication in a Southern newspaper was something. Would that it could be "cut out" and stuck up in every Southern post-office! At present the Yankee is usually spoken of in the South as per specimen, copied from the opening lines of "The Saints' Jubilee, a Satire," published recently at St. Louis: —

"To Saints and Pilgrims now we bawl,
Who worship in old Fan'il Hall, —
Old Fan'il Hall, that glorious spot,
Where saints so oft blow cold and hot,
And launch abroad their wordy thunder
To fill th' astonished world with wonder;
The 'cradle' this of revolution,
From whence doth spring such wild confusion,
That saints are sometimes in a pother,
To know if *this* is *that* or *t' other*."

Consider the feelings of a people saturated with Scott, and regarding Hudibras as a classic model, at being "conquered," as they delight to term it, by the saints of Faneuil Hall.

One of the many surprises of St. Louis is the smallness of the negro population, — not more than three thousand in all. At Chicago and other Northern cities, the waiters at the hotels are generally colored men; at St. Louis, generally white. Most of the coachmen, grooms, porters, and female servants are white. Along the Levee there is a fringe of negroes, loading and unloading the steamboats, and negroes are employed in other rough work; but they play as unobtrusive a part in the life of the city, as in that of Boston or New York. There is a vast difference between a Chicago negro and a St. Louis negro. At St. Louis the shadow of slavery rests still upon their countenances, and crows their souls. So imitative and sympathetic is man, that the negroes will never believe much in themselves, until white men believe a little in them; and the Southern portion of the St. Louis people are still

very far from this. How impossible to convey to the Northern mind the faintest idea of the wild, incredulous, speechless amazement of the Southern woman on being informed that negroes were to vote! It was as though a Northern lady were to read in a newspaper, that rats and mice were to be counted in the election of the next President. But these traits of immaturity will disappear—are disappearing—now that no artificial obstacle exists to the free growth of the Southern mind. We doubt if to-day one hundred disinterested votes could be obtained in St. Louis for the re-establishment of slavery in Missouri. The Southern editors, however, flatter their readers by publishing paragraphs like the following:—

“The time was when the honest old darky got up and went to work at break of day, with a full stomach, good comfortable clothing on his back, good shoes on his feet, a heart as light and happy as the lark, and making the welkin ring with his merry songs. When the day’s work was over, he ‘laid down the shovel and the hoe,’ went to his comfortable log-cabin, ate the wholesome supper furnished him by his kind old master, and then lighted his pipe, took down his banjo, and played, sung, and danced until the bell rang for him to go to bed. Good, kind old master furnished him with everything necessary for his comfort, and, as he had no cares, he could sleep soundly. ‘Alas! he cannot sing and dance with the same zest’ now. He has no old master to furnish him with food and raiment. No kind mistress to take care of him when he gets sick. No comfortable cabin to live in. No thick clothing to shield him from the storms. No banjo to pick, and his heart is so heavy he cannot sing and dance. Candidly, we have not heard of a real old-fashioned negro frolic since the poor darky was set free.”

Very likely: people are never so merry as when they are extremely uncomfortable and know they cannot help it. Southern editors delight to print

this kind of sentimental lie, but there is hardly one of them who is foolish enough to be taken in by it.

Has the reader ever taken the trouble to observe what a remarkable piece of this earth’s surface the State of Missouri is? Surface, indeed! We beg pardon; Missouri goes far enough under the surface to furnish mankind with one hundred million tons of coal a year for thirteen hundred years! Think of 26,887 square miles of coal-beds,—nearly half the State,—and some of the beds fifteen feet thick. With regard to iron, it is not necessary to penetrate the surface for that. They have iron in Missouri by the mountain. Pilot Knob, 581 feet high, and containing 360 acres, is a mass of iron; and Iron Mountain, six miles distant from it, is 228 feet high, covers 500 acres, and contains 230,000,000 tons of ore, without counting the inexhaustible supply that may reasonably be supposed to exist below the level. There is enough iron lying about loose in that region for a double track of railroad across the continent. The lead districts of Missouri include more than 6,000 square miles, and at least five hundred “points” where it is known that lead can be profitably worked. In fifteen counties there is copper, and in seven of these counties there is copper enough to pay for working the mines. There are large deposits of zinc in the State. There is gold, also, which does not yet attract much attention because of the dazzling stores of the precious metal farther west. In short, within one hundred miles of St. Louis, the following metals and minerals are found in quantities that will repay working: gold, iron, lead, zinc, copper, tin, silver, platinum, nickel, emery, cobalt, coal, limestone, granite, pipe-clay, fire-clay, marble, metallic paints, and salt. The State contains forty-five million acres of land. Eight millions of these acres have the rich soil that is peculiarly suited to the raising of hemp. There are five millions of acres among the best in the world for the grape. Twenty million acres are good farming lands, adapted

to the ordinary crops of the Northern farmer. Two million acres are mining lands. Unlike some of the prairie States, Missouri possesses a sufficiency of timber land, and most of her prairies are of the rolling variety.

We have often tried to decide the great question, which of the States of the Union is the fittest and richest dwelling-place for man. It is easy to come to a conclusion on the subject, but difficult to adhere to it. Often, while sailing on the broad and brimming Hudson, and thinking of the various charms and advantages of the State through which it flows, we have been quite certain that New York is the fairest and noblest province of the earth. In this opinion we remain fixed, until we find ourselves surveying the outward beauty, and contemplating the hidden wealth, of Pennsylvania. Then we throw New York over, and assign to its great neighbor the palm of superiority. But, anon, we are lost in wonder at the unknown but inexhaustible resources of Virginia, its happy situation, its favorable climate, the tranquil picturesqueness of its winding streams, its romantic and accessible mountains. Then we give Pennsylvania the go-by, and yield our allegiance to Virginia. In the same way we have found our unstable affections straying off to noble Ohio, beautiful Iowa, bountiful Illinois, delightful Tennessee, various Minnesota, — each of which, when the other dear charmers are forgotten, seems the unique and unapproachably lovely. At the present moment, great Missouri has our profoundest homage. There is nothing which man needs, and there are few things which it is rational for him to desire, that this imperial State does not furnish in rich abundance. There is grain for his sustenance, tobacco for his solace, gold for his decoration, iron for his use, wine for his exhilaration, cotton and wool for his garments, and hemp for his morals. Held back for forty years by slavery, desolated for four years by civil war, it has gone forward since the return of peace by strides and bounds. Governor

Fletcher, in his recent Message, mentions that the taxable property of the State, which was something less than two hundred millions of dollars in 1863, was four hundred millions of dollars at the close of 1866. Missouri bonds, depressed during the suspended existence of the State, promise to be above par before these lines can see the light.

If St. Louis were nothing more than the chief city of such a State, it would be a place of all but the first importance. But it is far more than that; it is the centre and natural metropolis of the Valley of the Mississippi. Above it, the great river is navigable for 800 miles; below it, for 1,345 miles. Twenty miles above the city, the Missouri pours in its turbid flood, navigable to a point nearly three thousand miles from St. Louis. Two hundred miles below the city is the mouth of the Ohio, which gives St. Louis river communication with Pittsburg, twelve hundred miles distant, and with the oil and coal regions of Pennsylvania, above Pittsburg. The navigable tributaries of the Mississippi and Missouri, eleven thousand miles in length, place within reach of the city every town of much importance in a valley of twelve hundred thousand square miles, destined to contain a population of two hundred millions of people. Those ship canals which Chicago is so set upon speedily creating, will give St. Louis also access to the Great Lakes and a short cut to the Atlantic Ocean. A thousand miles of railroad in the State connect the city with the Western system of roads, chief among which is the railroad to the Pacific. When that greatest work of man is finished, in 1870, St. Louis — which is 1,060 miles from New York and 2,300 miles from San Francisco — will be as manifestly the natural capital of the United States as it now is of the richest portion of it. It will not be, in a geographical sense, the central city; but considering the superior importance to us of Europe over Asia, and other obvious facts, it will be central in every sense except the geographical one, — it

will be the centre of politics, of business, and of distribution.

There is always a certain agreeable freshness, heartiness, and simplicity in a community which deals chiefly in the natural products of the earth ; and this is one reason why it is so pleasant to a Northern traveller to reside for a while in the Southern States. He feels like a lawyer out in the hay-fields, or like city children in the country. Agriculture is there conducted on a scale which invests it with a dignity not so easily discerned in a region of little farms, each worked by one poor, anxious, overtasked man, assisted by one poor, anxious, overtasked woman. St. Louis, from the time when it laid the foundation of its fortune in the fur trade, has always been a depot and market for grain, flour, hemp, and tobacco ; and, although the manufactures of the city are important and increasing, St. Louis still gains the chief part of its livelihood by dealing in natural products. The great Exchange room, where the twenty-five hundred ruling business men of the place daily meet for an hour and a half, is a refreshing scene to the worn slave of the desk who may chance to witness it. Here, along the sides of the long room, are tables covered with little tin pans, containing samples of corn, wheat of all grades and colors, flour, meal, oats, barley, beans, bran, seeds, apples, dried apples, salt ; on other tables are hams, samples of hemp, wool, and cotton, bottles of coal oil, lard, lard oil, lubricating oil, currying oil, specimens of rope, and many other such commodities. What fine, fresh, hearty-looking men ! Here are the millers, with their ruddy faces and light-colored clothes, who superintended the grinding of those 820,000 barrels of flour in 1866, and whose honesty and good sense have made the St. Louis brands the favorites in all the flour marts of the country. Here are the buyers of grain, each in his accustomed place, to whom come sellers bearing pans of wheat, which the buyer runs his hand through, asks the price and the quantity, and indicates, by a shake

or a nod of the head, whether he takes or declines it. These men of the St. Louis Exchange do not know as much, do not think and read as much, do not push and advertise and vaunt as much, as those who frequent the Exchange of Chicago ; but they have that something about them which makes the charm of the farmer and the country gentleman. Evidently they take life more easily than their rivals farther north. Much of their talk is in an unknown tongue. When they are speaking of tobacco, they describe the varieties of that article in such terms as the following : " scraps," " lugs," " factory lugs," " planters' lugs," " medium shipping leaf," " choice manufacturing," " dark fillers," " bright fillers," " black wrappers," " fancy leaf." We must not omit to record that the standard of commercial honor has always been high at St. Louis, and that its merchants have rather inclined to an excess of caution than to an excess of enterprise. As the brand of " St. Louis " upon a barrel of flour adds to its commercial value, so the name of St. Louis upon a merchant's card facilitates his way to confidence and credit in other cities.

What, then, of the reckless steam-boating ? St. Louis has at least the candor to publish every year a catalogue of all the steamers and barges sunk, burnt, and exploded on the rivers. During the year 1866 the explosions were seven in number ; twenty-two steamboats were burnt ; forty-nine were sunk and lost ; twelve were sunk and raised ; twenty-nine barges were sunk ; — one hundred and nineteen casualties in all. Judging from our intercourse with the manly and agreeable fellows who command and pilot the St. Louis steamboats, we should not suppose that they had any very decided taste for being blown a hundred feet in the air, nor any marked inclination to have their property and credit submerged in the thick waters of the Mississippi. Such is the competition among owners for competent pilots, that the best pilots now command seven hun-

dred dollars a month, and each boat must have two. For the explosions there is no excuse; for the conflagrations, there is some; for the sinkings, there is enough. A Western steam-boat is as combustible as a theatre; there is in the midst of it a raging volcano; and the whole mass of fire and fuel is rushing through the air at the rate of fifteen miles an hour. One stray spark, unobserved for ten minutes, suffices to kindle a blaze which nothing can quench but the river's rolling flood. These fires can be prevented only by a systematic and sleepless vigilance, which the Southwestern man does not take to easily. But learn it they must and will.

Recently, they have introduced upon the great rivers of the West the tow-boat and barge system, as we have it upon the Hudson. Tow-boats of immense power, which carry no freight, draw after them and around them, like a duck surrounded by her family, five, ten, or fifteen spacious barges, loaded with grain, cotton, and passengers. On arriving at a town, the fleet stops only long enough to let go one barge, and take on another. Nor is there any stopping for fuel, for the tow-boat is large enough to contain a supply for the voyage. Such is the saving of time, by avoiding hours' delay at each of the principal landings and the frequent stoppings for fuel, that the tow-boats, with ten loaded barges attached to them, make the trip from St. Louis to New Orleans in six days, which is just the time usually taken by the fastest passenger boats. In this way such commodities as grain can be conveyed in bulk,—a great economy,—and the voyage on the Mississippi is rendered almost as safe as upon the Delaware. It is the tow-boat, in the van of the floating mass, that incurs most of the perils of the river, and all those of the boiler. The system is a prodigious economy. One of those large passenger boats on the Mississippi is run at an expense of a thousand dollars a day, and it wastes half its time in waiting for freight. A tow-boat capable

of towing ten barges expends but two hundred dollars a day, and wastes fewer hours than a passenger boat wastes days.

That Mississippi River, dull and harmless as it usually looks, is one of the most unmanageable things in nature, and supplies the towns upon its banks with that element of peril that is a universal concomitant of human life. It never knows its own mind two years together, and rolls about in its soft bed like a sick hippopotamus. One year it floods a town, or slices off a few acres of it; the next, it threatens to leave it and seek another channel. Even St. Louis, though safe from floods, has been obliged to use considerable compulsion to keep the river from floundering over toward the Illinois shore, and leaving the Levee a dry joke to the Chicanonese forever. Every ten or fifteen years, too, the river rises high enough to pour in at the front doors of the stores at the top of the Levee, which are needlessly near the channel. The elders of the town remember the time when the flood was threatening, and Edwin Forrest was acting, both on the same evening; and, as often as the curtain went down, the men would rush out of doors to hear the last news from the river, and when the play was over, the entire audience hurried pellmell to the Levee to see for themselves whose cellars were flooded, and into whose second-story windows the water was pouring.

The ice, too, is a thing of terror at St. Louis. It does no harm while it is forming, nor as long as it remains firm. On the contrary, it furnishes a convenient bridge, over which, for a month sometimes, the heaviest loads are safely drawn. It is the breaking up that does the mischief. Along the gently curving edge of the Levee, a hundred steamboats have their noses in the sand, and their hulls fixed aslant in the thickest ice. Ropes and cables fasten some to the shore; others, for experiment's sake, are held by light ropes, or by none. In the middle of the river a few boats are anchored,—also as an

experiment, — and others line the opposite shore. The ice gives no warning of the coming change, and, by degrees, the vigilance of the thousands who have reason to contemplate its breaking up with dread is relaxed. Suddenly, when no one is thinking of the river, a voice is heard crying, "IT MOVES!"

All eyes are turned to the ice. It is a horrid circumstance of the breaking up, that, when the ice begins to go, it moves in an entire mass, so slowly and so silently that, for several minutes, no inexperienced person can discern the motion. The boy that first noticed the movement of the ice in 1866 was scolded by the by-standers for making a false alarm. As soon as it becomes certain that the ice has started, the fire-bells ring, and all the city hurries to the Levee, to prevent or witness the destruction of the steamboats. The broad sheet of ice, two or three feet thick, as it glides along, soon begins to bring a fearful strain upon the line of boats. *Something* must give way. Nothing can stop the motion of the ice, that has hundreds of miles of ice behind it, pressing it on. Suddenly the silence is broken; the ice cracks; fissures yawn; some boats are crushed like paper; others are drawn bodily under the sheet; others are thrown violently against one another; some are forced partly upon the ice. Meanwhile the owners and officers of the boats, aided by the firemen and citizens, are making desperate exertions to save their property, and the whole Levee, as far as the eye can reach, is a scene of excitement and consternation. At the breaking up of the ice in 1866, seventeen steamboats were crushed and sunk in a few minutes. It is within the compass of human ability to provide a remedy for this annual danger. St. Louis must put on its thinking-cap and consider it.

If there is any one who regards the Roman Catholic Church as an institution that has nearly played its part in this world, a short residence at St. Louis will dispel the delusion. The Catholics, French, German, and Irish, are

nearly one half the population; and the property of the Church, in buildings and lands, is estimated at fifteen millions of dollars. From the single tent in which the mass was first celebrated on the site of the city one hundred years ago, succeeded soon by a small church of logs, the number of places of worship has increased, until now there are twenty-nine Catholic churches and chapels, while no other sect has more than nine. Nor have the Catholics there wasted their resources in the erection of churches prematurely splendid. The force of the church in St. Louis is expended in the education of youth, in the care of the sick, in reclaiming the fallen, in providing refuge for the unfortunate. The following catalogue of the Roman Catholic institutions of the city tells a story that may well excite reflection in the Protestant mind.

St. Louis University. 25 professors; 322 students; libraries, 21,000 volumes.

Convent and Academy of the Sacred Heart. Community, 52; number of pupils, 140; pupils in the parish school, 140.

Convent and Academy of the Visitation. Community, 64; number of boarders in Academy, 107.

Ursuline Convent and Academy. Community, 42; candidates, 5; number of boarders, 70.

Mother House and Academy of Sisters of St. Joseph. Community, 66; pupils, 135.

Convent and Academy of Sisters of St. Joseph. Pupils, 250; number in schools for colored pupils, 50.

College of the Christian Brothers. 40 brothers; 500 pupils.

St. Louis Hospital, conducted by the Sisters of Charity. Number in community, 28; 400 patients.

Orphan Asylum of St. Philomena, conducted by the Sisters of Charity. Community, 11; orphans, 85.

St. Mary's Female Orphan Asylum, conducted by the Sisters of Charity. Community, 12; orphans, 150.

Biddle Infant Asylum and Lying-in Hospital, conducted by the Sisters of

Charity. Community, 13; women in asylum, 20; infants, 70.

Widows' House. Number of widows, 30.

St. Vincent's Institute for the Insane, conducted by the Sisters of Charity. 100 patients.

House of the Angel Guardian for Females, conducted by the Sisters of Charity. 83 girls.

Mulanphy Orphan Asylum for Females, conducted by the Ladies of the Sacred Heart. Orphans, 24.

Male Orphan Asylum, conducted by the Sisters of St. Joseph. Orphans, 350.

St. Vincent's German Male and Female Orphan Asylum, conducted by the Sisters of St. Joseph. 100 orphans.

St. Bridget's Half-Orphan Asylum, conducted by the Sisters of St. Joseph. 125 orphans.

Female School of St. Vincent, conducted by the Sisters of Charity. 13 in community; 100 pupils.

House of the Good Shepherd, St. Louis, to which is attached the House of the Third Order of St. Theresa, for penitents. 100 penitents; 36 Magdalen; 43 in community.

St. Joseph's Convent. 8 professed; 5 novices; 2 postulants; 4 lay sisters.

House of Protection (40 inmates), and Free School, 150 children, conducted by Sisters of Mercy.

La Salle Institute, Reformatory for Boys, conducted by the Christian Brothers. 7 brothers; 30 pupils.

Convent of the Carmelite Nuns.

Deaf and Dumb Asylum, conducted by the Sisters of St. Joseph.

Add to these, seventeen parish schools, of which the smallest has 165 pupils, and the largest, 1,000.

This does not look like exhaustion. A very large number of the pupils in the convent schools — fully one third, it is thought — are children of Protestant parents; and an impression is made upon their minds in those pleasant and serene abodes, under that still, but effective discipline, and in the total absence of the repellent Sabbatarian

spirit, which often ends in their "conversion." We shall not soon forget a delightful hour spent in one of the great convent schools of St. Louis. How clean, how bright, how tranquil the place! We Protestants, who only see nuns passing along the streets, with their ugly bonnets, their black dresses, and their downcast eyes, are apt to conclude that a nun must be a forlorn and melancholy being. They do not appear such in their convent homes. We found the Sisters of the "Visitation" witty, high-bred, well-informed ladies, full of pleasant badinage and innocent fun. How could they, indeed, be other than very happy women, with their future secure, with an arduous, noble employment, and with that tide of young and joyous life streaming in every morning at the doors of their abode? The Catholic priests, too, — they really do not appear to be the terrible creatures that some of us think them to be.

But come, reader, let us visit one of them together. It will do us good who never before spoke with a Catholic priest, still less entered a Catholic parsonage. The house is not as large nor as elegantly furnished as the residences of the Protestant preachers; but it is sufficiently comfortable. A robust and middle-aged housekeeper shows us into a library arranged for work rather than enjoyment. We notice all the familiar books, and there is nothing in the room peculiar, except a crucifix before the writing-desk and a few engravings of a Catholic cast. And what is this yellow-covered pamphlet on the table? Can it be? It is the last number of the *Westminster Review*! Enter, a stout, handsome, healthy-looking gentleman, in the house attire of a priest, evidently a gentleman and man of the world. The yellow-covered *Review* is a convenient subject of conversation, and we soon discover that the "Church" reciprocates the friendly feeling of the "Rationalists," and is duly sensible of the fairness and candor of the *Westminster* when it treats of the Catholic Church. Extremes meet. The intelligent and thinking portion of the Catho-

lic clergy appear to be of opinion that there are but two consistent persons in the world; namely, the Roman Catholic who surrenders his reason, and the Rationalist who uses it. They are perfectly aware, also, of the immense advantage which the Catholic Church derives from the restraints imposed by the narrower Protestants upon the enjoyment of such innocent pleasures as dancing and the drama. Here again extremes meet. This excellent priest remarked upon the demoralizing influence of ascetic Protestantism and of the "moral strait-jacket" of the Evangelical school, just as Theodore Parker did in Boston, and as Robert Collyer does at Chicago.

"Does the Catholic Church expect again to rule Christendom, and absorb at length all the sects, and the Westminster Review as well?"

"The Catholic Church will never cease to claim that she is the sole divinely appointed and infallible teacher of God's will to men."

"But these Western men will never surrender their understandings."

"Nor will I mine. The Church says, Use your reason so far as to examine her credentials. Nor then does she require blind submission. The Church gives a reason for all that she demands, and leaves nothing unexplained, except the unexplainable. In the teachings of the Catholic Church I find nothing contrary to my reason, though I find much that is above and beyond my reason; nor can I see any halting-place between the Catholic faith and utter unbelief."

A long and most instructive conversation with this gifted and genial clergyman confirmed us in the impression that certain Protestant practices and beliefs are giving the Catholics a considerable advantage in the Western country. The great free West, however, will never be Catholic; since the incredible doctrines of that Church neutralize the power of its exquisite organization, and its organization is so interwoven with its doctrines that the Church cannot revise its creed without destroying itself. The Western man will never

abdicate his right to think. The priest may indeed convert the howling derisives of the camp-meeting into orderly worshippers, and may allure the negro by the splendor of his vestments and the pomp of his ceremonies. But the intelligent and ruling minds of the West will be forever beyond his reach.

The basis of the civilization of St. Louis, then, is Catholic. But the progressive and propelling institutions are well rooted there, and no one need fear for the future of the city. The public-school system is in vigorous operation, and is sustained by the public opinion of the State. Governor Fletcher, who presides with so much ability over the interests of Missouri, is its devoted friend. The Washington University, founded on the principle of absolute and entire toleration, has already a considerable endowment, a handsome edifice, and a most enlightened and patriotic corps of professors. It is destined to play a leading part in the higher education of the Southwest. One of the largest and most respectable of the Protestant churches in St. Louis is the Unitarian, the pastor of which, Dr. William G. Eliot, is the ally and champion of everything that makes for the good of the Southwest. For many years there has been a Mercantile Library in the city, which has now nearly thirty thousand volumes. Its principal room, which is more a gallery than a library, contains sixty-eight works of art, all of which are interesting, and many excellent. It was at St. Louis that Harriet Hosmer found her most liberal patron, Mr. Wayman Crow, under whose auspices she studied and practised her art in the city; and it is in this Library that the largest collection of her works is to be found. St. Louis is proud of Miss Hosmer, and claims a kind of property in her fame. The chief newspapers of the city are the "Missouri Democrat," of Republican politics, and the "Missouri Republican," of Democratic politics, both conducted with much spirit and at great expense. The Democrat is fighting the fight of the Union in the Southwest ably and gallantly, and

in circumstances which entitle it to the special favor of Northern advertisers. To Unionize the South, all we need is a wise, kind, moderate, but thorough-going Union daily newspaper in each of the large towns. The medical profession, in which many of the calomelists still linger in all the Western cities, is undergoing at St. Louis that revolution to common sense which has been progressing all over the civilized world during the last twenty years. The leader of the new school is that brilliant young surgeon, William Tod Helmuth, who, from his habit of enlivening the banquet with humorous poems, is sometimes styled the Oliver Wendell Holmes of St. Louis. It is comforting to know that so powerful an enemy of drugs has

the largest practice west of the Alleghany Mountains, and that under his patronage a Medical School for the inculcation of anti-calomel principles has been founded.

How interesting the spectacle of those rising cities of the West! How cheering to discover that the ruling minds in them all are alive to the fact that posterity, to the remotest ages, will be affected by what the men do who control the cities that they are now forming! Why this rage to visit the Old World? Since we are assured that good Americans when they die go to Paris, why not defer Paris till then, and see in this life the seats of future empire in the West? Nothing could so cheer and expand an American citizen.

THE RED SCHOOL-HOUSE.

I PASSED it yesterday again,
 The school-house by the river,
 Where you and I were children, Jane,
 And used to glow and shiver,
 In heats of June, December's frost,
 And where, in rainy weather,
 The swollen road-side brook we crossed
 So many times together.

I felt the trickle of the rain
 From your wet ringlets dripping;
 I caught your blue eye's twinkle, Jane,
 When we were nearly slipping;
 And thought, while you in fear and glee
 Were clinging to my shoulder,
 "O, will she trust herself to me,
 When we are ten years older?"

For I was full of visions vain,
 The boy's romantic hunger:
 You were the whole school's darling, Jane,
 And many summers younger:
 Your head a cherub's used to look,
 With sunbeams on it lying,
 Bent downward to your spelling-book,
 For long and hard words prying.

The mountains through the window-pane
Showered over you their glory :
The awkward farm-boy loved you, Jane, —
You know the old, old story !
I never watch the sunset now
Upon those misty ranges,
But your bright lips and cheek and brow
Gleam out from all its changes.

I wonder if you see that chain
On memory's dim horizon.
There's not a lovelier picture, Jane,
To rest even your sweet eyes on.
The Haystacks each an airy tent ;
The Notch a gate of splendor ;
And river, sky, and mountain blent
In twilight radiance tender.

I wonder — with a fitting pain —
If thoughts of me, returning,
Are mingled with the mountains, Jane :
I stifle down that yearning.
A rich man's wife, on you no claim
Have I, lost dreams to rally :
Yet Pemigewasset sings your name
Along its winding valley ; —

And once I hoped that for us twain
Might fall one calm life-closing ;
That Campton Hills might guard us, Jane,
In one green grave reposing.
They say the old man's heart is rock :
You never thought so, never !
And, loving you alone, I lock
The school-house door forever.

A VENETIAN EXPERIENCE.

"AND now for Venice," I exclaimed, as we caught up our carpet-bags and umbrellas, and walked down the sloping way that led from the depot to the Canal Grande. "What will become of us? Shall we be seized upon bodily and put into a coffin-like gondola, to be carried off nobody knows where by horrible-looking men who will talk a *patois* which my poor Italian will never aid me in comprehending?"

"My dear," remarked my husband, solemnly, "depend upon it, we shall meet a commissioner."

And there he was, the inevitable commissioner, with his, "The Hotel Europa, signore, — yes, monsieur, I am the commissioner of the Hotel, — this way, signora, — your checks for the luggage, — all safe, — take the cover off that gondola, — a few soldi, signore, for the old man with the hook."

I made a quiet grimace under my veil, looked compassionately at my fellow-traveller, who hates to be taken care of, but whose ignorance of Italian renders him helpless, and then tried to realize the fact that I was in a gondola, black, coffin-like, as I had pictured it to myself, and that these were gondoliers, stooping to their oars with the strange motion I had tried to imagine, as I looked at the pictures of Venice. And their language, — could I understand it? I shut my eyes and listened. *Victoria!* it was no more difficult than what I had heard from our *conduttori* in Florence, or from our beggars in Rome. I looked well at our gondoliers. One was a fine-looking young fellow, whose good looks, however, were strangely at variance with my preconceived ideas of Italian beauty, — light brown hair and small blue eyes, and a figure like a youthful Hercules. The other was far more like my notion of a gondolier, — a dark, lithe form, and sharp, Italian features; but then he was forty years old, and remarkably dirty. I determined to employ that gondola during our stay in

Venice. Number seventy, — I should speak about it. And here we were at the hotel, an old palazzo, with circular blocks of bright marbles let into the walls, making them glorious with indestructible color; the carved and fluted balconies projecting over the canal; and, strangest of all, the everyday doorsteps which led down into the water, and which received us like old friends as we stepped out of the gondola.

"But where are St. Mark's and the Piazza?" I exclaimed, after I had stood gazing from the window some minutes, in a silence interrupted only by woman-like exclamations of "Beautiful! exquisite! charming!" to the evident delight of our landlord, who stood by, proud, as he had a right to be, of his beautiful city.

"It is within a few minutes' walk of the hotel, signora."

"Walk! Can you walk in Venice?"

"Si, signora; I'll send a porter with you when you like to go."

"I shall go at once, while we are waiting for dinner."

My husband shrugged his shoulders, and I followed my porter through narrow, paved streets, by sharp turnings, past a half-dozen beggars, whose laughing lips belied their sad eyes, into the Ducal Square, and there before me stood St. Mark's, glorious with the coloring of a Venetian sunset in spring-time, more like a heathen temple than a place of Christian worship.

"What is the cathedral like?" my husband deigned to inquire, after he had finished his soup.

"Like nothing I ever saw before. No more like a cathedral than like a cotton factory. A long, low building, rich with color; red and purple marbles, strange Byzantine mosaics of virgins, saints, and prophets, I suppose; but they look more like monstrous Indian idols than anything else; then there are domes, such as you see in

pictures of Mohammedan mosques and queer caryatides of porphyry, holding heavy columns on their heads, and low arches of no use at all, that I can see, and spires that stretch into the sky for nothing, and horrible faces that grin at you, and flocks of pigeons that fly in and out among the carvings, and dazzle your eyes; but still the whole is beautiful as a jewel set in the golden sunshine."

"Did you go in?"

"O yes; and saw the same thing inside. It was like a dream of some far-off Eastern country; all strange and bewildering; the chanting for vespers sounded different from the Romish chants; the priests looked strange in the dim light, and there were the same uncouth figures and wild carvings and bright colorings all round me. I stood back behind the railing, where the church was lighted only by a chandelier, which made a Greek cross every way you looked at it, (the lamp, I mean,) and do you know the floor is all in waves, up and down, enough to make you sea-sick. The porter said it was to represent the waves of the sea, but I believe the piles on which the church was built have given way."

"Bless me! I must go and see it," said my husband, whom a hard fact always interested.

"Certainly, we must go a great many times, and don't you think it would be a good thing to engage the gondola that brought us here for all the time we are in Venice? People always do that."

"What for? There are plenty of gondolas."

"But you know if we changed boatmen I might not be able to understand them, and then we should need a commissioner. Now, I shall soon get used to the voices of these men; and then they look intelligent, and can explain everything to us as well as a *valet de place*. It would be cheaper too," added I, clinching the nail after I had driven it in.

I gained my point, and we took number seventy.

It is strange how communicative the

lower class of Italians are. In half an hour I had learned to call our young fair-haired gondolier Antonio; I knew that Pietro was his uncle; that they were both for Victor Emanuel; that they were not certain how to feel towards Garibaldi; that they had but one political wish, one hope, one certainty, indeed, that the day would come when *il Re Galantuomo* would come to Venice.

"Signora," said Antonio, "if I see that day, the saints may take me to themselves the next; and I *shall* see it," continued he.

"But would you not rather see Garibaldi?" persisted I.

"*Non so, signora*; the Neapolitans like Garibaldi, but we of Venice are not sure that he is a good friend to Vittore Emanuele."

"And you are sure that the king will come?"

"Sure, signora! Venice will not belong to Austria long."

"But is not the Emperor kind to you? has he not done something for Venice?"

"Signora, no. He does everything for Trieste. They tell me that Trieste has bigger ships now than Venice,— Venice that was so great. And he sends our soldiers far away to the north, while the Tedeschi are here in our streets. If the signora will listen to the soldiers as they pass, she will know that they are all *forestieri*."

"What would you do," said I to Antonio, "if Victor Emanuel should come?"

"I, signora? I would go and fight under him, as long as I had a drop of blood in my veins. And," continued he, changing his tone and gestures of enthusiasm to a shrug of the shoulders and a merry laugh, "my uncle Pietro would pray for him."

After two days of sight-seeing, my husband gave in his adhesion to number seventy.

"You seem to have hit upon very intelligent gondoliers; but, my dear, were you not talking to them about Victor Emanuel, this morning? I

would not talk politics, if I were you."

"Why, what possible harm can it do? And if they talk freely, how can I help it?"

"Well, well, I don't know; these people seem in such an excited state that you might get into trouble."

"O, I'll take good care of myself," said I, determined to go on, with that rashness in real dangers by which women make up for their timidity in imaginary ones. "Never mind what I talk about, it is all good for my Italian; and, thanks to my Italian, I have found a washerwoman. Antonio promises to send me one; and do you know he blushed so when he spoke, and looked so bashfully at Pietro, that I imagine there must be some tender feeling at the bottom of his praise of Giulietta's washing. 'She will make the clothes as white as the lady's hands,' was the pretty way in which he put it. Really, these Italians are poets and gentlemen by nature."

"Especially the beggars you meet in the streets," laughed my husband. "Don't expect me to fall into all your enthusiasms about these lazy people."

This was so provoking that I made a merit to myself of holding my tongue, and fell to weaving a romance about Antonio and Giulietta, which lasted till the chambermaid opened my door, introducing "*La lavandera, signora*." Nor was my romance overwrought, as far as the beauty of the heroine was concerned. Giulietta had the lovely face that I had seen in some of the Tuscan peasants, and among the *contadine* who come to Rome on a *festa*, making the streets bright with their gay costume. I was half in love myself, and was sure that Antonio was quite so. I could not rest without an attempt at investigation.

"It was our gondolier, Antonio, who recommended you," I began, after we had translated into Italian my English list.

"Si, signora," said the soft, Venetian voice.

"He is a brother, perhaps?"

"No, signora."

"Then a cousin?"

"No, signora."

My heart misgave me as I looked at the blushing face and remembered how little right I had to interrogate; but chance and time did for me what I was too shy to do for myself. Giulietta grew more confiding as weeks passed on, and as she became more familiar with the bad Italian in which I asked her innumerable questions about the ways of living, the business, the amusements of the Venetian people, about herself and her home; and one day the whole story came, with a gush of words which proved how ready she was to pour her troubles into any sympathizing ear.

"I know, signora, how kind you have been to Antonio, and may the Blessed Mother of Heaven reward you for your goodness to me; but all your kindness, nobody's kindness, can make us happy now, for Franz says —"

"But who is Franz? I never heard of Franz before"; — for Giulietta had talked to me often of her mother, who worked so hard at the washing every day; of her little brothers, who gave her so much trouble by hiding among the boats, and going off with the boatmen, when they were under her charge; of her little sister Agnese, who was like an angel in heaven for goodness, and who was as lovely as Saint Agnes herself; but Franz was a new name.

"I will tell you all, signora. I know I have been a very foolish girl, and deserve to suffer something, but not all this misery. Antonio's father and mother have a little garden on the island of Lido. You saw it, you know, the day you walked across the island to the great water on the other side. Ebbene, signora, they are great friends of ours, and when I was little, there was no treat like going to Lido on a feast-day; and the fathers and mothers would sit in the little arbor with the bottle of wine and the dish of polenta, while Antonio and I were by the sea-shore gathering such lovely little shells. The signora saw the net I wore last Sunday when I brought the clothes? Well, Antonio made that out of the shells we gathered

in those happy times. But that was long ago; and when I grew older, — yes, I will say it, — I liked better to go to the regattas and to see the Policinello on the Riva dei Schiavoni, and to dance at the festa, and to talk from our windows with the young gondoliers, than to spend all my Sundays at Lido, where all was so quiet, and old Pietro — you know him — was always questioning me about my religious duties, and had I been to confession and to early prayers. So I think that was what made Antonio a gondolier, *cosa terribile* for his parents, who wanted him to take the little garden from them; for they made money in raising vegetables for the hotels in Venice. And I don't know why, signora, but his going against his parents to please me, instead of making me love him more, as it ought to have done, only made me cross and proud. And then came Franz. Franz is a kind, good fellow; I ought to say that; but no more like Antonio! He is a sergeant in one of the Austrian regiments, and at first I liked his fine clothes, so gay, with the white tunic; and he used to hire a boat and take mother and me to see the regattas, and land us at the public garden, and give us ices; and I laughed when Antonio said he was an Austrian and one of our tyrants, and that no true Venetian girl would even look at him; but I did not laugh when *la mare* said I should marry him because he could give me a good home far away in that cold German land, where I should never see Venice again, and where I and my children would really be Austrians. No, indeed, I would rather starve to death in Venice than live like a princess there. And mother was very angry, and told old Lisa, Antonio's mother, how badly I had behaved when I had such a chance of making them all comfortable; for Franz is really well off, and would leave the army and do something for the boys. And I was very unhappy, — no, not very," she continued, blushing to her hair; "for that trouble brought me back Antonio. Old Lisa told him that night, to prove, she said, how ungrateful all

children are to their parents, who have done so much for them; and the next morning, signora, as I was going to morning mass at the cathedral, before mother went to her washing, there, under the column of the lion, — there was Antonio. And I have not been so unhappy since then. But Franz, he will not listen to anybody but mother, and lately — Does the signora know that they talk about war in Austria, — war with some country at the far north, and *then*, Antonio says, *il Re Galantuomo* will come. O, if he did not care so much about Italy, — if he did not hate the Tedeschi so fiercely! And, signora, last night Franz came in and said that war was really to begin, and that his officers said the Emperor would fill up his army here and send the men far off to the north to fight with the enemy. Antonio would never fight under the Austrians; he would kill himself first," said poor Giulietta, breaking down into a passion of tears.

I could give her very little comfort, for I knew that all she said of the war was only too true. Nay, I knew more than she did. I knew that the first decided step of the Kaiser König towards war with Prussia would rouse all Italy to arms, and that, in such a case, Venice might be the scene of a fearful struggle. It had been only the night before that my husband and myself had held a long and anxious conversation as to how much longer we could venture to stay in Venice; but the business which brought my husband here threw him constantly in contact with the Austrian authorities, and this contact, he argued, would make it easy for him to leave at any time.

"All this intercourse of mine, my dear, ought to make us more careful not to show any active sympathy with these discontented Italians: it would be a sort of breach of hospitality. Don't you think so?"

My difficulty was that I did not want to think so, so I left him to his business and betook myself to my gondola, in which I floated for glorious days and weeks, and learned to know Venice

well. I learned more, as my gondoliers gained confidence in me. I learned to interpret aright the ominous silence that hung over Venice, — learned to listen to the rumors that went before the fact, which told of Victor Emanuel's preparations for war, of the calls for Garibaldi which rose through Italy, — learned the meaning of the various signs made by the gondoliers as they passed each other, — learned that the great heart of the common people was roused again, and that hope had taken the place of despair. I believe I betrayed no confidence, told no political news that my husband's position enabled him to hear before others; but all information that I gained legitimately, through the newspapers, through letters, through conversation, I felt I had the right to repeat to my humble friends; so that our gondola was marked as the boat of "*la signora che ama l'Italia.*" Ah! beautiful Venice, that I love so much, how often have I drifted through thy streets of palaces, — streets whose echoes are never wakened by vulgar noise of commerce, rumbling cart, or tramp of heavy draught-horse, — where I met kindly eyes turned towards me, and heard blessings and prayers uttered for me in the soft dialect of the lagoons!

It was on a bright Sunday morning that I fulfilled a promise I had often made Antonio, to take a lunch of macaroni and fresh salads at his mother's garden at Lido, "with such cheese, signora! Ah, there is nobody like old Lisa for macaroni" and cheese! Notwithstanding all I knew of her causes for anxiety, I was not prepared for the air and tone of deep depression with which old Lisa greeted me, nor could I understand the warning glance which Antonio gave his mother.

"You need not look so at me, Toni," she burst out; "*la signora* is a good friend, and knows what a mother feels. The saints themselves and the Blessed Mother of God have pity on a mother when her son is headstrong, and thinks of anything rather than of staying at home and taking care of those that be-

long to him. Yes, signora mia, I have thanked the saints each night on my knees, the saints who put it into Antonio's head to be a gondolier against his father's will and my prayers, because I know the gondoliers will not be drafted by the Emperor, who is a good Emperor enough, if the people of Venice would think so. And now Antonio declares he will not stay; he will join the Italians; he will join that Garibaldi, with the red shirt, that I thought was safe at Caprera; he will do anything, except his duty to his mother. Oime, signora!" — and she ended with a great sob, which shook her fat frame as she leaned over the fire to give the required stir to the macaroni.

Pietro whispered to me, "We hear — we heard last night at a meeting, I cannot tell you where — that Italy was arming, that Garibaldi was to leave Caprera; and, signora, so many have left Venice, and Antonio declares he will go; he told old Lisa last night, but she would not listen to him." He raised his voice. "Lisa must go to the blessed San Teodoro for comfort. He will help her when her son is fighting for Venice. — But the lady will not come here again, if she gets only sobs and groans instead of a welcome."

"The signora is always welcome," said Lisa, with the ready courtesy of an Italian peasant. "She knows how her gracious face makes our house happy. And here is the macaroni; and look at the salad, Pietro, — it is only our garden through all the island that grows such salad."

I ate a luncheon hearty enough to bring back the smiles to Lisa's broad face, and then ventured to say, "You love Italy, I am sure, Lisa; you are not an Austrian; you would not have Antonio stay at home like a coward, whilst the other young men are fighting for Italy; you would not have him dressed in a white coat like the *Tedeschi*?"

"No, signora, no; but he might stay quietly with his gondola that he was so fond of when I wanted him to work at home in the garden."

"But, Lisa, we old people must not

expect young ones to be as reasonable as we are."

"The signora who calls herself old! It is old Lisa who should do that,—not the signora, who is young yet," said she as I passed through the little gate.

Antonio stood respectfully waiting. "Might I go with the signora? There are so many people on Sunday."

He walked by my side silent for a longer time than ever before. At last the rapid words came. "Yes, signora, I must go; even Pietro says so. What my mother says is true,—that the gondoliers will not be drafted till the last; but could I stay here? The signora cannot know, nobody knows but ourselves, how many have gone already,—the young nobles, the tradespeople's sons, *i poveri giovani*, everybody,—and I cannot stay."

"But Giulietta," I was cruel enough to say.

"Ah, Giulietta mia! And then there is that hateful Franz to be near her. But Giulietta would despise me if I stayed; she loves Venice as well as I do."

"You cannot go, Antonio; you will be missed from your gondola. Did you not tell me they were all numbered and registered?"

"But Pietro can find a man to take my place,—a poor man with a wife and children, who is trembling now lest he should be drafted; and no one would know the difference, if he keeps quiet a little. And quiet enough the gondoliers will soon be, with no strangers here. The signora herself will soon go."

That was true enough. We were to go in a week or two.

"But can you go? How do these young men get away?"

"They disappear, signora," said Antonio, with a meaning look. "But I will tell you how I can go, with your help, signora,—you who are so good to the poor Italians. Il Signore Giusti,—he is the oldest son of the house,—he goes on Tuesday; he has a passport,—one left him by an English signor; and no one speaks English like the noble Giusti; he can pass the officials, and he will take me with him as his servant.

I need not open my lips. I know that English servants never open their lips before their masters. They only sit with their arms crossed and with white gloves on, and I can do that," he continued, laughing,— "only," his face changed, "I have no English clothes. If the noble lady would let me have a suit from il signore! Giulietta would pay for them in the washing."

"You shall have them, of course. No matter for that. I will not listen to Giulietta's working for them,—certainly not."

Antonio's rapid flow of thanks, in which my name was coupled with all the Italian wealth of grateful epithet, fell heavily upon my ears as we walked rapidly back to the gondola. In my eagerness to repel the thought of taking any of Giulietta's hard-earned wages, I had committed myself to Antonio; nor, with all my sympathies awake for him, could I be sorry that I had done so; yet had I not promised my husband to take no active steps in regard to the political troubles, or, if I did not promise in words, was not my silent listening to his charge an implied promise? Yet I was doing nothing, only giving away a suit of old clothes,—a thing I had done a hundred times before. I would tell him as soon as I got home. No, I would not tell him, men are so queer, so unreasonable; he might say it was interfering with what we had no right to touch; he might even begin to talk that nonsense about a breach of the laws of hospitality,—I was stealing a soldier from Francis Joseph. 'And I will do it,' continued I, roused by the thought. 'I will do my little to help Italy,—I can only take the scolding afterwards.' We were nearing the hotel.

"Giulietta will come for the washing to-night, and you will be in the gondola to-morrow; perhaps the signora will go to the Armenian Convent to-morrow, Pietro."

Antonio's eyes looked very beseechingly at me. "Yes, yes, I will go," and I ran up the stairs rapidly, hoping to rid myself of the troublesome questions which conscience kept proposing to me.

Conscience was put quietly down by evening ; the clothes, a gray suit which I detested, were folded closely, and laid with the soiled linen ; everything was there, — hat, gloves, neck-tie, the best outfit for an English valet that could be found in an American gentleman's wardrobe, — and I awaited Giulietta's coming with a determination to do my best to comfort her. Poor thing, she needed comfort. She had so constrained herself to look as usual during her walk through the streets, and her passage through the crowd of waiters at the hotel, that the shutting of my chamber door was a signal for a burst of tears and suppressed sobs that shook her frame all over as she sank down by my bedside.

"It is not that I would keep him, signora mia ; he must go. But oh ! what will become of us all ? And my mother scolds me because I will not look at Franz, — but I never will, never, — and when Antonio is safe away, I shall tell Franz everything. He is not bad, Franz is not, and he will not be hard upon me ; but Antonio — if I never should see him again — if he is killed —" and her sobs burst out afresh.

I tried to comfort her. I told her of my own home, of the terrible war that had raged there, of the women who had given up their nearest and dearest for their country, of the happy return of the soldiers. I said nothing of those who never came back, of the mothers whose weeping had torn my heart ; but I told her of my own blessing in receiving back my loved ones, and Giulietta's sobs ceased, and her eyes shone out again with something like hope as she rose from her seat. I almost made her laugh as I poured out some cologne in the basin, in which she might bathe her eyes, and she quite laughed at my admiration of the wealth of black hair which must all come down to be braided again smoothly over her face.

Then we packed the clothes, and put the tall stove-pipe hat in the middle of the basket, and piled it in and around with small articles, while I thought a little of Falstaff, and a little more of Vene-

tian conspiracies and the Lion's Mouth and the Council of Ten, and Giulietta talked almost merrily of Antonio's handsome curls crowned by that civilized ugliness.

It was Wednesday, and Antonio had gone. I had spent all Tuesday morning in the gondola ; we had gone to the Armenian Convent, where I had been shown Lord Byron's books, the room in which he studied, the chapel, the library with its wonderful books in all languages, the printing-office and its polyglot fonts of type ; we had taken the whole length of the Canal Grande, and the Giudecca, and Antonio had exchanged his jest with every gondolier he met, until I felt that all Venice must be thoroughly aware of his presence. He had borne himself bravely too ; there had been but one allusion to Giulietta, — it was when we parted, — parted with simply a friendly nod of good morning on my part, and a bow, with "Addio, signora ; non, a rivederla," on his. Still I had found time to say, as he was helping me out of the gondola, "Don't be afraid of Giulietta ; I will do my best for her," — and to receive a grateful look from his blue eyes as I entered the hotel.

The Wednesday morning had found me again in the gondola, but in Antonio's place stood an awkward young fellow who needed all Pietro's teachings to enable him to guide the long black gondola through the narrow turnings. I think I ran some little risk of being upset that day, but I am not naturally timid, and I considered that my risk was run for Italy !

Next morning I had more to endure for Italy. The first words that greeted my sleepy senses were "My dear, where have you put my gray clothes ? I can't find them in the wardrobe nor in the trunk."

"The gray suit ? — you don't mean to put it on, surely ; you look horrid in it ; it does n't fit, and is so very unbecoming ; besides, it is fairly shabby."

"That's the reason I like it. One is always comfortable in old clothes, and it fits well enough. I mean to

travel all the way home in those clothes. They will be just fit for a sea suit by the time we reach Liverpool."

At these words I took my courage in both hands, and, half laughing, for I was really not much afraid, I said, "Well, my dear, you can't travel in them, for I have given them away, — given them to a poor man who wanted clothes very much."

"Given away my gray clothes! Why, what were you thinking of? They were not half worn out; I shall have to buy a new suit."

"That will be a good thing; you know you can get clothes cheaper over here."

"Cheaper? Yes, a great deal cheaper, with gold at 1.40, and going up. I tell you, nothing is cheap here, except knick-knacks which nobody wants. Women are positively ridiculous. Shell nets and coral necklaces are cheap here, as you told me yesterday when you insisted on buying a lot of things for which you had no use, simply because they could not be bought at any price at home, — as if anybody wanted to buy them there. But clothing — it is dear and bad, like everything useful, in this ridiculous country. And one of these wretched Italian beggars has my gray coat. Do you suppose he will wear it? No, indeed; I could find it again if I went through the second-hand shops. It is all too ridiculous."

I had heard before (what woman has not?) how ridiculously unreasonable women were, and I did not mind it much; and then my real scolding, the one which my conscience dreaded, would not come for some time, for I should not tell the whole truth till we were far away from Venice. So I met my husband's petulant words in the most amiable manner, took out the next best suit, saw that the hot water was ready, and made all the difficulties of the toilet as smooth as possible, while I remarked that we were going to England, where clothing was certainly cheap, and that it was not worth while to have a lot of half-worn cloth-

ing with us. I was sorry if he cared for that suit; I never liked it, and I was sure I never wore anything that he did not like.

The next week was our last in Venice, — a busy one for me; but in the midst of my many cares I kept one day free for Giulietta, the day that the Patriarch was to bless the people at St. Mark's. Her pretty face looked almost old with anxiety as she whispered to me while we stood together in the portico, "Have you heard of the Count Giusti, signora?"

"I have not dared to ask, Giulietta."

"And I know nothing of Antonio, — and everybody has gone. Not a young lad was on the Rialto last night, or at the dance where I had to go, though the Santissima Madonna knows that my heart was heavy enough; but I did not dare refuse Franz, or show mother that I did not want to go, lest they should think something was the matter with me; and oh! cara signora mia! I shall go crazy if Franz keeps on talking as he does of what he will do for us all in that hateful Germany of his if only I will go with him. And we are poor enough now, and mother says I am an ungrateful girl not to listen to him; for if the war really comes, and it is coming surely, we shall have no work, no washing, for there will be no strangers at the hotels, and bread will be dear, so horribly dear, and there are so many little ones at home. But if I will marry Franz, we shall have some one to take care of us, and may go away out of the war and live in comfort. I live in comfort in Austria while the Venetians are fighting for Venice! No, I would never do it if Antonio — I sometimes think mother cannot be a real Italian, — she cannot love Italy; and when I say so, — for I do say so when she makes me forget, may San Marco forgive me! how I ought to speak to my mother, — then she frowns and says I know nothing about real trouble, or I would not concern myself with what is not woman's business."

"Does Franz know anything about Antonio?" I asked.

"No, signora, and I dare not tell him. I only say I'll never marry anybody who would fight against *il Re Galantuomo*; but sometimes I think I will tell him the whole truth, for indeed I think Franz would be kind and good."

I felt half frightened for Antonio, when I heard Giulietta's repeated declarations of Franz's goodness, not having much faith in the generosity of a lover; so I hurried Giulietta into the cathedral. It was an impressive scene. The old Patriarch, a venerable figure, sat in his chair in the pulpit, supported on each side by a priest who seemed almost to hold up his hands as those of Moses were stayed up by Aaron and Hur, the one on the one side and the other on the other side; the music pealed through the vast building, answered every now and then by the chanting of the priests, and the people kneeled, crossed themselves, and repeated their prayers with a devotional manner that always seems to me very sincere and earnest, and that contrasts most favorably with the levity and inattention so often seen in Protestant churches. At last the venerable Patriarch rose, and, in a voice feeble with age but most impressive from its solemnity, he gave a simple discourse on the duties of the people in the approaching trial which he had hoped to be spared from seeing. There was no approach to political subjects; all was fatherly counsel and earnest exhortations to Christian feelings and conduct; and when he stretched his hands for the benediction, I bent my head with an earnest prayer that I too might profit by the teachings of so good and venerable a man.

Giulietta rose from her knees beside me, where she had sunk with an earnestness of devotion that almost brought me to her side. As she stood up she said, with the sudden change from the most rapt absorption in religious duties to the liveliest interest in worldly objects, which is so common among the members of the Catholic Church, and so startling to a Protestant, "Does the

signora see that Austrian soldier by the shrine of the Virgin? That is Franz."

I looked and understood Giulietta's assertion that "Franz was so good." A heavy German face, honest and kindly, looking as though the man could bear no malice against any one, as though the hand that held the musket simply by the command of his superiors could never be animated by the spirit of carnage. A brave face, too,—a face often to be seen among Germans,—one that commands respect by its homely goodness.

In a moment my resolution was taken; a rash one perhaps, but somehow our rashest resolves seem often to be the inspiration of a higher wisdom.

"Let me see him, Giulietta; I will tell him myself about Antonio." The girl looked frightened. "Yes, leave him here with me after the crowd have gone, and go yourself and pray at the Virgin's shrine until I come to you. Perhaps I shall bring you good news."

The cathedral was even then almost emptied of its crowd of worshippers; and Franz stood at no great distance from us, his eyes turned constantly towards Giulietta. She took courage. "Signora mia, if you would be so like one of the saints that help us sometimes! Ah! I would pray for you every night, every day, every hour."

"Call him, Giulietta,—call him, whilst we have courage."

She stepped forward, and with a glance, scarcely a sign, brought Franz to her side.

I saw them both advancing towards me, the girl's hand upon his arm, and he looking so bashful that Giulietta seemed to gain strength from his embarrassment. She spoke with a rapidity that had something of desperation in it.

"The signora has been as kind as an angel from heaven to me, Franz, and she wants to speak to you, to tell you something that I dare not. And, O Franz, I have told her that you are so good!" And in a moment she was gone, and Franz and I were left alone

in the side aisle, under the barbaric figures of Byzantine mosaic.

Franz was, at that moment, blushing painfully, from diffidence at finding himself alone with a strange lady; but even my hurried glance showed me the strong good-sense and the kindly heart in him which make the German so approachable.

I saw no better way to relieve Franz's embarrassment and my own than to speak at once to the point.

"You must not think me a stranger, Franz. *Giulietta* and I have been friends for a long time. She has told me everything about herself, and how kind you have been to her and to her little brother. She tells me, too, that you want her to go with you to Germany; and no wonder, for *Giulietta* is so good and so pretty she would make a dear wife for any one she loved; but, Franz, she does not love you."

"She thinks so much of Italy, my lady," said Franz, his embarrassment passing away before his earnestness; "but when I am not a soldier, and not fighting against Italy, she will care for me."

"I think she would," I answered, "because she knows and says how good you are; but then she cannot love you now, because she has loved somebody else ever since she was a little child. Indeed, it is nobody's fault: it is a misfortune that I am sure you will bear, and not blame her for. She has been afraid to tell you, because her mother is your friend, and wants her to listen to you."

"Who is he?" said Franz, pale to his lips with his efforts to control himself. "Is he a good man? Perhaps her mother knows he is not fit for her."

"Yes, he is good. I know him very well. He is a good son, and steady and industrious; but he loves Italy as well as *Giulietta* does, and he has gone, Franz, — gone as you would go, — to fight for his fatherland. He has left Venice and will join Victor Emanuel's army. You do not blame him for that, surely, and you will help *Giulietta* bear all that

she has to bear, and make it easier for her, and not let her mother tease her. You will be kind to her, because you love her."

I stopped, terrified at my own rashness, and looked at Franz. His mouth was firmly shut, and his brows drawn down. Suddenly he spoke.

"You are very good, my lady, to trouble yourself about me, but you care for *Giulietta*. Yes, I will help her; she shall not have any more grief from me. But not now. I cannot see her now. Tell her that I will come and speak to her mother." And he was gone. The heavy door shut behind him, and I was almost alone in the cathedral. I walked up to *Giulietta*, who stood leaning against a pillar by the shrine.

"Yes, *Giulietta*, you are right; Franz is a noble, brave, good man; and he promises that you shall have no more pain from him. But you must be very gentle with him, for he suffers a great deal." I stopped, feeling almost treacherous to the absent lover, while I was praising the present one, and *Giulietta* and I walked silently home; she too much afraid of my grave looks to venture a word, and I made sober by the responsibility that I had taken.

Two days after, we left Venice. *Giulietta* kissed my hand and invoked blessings upon me with all the demonstrative vehemence of her country, and sent message after message to Antonio, sure that I should find him as soon as I crossed the frontier. "And give him this, signora," taking from her neck her little medal. "Tell him to wear it always next his heart, and perhaps the Holy Mother and the Saints will listen then to my prayers for him."

"But, *Giulietta*, I may not see Antonio."

"Ebbene, carissima signora, if you would wear it yourself! La povera *Giulietta* prays as often for you as for Antonio; and if the Virgin should open your heart to the true Church!"

"What a wonderful while you have been with that pretty washerwoman," said my husband. "Are not her accounts right, or are you giving her all

your old clothes? It is time we were off; there are Pietro and his new man with number seventy at the door. What has become of the young one?"

There were several questions here which it was inconvenient to answer, so I hurried to the gondola, and, escaping as I best could from the farewells of Pietro, soon found myself turning my back on Venice, whose light faded into that of common day as the train approached Mestre station.

We passed a weary day, — a day in which I tried to forget my own annoyance in wondering about my fellow-travellers.

"Now don't let your imagination run away with you," said my husband. "You women see such wonderful things when there is nothing to see. If these people are not what they profess to be, you will not help them by looking anxious about them."

This was very true, but my desire to look easy made me so uneasy that I drew a long breath, as if in a free country, when we saw Milan. "And now there is but one thing that I want here," I said, when a change of clothes and a good dinner had brought us back to a normal state, "and that is to find the young Count Giusti, who escaped from Venice a week or two ago."

"What do you know about Count Giusti? I never heard of him."

"And I never saw him; but I want very much to see him now." And out came the story of Antonio and the gray clothes.

"Bless me! what a foolish thing to do. You do not know how much risk you ran. Suppose it had been found out, and I under obligations to the Austrian government," fumed my husband. "Lucky I knew nothing about it: I should have been obliged to stop him. It's a good thing it is all over now."

"Yes, it is all over now, and no harm has come."

"Well, I am glad, after all, that the

poor fellow's got away; but you must never do such a thing again."

"O, I never shall; I shall never see Venice again; and now I know how wrong it was, I shall always ask your advice before I meddle with such things. But you will inquire about Count Giusti and Antonio. I must hear about them; and, perhaps," I added saucily, — "perhaps you can get your gray clothes again."

Count Giusti was found, — an intelligent young Italian, full of life and energy, like one wakened out of a long sleep by a sudden bright ray of hope which made all the future golden for him. He assured me that the medal, with Giulietta's message, should reach Antonio, who was then at Camerlata, bringing in provisions for the volunteers. Moreover, he promised to do his best to send back a comforting message to Giulietta.

Nearly a year has passed and Venice is free. We must be thankful for that. But she is freed, not by the valor of her children, not by the arms of the Italians, but by the policy of Napoleon III. Verily the benefits of France are bitter to Italy. I love my humble Italian friends, and it would be pleasant to see them again, but I should shrink from the grief and mortification on their faces when they remembered the hopes they confided to me in the early days of the war.

Through the kindness of Count Giusti and other Venetian friends, I know that Antonio is safe and Giulietta happy; but that is all, — all I shall ever know.

Europe has passed away from me before the realities of home. I take up my life in America just where I left it, and my pleasant days in Venice are like something of which I have read in a book, — her palaces and churches mere pictures, her gondoliers and peasants, soldiers and nobles, Pietro, Lisa, Franz, Count Giusti, the characters which give life to the story.

NEGRO SPIRITUALS.

THE war brought to some of us, besides its direct experiences, many a strange fulfilment of dreams of other days. For instance, the present writer had been a faithful student of the Scottish ballads, and had always envied Sir Walter the delight of tracing them out amid their own heather, and of writing them down piecemeal from the lips of aged crones. It was a strange enjoyment, therefore, to be suddenly brought into the midst of a kindred world of unwritten songs, as simple and indigenous as the Border Minstrelsy, more uniformly plaintive, almost always more quaint, and often as essentially poetic.

This interest was rather increased by the fact that I had for many years heard of this class of songs under the name of "Negro Spirituals," and had even heard some of them sung by friends from South Carolina. I could now gather on their own soil these strange plants, which I had before seen as in museums alone. True, the individual songs rarely coincided; there was a line here, a chorus there, — just enough to fix the class, but this was unmistakable. It was not strange that they differed, for the range seemed almost endless, and South Carolina, Georgia, and Florida seemed to have nothing but the generic character in common, until all were mingled in the united stock of camp-melodies.

Often in the starlit evening I have returned from some lonely ride by the swift river, or on the plover-haunted barrens, and, entering the camp, have silently approached some glimmering fire, round which the dusky figures moved in the rhythmical barbaric dance the negroes call a "shout," chanting, often harshly, but always in the most perfect time, some monotonous refrain. Writing down in the darkness, as I best could, — perhaps with my hand in the safe covert of my pocket, — the words of the song, I have afterwards carried it

to my tent, like some captured bird or insect, and then, after examination, put it by. Or, summoning one of the men at some period of leisure, — Corporal Robert Sutton, for instance, whose iron memory held all the details of a song as if it were a ford or a forest, — I have completed the new specimen by supplying the absent parts. The music I could only retain by ear, and though the more common strains were repeated often enough to fix their impression, there were others that occurred only once or twice.

The words will be here given, as nearly as possible, in the original dialect; and if the spelling seems sometimes inconsistent, or the misspelling insufficient, it is because I could get no nearer. I wished to avoid what seems to me the only error of Lowell's "Biglow Papers" in respect to dialect, — the occasional use of an extreme misspelling, which merely confuses the eye, without taking us any closer to the peculiarity of sound.

The favorite song in camp was the following, — sung with no accompaniment but the measured clapping of hands and the clatter of many feet. It was sung perhaps twice as often as any other. This was partly due to the fact that it properly consisted of a chorus alone, with which the verses of other songs might be combined at random.

I. HOLD YOUR LIGHT.

"Hold your light, Brudder Robert, —
Hold your light,
Hold your light on Canaan's shore.

"What make ole Satan for follow me so?
Satan ain't got notin' for do wid me.
Hold your light,
Hold your light,
Hold your light on Canaan's shore."

This would be sung for half an hour at a time, perhaps, each person present being named in turn. It seemed the simplest primitive type of "spiritual." The next in popularity was almost as elementary, and, like this, named suc-

cessively each one of the circle. It was, however, much more resounding and convivial in its music.

II. BOUND TO GO.

"Jordan River, I 'm bound to go,
Bound to go, bound to go, —
Jordan River, I 'm bound to go,
And bid 'em fare ye well.

"My Brudder Robert, I 'm bound to go,
Bound to go, &c.

"My Sister Lucy, I 'm bound to go,
Bound to go," &c.

Sometimes it was "tink 'em" (think them) "fare ye well." The *ye* was so detached, that I thought at first it was "very" or "vary well."

Another picturesque song, which seemed immensely popular, was at first very bewildering to me. I could not make out the first words of the chorus, and called it the "Romandàr," being reminded of some Romaic song which I had formerly heard. That association quite fell in with the Orientalism of the new tent-life.

III. ROOM IN THERE.

"O, my mudder is gone ! my mudder is gone !
My mudder is gone into heaven, my Lord !

I can't stay behind !
Dere 's room in dar, room in dar,
Room in dar, in de heaven, my Lord !

I can't stay behind,
Can't stay behind, my dear,
I can't stay behind !

"O, my fader is gone !" &c.

"O, de angels are gone !" &c.

"O, I 'se been on de road ! I 'se been on de road !
I 'se been on de road into heaven, my Lord !

I can't stay behind !
O, room in dar, room in dar,
Room in dar, in de heaven, my Lord !
I can't stay behind !"

By this time every man within hearing, from oldest to youngest, would be wriggling and shuffling, as if through some magic piper's bewitchment ; for even those who at first affected contemptuous indifference would be drawn into the vortex ere long.

Next to these in popularity ranked a class of songs belonging emphatically to the Church Militant, and available for camp purposes with very little strain upon their symbolism. This, for in-

stance, had a true companion-in-arms heartiness about it, not impaired by the feminine invocation at the end.

IV. HAIL MARY.

"One more valiant soldier here,
One more valiant soldier here,
One more valiant soldier here,
To help me bear de cross.
O hail, Mary, hail !
Hail, Mary, hail !
Hail, Mary, hail !
To help me bear de cross."

I fancied that the original reading might have been "soul," instead of "soldier," — with some other syllable inserted, to fill out the metre, — and that the "Hail, Mary," might denote a Roman Catholic origin, as I had several men from St. Augustine who held in a dim way to that faith. It was a very ringing song, though not so grandly jubilant as the next, which was really impressive as the singers pealed it out, when marching or rowing or embarking.

V. MY ARMY CROSS OVER.

"My army cross over,
My army cross over.
O, Pharaoh's army drowned !
My army cross over.

"We 'll cross de mighty river,
My army cross over ;
We 'll cross de river Jordan,
My army cross over ;
We 'll cross de danger water,
My army cross over ;
We 'll cross de mighty Myo,
My army cross over. (*Thrice*).
O, Pharaoh's army drowned !
My army cross over."

I could get no explanation of the "mighty Myo," except that one of the old men thought it meant the river of death. Perhaps it is an African word. In the Cameroon dialect, "Mawa" signifies "to die."

The next also has a military ring about it, and the first line is well matched by the music. The rest is conglomerate, and one or two lines show a more Northern origin. "Done" is a Virginia shibboleth, quite distinct from the "been" which replaces it in South Carolina. Yet one of their best choruses, without any fixed words, was, "De bell done ringing," for which, in

proper South Carolina dialect, would have been substituted, "De bell been a-ring." This refrain may have gone South with our army.

VI. RIDE IN, KIND SAVIOUR.

"Ride in, kind Saviour!
 No man can hinder me.
 O, Jesus is a mighty man!
 No man, &c.
 We 're marching through Virginny fields.
 No man, &c.
 O, Satan is a busy man,
 No man, &c.
 And he has his sword and shield,
 No man, &c.
 O, old Secesh done come and gone!
 No man can hinder me."

Sometimes they substituted "hinder *we*," which was more spicy to the ear, and more in keeping with the usual head-over-heels arrangement of their pronouns.

Almost all their songs were thoroughly religious in their tone, however quaint their expression, and were in a minor key, both as to words and music. The attitude is always the same, and, as a commentary on the life of the race, is infinitely pathetic. Nothing but patience for this life,—nothing but triumph in the next. Sometimes the present predominates, sometimes the future; but the combination is always implied. In the following, for instance, we hear simply the patience.

VII. THIS WORLD ALMOST DONE.

"Brudder, keep your lamp trimmin' and a-burnin',
 Keep your lamp trimmin' and a-burnin',
 Keep your lamp trimmin' and a-burnin',
 For dis world most done.
 So keep your lamp, &c.
 Dis world most done."

But in the next, the final reward of patience is proclaimed as plaintively.

VIII. I WANT TO GO HOME.

"Dere's no rain to wet you,
 O, yes, I want to go home.
 Dere's no sun to burn you,
 O, yes, I want to go home:
 O, push along, believers,
 O, yes, &c.
 Dere's no hard trials,
 O, yes, &c.
 Dere's no whips a-crackin',
 O, yes, &c.
 My brudder on de wayside,
 O, yes, &c."

O, push along, my brudder,
 O, yes, &c.
 Where dere's no stormy weather,
 O, yes, &c.
 Dere's no tribulation,
 O, yes, &c."

This next was a boat-song, and timed well with the tug of the oar.

IX. THE COMING DAY.

"I want to go to Canaan,
 I want to go to Canaan,
 I want to go to Canaan,
 To meet 'em at de comin' day.
 O, remember, let me go to Canaan, (*Thrice*).
 To meet 'em, &c.
 O brudder, let me go to Canaan, (*Thrice*).
 To meet 'em, &c.
 My brudder, you—oh!—remember (*Thrice*).
 To meet 'em at de comin' day."

The following begins with a startling affirmation, yet the last line quite outdoes the first. This, too, was a capital boat-song.

X. ONE MORE RIVER.

O, Jordan bank was a great old bank!
 Dere ain't but one more river to cross.
 We have some valiant soldier here,
 Dere ain't, &c.
 O, Jordan stream will never run dry,
 Dere ain't, &c.
 Dere's a hill on my leff, and he catch on my right,
 Dere ain't but one more river to cross."

I could get no explanation of this last riddle, except, "Dat mean, if you go on de leff, go to 'struction, and if you go on de right, go to God, for sure."

In others, more of spiritual conflict is implied, as in this next.

XI. O THE DYING LAMB!

"I wants to go where Moses trod,
 O de dying Lamb!
 For Moses gone to de promised land,
 O de dying Lamb!
 To drink from springs dat never run dry,
 O, &c.
 Cry O my Lord!
 O, &c.
 Before I 'll stay in hell one day,
 O, &c.
 I'm in hopes to pray my sins away,
 O, &c.
 Cry O my Lord!
 O, &c.
 Brudder Moses promised for be dar too,
 O, &c.
 To drink from streams dat never run dry,
 O de dying Lamb!"

In the next, the conflict is at its height, and the lurid imagery of the

Apocalypse is brought to bear. This book, with the books of Moses, constituted their Bible ; all that lay between, even the narratives of the life of Jesus, they hardly cared to read or to hear.

XII. DOWN IN THE VALLEY.

"We 'll run and never tire,
We 'll run and never tire,
We 'll run and never tire,
Jesus set poor sinners free.
Way down in de valley,
Who will rise and go with me ?
You 've heern talk of Jesus,
Who set poor sinners free.

"De lightnin' and de flashin',
De lightnin' and de flashin',
De lightnin' and de flashin',
Jesus set poor sinners free.
I can't stand de fire. (*Thrice*.)
Jesus set poor sinners free,
De green trees a-flamin'. (*Thrice*.)
Jesus set poor sinners free,
Way down in de valley,
Who will rise and go with me ?
You 've heern talk of Jesus
Who set poor sinners free."

"De valley" and "de lonesome valley" were familiar words in their religious experience. To descend into that region implied the same process with the "anxious-seat" of the camp-meeting. When a young girl was supposed to enter it, she bound a handkerchief by a peculiar knot over her head, and made it a point of honor not to change a single garment till the day of her baptism, so that she was sure of being in physical readiness for the cleansing rite, whatever her spiritual mood might be. More than once, in noticing a damsel thus mystically kerchiefed, I have asked some dusky attendant its meaning, and have received the unfailing answer,—framed with their usual indifference to the genders of pronouns,— "He in de lonesome valley, sa."

The next gives the same dramatic conflict, while its detached and impersonal refrain gives it strikingly the character of the Scotch and Scandinavian ballads.

XIII. CRY HOLY.

"Cry holy, holy !
Look at de people dat is born of God.
And I run down de valley, and I run down to pray,
Says, look at de people dat is born of God.

When I get dar, Cappen Satan was dar,
Says, look at, &c.
Says, young man, young man, dere 's no use for pray,
Says, look at, &c.
For Jesus is dead, and God gone away,
Says, look at, &c.
And I made him out a liar and I went my way,
Says, look at, &c.
Sing holy, holy !

"O, Mary was a woman, and he had a one Son,
Says, look at, &c.
And de Jews and de Romans had him hung,
Says, look at, &c.
Cry holy, holy !

"And I tell you, sinner, you had better had pray,
Says, look at, &c.
For hell is a dark and dismal place,
Says, look at, &c.
And I tell you, sinner, and I would n't go dar !
Says, look at, &c.
Cry holy, holy !"

Here is an infinitely quaint description of the length of the heavenly road :—

XIV. O'ER THE CROSSING.

"Yonder 's my old mudder,
Been a-waggin' at de hill so long.
It 's about time she 'll cross over ;
Get home bimeby.
Keep prayin', I do believe
We 're a long time waggin' o'er de crossin'.
Keep prayin', I do believe
We 'll get home to heaven bimeby.

"Hear dat mournful thunder
Roll from door to door,
Calling home God's children ;
Get home bimeby.
Little chil'en, I do believe
We 're a long time, &c.
Little chil'en, I do believe
We 'll get home, &c.

"See dat forked lightnin'
Flash from tree to tree,
Callin' home God's chil'en ;
Get home bimeby.
True believer, I do believe
We 're a long time, &c.
O brudders, I do believe,
We 'll get home to heaven bimeby."

One of the most singular pictures of future joys, and with a fine flavor of hospitality about it, was this :—

XV. WALK 'EM EASY.

"O, walk 'em easy round de heaven,
Walk 'em easy round de heaven,
Walk 'em easy round de heaven,
Dat all de people may join de band.
Walk 'em easy round de heaven. (*Thrice*.)
O, shout glory till 'em join dat band !"

The chorus was usually the greater

part of the song, and often came in paradoxically, thus : —

XVI. O YES, LORD.

"O, must I be like de foolish mans ?
O yes, Lord !
Will build de house on de sandy hill.
O yes, Lord !
I 'll build my house on Zion hill,
O yes, Lord !
No wind nor rain can blow me down
O yes, Lord !"

The next is very graceful and lyrical, and with more variety of rhythm than usual : —

XVII. BOW LOW, MARY.

"Bow low, Mary, bow low, Martha,
For Jesus come and lock de door,
And carry de keys away.
Sail, sail, over yonder,
And view de promised land.
For Jesus come, &c.
Weep, O Mary, bow low, Martha,
For Jesus come, &c.
Sail, sail, my true believer ;
Sail, sail, over yonder ;
Mary, bow low, Martha, bow low,
For Jesus come and lock de door
And carry de keys away."

But of all the "spirituals" that which surprised me the most, I think, — perhaps because it was that in which external nature furnished the images most directly, — was this. With all my experience of their ideal ways of speech, I was startled when first I came on such a flower of poetry in that dark soil.

XVIII. I KNOW MOON-RISE.

"I know moon-rise, I know star-rise,
Lay dis body down.
I walk in de moonlight, I walk in de starlight,
To lay dis body down.
I 'll walk in de graveyard, I 'll walk through de graveyard.
To lay dis body down.
I 'll lie in de grave and stretch out my arms ;
Lay dis body down.
I go to de judgment in de evenin' of de day,
When I lay dis body down ;
And my soul and your soul will meet in de day
When I lay dis body down."

"I 'll lie in de grave and stretch out my arms." Never, it seems to me, since man first lived and suffered, was his infinite longing for peace uttered more plaintively than in that line.

The next is one of the wildest and most striking of the whole series : there is a mystical effect and a passionate

striving throughout the whole. The Scriptural struggle between Jacob and the angel, which is only dimly expressed in the words, seems all uttered in the music. I think it impressed my imagination more powerfully than any other of these songs.

XIX. WRESTLING JACOB.

"O wrestlin' Jacob, Jacob, day 's a-breakin' ;
I will not let thee go !
O wrestlin' Jacob, Jacob, day 's a-breakin' ;
He will not let me go !
O, I hold my brudder wid a tremblin' hand ;
I would not let him go !
I hold my sister wid a tremblin' hand ;
I would not let her go !

"O, Jacob do hang from a tremblin' limb,
He would not let him go !
O, Jacob do hang from a tremblin' limb ;
De Lord will bless my soul.
O wrestlin' Jacob, Jacob," &c.

Of "occasional hymns," properly so called, I noticed but one, a funeral hymn for an infant, which is sung plaintively over and over, without variety of words.

XX. THE BABY GONE HOME.

"De little baby gone home,
De little baby gone home,
De little baby gone along,
For to climb up Jacob's ladder.
And I wish I 'd been dar,
I wish I 'd been dar,
I wish I 'd been dar, my Lord,
For to climb up Jacob's ladder."

Still simpler is this, which is yet quite sweet and touching.

XXI. JESUS WITH US.

"He have been wid us, Jesus,
He still wid us, Jesus,
He will be wid us, Jesus,
Be wid us to de end."

The next seemed to be a favorite about Christmas time, when meditations on "de rollin' year" were frequent among them.

XXII. LORD, REMEMBER ME !

"O do, Lord, remember me !
O do, Lord, remember me !
O, do-remember me, until de year roll round !
Do, Lord, remember me !

"If you want to die like Jesus died,
Lay in de grave.
You would fold your arms and close your eyes
And die wid a free good will.

"For Death is a simple ting,
And he go from door to door,
And he knock down some, and he cripple up some,
And he leave some here to pray.

"O do, Lord, remember me !
O do, Lord, remember me !
My old fader 's gone till de year roll round ;
Do, Lord, remember me !"

The next was sung in such an operatic and rollicking way that it was quite hard to fancy it a religious performance, which, however, it was. I heard it but once.

XXIII. EARLY IN THE MORNING.

"I meet little Rosa early in de mornin',
O Jerusalem ! early in de mornin' ;
And I ax her, How you do, my darter ?
O Jerusalem ! early in de mornin'.

"I meet my mudder early in de mornin',
O Jerusalem ! &c.
And I ax her, How you do, my mudder ?
O Jerusalem ! &c.

"I meet Budder Robert early in de mornin',
O Jerusalem ! &c.
And I ax him, How you do, my sonny ?
O Jerusalem ! &c.

"I meet Tittawisa early in de mornin',
O Jerusalem ! &c.
And I ax her, How you do, my darter ?
O Jerusalem !" &c.

"Tittawisa" means "Sister Louisa." In songs of this class the name of every person present successively appears.

Their best marching song, and one which was invaluable to lift their feet along, as they expressed it, was the following. There was a kind of spring and *lift* to it, quite indescribable by words.

XXIV. GO IN THE WILDERNESS.

"Jesus call you. Go in de wilderness,
Go in de wilderness, go in de wilderness,
Jesus call you. Go in de wilderness
To wait upon de Lord.
Go wait upon de Lord,
Go wait upon de Lord,
Go wait upon de Lord, my God,
He take away de sins of de world.

"Jesus a-waitin'. Go in de wilderness,
Go, &c.
All dem chil'en go in de wilderness
To wait upon de Lord."

The next was one of those which I had heard in boyish days, brought North from Charleston. But the chorus alone was identical ; the words were

mainly different, and those here given are quaint enough.

XXV. BLOW YOUR TRUMPET, GABRIEL.

"O, blow your trumpet, Gabriel,
Blow your trumpet louder ;
And I want dat trumpet to blow me home
To my new Jerusalem.

"De prettiest ting dat ever I done
Was to serve de Lord when I was young.
So blow your trumpet, Gabriel, &c.

"O, Satan is a liar, and he conjure too,
And if you don't mind, he 'll conjure you.
So blow your trumpet, Gabriel, &c.

"O, I was lost in de wilderness,
King Jesus hand me de candle down.
So blow your trumpet, Gabriel," &c.

The following contains one of those odd transformations of proper names with which their Scriptural citations were often enriched. It rivals their text, "Paul may plant, and may polish wid water," which I have elsewhere quoted, and in which the sainted Apolos would hardly have recognized himself.

XXVI. IN THE MORNING.

"In de mornin',
In de mornin',
Chil'en ? Yes, my Lord !
Don't you hear de trumpet sound ?
If I had a-died when I was young,
I never would had de race for run.
Don't you hear de trumpet sound ?

"O Sam and Peter was fishin' in de sea,
And dey drop de net and follow my Lord.
Don't you hear de trumpet sound ?

"Dere 's a silver spade for to dig my grave
And a golden chain for to let me down.
Don't you hear de trumpet sound ?
In de mornin',
In de mornin',
Chil'en ? Yes, my Lord !
Don't you hear de trumpet sound ?"

These golden and silver fancies remind one of the King of Spain's daughter in "Mother Goose," and the golden apple, and the silver pear, which are doubtless themselves but the vestiges of some simple early composition like this. The next has a humbler and more domestic style of fancy.

XXVII. FARE YE WELL.

"My true believers, fare ye well,
Fare ye well, fare ye well,
Fare ye well, by de grace of God,
For I'm going home.

Massa Jesus give me a little broom
For to sweep my heart clean,
And I will try, by de grace of God,
To win my way home."

Among the songs not available for marching, but requiring the concentrated enthusiasm of the camp, was "The Ship of Zion," of which they had three wholly distinct versions, all quite exuberant and tumultuous.

XXVIII. THE SHIP OF ZION.

"Come along, come along,
And let us go home,
O, glory, hallelujah !
Dis de ole ship o' Zion,
Hallelloo ! Hallelloo !
Dis de ole ship o' Zion,
Hallelujah !

"She has landed many a tousand,
She can land as many more.
O, glory, hallelujah ! &c.

"Do you tink she will be able
For to take us all home ?
O, glory, hallelujah ! &c.

"You can tell 'em I 'm a comin',
Hallelloo ! Hallelloo !
You can tell 'em I 'm a comin',
Hallelujah !
Come along, come along," &c.

XXIX. THE SHIP OF ZION. (*Second version.*)

"Dis de good ole ship o' Zion,
Dis de good ole ship o' Zion,
Dis de good ole ship o' Zion,
And she 's makin' for de Promise Land.
She hab angels for de sailors, (*Thrice.*)
And she 's, &c.
And how you know dey 's angels ? (*Thrice.*)
And she 's, &c.
Good Lord, shall I be de one ? (*Thrice.*)
And she 's, &c.

"Dat ship is out a-sailin', sailin', sailin',
And she 's, &c.
She 's a-sailin' mighty steady, steady, steady,
And she 's, &c.
She 'll neither reel nor totter, totter, totter,
And she 's, &c.
She 's a-sailin' away cold Jordan, Jordan, Jordan,
And she 's, &c.
King Jesus is de captain, captain,
And she 's makin' for de Promise Land."

XXX. THE SHIP OF ZION. (*Third version.*)

"De Gospel ship is sailin',
Hosann — sann.
O, Jesus is de captain,
Hosann — sann.
De angels are de sailors,
Hosann — sann.

O, is your bundle ready ?
Hosann — sann.
O, have you got your ticket ?
Hosann — sann."

This abbreviated chorus is given with unspeakable unction.

The three just given are modifications of an old camp-meeting melody ; and the same may be true of the three following, although I cannot find them in the Methodist hymn-books. Each, however, has its characteristic modifications, which make it well worth giving. In the second verse of this next, for instance, "Saviour" evidently has become "soldier."

XXXI. SWEET MUSIC.

"Sweet music in heaven,
Just beginning for to roll.
Don't you love God ?
Glory, hallelujah !

"Yes, late I heard my soldier say,
Come, heavy soul, I am de way.
Don't you love God ?
Glory, hallelujah !

"I 'll go and tell to sinners round
What a kind Saviour I have found.
Don't you love God ?
Glory, hallelujah !

"My grief my burden long has been,
Because I was not cease from sin.
Don't you love God ?
Glory, hallelujah !"

XXXII. GOOD NEWS.

"O, good news ! O, good news !
De angels brought de tidings down,
Just comin' from de trone.

"As grief from out my soul shall fly,
Just comin' from de trone ;
I 'll shout salvation when I die,
Good news, O, good news !
Just comin' from de trone.

"Lord, I want to go to heaven when I die,
Good news, O, good news ! &c.

"De white folks call us a noisy crew,
Good news, O, good news !
But dis I know, we are happy too,
Just comin' from de trone."

XXXIII. THE HEAVENLY ROAD.

"You may talk of my name as much as you please,
And carry my name abroad ;
But I really do believe I 'm a child of God
As I walk in de heavenly road.
O, won't you go wid me ? (*Thrice.*)
For to keep our garments clean.

"O, Satan is a mighty busy ole man,
And roll rocks in my way ;

But Jesus is my bosom friend,
And roll 'em out of de way.
O, won't you go wid me? (*Thrice.*)
For to keep our garments clean.

"Come, my brudder, if you never did pray,
I hope you may pray to-night;
For I really believe I 'm a child of God
As I walk in de heavenly road.
O, won't you," &c.

Some of the songs had played an historic part during the war. For singing the next, for instance, the negroes had been put in jail in Georgetown, S. C., at the outbreak of the Rebellion. "We 'll soon be free," was too dangerous an assertion; and though the chant was an old one, it was no doubt sung with redoubled emphasis during the new events. "De Lord will call us home," was evidently thought to be a symbolical verse; for, as a little drummer-boy explained to me, showing all his white teeth as he sat in the moonlight by the door of my tent, "Dey tink *de Lord* mean for say *de Yankees*."

XXXIV. WE 'LL SOON BE FREE.

"We 'll soon be free,
We 'll soon be free,
We 'll soon be free,
When de Lord will call us home.
My brudder, how long,
My brudder, how long,
My brudder, how long,
'Fore we done sufferin' here?
It won't be long (*Thrice.*)
'Fore de Lord will call us home.
We 'll walk de miry road (*Thrice.*)
Where pleasure never dies.
We 'll walk de golden street (*Thrice.*)
Where pleasure never dies.
My brudder, how long (*Thrice.*)
'Fore we done sufferin' here?
We 'll soon be free (*Thrice.*)
When Jesus sets me free.
We 'll fight for liberty (*Thrice.*)
When de Lord will call us home."

The suspicion in this case was unfounded, but they had another song to which the Rebellion had actually given rise. This was composed by nobody knew whom, — though it was the most recent, doubtless, of all these "spirituals," — and had been sung in secret to avoid detection. It is certainly plaintive enough. The peck of corn and pint of salt were slavery's rations.

XXXV. MANY THOUSAND GO.

"No more peck o' corn for me,
No more, no more, —

No more peck o' corn for me,
Many thousand go.

"No more driver's lash for me, (*Twice.*)
No more, &c.

"No more pint o' salt for me, (*Twice.*)
No more, &c.

"No more hundred lash for me, (*Twice.*)
No more, &c.

"No more mistress' call for me,
No more, no more, —
No more mistress' call for me,
Many thousand go."

Even of this last composition, however, we have only the approximate date, and know nothing of the mode of composition. Allan Ramsay says of the Scotch songs, that, no matter who made them, they were soon attributed to the minister of the parish whence they sprang. And I always wondered, about these, whether they had always a conscious and definite origin in some leading mind, or whether they grew by gradual accretion, in an almost unconscious way. On this point I could get no information, though I asked many questions, until at last, one day when I was being rowed across from Beaufort to Ladies' Island, I found myself, with delight, on the actual trail of a song. One of the oarsmen, a brisk young fellow, not a soldier, on being asked for his theory of the matter, dropped out a coy confession. "Some good spirituals," he said, "are start jess out o' curiosity. I been a-raise a sing, myself, once."

My dream was fulfilled, and I had traced out, not the poem alone, but the poet. I implored him to proceed.

"Once we boys," he said, "went for tote some rice, and de nigger-driver, he keep a-callin' on us; and I say, 'O, de ole nigger-driver!' Den anudder said, 'Fust ting my mammy tole me was, notin' so bad as nigger-driver.' Den I made a sing, just puttin' a word, and den anudder word."

Then he began singing, and the men, after listening a moment, joined in the chorus as if it were an old acquaintance, though they evidently had never heard it before. I saw how easily a new "sing" took root among them.

XXXVI. THE DRIVER.

"O, de ole nigger-driver !
 O, gwine away !
 Fust ting my mammy tell me,
 O, gwine away !
 Tell me 'bout de nigger-driver,
 O, gwine away !
 Nigger-driver second devil,
 O, gwine away !
 Best ting for do he driver,
 O, gwine away !
 Knock he down and spoil he labor,
 O, gwine away !"

It will be observed that, although this song is quite secular in its character, its author yet called it a "spiritual." I heard but two songs among them, at any time, to which they would not, perhaps, have given this generic name. One of these consisted simply in the endless repetition—after the manner of certain college songs—of the mysterious line,

"Rain fall and wet Becky Martin."

But who Becky Martin was, and why she should or should not be wet, and whether the dryness was a reward or a penalty, none could say. I got the impression that, in either case, the event was posthumous, and that there was some tradition of grass not growing over the grave of a sinner; but even this was vague, and all else vaguer.

The other song I heard but once, on a morning when a squad of men came in from picket duty, and chanted it in the most rousing way. It had been a stormy and comfortless night, and the picket station was very exposed. It still rained in the morning when I strolled to the edge of the camp, looking out for the men, and wondering how they had stood it. Presently they came striding along the road, at a great pace, with their shining rubber blankets worn as cloaks around them, the rain streaming from these and from their equally shining faces, which were almost all upon the broad grin, as they pealed out this remarkable ditty:—

HANGMAN JOHNNY.

"O, dey call me Hangman Johnny !
 O, ho ! O, ho !
 But I never hang nobody,
 O, hang, boys, hang !"

"O, dey call me Hangman Johnny !
 O, ho ! O, ho !
 But we 'll all hang togedder,
 O, hang, boys, hang !"

My presence apparently checked the performance of another verse, beginning, "De buckra 'list for money," apparently in reference to the controversy about the pay-question, then just beginning, and to the more mercenary aims they attributed to the white soldiers. But "Hangman Johnny" remained always a myth as inscrutable as "Becky Martin."

As they learned all their songs by ear, they often strayed into wholly new versions, which sometimes became popular, and entirely banished the others. This was amusingly the case, for instance, with one phrase in the popular camp-song of "Marching Along," which was entirely new to them until our quartermaster taught it to them, at my request. The words, "Gird on the armor," were to them a stumbling-block, and no wonder, until some ingenious ear substituted, "Guide on de army," which was at once accepted, and became universal.

"We 'll guide on de army, and be marching along," is now the established version on the Sea Islands.

These quaint religious songs were to the men more than a source of relaxation; they were a stimulus to courage and a tie to heaven. I never overheard in camp a profane or vulgar song. With the trifling exceptions given, all had a religious motive, while the most secular melody could not have been more exciting. A few youths from Savannah, who were comparatively men of the world, had learned some of the "Ethiopian Minstrel" ditties, imported from the North. These took no hold upon the mass; and, on the other hand, they sang reluctantly, even on Sunday, the long and short metres of the hymn-books, always gladly yielding to the more potent excitement of their own "spirituals." By these they could sing themselves, as had their fathers before them, out of the contemplation of

their own low estate, into the sublime scenery of the Apocalypse. I remember that this minor-keyed pathos used to seem to me almost too sad to dwell upon, while slavery seemed destined to last for generations; but now that their patience has had its perfect work, his-

tory cannot afford to lose this portion of its record. There is no parallel instance of an oppressed race thus sustained by the religious sentiment alone. These songs are but the vocal expression of the simplicity of their faith and the sublimity of their long resignation.

POOR RICHARD.

A STORY IN THREE PARTS.

PART I.

MISS WHITTAKER'S garden covered a couple of acres, behind and beside her house, and at its farther extremity was bounded by a narrow meadow, which in turn was bordered by the old disused towing-path beside the river, at this point a slow and shallow stream. Its low flat banks were unadorned with rocks or trees, and a towing-path is not in itself a romantic promenade. Nevertheless, here sauntered bareheaded, on a certain spring evening, the mistress of the acres just mentioned and many more beside, in sentimental converse with an impassioned and beautiful youth.

She herself had been positively plain, but for the frequent recurrence of a magnificent broad smile,—which imparted loveliness to her somewhat plebeian features,—and (in another degree) for the elegance of her dress, which expressed one of the later stages of mourning, and was of that voluminous abundance proper to women who are massive in person, and rich besides. Her companion's good looks, for very good they were, in spite of several defects, were set off by a shabby suit, as carelessly worn as it was inartistically cut. His manner, as he walked and talked, was that of a nervous, passionate man, wrought almost to desperation; while her own was that of a person self-composed to generous atten-

tion. A brief silence, however, had at last fallen upon them. Miss Whittaker strolled along quietly, looking at the slow-mounting moon, and the young man gazed on the ground, swinging his stick. Finally, with a heavy blow, he brought it to earth.

"O Gertrude!" he cried, "I despise myself."

"That's very foolish," said Gertrude.

"And, Gertrude, I adore you."

"That's more foolish still," said Gertrude, with her eyes still on the moon. And then, suddenly and somewhat impatiently transferring them to her companion's face, "Richard," she asked, "what do you mean when you say you adore me?"

"Mean? I mean that I love you."

"Then, why don't you say what you mean?"

The young man looked at her a moment. "Will you give me leave," he asked, "to say *all* that I mean?"

"Of course." Then, as he remained silent, "I listen," added Gertrude.

Yet he still said nothing, but went striking vehemently at the weeds by the water's edge, like one who may easily burst into tears of rage.

"Gertrude!" he suddenly exclaimed, "what more do you want than the assurance that I love you!"

"I want nothing more. That as-

insurance is by itself delightful enough. You yourself seemed to wish to add something more."

"Either you won't understand me," cried Richard, "or"—flagrantly vicious for twenty seconds—"you can't!"

Miss Whittaker stopped and looked thoughtfully into his face. "In our position," she said, "if it becomes you to sacrifice reflection to feeling, it becomes me to do the reverse. Listen to me, Richard. I *do* understand you, and better, I fancy, than you understand yourself."

"O, of course!"

But she continued, heedless of his interruption. "I thought that, by leaving you to yourself awhile, your feelings might become clearer to you. But they seem to be growing only more confused. I have been so fortunate, or so unfortunate, I hardly know which,"—and she smiled faintly,— "as to please you. That's all very well, but you must not make too much of it. Nothing can make me happier than to please you, or to please any one. But here it must stop with you, as it stops with others."

"It does not stop here with others."

"I beg your pardon. You have no right to say that. It is partly out of justice to others that I speak to you as I am doing. I shall always be one of your best friends, but I shall never be more. It is best I should tell you this at once. I might trifle with you awhile and make you happy (since upon such a thing you are tempted to set your happiness) by allowing you to suppose that I had given you my heart; but the end would soon come, and then where should we be? You may in your disappointment call me heartless now,—I freely give you leave to call me anything that may ease your mind,—but what would you call me then? Friendship, Richard, is a heavenly cure for love. Here is mine," and she held out her hand.

"No, I thank you," said Richard, gloomily folding his arms. "I know my own feelings," and he raised his voice. "Have n't I lived with them

night and day for weeks and weeks? Great Heaven, Gertrude, this is no fancy. I'm not of that sort. My whole life has gone into my love. God has let me idle it away hitherto, only that I might begin it with you. Dear Gertrude, hear me. I have the heart of a man. I know I'm not respectable, but I devoutly believe I'm lovable. It's true that I've neither worked, nor thought, nor studied, nor turned a penny. But, on the other hand, I've never cared for a woman before. I've waited for you. And now—now, after all, I'm to sit down and be *pleased*! The Devil! Please other men, madam! Me you delight, you intoxicate."

An honest flush rose to Gertrude's cheek. "So much the worse for you!" she cried with a bitter laugh. "So much the worse for both of us! But what is your point? Do you wish to marry me?"

Richard flinched a moment under this tacit proposition suddenly grown vocal; but not from want of heart. "Of course I do," he said.

"Well, then, I only pity you the more for your consistency. I can only entreat you again to rest contented with my friendship. It's not such a bad substitute, Richard, as I understand it. What my love might be I don't know,—I could n't answer for that; but of my friendship I'm sure. We both have our duties in this matter, and I have resolved to take a liberal view of mine. I might lose patience with you, you know, and dismiss you,—leave you alone with your dreams, and let you break your heart. But it's rather by seeing more of me than by seeing less, that your feelings will change."

"Indeed! And yours?"

"I have no doubt they will change, too; not in kind, but in degree. The better I know you, I am sure, the better I shall like you. The better too you will like me. Don't turn your back upon me. I speak the truth. You will get to entertain a serious opinion of me,—which I'm sure you have n't now, or you would n't talk of

my intoxicating you. But you must be patient. It's a singular fact that it takes longer to like a woman than to love her. A sense of intoxication is a very poor feeling to marry upon. You wish, of course, to break with your idleness, and your bad habits,—you see I am so thoroughly your friend that I'm not afraid of touching upon disagreeable facts, as I should be if I were your mistress. But you are so indolent, so irresolute, so undisciplined, so uneducated,"—Gertrude spoke deliberately, and watched the effect of her words,—“that you find a change of life very difficult. I propose, with your consent, to appoint myself your counsellor. Henceforth my house will be open to you as to my dearest friend. Come as often and stay as long as you please. Not in a few weeks, perhaps, nor even in a few months, but in God's good time, you will be a noble young man in working order,—which I don't consider you now, and which I know you don't consider yourself. But I have a great opinion of your talents,” (this was very shrewd of Gertrude,) “and of your heart. If I turn out to have done you a service, you'll not want to marry me then.”

Richard had silently listened, with a deepening frown. “That's all very pretty,” he said; “but”—and the reader will see that, in his earnestness, he was inclined to dispense with courtesy—“it's rotten,—rotten from beginning to end. What's the meaning of all that rigmarole about the inconsistency of friendship and love? Such talk is enough to drive one mad. Refuse me outright, and send me to the Devil, if you must; but don't bemuddle your own brains at the same time. But one little word knocks it all to pieces: I want you for my wife. You make an awful mistake in treating me as a boy,—an awful mistake. I *am* in working order. I have begun life in loving you. I have broken with drinking as effectually as if I had n't touched a drop of liquor for twenty years. I hate it, I loathe it. I've drunk my last. No, Gertrude, I'm no longer a boy,—you

've cured me of that. Hang it, that's why I love you! Don't you see? Ah, Gertrude!”—and his voice fell,—“you're a great enchantress! You have no arts, you have no beauty even, (can't a lover deal with facts now?) but you are an enchantress without them. It's your nature. You are so divinely, damnably honest! That excellent speech just now was meant to smother my passion; but it has only inflamed it. You will say it was nothing but common sense. Very likely; but that is the very point. Your common sense captivates me. It's for that that I love you.”

He spoke with so relentless a calmness that Gertrude was sickened. Here she found herself weaker than he, while the happiness of both of them demanded that she should be stronger.

“Richard Clare,” she said, “you are unkind!” There was a tremor in her voice as she spoke; and as she ceased speaking, she burst into tears. A selfish sense of victory invaded the young man's breast. He threw his arm about her; but she shook it off. “You are a coward, sir!” she cried.

“Oho!” said Richard, flushing angrily.

“You go too far; you persist beyond decency.”

“You hate me now, I suppose,” said Richard, brutally, like one at bay.

Gertrude brushed away her tears. “No indeed,” she answered, sending him a dry, clear glance. “To hate you, I should have to have loved you. I pity you still.”

Richard looked at her a moment. “I don't feel tempted to return the feeling, Gertrude,” said he. “A woman with so much head as you needs no pity.”

“I have not head enough to read your sarcasm, sir; but I have heart enough to excuse it, and I mean to keep a good heart to the end. I mean to keep my temper, I mean to be just, I mean to be conclusive, and not to have to return to this matter. It's not for my pleasure, I would have you know, that I am so explicit. I have

nerves as well as you. Listen, then. If I don't love you, Richard, in your way, I don't; and if I can't, I can't. We can't love by will. But with friendship, when it is once established, I believe the will and the reason may have a great deal to do. I will, therefore, put the whole of my mind into my friendship for you, and in that way we shall perhaps be even. Such a feeling—as I shall naturally show it—will, after all, not be very different from that other feeling you ask—as I should naturally show it. Bravely to reconcile himself to such difference as there is, is no more than a man of honor ought to do. Do you understand me?"

"You have an admirable way of putting things. 'After all,' and 'such difference as there is'! The difference is the difference of marriage and no-marriage. I suppose you don't mean that you are willing to live with me without that ceremony?"

"You suppose correctly."

"Then why do you falsify matters? A woman is either a man's wife, or she is n't."

"Yes; and a woman is either a man's friend, or she is n't."

"And you are mine, and I'm an ungrateful brute not to rest satisfied! That's what you mean. Heaven knows you're right,"—and he paused a moment, with his eyes on the ground. "Don't despise me, Gertrude," he resumed. "I'm not so ungrateful as I seem. I'm very much obliged to you for the pains you have taken. Of course I understand your not loving me. You'd be a grand fool if you did; and you're no fool, Gertrude."

"No, I'm no fool, Richard. It's a great responsibility,—it's dreadfully vulgar; but, on the whole, I'm rather glad."

"So am I. I could hate you for it; but there is no doubt it's why I love you. If you were a fool, you might love me; but I should n't love you, and if I must choose, I prefer that."

"Heaven has chosen for us. Ah, Richard," pursued Gertrude, with admirable simplicity, "let us be good and

obey Heaven, and we shall be sure to be happy,"—and she held out her hand once more.

Richard took it and raised it to his lips. She felt their pressure and withdrew it.

"Now you must leave me," she said.

"Did you ride?"

"My horse is at the village."

"You can go by the river, then. Good night."

"Good night."

The young man moved away in the gathering dusk, and Miss Whittaker stood for a moment looking after him.

To appreciate the importance of this conversation, the reader must know that Miss Gertrude Whittaker was a young woman of four-and-twenty, whose father, recently deceased, had left her alone in the world, with a great fortune, accumulated by various enterprises in that part of the State. He had appointed a distant and elderly kinswoman, by name Miss Pendexter, as his daughter's household companion; and an old friend of his own, known to combine shrewdness with integrity, as her financial adviser. Motherless, country-bred, and homely-featured, Gertrude on arriving at maturity had neither the tastes nor the manners of a fine lady. Of a robust and active make, with a warm heart, a cool head, and a very pretty talent for affairs, she was, in virtue both of her wealth and of her tact, one of the chief figures of the neighborhood. These facts had forced her into a prominence which she made no attempt to elude, and in which she now felt thoroughly at home. She knew herself to be a power in the land; she knew that, present and absent, she was continually talked about as the rich Miss Whittaker; and although as modest as a woman need be, she was neither so timid nor so nervous as to wish to compromise with her inevitable distinctions. Her feelings were indeed, throughout, strong, rather than delicate; and yet there was in her whole nature, as the world had learned to look at it, a moderation, a temperance, a benevolence, an orderly freedom, which be-

spoke universal respect. She was impulsive, and yet discreet; economical, and yet generous; humorous, and yet serious; keenly discerning of human distinctions, and yet almost indiscriminately hospitable; with a prodigious fund of common sense beneath all; and yet beyond this,—like the priest behind the king,—and despite her broadly prosaic, and as it were secular tone, a certain latent suggestion of heroic possibilities, which he who had once become insensible of it (supposing him to be young and enthusiastic) would linger about her hoping to detect, as you might stand watchful of a florid and vigorous dahlia, which for an instant, in your passage, should have proved deliciously fragrant. It is upon the actual existence, in more minds than one, of a mystifying sense of this sweet and remote perfume, that our story is based.

Richard Clare and Miss Whittaker were old friends. They had in the first place gone democratically to the town school together as children; and then their divergent growth, as boy and girl, had acknowledged an elastic bond in a continued intimacy between Gertrude and Fanny Clare, Richard's sister, who, however, in the fulness of time had married, and had followed her husband to California. With her departure the old relations of habit between her brother and her friend had slackened, and gradually ceased. Richard had grown up a rebellious and troublesome boy, with a disposition combining stolid apathy and hot-headed impatience in equal proportions. Losing both of his parents before he was well out of his boyhood, he had found himself at the age of sixteen in possession actual, and as he supposed uncontested, of the paternal farm. It was not long, however, before those turned up who were disposed to question his immediate ability to manage it; the result of which was, that the farm was leased for five years, and that Richard was almost forcibly abducted by a maternal uncle, living on a farm of his own some three hundred miles away. Here our young man

spent the remainder of his minority, ostensibly learning agriculture with his cousins, but actually learning nothing. He had very soon established, and had subsequently enjoyed without a day's interval, the reputation of an ill-natured fool. He was dull, disobliging, brooding, lowering. Reading and shooting he liked a little, because they were solitary pastimes; but to common duties and pleasures he proved himself as incompetent as he was averse. It was possible to live with him only because he was at once too selfish and too simple for mischief. As soon as he came of age he resumed possession of the acres on which his boyhood had been passed, and toward which he gravitated under an instinct of mere local affection, rather than from any intelligent purpose. He avoided his neighbors, his father's former associates; he rejected, nay, he violated, their counsel; he informed them that he wanted no help but what he paid for, and that he expected to work his farm for himself and by himself. In short, he proved himself to their satisfaction egregiously ungrateful, conceited, and arrogant. They were not slow to discover that his incapacity was as great as his conceit. In two years he had more than undone the work of the late lessee, which had been an improvement on that of the original owner. In the third year, it seemed to those who observed him that there was something so wanton in his errors as almost to impugn his sanity. He appeared to have accepted them himself, and to have given up all pretence of work. He went about silent and sullen, like a man who feels that he has a quarrel with fate. About this time it became generally known that he was often the worse for liquor; and he hereupon acquired the deplorable reputation of a man worse than unsociable,—a man who drinks alone,—although it was still doubtful whether this practice was the cause or the effect of his poor crops. About this time, too, he resumed acquaintance with Gertrude Whittaker. For many months after his return he had been held at his distance, together

with most of his rural compeers, by the knowledge of her father's bitter hostility to all possible suitors and fortune-hunters; and then, subsequently, by the illness preceding the old man's death; but when at last, on the expiration of her term of mourning, Miss Whittaker had opened to society her long blockaded ports, Richard had, to all the world's amazement, been among the first to profit by this extension of the general privilege, and to cast anchor in the wide and peaceful waters of her friendship. He found himself at this moment, considerably to his surprise, in his twenty-fourth year, that is, a few months Gertrude's junior.

It was impossible that she should not have gathered from mere juxtaposition a vague impression of his evil repute and of his peculiar relation to his neighbors, and to his own affairs. Thanks to this impression, Richard found a very warm welcome, — the welcome of compassion. Gertrude gave him a heavy arrear of news from his sister Fanny, with whom he had dropped correspondence, and, impelled by Fanny's complaints of his long silence, ventured upon a friendly admonition that he should go straight home and write a letter to California. Richard sat before her, gazing at her out of his dark eyes, and not only attempting no defence of his conduct, but rejoicing dumbly in the utter absence of any possible defence, as of an interruption to his companion's virtue. He wished that he might incontinently lay bare all his shortcomings to her delicious reproach. He carried away an extraordinary sense of general alleviation; and forthwith began a series of visits, which in the space of some ten weeks culminated in the interview with which our narrative opens. Painfully diffident in the company of most women, Richard had not from the first known what it was to be shy with Gertrude. As a man of the world finds it useful to refresh his social energies by an occasional *tête-à-tête* of an hour with himself, so Richard, with whom solitude was the rule, derived a certain austere satisfac-

tion from an hour's contact with Miss Whittaker's consoling good sense, her abundance, her decent duties and comforts. Gradually, however, from a salutary process, this became almost an æsthetic one. It was now pleasant to go to Gertrude, because he enjoyed the contagion of her own repose, — because he witnessed her happiness without a sensation of envy, — because he forgot his own entanglements and errors, — because, finally, his soul slept away its troubles beneath her varying glance, very much as his body had often slept away its weariness in the shade of a changing willow. But the soul, like the body, will not sleep long without dreaming; and it will not dream often without wishing at last to tell its dreams. Richard had one day ventured to impart his visions to Gertrude, and the revelation had apparently given her serious pain. The fact that Richard Clare (of all men in the world!) had somehow worked himself into an intimacy with Miss Whittaker very soon became public property among their neighbors; and in the hands of these good people, naturally enough, received an important addition in the inference that he was going to marry her. He was, of course, esteemed a very lucky fellow, and the prevalence of this impression was doubtless not without its effect on the forbearance of certain long-suffering creditors. And even if she was not to marry him, it was further argued, she yet might lend him money; for it was assumed without question that the necessity of raising money was the main-spring of Richard's suit. It is needless to inform the reader that this assumption was — to use a homely metaphor — without a leg to stand upon. Our hero had faults enough, but to be mercenary was not one of them; nor was an excessive concern on the subject of his debts one of his virtues. As for Gertrude, wherever else her perception of her friend's feelings may have been at fault, it was not at fault on this point. That he loved her as desperately as he declared, she indeed doubted; but it never occurred to her to question the

purity of his affection. And so, on the other hand, it was strictly out of her heart's indifference that she rejected him, and not for the disparity of their fortunes. In accepting his very simple and natural overtures to friendship, in calling him "Richard" in remembrance of old days, and in submitting generally to the terms of their old relations, she had foreseen no sentimental catastrophe. She had viewed her friend from the first as an object of lively material concern. She had espoused his interests (like all good women, Gertrude was ever more or less of a partisan) because she loved his sister, and because she pitied himself. She would stand to him *in loco sororis*. The reader has seen that she had given herself a long day's work.

It is not to be supposed that Richard's sober retreat at the close of the walk by the river implied any instinct of resignation to the prospects which Gertrude had opened to him. It is explained rather by an intensity of purpose so deep as to fancy that it can dispense with bravado. This was not the end of his suit, but the beginning. He would not give in until he was positively beaten. It was all very well, he reflected, that Gertrude should reject him. Such a woman as she ought properly to be striven for, and there was something ridiculous in the idea that she should be easily won, whether by himself or by another. Richard was a slow thinker, but he thought more wisely than he talked; and he now took back all his angry boasts of accomplished self-mastery, and humbly surveyed the facts of the case. He was on the way to recovery, but he was by no means cured, and yet his very humility assured him that he was curable. He was no hero, but he was better than his life; he was no scholar, but in his own view at least he was no fool. He was good enough to be better; he was good enough not to sit by the hour soaking his slender brains in whiskey. And at the very least, if he was not worthy to possess Gertrude, he was yet worthy to strive to obtain

her, and to live forevermore upon the glory of having been formally refused by the great Miss Whittaker. He would raise himself then to that level from which he could address her as an equal, from which he could borrow that authority of which he was now so shamefully bare. How he would do this, he was at a loss to determine. He was conscious of an immense fund of brute volition, but he cursed his barbarous ignorance, as he searched in vain for those high opposing forces the defeat of which might lend dignity to his struggle. He longed vaguely for some continuous muscular effort, at the end of which he should find himself face to face with his mistress. But as, instead of being a Pagan hero, with an enticing task-list of impossibilities, he was a plain New England farmer, with a bad conscience, and nature with him and not against him, — as, after slaying his dragon, after breaking with liquor, his work was a simple operation in common sense, — in view of these facts he found but little inspiration in his prospect. Nevertheless he fronted it bravely. He was not to obtain Gertrude by making a fortune, but by making himself a man, by learning to think. But as to learn to think is to learn to work, he would find some use for his muscle. He would keep sober and clear-headed; he would retrieve his land and pay his debts. Then let her refuse him if she could, — or if she dared, he was wont occasionally to add.

Meanwhile Gertrude on her side sat quietly at home, revolving in her own fashion a dozen ideal schemes for her friend's redemption and for the diversion of his enthusiasm. Not but that she meant rigorously to fulfil her part of the engagement to which she had invited him in that painful scene by the river. Yet whatever of that firmness, patience, and courtesy of which she possessed so large a stock she might still oppose to his importunities, she could not feel secure against repeated intrusion (for it was by this term that she was disposed to qualify all unsanctioned transgression of those final and

immovable limits which she had set to her immense hospitality) without the knowledge of a partial change at least in Richard's own attitude. Such a change could only be effected through some preparatory change in his life; and a change in his life could be brought about only by the introduction of some new influence. This influence, however, was very hard to find. However positively Gertrude had dwelt upon the practical virtue of her own friendship, she was now on further reflection led sadly to distrust the exclusive use of this instrument. He was welcome enough to that, but he needed something more. It suddenly occurred to her, one morning after Richard's image had been crossing and recrossing her mental vision for a couple of hours with wearisome pertinacity, that a world of good might accrue to him through the friendship of a person so unexceptionable as Captain Severn. There was no one, she declared within herself, who would not be better for knowing such a man. She would recommend Richard to his kindness, and him she would recommend to Richard's — what? Here was the rub! Where was there common ground between Richard and such a one as he? To request him to like Richard was easy; to ask Richard to like him was ridiculous. If Richard could only know him, the work were done; he could not choose but love him as a brother. But to bespeak Richard's respect for an object was to fill him straightway with aversion for it. Her young friend was so pitiable a creature himself, that it had never occurred to her to appeal to his sentiments of compassion. All the world seemed above him, and he was consequently at odds with all the world. If some worthy being could be found, even less favored of nature and of fortune than himself, to such a one he might become attached by a useful sympathy. There was indeed nothing particularly enviable in Captain Severn's lot, and herein Richard might properly experience a fellow-feeling for him; but neverthe-

less he was apparently quite contented with it, and thus he was raised several degrees above Richard, who would be certain to find something aggressive in his equanimity. Still, for all this, Gertrude would bring them together. She had a high estimate of the Captain's generosity, and if Richard should wantonly fail to conform to the situation, the loss would be his own. It may be thought that in this enterprise Captain Severn was somewhat inconsiderately handled. But a generous woman will freely make a missionary of the man she loves. These words suggest the propriety of a short description of the person to whom they refer.

Edmund Severn was a man of eight-and-twenty, who, having for some time combated fortune and his own inclinations as a mathematical tutor in a second-rate country college, had, on the opening of the war, transferred his valor to a more heroic field. His regiment of volunteers, now at work before Richmond, had been raised in Miss Whittaker's district, and beneath her substantial encouragement. His soldier-ship, like his scholarship, was solid rather than brilliant. He was not destined to be heard of at home, nor to leave his regiment; but on many an important occasion in Virginia he had proved himself in a modest way an excellently useful man. Coming up early in the war with a severe wound, to be nursed by a married sister domiciled in Gertrude's neighborhood, he was, like all his fellow-sufferers within a wide circuit, very soon honored with a visit of anxious inquiry from Miss Whittaker, who was as yet known to him only by report, and who transmitted to him the warmest assurances of sympathy and interest, together with the liveliest offers of assistance; and, incidentally as it were to these, a copious selection from the products of her hot-house and store-room. Severn had taken the air for the first time in Gertrude's own great cushioned barouche, which she had sent to his door at an early stage of his convalescence, and which of course he had immediately made use

of to pay his respects to his benefactress. He was confounded by the real humility with which, on this occasion, betwixt smiles and tears, she assured him that to be of service to such as him was for her a sacred privilege. Never, thought the Captain as he drove away, had he seen so much rustic breadth combined with so much womanly grace. Half a dozen visits during the ensuing month more than sufficed to convert him into what is called an admirer; but, as the weeks passed by, he felt that there were great obstacles to his ever ripening into a lover. Captain Severn was a serious man; he was conscientious, discreet, deliberate, unused to act without a definite purpose. Whatever might be the intermediate steps, it was necessary that the goal of an enterprise should have become an old story to him before he took the first steps. And, moreover, if the goal seemed a profitable or an honorable station, he was proof against the perils or the discomforts of the journey; while if, on the other hand, it offered no permanent repose, he generally found but little difficulty in resisting the incidental allurements. In pursuance of this habit, or rather in obedience to this principle, of carefully fixing his programme, he had asked himself whether he was prepared to face the logical results of a series of personal attentions to our heroine. Since he had determined a twelvemonth before not to marry until, by some means or another, he should have evoked a sufficient income, no great change had taken place in his fortunes. He was still a poor man and an unsettled one; he was still awaiting his real vocation. Moreover, while subject to the chances of war, he doubted his right to engage a woman's affections: he shrank in horror from the thought of making a widow. Miss Whittaker was one in five thousand. Before the luminous fact of her existence, his dim ideal of the desirable wife had faded into vapor. But should he allow this fact to invalidate all the stern precepts of his reason? He

could no more afford to marry a rich woman than a poor one. When he should have earned a subsistence for two, then he would be free to marry whomsoever he might fancy,—a beggar or an heiress. The truth is, that the Captain was a great deal too proud. It was his fault that he could not bring himself to forget the difference between his poverty and Gertrude's wealth. He would of course have resented the insinuation that the superior fortune of the woman he loved should really have force to prevent him from declaring his love; but there is no doubt that in the case before us this fact arrested his passion in its origin. Severn had a most stoical aversion to being in debt. It is certain that, after all, he would have made a very graceful debtor to his mistress or his wife; but while a woman was as yet neither his mistress nor his wife, the idea of being beholden to her was essentially distasteful to him. It would have been a question with one who knew him, whether at this juncture this frigid instinct was destined to resist the warmth of Gertrude's charms, or whether it was destined gradually to melt away. There would have been no question, however, but that it could maintain itself only at the cost of great suffering to its possessor. At this moment, then, Severn had made up his mind that Gertrude was not for him, and that it behooved him to be sternly vigilant both of his impulses and his impressions. That Miss Whittaker, with a hundred rational cares, was anything less than supremely oblivious of him, individually, it never occurred to him to suspect. The truth is, that Gertrude's private and personal emotions were entertained in a chamber of her heart so remote from the portals of speech that no sound of their revelry found its way into the world. She constantly thought of her modest, soldierly, scholarly friend as of one whom a wise woman might find it very natural to love. But what was she to him? A local roadside figure,—at the very most a sort of millionaire Maud Muller,—with

whom it was pleasant for a lonely wayfarer to exchange a friendly "good-morning." Her duty was to fold her arms resignedly, to sit quietly on the sofa, and watch a great happiness sink below the horizon. With this impression on Gertrude's part it is not surprising that Severn was not wrenched out of himself. The prodigy was apparently to be wrought — if wrought at all — by her common, unbought sweetness. It is true that this was of a potency sufficient almost to work prodigies; but as yet its effect upon Severn had been none other than its effect upon all the world. It kept him in his kindest humor. It kept him even in the humor of talking sentiment; but although, in the broad sunshine of her listening, his talk bloomed thick with field-flowers, he never invited her to pluck the least little daisy. It was with perfect honesty, therefore, that she had rebutted Richard's insinuation that the Captain enjoyed any especial favor. He was as yet but another of the pensioners of her good-nature.

The result of Gertrude's meditations was, that she despatched a note to each of her two friends, requesting them to take tea with her on the following day. A couple of hours before tea-time she received a visit from one Major Luttrell, who was recruiting for a United States regiment at a large town, some ten miles away, and who had ridden over in the afternoon, in accordance with a general invitation conveyed to him through an old lady who had bespoken Miss Whittaker's courtesy for him as a man of delightful manners and wonderful talents. Gertrude, on her venerable friend's representations, had replied, with her wonted alacrity, that she would be very glad to see Major Luttrell, should he ever come that way, and then had thought no more about him until his card was brought to her as she was dressing for the evening. He found so much to say to her, that the interval passed very rapidly for both of them before the simultaneous entrance of Miss Pendexter and of Ger-

trude's guests. The two officers were already slightly known to each other, and Richard was accordingly presented to each of them. They eyed the distracted-looking young farmer with some curiosity. Richard's was at all times a figure to attract attention; but now he was almost picturesque (so Severn thought at least) with his careless garments, his pale face, his dark mistrustful eyes, and his nervous movements. Major Luttrell, who struck Gertrude as at once very agreeable and the least bit in the world disagreeable, was, of course, invited to remain, — which he straightway consented to do; and it soon became evident to Miss Whittaker that her little scheme was destined to miscarry. Richard practised a certain defiant silence, which, as she feared, gave him eventually a decidedly ridiculous air. His companions displayed toward their hostess that half-avowed effort to shine and to outshine natural to clever men who find themselves concurring to the entertainment of a young and agreeable woman. Richard sat by, wondering, in sullen amazement, whether he was an ignorant boor, or whether they were only a brace of inflated snobs. He decided, correctly enough, in substance, for the former hypothesis. For it seemed to him that Gertrude's consummate accommodation (for as such he viewed it) of her tone and her manner to theirs added prodigiously (so his lover's instinct taught him) to her loveliness and dignity. How magnanimous an impulse on Richard's part was this submission for his sweetheart's sake to a fact damning to his own vanity, could have been determined only by one who knew the proportions of that vanity. He writhed and chafed under the polish of tone and the variety of allusion by which the two officers consigned him to insignificance; but he was soon lost in wonder at the mettlesome grace and vivacity with which Gertrude sustained her share of the conversation. For a moment it seemed to him that her tenderness for his equanimity (for should she not know his mind, — she who

had made it?) might reasonably have caused her to forego such an exhibition of her social accomplishments as would but remind him afresh of his own deficiencies; but the next moment he asked himself, with a great revulsion of feeling, whether he, a conscious suitor, should fear to know his mistress in her integrity. As he gulped down the sickening fact of his comparative, nay, his absolute ignorance of the great world represented by his rivals, he felt like anticipating its consequences by a desperate sally into the very field of their conversation. To some such movement Gertrude was continually inviting him by her glances, her smiles, her questions, and her appealing silence. But poor Richard knew that, if he should attempt to talk, he would choke; and this assurance he imparted to his friend in a look piteously eloquent. He was conscious of a sensation of rage under which his heart was fast turning into a fiery furnace, destined to consume all his good resolutions. He could not answer for the future now. Suddenly, as tea was drawing to a close, he became aware that Captain Severn had lapsed into a silence very nearly as profound as his own, and that he was covertly watching the progress of a lively dialogue between Miss Whittaker and Major Luttrell. He had the singular experience of seeing his own feelings reflected in the Captain's face; that is, he discerned there an incipient jealousy. Severn too was in love!

On rising from table, Gertrude proposed an adjournment to the garden, where she was very fond of entertaining her friends at this hour. The sun had sunk behind a long line of hills, far beyond the opposite bank of the river, a portion of which was discernible through a gap in the intervening wood. The high-piled roof and chimney-stacks, the picturesquely crowded surface, of the old patched and renovated farm-house which served Gertrude as a villa, were ruddy with the declining rays. Our friends' long shadows were thrown over the short grass,

Gertrude, having graciously anticipated the gentlemen's longing for their cigars, suggested a stroll toward the river. Before she knew it, she had accepted Major Luttrell's arm; and as Miss Pendexter preferred remaining at home, Severn and Richard found themselves lounging side by side at a short distance behind their hostess. Gertrude, who had marked the reserve which had suddenly fallen upon Captain Severn, and in her simplicity had referred it to some unwitting failure of attention on her own part, had hoped to repair her neglect by having him at her own side. She was in some degree consoled, however, by the sight of his happy juxtaposition with Richard. As for Richard, now that he was on his feet and in the open air, he found it easier to speak.

"Who is that man?" he asked, nodding toward the Major.

"Major Luttrell, of the —th Artillery."

"I don't like his face much," said Richard.

"Don't you?" rejoined Severn, amused at his companion's bluntness. "He's not handsome, but he looks like a soldier."

"He looks like a rascal, I think," said Richard.

Severn laughed outright, so that Gertrude glanced back at him. "Dear me! I think you put it rather strongly. I should call it a very intelligent face."

Richard was sorely perplexed. He had expected to find acceptance for his bitterest animadversions, and lo! here was the Captain fighting for his enemy. Such a man as that was no rival. So poor a hater could be but a poor lover. Nevertheless, a certain new-born mistrust of his old fashion of measuring human motives prevented him from adopting this conclusion as final. He would try another question.

"Do you know Miss Whittaker well?" he asked.

"Tolerably well. She was very kind to me when I was ill. Since then I've seen her some dozen times."

"That's a way she has, being kind,"

said Richard, with what he deemed considerable shrewdness. But as the Captain merely puffed his cigar responsively, he pursued, "What do you think of her face?"

"I like it very much," said the Captain.

"She is n't beautiful," said Richard, cunningly.

Severn was silent a moment, and then, just as Richard was about to dismiss him from his thoughts, as neither formidable nor satisfactory, he replied, with some emphasis, "You mean she is n't pretty. She *is* beautiful, I think, in spite of the irregularity of her face. It's a face not to be forgotten. She has no features, no color, no lilies nor roses, no attitudes; but she has *looks*, expressions. Her face has *character*; and so has her figure. It has no 'style,' as they call it; but that only belongs properly to a work of art, which Miss Whittaker's figure is n't, thank Heaven! She's as unconscious of it as Nature herself."

Severn spoke Richard's mind as well as his own. That "She is n't beautiful" had been an extempore version of the young man's most sacred dogma, namely, She is beautiful. The reader will remember that he had so translated it on a former occasion. Now, all that he felt was a sense of gratitude to the Captain for having put it so much more finely than he, the above being his choicest public expression of it. But the Captain's eyes, somewhat brightened by his short but fervid speech, were following Gertrude's slow steps. Richard saw that he could learn more from them than from any further oral declaration; for something in the mouth beneath them seemed to indicate that it had judged itself to have said enough, and it was obviously not the mouth of a simpleton. As he thus deferred with an unwonted courtesy to the Captain's silence, and transferred his gaze sympathetically to Gertrude's shapely shoulders and to her listening ear, he gave utterance to a tell-tale sigh,—a sigh which there was no mistaking. Severn looked about; it was now his turn to

scrutinize. "Good Heavens!" he exclaimed, "that boy is in love with her!"

After the first shock of surprise, he accepted this fact with rational calmness. Why should n't he be in love with her? "*Je le suis bien*," said the Captain; "or, rather, I 'm not." Could it be, Severn pursued, that he was a favorite? He was a mannerless young farmer; but it was plain that he had a soul of his own. He almost wished, indeed, that Richard might prove to be in Gertrude's good graces. "But if he is," he reflected, "why should he sigh? It is true that there is no arguing for lovers. I, who am out in the cold, take my comfort in whistling most impertinently. It may be that my friend here groans for very bliss. I confess, however, that he scarcely looks like a favored swain."

And forthwith this faint-hearted gentleman felt a twinge of pity for Richard's obvious infelicity; and as he compared it with the elaborately defensive condition of his own affections, he felt a further pang of self-contempt. But it was easier to restore the equilibrium of his self-respect by an immediate cession of the field, than by contesting it against this woefully wounded knight. "Whether he wins her or not, he'll fight for her," the Captain declared; and as he glanced at Major Luttrell, he felt that this was a sweet assurance. He had conceived a singular distrust of the Major.

They had now reached the water's edge, where Gertrude, having arrested her companion, had turned about, expectant of her other guests. As they came up, Severn saw, or thought that he saw (which is a very different thing), that her first look was at Richard. The "admirer" in his breast rose fratricidal for a moment against the quiet observer; but the next, it was pinioned again. "Amen," said the Captain; "it's none of my business."

At this moment, Richard was soaring most heroically. The end of his anguish had been a sudden intoxication. He surveyed the scene before him with a kindling fancy. Why should he stand

tongue-tied in sullen mistrust of fortune, when all nature beckoned him into the field? There was the river-path where, a fortnight before, he had found an eloquence attested by Gertrude's tears. There was sweet Gertrude herself, whose hand he had kissed and whose waist he had clasped. Surely, he was master here! Before he knew it, he had begun to talk, — rapidly, nervously, and almost defiantly. Major Luttrell having made an observation about the prettiness of the river, Richard entered upon a description of its general course and its superior beauty upon his own place, together with an enumeration of the fish which were to be found in it, and a story about a great overflow ten years before. He spoke in fair, coherent terms, but with singular intensity and vehemence, and with his head thrown back and his eyes on the opposite bank. At last he stopped, feeling that he had given proof of his manhood, and looked towards Gertrude, whose eyes he had been afraid to meet until he had seen his adventure to a close. But she was looking at Captain Severn, under the impression that Richard had secured his auditor. Severn was looking at Luttrell, and Luttrell at Miss Whittaker; and all were apparently so deep in observation that they had marked neither his speech nor his silence. "Truly," thought the young man, "I'm well out of the circle!" But he was resolved to be patient still, which was assuredly, all things considered, a very brave resolve. Yet there was always something spasmodic and unnatural in Richard's magnanimity. A touch in the wrong place would cause it to collapse. It was Gertrude's evil fortune to administer this touch at present. As the party turned about

toward the house, Richard stepped to her side and offered her his arm, hoping in his heart — so implicitly did he count upon her sympathy, so almost boyishly, filially, did he depend upon it — for some covert token that his heroism, such as it was, had not been lost upon her.

But Gertrude, intensely preoccupied by the desire to repair her fancied injustice to the Captain, shook her head at him without even meeting his eye. "Thank you," she said; "I want Captain Severn," who forthwith approached.

Poor Richard felt his feet touch the ground again. He felt that he could have flung the Captain into the stream. Major Luttrell placed himself at Gertrude's other elbow, and Richard stood behind them, almost livid with spite, and half resolved to turn upon his heel and make his way home by the river. But it occurred to him that a more elaborate vengeance would be to follow the trio before him back to the lawn, and there make it a silent and scathing bow. Accordingly, when they reached the house, he stood aloof and bade Gertrude a grim good-night. He trembled with eagerness to see whether she would make an attempt to detain him. But Miss Whittaker, reading in his voice — it had grown too dark to see his face at the distance at which he stood — the story of some fancied affront, and unconsciously contrasting it, perhaps, with Severn's clear and unwarped accents, obeyed what she deemed a prompting of self-respect, and gave him, without her hand, a farewell as cold as his own. It is but fair to add, that, a couple of hours later, as she reviewed the incidents of the evening, she repented most generously of this little act of justice.

G. L. S.

HE has done the work of a true man, —
Crown him, honor him, love him.
Weep over him, tears of woman,
Stoop manliest brows above him !

O dusky mothers and daughters,
Vigils of mourning keep for him !
Up in the mountains, and down by the waters,
Lift up your voices and weep for him !

Take up the burden, O Cretan,
Mourn for thy free provider !
At thy feet by the war-storm beaten,
Drop thy tears of snow, O Ida !

For the warmest of hearts is frozen,
The freest of hands is still ;
And the gap in our picked and chosen
The long years may not fill.

No duty could overtask him,
No need his will outrun ;
Or ever our lips could ask him,
His hands the work had done.

He forgot his own soul for others,
Himself to his neighbor lending ;
He found the Lord in his suffering brothers,
And not in the clouds descending.

So the bed was sweet to die on,
Whence he saw the doors wide swung
Against whose bolted iron
The strength of his life was flung.

And he saw ere his eye was darkened
The sheaves of the harvest-bringing,
And knew while his ear yet hearkened
The voice of the reapers singing.

Ah, well ! — The world is discreet ;
There are plenty to pause and wait ;
But here was a man who set his feet
Sometimes in advance of fate, —

Plucked off the old bark when the inner
Was slow to renew it,
And put to the Lord's work the sinner
When saints failed to do it.

Never rode to the wrong's redressing
 A worthier paladin.
 Shall he not hear the blessing,
 "Good and faithful, enter in!"

GOLDEN CHAINS.

THAT was a clever pencil which depicted an American sylph loaded with the clumsy black chains now in vogue, complacently promenading before the eyes of Sambo and Cuffee, one of whom exclaims to the other, "Hiden, niggah! we's frowed off de chains, an' de w'ite gals has picked 'em up."

But the clumsy black chains have one radical defect for our fair fashionists. Gutta-percha is not an expensive material, and it is impossible to prevent Fanny Furbelow, the milliner's girl, from adorning herself with a chain as big, as black, and as clumsy as that weighing down the slender neck of Flora MacFlimsey herself. Such encroachment upon "the right divine" is not to be borne. We may be republicans, but who shall dare accuse us of democracy!

Miss Flora does not dispute the ground with the Furbelow, but scornfully abandons it, and replaces the gutta-percha chain with one of gold, massive and rich enough for an alderman at a Lord Mayor's dinner. The Furbelow looks, sighs, and relinquishes the contest, or weakly pursues it with electroplate. The paternal MacFlimsey sighs also, for he sees the dawn of a new and expensive folly, and with gold at 137 feels indisposed to purchase it with paper at 100.

But our friends the chain-makers do not sigh. They smile instead, and rub their hands, and bid madam and the young people prepare for a visit to the Exposition and a summer among the Alps. For in the grand universal scheme even thistle-down and butterflies fill their appointed place, and the

whims of the MacFlimseys are the necessities of their purveyors.

So Miselle, eschewing both the black chains and the gold, contented herself with smiling at the one and utilizing the other. She asked her good friend R—, who is the man to ask about chains, to take her to see these vanities in their crude and undeveloped condition; to show her their secrets of alloy and of manipulation; to reveal to her, in fact, those mysteries which, once unveiled, go far to destroy the prestige of much of the gold that glitters in varied form before the eyes of non-possessors in a world not yet entirely Arcadian in simplicity or sincerity.

"You would like to see the Gold-Chain Factory? But it is in Springfield, a hundred miles and more from the centre of civilization," remonstrated Mr. R—.

"A hundred miles means three hours of railway travel, does it not? I have travelled a thousand without stopping," replied Miselle, with intrepidity.

"Three hours? That depends. Sometimes it means twenty-four hours without food or fire. Did you read in last night's Transcript of the bridal party 'snowed up' between Springfield and Albany, and forced to substitute gingerbread and sandwich crumbs for the banquet awaiting them at the Delavan House?"

"*Hæc fabula docet*, Always stop at Springfield; and when the Massasoit offers you waffles, be content to forego the pheasants of the Delavan."

The logic was incontrovertible, and Miselle, quite according to the usual order of events, had her own way, and

made an appointment to meet Mr. R—— at Springfield upon her return from New York, whither she was about to repair for the study of morals and polemics.

When Time and Miselle were young, when the Massasoit was not, and the railway still an innovation upon its rural privacy, Springfield to the hungry wayfarer meant Warriner's, or rather Warriner's wife, who, honest woman, fancied that the duties of a hostess were not simply verbal, or even ocular, and who, putting her own deft hand to the work, produced such miracles of culinary excellence as rendered the name she illustrated a joy and a solace in the land.

Warriner's is no more, and "Uncle Jerry" and "Aunt Phœbe," like less faithful and valued public servants, have passed from the stage, leaving but a name behind, — a name in their case forever fragrant and savory. But a corner of their mantle has fallen upon the genius of the Massasoit House, and we, who love to reproduce in these latter days the coloring, the chords, and the periods of elder Art, may still eat waffles at Springfield, and linger musingly over the memories they evoke.

A crisp, sunshiny morning, a well-beaten track, a cosey sleigh and pair of spirited horses brought Miselle and her guide to the Gold-Chain Factory, a pretty building upon the edge of a pond, by Young Springfield fondly called a Skating Rink, — a meek and modest building, a Peter Cooper of factories, with its outer pretensions in inverse ratio to its intrinsic value, and using none of its gold for its own gilding.

The genial air of the steam-heated office soon remedied the chill of the outer world, and Miselle, throwing aside her wraps, was ready for the wonders of Ophir and Golconda.

"First, if you please," remarked she, "I should like to see the raw material, the gold as it comes from the mine."

"We have no raw material, — it is all *réchauffée*; but I hope you will not add —"

"*Ne vaut rien ?* We shall see," re-

plied Miselle, with diplomatic caution, while Mr. R—— threw back the doors of a Bastille-looking safe, and opened one of many little drawers. It was half filled with coin of gold and silver, each piece divided in halves, and with coils of what looked like yellow satin ribbon about an inch in width.

"This," said Mr. R——, unrolling one of the coils, "is pure gold, cleansed from its native impurities, and as yet unalloyed. Notice how pliable it is."

Taking the costly ribbon in her own hands, Miselle found it nearly as flexible as silk, and, twisting it about her fingers, wondered that it was not used by *les grandes dames* as head-gear, belts, and trimmings.

"Small waists will be more fashionable than ever, should your hint be adopted," smiled Mr. R——; "for, as this belting costs something like five dollars an inch in paper money, it will pay to have the dresses a little tightened."

"And to what use do you apply it here?"

"Principally to electro-plating. But you shall see the whole process, if you are not afraid of the soil and din of machinery."

So saying, Mr. R—— opened a door leading from the office to a long work-room, fitted with benches at either side, and having various forms of machinery in the middle. Near the door stood a brick forge, and over the fire bent an anxious-looking man inspecting something buried in the coals. Miselle, stepping close behind him, saw that this something was a little crucible, in shape and size resembling the pottles in which strawberries are brought to the New York and Philadelphia markets. This crucible was filled with molten gold, its glow and hue like a summer sunset, its surface showing the iridescent changes and wavering shadows we all as children have watched upon the spoonful of lead melted for our innocent necromancies.

"How do you know when it is done?" asked Miselle, as the workman drew the coals a little closer about

his crucible, and stood erect with a waiting air.

"I have been at it eighteen years, miss, and can tell by the looks," said he, pleasantly. "New hands have to time it by the clock."

He moved a brake beside the forge as he spoke, and blew the charcoal fire to a white heat. The molten gold danced and gleamed, and fiery sparks shot across its surface.

"Of what is the crucible composed, to bear such intense heat without melting?" asked Miselle of Mr. R—.

"It is called crystal; but the old adage, *Lucus a non lucendo*, applies here more closely than usual, for this crystal is, as you see, perfectly opaque and lustreless. It is in fact nothing but a species of pottery manufactured in Germany from glass-sand. We import them in nests, the sizes ranging from about three quarts to something hardly too large for a thimble. They never melt, and seldom break. But see, Bond is about to draw his oven. Let us see the baking."

Miselle turned to look at Bond, who was removing the coals from about the crystal. Seizing it with a pair of long tongs, he lifted it from the furnace and deftly poured its contents into a mould set ready for it, with the loss of no more than a single drop.

"That drop will be carefully taken up and saved," remarked Mr. R—, *sotto voce*.

"O, what is that line of fire which runs around the edge of the mould as if the gold were blazing?" asked Miselle, more moved by the brilliant than the economic side of the performance.

"The mould is oiled to prevent the metal from holding to it, and it is the oil which blazes. Gold can't blaze," rationally remarked Bond, as, laying down his tongs and crucible, he removed the upper half of the mould and tilted out upon the forge an ingot of gold about a foot in length and half an inch in breadth and width. This was laid upon an anvil to cool a little, and the crucible refilled with gold and silver coin, mixed with a proportion of copper alloy.

"That is for eighteen, is it not?" asked the master, noting these proportions.

"Yes sir, we are running on that now."

"Our chains are mostly fourteen or eighteen carats fine," explained Mr. R—. "The gold coin of the United States is, you know, nine tenths of pure metal to one tenth of alloy. We however estimate by carats altogether, and, in saying that a chain is fourteen or eighteen fine, mean that fourteen or eighteen out of twenty-four carats is gold, the remainder silver and copper. Pardon the elementary nature of the explanation, but I was asked the other night by a literary lady if the Pacific Railway would go through the city of Mexico before reaching San Francisco; and not long ago, by the daughter of one of our first savans, in what part of the Bible she should find the history of Mahomet. Since that, I make it a rule to take nothing for granted in conversation with the fairer half of mankind."

"You remind me," remarked Miselle, "of one of the lords of creation,—just out of college by the way,—who inquired in my presence the meaning of *Sic semper tyrannis*, and after the words were translated could not be brought to understand why Booth used them just after his murder of President Lincoln."

"That is not so remarkable, if he was a good patriot. But our ingot is now to go through its second process."

So, leaving the fascinating forge where the second crystal of metal was already seething and shimmering, Miselle followed to the rolling-machine in the middle of the room, where she saw the ingot, now nearly cool, passed through a series of grooved wheels, each one smaller than its predecessor, until, reaching the last, it was drawn out to many times its original length, and proportionably diminished in thickness.

"That is all the rolling-machine can effect," remarked Mr. R—, as the attenuated bar passed through the last groove. "But the draw-plate will bring it down to almost a cambric thread. Here it is."

He led the way to one of the benches as he spoke, and pointed to a heavy iron plate screwed against its outer edge, and standing at right angles to its surface. Through this plate were drilled a number of holes, graduated from the size of a large knitting-needle to that of the cambric thread promised by Mr. R—. Through this plate, the unfortunate ingot was now dragged by an operator armed with a stout pair of pincers and an indomitable set of muscles, until, reaching nearly the last degree of attenuation, it lay upon the bench a mass of glittering wire, ready for removal.

"We do not often draw it finer than this," remarked Mr. R—, handling the wire, "the medium sizes being the most useful. For some purposes, when it is not wire, but a flat strip or ribbon of metal that is required, the ingot is passed through this other rolling-machine, where, you will see, the wheels are differently grooved, and the bar, while growing thinner and thinner, does not diminish in width. Within a few years these rolling-machines were all worked by hand, and I myself retain a vivid recollection of the force necessary to turn the heavy crank. Now we let steam do it for us, and use our brains more and our muscles less."

"The links of a chain are all made from wire, I suppose," suggested Miselle.

"Not at all. Very many, indeed the most, I think, are cut out of a flat strip of metal by this little machine, whose patented ingenuity costs us something like a hundred dollars to every square inch of its polished surface. A narrow strip of gold passed in at this point is carried beneath the die, which at each blow cuts a link, makes the opening, and rounds the outer surface, turning them off about as fast as a farmer's boy can with his fingers shell a dry ear of corn. The links are next polished upon a swiftly revolving wheel, called a metal lap, the workman holding a number of them upon a piece of buckskin, and applying it to the side instead of the face of the wheel. This metal lap, in the course of a short time becomes in-

grained with gold to a very considerable extent, and is then rubbed down with blocks of soft stone, and cleansed with cotton-wool soaked in oil, the stones and the cotton being subsequently treated to extract the gold they have absorbed.

"Along with the links are prepared a quantity of little straight bits of wire for rivets, and the whole are delivered to the workmen or workwomen by weight, they being expected to account for them in the finished work, which is also weighed. Now we will go up stairs if you please."

While speaking, Mr. R— led the way to a pleasant upper chamber, where were ranged at either hand some thirty or forty young women, with one or two men as superintendents, all chatting and laughing over their pretty work, with an air of content and comfort which should have gladdened the heart of the gloomiest political economist.

"Here are the links and rivets again, you see," remarked Mr. R—, pointing to some boxes in front of a smart, black-eyed girl, who, after one sharp glance at the visitor, went steadily on with her work, picking up each link with a pair of delicate pincers, arranging them between her thumb and forefinger in a certain order, and then, still with the pincers, inserting a bit of wire in such fashion as to combine the links, not only with each other, but with the chain already dangling from her hand.

"That is called a roller-chain. Do you see how it is made?" asked Mr. R—, as Miselle bent closer and closer over the nimble fingers of the workwoman.

"Not in the least," confessed she.

"I'll do it slow, and then you will," said Black-eyes, looking up with a flashing smile.

"Thank you. Ah yes, I see it now; but I could not do it in twice the time you take."

The girl laughed, and Miselle, passing on, found that nearly all the workwomen were employed upon the same sort of chain she had just examined.

"It is just now a popular style," said,

Mr. R——. "But the fashion of chains varies almost as often as that of bonnets, and we have to keep our eyes open, and our ingenuity on the stretch to invent something new, or our rivals would creep up and win the race. I went abroad a little while ago to see what novelties I could find in London or Paris, or what new combinations could be tortured from the fertile Gallic brain. Here is one of the results."

As he spoke, Mr. R—— took from the hand of a young woman, and handed to Miselle, a bit of chain formed by uniting two large, plain links by another of twisted wire. The effect was novel and striking.

"Then here," continued he, "is the rope-chain, as we call it, although it is really formed of links and rivets."

Miselle looked at the chain now placed in her hands with astonishment. It had all the appearance of a cable or rope, laid up with many strands of heavy wire, and it was only by demonstration that she could be brought to believe that these strands were actually links, each one bored, at its point of intersection with the second, to admit the insertion of the third, in such complicated fashion as to give the whole a spiral tendency, and produce, as has been said, the full effect of a golden cable.

"Here is a pretty variety, called Fox-tail," said Mr. R——, passing to the next operator. "It is made of the finest wire, and requires very delicate workmanship and keen eyesight, so that the women are generally very unwilling to undertake it. It is used for the tassels of bracelets, fringes of combs, and the like. Here, you see, is a heavier variety of the same pattern, intended for a guard-chain.

"But here is a chain made without either links or rivets, — in fact, a knitted or woven chain. The process of its manufacture begins upon this machine, called a coiling-lathe or mandrel. You shall see it done."

So saying, Mr. R—— beckoned to a workman standing near, who, producing a skein of fine wire, fastened one end

of it to the spindle of the mandrel, and, gently turning the crank, wound it upon the axle, precisely as the rope in a well is wound upon the windlass.

The spindle covered, the workman took it out, slipped off the coil of wire, and handed it to a girl whose *specialité* it was to make this sort of chain. She, holding the two ends of the coil, inserted one within the other, and with a dexterous movement intertwined their links for about half an inch, then snipped off the end of the entering coil, and, recommencing, wove another row. The process was rapid, and apparently easy, and the result very like the strip of knitting prepared by careful grand-mamas for the instruction of the youthful aspirant. Indeed, it occurred to Miselle that some one of her enterprising countrymen might weave for himself a sudden fortune by introducing woven chains at the English court to supersede the embroidered strap, with its motto of *Honi soit qui mal y pense*.

"The edge of the chain," resumed Mr. R——, "is left somewhat jagged and uneven, as you perceive; but this is remedied by placing the completed lengths of chain in a sort of mould which leaves only the edge exposed. The projections are then easily filed away, and the chain is subsequently subjected to a moderate pressure, which settles each link in its place, and removes the tendency to twist, or, as you ladies say, 'kink,' now perceptible."

"I see. Just as, after the soldiers' stockings were knitted, we pressed them under heavy smoothing-irons to bring them into shape."

"Exactly. And perhaps the soldiers socks were, after all, the more important result."

"An appropriate compliment from the chain-maker to the chain-breakers," said Miselle.

"I was thinking more of the knitters than the wearers, I am afraid," replied Mr. R——, leading the way to the other side of the room, where he showed various other patterns of chain in manufacture, and mentioned their names, such as Jazeroon, Piccolomini, Atlantic

Cable, Globe, French Fancy Chains, and Jenny Lind.

"Next come the chasers," said he, and brought Miselle to the bench where sat half a dozen men, each with a square frame or block of wood before him, covered with a species of cement. Into this cement the chaser patiently beds his chain, link by link, until only one surface is exposed. The block is then set aside until the cement is perfectly hard, and the chain so firmly fixed that the artist can cut the chosen design upon each link in succession, without disturbing it. The cement is then softened by means of a gas-burner and blowpipe, another surface of the chain turned uppermost, and the process repeated until the whole is completed.

"Sleeve-buttons, the links of bracelets, and many other articles, are chased or engraved in the same fashion," remarked Mr. R——, passing on to the next bench.

"This man," continued he, "is making split rings, like that connecting your watch and chain. It is rather a complicated process, and commences by coiling a large wire upon the mandrel you saw above. The coil, when complete, is split lengthwise, and drops apart in rings, each twice as large as the completed split-ring is to be. These rings are then coiled, one at a time, twice around the barrel of this mould, the ends brought opposite to each other, the cover put on, and a powerful pressure applied. Beneath it the bit of wire assumes in an instant the shape of a completed split ring, only requiring a little poishing to make it perfect."

"But does not this immense pressure sometimes weld the two circles together? I should think it would come out a whole, instead of a split ring."

"O no. The gold is quite cold, you see, and no amount of pressure will combine two pieces of cold metal. The inner surfaces of the ring are flattened and pressed very closely together, but they never unite.—This next man is cutting the tops of sleeve-buttons."

Mr. R—— pointed, as he spoke, to a workman who, with a long strip of gold

ribbon in his hand, sat before a leisurely sort of machine, its prominent feature a die working up and down by steam-power. When the die went up, the man thrust the end of his ribbon beneath it; and when the die came down, it nonchalantly cut out a disk of the metal, which immediately dropped out of sight into a drawer below. At Mr. R——'s suggestion, the workman, leaving his playfellow to carry on his side of the game alone for a moment, pulled out the drawer and showed it half-full of shining golden buttons somewhat larger than a ten-cent piece. These, it was explained, are subsequently laid over a mould, and, by the blow of a solid die, struck into the box-cover shape familiar to such inquiring eyes as—like Benjamin Franklin's—are prone to look upon the other side of the peach. The stud or catches are afterward affixed, and the face of the sleeve-button chased, engraved, or enamelled, according to the prevailing popular prejudice.

"And now," said Mr. R——, "we have seen the whole process of manufacture, I believe. The remainder comes more under the head of finishing, and begins here at the electro-galvanic bath, through which pass all our chains, and many of our other goods, before polishing. The object of this process is to give a deep gold color to the inside of the links, and such portions of other articles as cannot be reached by the brushes of the polishers."

Every one, of course, is familiar with both the theory and the practice of galvanic action, especially as applied to electro-plating,—so familiar, that to attempt description of the process were an impertinence of which Miselle never will be guilty. Suffice it to say, that the gold used in this operation is the flexible ribbon of pure metal already described, and that an immersion of five minutes in its company is sufficient to give the rich but unpolished chain that society-surface so satisfactory to all but the unreasonable B. Franklinites before mentioned.

After the gilding comes the polishing,

and this process is effected in a secluded nook, divided from the principal room by a partition covered with loose sheets of brown paper. More sheets of paper hang from the ceiling and line the walls of this recess, full half of which is occupied by a wide bench, above which plays a tangle of whirling wheels, belts, and shafts. Before this bench sit a row of weary-looking women, with grimy hands, faces, and garments, each one holding a gold chain which she sedulously applies to the wheel before her,—a wheel rayed with bristles like a pictorial sun.

Mr. R——, raising his voice above the din of the machinery, explained that these chains had first been covered with a preparation of rouge and other ingredients mixed with oil, and that the violent friction of the whirling brushes not only polished the chain, but removed the preparation, and with it the gold just plated on, and even more. Here was the secret of the sheets of paper in which the whole operation was, so to speak, packed. The gold whirled off by the polishing-wheels, and thrown up to the ceiling, and down to the floor, and against the walls, and out into space, becomes a floating capital, gradually absorbed by those quiet old speculators, the sheets of brown paper, and ultimately reclaimed by the somewhat summary process of burning the paper, and subjecting the ashes to a chemical analysis. Nor is this reclaiming process confined to the paper walls of the polishing-room. The operatives are required to wash their faces, hands, head-kerchiefs, and aprons upon the premises, and the settlements of the waste-water tank are found as rich as the sands of a Californian river. The metal laps upon which the links are polished, the leathern bottoms of the drawers in which the operatives drop their tools and work, the amalgam of dust and grease upon the machinery, the sweepings of the floors and benches, indeed almost every article and every surface about the Gold-Chain Factory is in turn searched and tortured, like the Jews of olden time, for the treasure

it may vainly try to conceal beneath a garb of simple poverty.

The chains, thoroughly polished, are next submitted to a rigorous course of soap and hot water, and when thoroughly cleansed from the polishing-powder, are laid to dry for a while in a box of warm sawdust, and then packed for transportation to the New York office of the firm. Thence they are forwarded to first-class dealers in jewelry all over the country.

From the workshop Miselle was taken down to visit the steam-engine,—a pretty little specimen of its race, and kept with the exquisite neatness as characteristic of engines as of cats or ermines. Also she ventured an awesome peep into the cavern where idly stood the great water-wheel, for many years the sole motive-power of the machinery above, but now almost entirely superseded by its tiny rival. Finally she cast appreciative glances at the forge and bench of the resident machinist, at the labors of the carpenter, and at the laundry arrangements.

Returning to the office, she spent a pleasant half-hour in turning over drawers and boxes of odd trinkets, bits of chain made for experiment or sample, gold beads or links, and the various accumulations of a large and long-established manufactory. She listened, well pleased, to Mr. R——'s reminiscences of the time when he was hands where now he is head, and of the laborious means then employed to the same end-to-day achieved by steam-power with tenfold the speed and certainty possible to the inferior human machine.

And so, musing somewhat pridefully upon the value and results of human ingenuity, and the marvellous results of science, Miselle took her seat once more behind the spirited horses, and found herself confronted by sunshine and blue sky, a wide landscape, and an exhilarating atmosphere each unimproved since Adam, each as absolutely perfect as it was then.

Wonderful are the efforts of humanity! Beyond wonder are the effortless results of Divinity!

SHAKESPEARE, THE MAN AND THE DRAMATIST.

THE biography of Shakespeare, if we merely look at the bulk of the books which assume to record it, is both minute and extensive; but when we subject the octavo or quarto to examination, we find a great deal that is interesting about his times, and some shrewd and some dull guessing about his probable actions and motives, but little about himself except a few dates. He was born in Stratford-on-Avon, in April, 1564, and was the son of John Shakespeare, tradesman, of that place. In 1582, in his nineteenth year, he married Anne Hathaway, aged twenty-six. About the year 1586, he went to London, and became a player. In 1589 he was one of the proprietors of the Black Friars' Theatre; and in 1595 was a prominent shareholder in a larger theatre, built by the same company, called the Globe. As a playwright he seems to have served an apprenticeship; for he altered, amended, and added to the dramas of others before he produced any himself. Between the year 1591, or thereabouts, and the year 1613, or thereabouts, he wrote over thirty plays, the precise date of whose composition it is hardly possible to fix. He seems to have made yearly visits to Stratford, where his wife and children resided, and to have invested money there as he increased in wealth. Mr. Emerson has noted, that about the time he was writing *Macbeth*, perhaps the greatest tragedy of ancient or modern times, "he sued Philip Rogers, in the borough-court of Stratford, for thirty-five shillings tenpence, for corn delivered to him at various times." In 1608, Mr. Collier estimates his income at four hundred pounds a year, which, allowing for the decreased value of money, is equal to eight or nine thousand dollars at the present time. About the year 1610, he retired permanently to Stratford, though he continued to write plays for the company with which he

was connected. He died on the 23d of April, 1616.

Such is essentially the meagre result of a century of research into the external life of Shakespeare. As there is hardly a page in his writings which does not shed more light upon the biography of his mind, and bring us nearer to the individuality of the man, the antiquaries in despair have been compelled to abandon him to the psychologists; and the moment the transition from external to internal facts is made, the most obscure of men passes into the most notorious; for this personality and soul we call Shakespeare, the recorded incidents of whose outward career were so few and trifling, lived a more various life — a life more crowded with ideas, passions, volitions, and *events* — than any potentate the world has ever seen. Compared with his experience, the experience of Alexander, or Hannibal, or Cæsar, or Napoleon, was narrow and one-sided. He had projected himself into almost all the varieties of human character, and, in imagination, had intensely realized and *lived* the life of each. From the throne of the monarch to the bench of the village alehouse, there were few positions in which he had not placed himself, and, for a time, identified with his own. No other man had ever seen nature and human life from so many points of view; for he had looked upon them through the eyes of Master Slender and Hamlet, of Caliban and Othello, of Dogberry and Mark Antony, of Ancient Pistol and Julius Cæsar, of Mistress Tearsheet and Imogen, of Dame Quickly and Lady Macbeth, of Robin Goodfellow and Titania, of Hecate and Ariel. No king or queen of his time had so completely felt the cares and enjoyed the dignity of the regal state as this playwright, who usurped it by his thought alone; and the freshest and simplest maiden in Europe had no inno-

cent heart-experience which this man could not share,—escaping, in an instant, from the shattered brain of Lear, or the hag-haunted imagination of Macbeth, in order to feel the tender flutter of her soul in his own. And none of these forms, though mightier or more exquisite than the ordinary forms of humanity, could hold or imprison him a moment longer than he chose to abide in it. He was on an excursion through the world of thought and action, to seize the essence of all the excitements of human nature, terrible, painful, criminal, rapturous, or humorous; and to do this in a short earthly career, he was compelled to condense ages into days, and lives into minutes. He exhausts, in a short time, all the glory and all the agony there is on the throne or on the couch of Henry IV., and then, wearied with royalty, is off to the Boar's Head to have a rouse with Sir John. He feels all the flaming pride and scorn of the aristocrat Coriolanus; his brain widens with the imperial ideas, and his heart beats with the measureless ambition, of the autocrat Cæsar; and anon he has donned a greasy apron, plunged into the roaring Roman mob, and is yelling against aristocrat and autocrat with all the gusto of democratic rage. He is now a prattling child, and in a second he is the murderer with the knife at its throat. Capable of *being* all that he actually or imaginatively *sees*, he enters into at will, and abandons at will, the passions that brand or blast other natures. Avarice, malice, envy, jealousy, hatred, revenge, remorse, neither in their separate nor mutual action are strong enough to fasten him; and the same may be said of love and pity and friendship and joy and ecstasy; for behind and within this multiform personality is the person Shakespeare,—serene, self-conscious, vigilant, individualizing the facts of his consciousness, and pouring his own soul into each creation, without ever parting with the personal identity which is at the heart of all, which disposes and co-ordinates all, and which dictates the impression to be left by all.

And this fact conducts us to the question of Shakespeare's individuality. We are prone to place him as a man below other great men, because we make a distinction between the man and his genius. We gather our notion of Shakespeare from the meagre details of his biography, and in his biography he appears little and commonplace,—not by any means so striking a person as Kit Marlowe or Ben Jonson. To this individuality we tack on a universal genius,—which is about as reasonable as it would be to take the controlling power of gravity from the sun and attach it to one of the asteroids. Shakespeare's genius is not something distinct *from* the man; it is the expression *of* the man, just as the sun's attraction is the result of its immense mass. The measure of a man's individuality is his creative power; and all that Shakespeare created he individually included. We must, therefore, if we desire to grasp his greatness, discard from our minds all associations connected with the pet epithets which other authors have condescended to shower upon him, such as "Sweet Will," and "Gentle Shakespeare," and "Fancy's child,"—fond but belittling phrases, as little appropriate as would be the patronizing chapter of the planet Venus about the dear, darling little Sun;—we must discard all these from our conceptions, and consider him primarily as a vast, comprehensive, personal soul and force, that passed from eternity into time, with all the wide aptitudes and affinities for the world he entered bound up in his individual being from the beginning. These aptitudes and affinities, these quick, deep, and varied sympathies, were so many inlets of the world without him; and facts pouring into such a nature were swiftly organized into faculties. Nothing, indeed, amazes us so much in the biography of Shakespeare's mind as the preternatural rapidity with which he assimilated knowledge into power, and experience into insight. The might of his personality is indicated by its resistance, as much as its breadth is evinced by its receptivity, of objects;

for his force was never overwhelmed or submerged by the multiplicity of impressions that unceasingly rushed in upon it. His soul lay genially open to the world of nature and human life, to receive the objects that went streaming into it, but never parted with the power of reacting upon all it received. This would not be so marvellous had he merely taken in the forms and outside appearances of things. All his perceptions, however, were vital; and the life and force of the objects he drew into his consciousness tugged with his own life and force for the mastery, and ended in simply enriching the spirit they strove to subdue. This indestructible spiritual energy, which becomes mightier with every exercise of might; which plucks out the heart and absorbs the vitality of everything it touches; which daringly commits itself to the fiercest, and joyously to the softest passions, without losing its moral and mental sanity; which in the most terrible excitements is as "the blue dome of air" to the tempest that rages beneath it; which, aiming to include everything, refuses to be included by anything, and in the sweep of its creativeness acts with a confident audacity, as if in it Nature was humanized and humanity individualized;—in short, this unexampled energy of blended sensibility, intelligence, and will is what constitutes the man Shakespeare; and this man is no name for an impersonal, unconscious genius, that did its marvels by instinct, no name for a careless playwright who blundered into miracles, but is essentially a person, creating strictly within the limitations of his individuality,—within those limitations appearing to be impersonal only because he is comprehensive enough to cover a wide variety of special natures,—and, above all, a person individually as great, at least, as the sum of his whole works.

In regard to the real mystery of this man's power, both criticism and philosophy are mute. His appearance is simply a fact in the world's intellectual history, which can be connected with no preceding fact nor with the spirit of his

age. "It is the nature of poetry," says Emerson, "to spring, like the rainbow daughter of Wonder, from the invisible, to abolish the past, and to refuse all history." All that we know is, that the capacities and splendors of Shakespeare's mind existed potentially in the vital germ of the spiritual nature born with him into the world; and that his works are the result of the unfolding of this. The glory of the Elizabethan age, it is absurd to call him its product, for the puzzle is not so much the peculiarities of what he assimilated as his powers of assimilation; and in any age these powers would probably have worked equal, if different effects. Take, for instance, single thoughts and imaginations of his, such as the following, and see if you can account for them by any knowledge you have of the manners and customs of the England of Elizabeth:—

"The morning steals upon the night,
Melting the darkness."

"How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank!"

"The benediction of these covering heavens
Fall on their heads like dew."

Our enemies "are our outward consciences."

"A substitute shines brightly as a king,
Until a king be by; and then his state
Empties itself, as doth an inland brook
Into the main of waters."

"O Westmoreland! thou art a summer bird,
Which ever in the haunch of winter sings
The lifting up of day."

"Cheer your heart:
Be you not troubled with the time, which drives
O'er your content these strong necessities;
But let determined things to Destiny
Hold unbewailed their way."

But single passages like these, though they hint of the inmost essence of the poet, and drop upon the mind, as Carlyle says, "like a splendor out of heaven,"—though they demonstrate the independence of time and place of the imagination whence they come,—are still no adequate measure of Shakespeare's power. If, however, we pass from these to what is a more decisive test of his self-conscious, self-directed creative energy, namely, to his mode of organizing a whole drama, we shall find that his

method, processes, and results are different from those of the dramatists of his own age or of any age. The materials he uses are as nothing when compared with his transformation of them into works of art. Let us, in illustration, glance at his method of creation, as successfully exerted in any one of his great dramas, say "Hamlet," or "King Lear," or "Macbeth," or "Othello."

He takes a story or a history, with which the people are familiar, the whole interest of which is narrative. He finds it a mere succession of incidents; he leaves it a combination of events. He finds the persons named in it mere commonplace sketches of humanity; he leaves them self-subsisting, individual characters, more real to the mind than the men and women we daily meet.

Now the first fact that strikes us when we compare the original story with Shakespeare's magical transformation of it is, that everything is raised from the actual world into a Shakespearian world. He alters, enlarges, expands, enriches, enlivens, informs, *re-creates* everything, lifting sentiment, passion, humor, thought, action, to the level of his own nature. Through incidents and through characters is shot Shakespeare's soul,—a soul that yields itself to every mould of being, from the clown to the monarch, endows every class of character it animates with the Shakespearian felicity and certainty of speech, and, being in *all* as well as in *each*, so connects and relates the society he has called into life, that they unite to form a whole, while existing with perfect distinctness as parts. The characters are not developed by isolation, but by sympathy or collision, and the closer they come together the less they run together. They are independent of each other, and yet necessitate each other. None of them could appear in any other play without exciting disorder; yet in this play their discord conduces to the general harmony. And so tough is the hold on existence of these beings that, though thousands or millions of men and women have been

born, have died, and have been forgotten since they were created, and though the actual world has strangely changed, these men and women of Shakespeare are still alive, and Shakespeare's world still remains untouched by time.

This drama, thus made self-existent in the free heaven of art, implies, in its conception and execution, processes analogous to those which are followed by Nature herself in the production of her works; and modern critics have not hesitated to award to Shakespeare the distinction of being an organizer after her pattern. The drama which we have been describing is, like her works, not simple, but complex. It has unity, it has the widest variety, it has unity in variety. The most diverse and seemingly heterogeneous materials all aid to form a whole, "vital in every part"; and the organization is strictly an addition to the world, with nothing in literature and nothing in nature which exactly matches it. And it is alive, and refuses to die. Nature herself is compelled to adopt it into her race,

"And give to it an equal date
With Andes and with Ararat."

You can gaze at it as you can gaze at a natural landscape, where hills, rocks, woods, stubble, grass, clouds, sky, atmosphere, each separate, each related, combine to form one impressive effect of beauty and power.

Perhaps, however, it would be more accurate to call this Shakespearian drama an approximation to an organic product, rather than a realization of one. The processes of nature are followed, but the perfection of nature is the ideal it aims after rather than reaches. Still, if we allow for human defects and imperfections, and take into view the fact that Shakespeare had to submit to conditions imposed by his audience as well as conditions imposed by his genius, his work measurably fulfils the requirements of Kant's concise definition of an organic creation, namely, "that thing in which all the parts are mutually ends and means."

Admitting, then, that the drama we are considering has organic form, and not merely mechanical regularity, the question arises, what is the inner law, the central idea, the principle of life, by which, and in obedience to which, it was organized? Perhaps the new school of philosophic critics have done almost as much injury to Shakespeare's fame, in their attempt to answer this question, as they have done good in rescuing his dramas from the old school of sciolists and commentators, who were pecking at him with their formal rules of taste. The philosophic critics very properly insisted that he should be judged by principles deduced from his own method, and not by rules generalized from the method of the Greek dramatists; that the laws by which he should be tried were the laws which he acknowledged and obeyed, the laws of his own creative imagination; and that the very originality of his dramas freed them from tests which are applicable only to the products of imitation. They thus raised Shakespeare from a breaker of the laws into a lawgiver; and the brilliant vagabond, whom every catchpole of criticism thought he could hustle about and reprimand, was all at once lifted into a dictator of law to the bench.

Having relieved Shakespeare from these policemen of letters, and substituted some reach of human vision for their rat's eyes, the new school of philosophic critics proceeded to state what *were* the ideas which formed the ground-plans and organizing principles of his works; but in doing this, they brought Shakespeare down to their own level, and made him their spokesman. Intellectual egotism supplanted intellectual interpretation. Read Schlegel, Ulrici, even Gervinus, and you are delighted as long as they confine themselves to the business of exposing the folly of the critics they supplanted; but when they come to the real problem, and attempt to state the meaning and purpose of Shakespeare in any given play, you are apt to be as much surprised as was that philanthro-

pist, who was confidentially informed that the ultimate object Napoleon had in view in his numerous wars was the establishment of Sunday schools. They find in Shakespeare's plays certain ethical, political, or social generalities, which, it seems, they were written to illustrate, or rather from which the plays grow, as from so many roots. But causes are to be measured by effects; the effects here are marvellous structures of genius; and these do not shoot up from the withered roots of barren truisms. A whole must be as great as any of its parts; and yet the philosophic idea of a Shakespearian drama, as eliminated by the German professors, is less than the least of its parts. A single magical word in Shakespeare is often greater, and has more reach of application, than the professorial bit of wisdom which they present as the grand total of the play, and which is often too obvious in itself to make a resort to Shakespeare necessary for a perception of its truth. Their "ground ideas" of the dramas are not worth any minor Shakespearian ideas they are asserted to include.

Indeed, before we claim to understand a Shakespearian whole, we must first see if we are competent to take in one of its parts. It is evident that the most important parts are the characters, and in respect to these, and to Shakespeare's method of characterization, there is much misconception. What are these characters? Are they copies of men and women, as we see them in the world? — slightly idealized portraits of persons, witty, passionate, thoughtful, or criminal? Are they such people as Shakespeare might have seen in the streets of London in the time of Elizabeth? No, for they are plainly Shakespearian, and not merely Elizabethan. Even the court fools are endowed with the Shakespearian quality, are perfect of their kind, and are such court fools as Shakespeare might have conceived himself to be, if he had, in Mr. Weller's phrase, "been born in that station of life."

But these characters are certainly

not individualized qualities and passions, for they are eminently natural. If their naturalness does not come from their being portraits, slightly varied and heightened, of individuals, in what does their naturalness consist?

In answer to this question, it is first to be said, that these characters prove that Shakespeare had a conception of *human nature*, abstracted from all *individuals*. He not only looked at individuals, and *into* individuals, but *through* individuals to their common basis in humanity. But he did not rest here. This imaginative analysis, this vital generalization, this glance into the sources of things, evinces, of course, his possession of the profoundest philosophical genius as the foundation of his dramatic genius; but it is not the genius itself, for he also surveyed human nature in action, human nature as modified by human life, by manners, customs, institutions, and beliefs, and by that primitive personality which separates men, as humanity unites them.

These characters, then, are individual natures rooted in human nature. The question then arises, Is their individuality particular or representative? The least observation shows, I think, that they stand for more than individuals. We are continually saying that this or that person of our acquaintance resembles one of Shakespeare's characters; we may even learn much about him by studying the character he resembles; but we never thoroughly identify him with the character; for the character is more powerful, more perfectly developed, acts out the law of his being with more freedom, than the actual person with whom he is compared.

Further than this,—if we are accustomed to classify the persons we know, so as to include many individuals under one type, we shall find that we can include scores of our acquaintances in one of Shakespeare's characters, and then not exhaust its full application. It is not, therefore, his mere variety of characterization, but something peculiar in each of the varieties, which makes him pre-eminently the poet of

human nature. Why, for example, is not Charles Dickens as great a novelist as Shakespeare is a dramatist? Dickens has delineated as wide a variety of persons as Shakespeare, if by variety we mean the absence of repetition. There is no reason but the shortness of life why he should not people literature with new individuals, until his characters are numbered by the thousand, all in a certain sense original, all discriminated from each other, but few or none *representative*. The single character of Hamlet represents more individuals than all the individuals Dickens has delineated.

Again, Jane Austen is placed by Macaulay next to Shakespeare for the felicity, certainty, and nicety of her portraits of character. The most evanescent lines of distinction between persons who appear alike she seizes with wonderful tact, and indicates these differences without the least resort to caricature. If the best characterization means simply the best portrait-painting, there is no reason why Elizabeth, in "Pride and Prejudice," should not be placed side by side with Juliet and Cordelia.

But everybody feels that neither Dickens, with his range of observation, nor Jane Austen, with her subtilty of observation, makes any approach to Shakespeare. What is the reason?

The reason is, that Shakespeare does not paint individuals, but individualizes classes. In his great nature, the processes of reason and imagination, of philosophic insight and poetic insight, worked harmoniously together. His observation of persons only supplied him hints for his creations. He did not take up at haphazard this man and that woman, and, because of their oddity or beauty, reproduce them in his story; but he distinguished in each actual person the signs of a class nature, midway between his general nature and his individual peculiarities. He classified men as the naturalist classifies the animal kingdom. Agassiz is not confused with the perplexing spectacle of the myriads of animals which form

the materials of his science; for the moment his eye lights upon them, they fall into certain great natural divisions, distinguished by infallible marks of structure. Under each of a few grand divisions he includes innumerable individuals. Now the difference between Agassiz and a mere observer and describer of animals is the difference between Shakespeare and Dickens, only that Shakespeare works on phenomena more complicated, and presenting more obstacles to classification, than Agassiz.

In his deep, wide, and searching observation of mankind, Shakespeare detects bodies of men who agree in the general tendencies of their characters, who strive after a common ideal of good or evil, and who all fail to reach it. Through these indications and hints he seizes, by his philosophical genius, the law of the class, — by his dramatic genius, he gathers up in one conception the whole multitude of individuals comprehended in the law, and embodies it in a character, — and by his poetical genius he lifts this character into an ideal region of life, where all hindrances to the free and full development of his nature are removed. The character seems all the more natural because it is *perfect of its kind*, whereas the actual persons included in the conception are imperfect of their kind. Thus there are many Falstaffian men, but Shakespeare's Falstaff is not an actual Falstaff. Falstaff is the ideal head of the family, the possibility which they dimly strive to realize, the person they would be if they could. Again, there are many Iagoish men, but only one Iago, the ideal type of them all; and by studying him we learn what they would all become if circumstances were propitious, and their loose malignant tendencies were firmly knit together in positive will and diabolically alert intelligence. And it is the same with the rest of Shakespeare's great creations. The immense domain of human nature they cover is due to the fact, not merely that they are not repetitions of individuals, but that they are not repetitions of the same types or classes of individuals. The mo-

ment we analyze them, the moment we break them up into their constituent elements, we are amazed at the wealth of wisdom and knowledge which formed the materials of each individual embodiment, and the inexhaustible interest and fulness of meaning and application revealed in the analytic scrutiny of each. Compare, for example, Shakespeare's Timon of Athens, by no means one of Shakespeare's mightiest efforts of characterization, with Lord Byron, both as man and poet, and we shall find that Timon is the highest logical result of the Byronic tendency, and that in him, rather than in Byron, the essential misanthrope is impersonated. The number of poems which Byron wrote does not affect the matter at all, because the poems are all expansions and variations of one view of life, from which Byron could not escape. Shakespeare, had he pleased, might have filled volumes with Timon's poetic misanthropy; but being a condenser, he was contented with concentrating the idea of the whole class in one grand character, and of putting into his mouth the truest, most splendid, most terrible things which have ever been uttered from the misanthropic point of view; and then, victoriously freeing himself from the dreadful mood of mind he had imaginatively realized, he passed on to occupy other and different natures. Shakespeare is superior to Byron on Byron's own ground, because Shakespeare grasped misanthropy from its first faint beginnings in the soul to its final result on character, — clutched its inmost essence, — discerned it as one out of a hundred subjective conditions of mind, — tried it thoroughly, and found it was too weak and narrow to hold *him*. Byron was *in* it, could not escape *from* it, and never, therefore, thoroughly mastered the philosophy of it. Here, then, in one corner of Shakespeare's mind, we find more than ample space for so great a poet as Byron to house himself.

But Shakespeare not only in one conception thus individualizes a whole class of men, but he communicates to each

character, be it little or colossal, good or evil, that peculiar Shakespearian quality which distinguishes it as his creation. This he does by being and living for the time the person he conceives. What Macaulay says of Bacon is more applicable to Shakespeare, namely, that his mind resembles the tent which the fairy gave to Prince Ahmed. "Fold it, and it seemed a toy for the hand of a lady. Spread it, and the armies of powerful sultans might repose beneath its shade." Shakespeare could run his sentiment, passion, reason, imagination, into any mould of personality he was capable of shaping, and think and speak from that. The result is that every character is a denizen of the Shakespearian world; every character, from Master Slender to Ariel, is in some sense a poet, that is, is gifted with imagination to express his whole nature, and make himself inwardly known; yet we feel throughout that the "thousand-souled" Shakespeare is still but one soul, capable of shifting into a thousand forms, but leaving its peculiar birth-mark on every individual it informs.

Now it is difficult, perhaps impossible, for a critic to reproduce synthetically in his own consciousness, or thoroughly to analyze into all its elements, any single prominent character that Shakespeare has drawn. His characters, however, are not represented apart from each other, but as acting on each other; and great as they separately are, as conceptions, they are but integral portions of a still mightier conception, which includes the whole drama in which they appear. The value of what we call the incidents of such a drama consists in their being such incidents as would most naturally spring from the mutual action of such persons, or as would best develop their natures. The plot is of small account as disconnected from the characters, but of great moment as vitally inwrought with them, and giving coherence to the living organism which results from the combination. It is for this reason that we pay little heed to improbable incidents in the story, provided the incidents serve to bring out

the persons. It is very improbable that a bond should have been given payable in a pound of flesh, and still more so that any court in Christendom could have recognized its validity; but who thinks of this in the Shakespearian society of "The Merchant of Venice"?

Now it is doubtless true that a drama of Shakespeare thus organized, its characters comprehending an immense range of human character, and yielding to analysis laws of human nature which radiate light into whole departments of human life, produces on our minds, as we read, the effect of unity in variety. We perceive it as a whole, and think therefore we perceive the whole of it. But is it true that we really receive the colossal conception of Shakespeare himself? Shakespeare, it is plain, can only convey to us what we are capable of taking in; the mind that perceives reduces greatness to its own mental stature; and persons according to their taste, culture, experience, height of intelligence, capacity of approaching Shakespeare himself, obtain different impressions, varying in depth and breadth, of each of his great plays. Who, for instance, has stated the general conception of the play of "Hamlet"? The idea of that drama, as given by different critics, is only so much of the idea as could be got into the heads of the critics. Their interpretation at best belongs to the class of *Mémoires de Servir*; — the rounded whole is described by minds that are angular; and Shakespeare's conception is measuring them, while they are felicitating themselves that they are measuring it.

Even Goethe, the most comprehensive intelligence since Shakespeare, failed to "pluck out the heart" of Hamlet's mystery. Indeed, it is beginning to be considered, that his remarks on the character, though delicate and profound in themselves, do not touch the essential individuality of Hamlet; that his ingenuity was exercised in the wrong direction; and that, in his criticism, he resembled the sturdy and rapid walker, who checked his pace to ask a boy how far it was to Taunton. "If

you go on in the way you're now going," was the reply, "it's twenty-four thousand miles; if you turn back, it's only five." But though some critics since Goethe have not been so elaborately wrong as he, Hamlet is still outward of the largest thought in the right direction. A distinguished thinker has said that there are moods of the mind in which Hamlet appears little, for what he suggests is infinitely more than what he is. This is true as to Shakespeare, but not true as to other minds; for until we have grasped the conception that Shakespeare has embodied, we have no right to suppose ourselves capable of going beyond it into that vastness of contemplation of which, from Shakespeare's height of vision, the character was an inadequate expression. Again, it is a common remark, that the school of philosophic critics, especially in their attempts to dive into the meaning of Hamlet, are continually giving Shakespeare the credit of their own thoughts.

Giving Shakespeare the credit! Well might he reply, if such were the case, "Poor am I even in thanks!"

Shakespeare, then, as regards his most gigantic conceptions, has probably never been adequately conceived. He must be tried by his peers; and where are his peers? We know that he grows in mental stature as our minds enlarge, and as we increase in our knowledge of him; but he has never been included by criticism as other poets have been included. The greatest and most interpretative minds which have made him their study, though they may have commenced with wielding the rod, soon found themselves seduced into taking seats on the benches, anxious to learn instead of impatient to teach; and have been compelled to admit that the poet who is the delight of the rudest urchin in the pit of the playhouse, is also the poet whose works defy the highest faculties of the philosopher thoroughly to comprehend.

THE FOUNDERS OF MONTREAL.

IF the chief city of New England owes its existence to a principle of religion, so too does the chief city of Canada. The founders of the one were the advance guard of Protestant dissent; those of the other represented the extreme of reactive Catholicity.

At La Flèche, in Anjou, dwelt one Jérôme le Royer de la Dauversière, receiver of taxes. His portrait shows us a round, *bourgeois* face, somewhat heavy perhaps, decorated with a slight mustache, and redeemed by bright and earnest eyes. On his head he wears a black skull-cap, and over his ample shoulders spreads a stiff white collar, of wide expanse and studious plainness. Though he belonged to the *noblesse*, his look is that of a grave burgher, of good renown and sage deportment. Dauversière was, however, an enthusi-

astic devotee, of mystical tendencies, who whipped himself with a scourge of small chains till his shoulders were one wound, wore a belt with more than twelve hundred sharp points, and invented for himself other torments, which filled his confessor with admiration. One day, while at his devotions, he heard an inward voice commanding him to become the founder of a new order of hospital nuns; and he was further ordered to establish, on the island called Montreal, in Canada, a hospital, or Hôtel-Dieu, to be conducted by these nuns. But Montreal was a wilderness, and the hospital would have no patients. Therefore, in order to supply them, the island must first be colonized. Dauversière was greatly perplexed. On the one hand, the voice of Heaven must be obeyed; on the

other, he had a wife, six children, and a very moderate fortune.

Again, there was at Paris a young priest, about twenty-eight years of age, — Jean Jacques Olier, afterwards widely known as founder of the Seminary of St. Sulpice. Judged by his engraved portrait, his countenance, though marked both with energy and intellect, was anything but prepossessing. Every lineament proclaims the priest. Yet the Abbé Olier has high titles to esteem. He signalized his piety, it is true, by the most disgusting exploits of self-mortification; but, at the same time, he was strenuous in his efforts to reform the people and the clergy. So zealous was he for good morals, that he drew upon himself the imputation of a leaning to the heresy of the Jansenists, — a suspicion strengthened by his opposition to certain priests, who, to secure the faithful in their allegiance, justified them in lives of licentiousness. Yet Olier's catholicity was past attainment, and in his horror of Jansenists he yielded to the Jesuits alone.

He was praying in the ancient church of St. Germain des Prés, when, like Dauversière, he thought he heard a voice from Heaven, saying that he was destined to be a light to the Gentiles. It is recorded as a mystic coincidence attending this miracle, that the choir was at that very time chanting the words, *Lumen ad revelationem Gentium*; and it seems to have occurred neither to Olier nor to his biographer, that, falling on the ear of the rapt worshipper, they might have unconsciously suggested the supposed revelation. But there was a further miracle. An inward voice told Olier that he was to form a society of priests, and establish them on the island called Montreal, in Canada, for the propagation of the True Faith; and writers old and recent assert, that, while both he and Dauversière were totally ignorant of Canadian geography, they suddenly found themselves in possession, they knew not how, of the most exact details concerning Montreal, its size,

shape, situation, soil, climate, and productions.

The annual volumes of the Jesuit *Relations*, issuing from the renowned press of Cramoisy, were at this time spread broadcast throughout France, and in the circles of *haute devotion* Canada and its missions were everywhere the themes of enthusiastic discussion; while Champlain, in his published works, had long before pointed out Montreal as the proper site for a settlement. But we are entering a region of miracle, and it is superfluous to look far for explanations. The illusion, in these cases, is a part of the history.

Dauversière pondered the revelation he had received; and the more he pondered, the more was he convinced that it came from God. He therefore set out for Paris, to find some means of accomplishing the task assigned him. Here, as he prayed before an image of the Virgin in the church of Notre Dame, he fell into an ecstasy, and beheld a vision. "I should be false to the integrity of history," writes his biographer, "if I did not relate it here." And he adds, that the reality of this celestial favor is past doubting, inasmuch as Dauversière himself told it to his daughters. Christ, the Virgin, and St. Joseph appeared before him. He saw them distinctly. Then he heard Christ ask three times of his Virgin Mother, "Where can I find a faithful servant?" On which, the Virgin, taking him (Dauversière) by the hand, replied, "See, Lord, here is that faithful servant!" and Christ, with a benignant smile, received him into his service, promising to bestow on him wisdom and strength to do his work. From Paris he went to the neighboring chateau of Meudon, which overlooks the valley of the Seine, not far from St. Cloud. Entering the gallery of the old castle, he saw a priest approaching him. It was Olier. Now we are told that neither of these men had ever seen or heard of the other; and yet, says the pious historian, "impelled by a kind of inspiration, they knew each other at once, even to the depths of their

hearts; saluted each other by name, as we read of St. Paul the Hermit and St. Anthony, and of St. Dominic and St. Francis; and ran to embrace each other, like two friends who had met after a long separation."

"Monsieur," exclaimed Olier, "I know your design, and I go to commend it to God at the holy altar."

And he went at once to say mass in the chapel. Dauversière received the communion at his hands; and then they walked for three hours in the park, discussing their plans. They were of one mind, in respect both to objects and means; and when they parted, Olier gave Dauversière a hundred louis, saying, "This is to begin the work of God."

They proposed to found at Montreal three religious communities, — *three* being the mystic number, — one of secular priests to direct the colonists and convert the Indians, one of nuns to nurse the sick, and one of nuns to teach the Faith to the children, white and red. To borrow their own phrases, they would plant the banner of Christ in an abode of desolation and a haunt of demons; and to this end a band of priests and women were to invade the wilderness, and take post between the fangs of the Iroquois. But first they must make a colony, and to do so must raise money. Olier had pious and wealthy penitents; Dauversière had a friend, the Baron de Fancamp, devout as himself and far richer. Anxious for his soul, and satisfied that the enterprise was an inspiration of God, he was eager to bear part in it. Olier soon found three others; and the six together formed the germ of the Society of Notre Dame de Montreal. Among them they raised the sum of seventy-five thousand livres, equivalent to about as many dollars at the present day.

Now to look for a moment at their plan. Their eulogists say, and with perfect truth, that, from a worldly point of view, it was mere folly. The partners mutually bound themselves to seek no return for the money ex-

pended. Their profit was to be reaped in the skies; and, indeed, there was none to be reaped on earth. The feeble settlement at Quebec was at this time in danger of utter ruin; for the Iroquois, enraged at the attacks made on them by Champlain, had begun a fearful course of retaliation, and the very existence of the colony trembled in the balance. But if Quebec was exposed to their ferocious inroads, Montreal was incomparably more so. A settlement here would be a perilous outpost, — a hand thrust into the jaws of the tiger. It would provoke attack, and lie almost in the path of the war-parties. The associates could gain nothing by the fur-trade; for they would not be allowed to share in it. On the other hand, danger apart, the place was an excellent one for a mission; for here met two great rivers: the St. Lawrence, with its countless tributaries, flowed in from the west, while the Ottawa descended from the north; and Montreal, embraced by their uniting waters, was the key to a vast inland navigation. Thither the Indians would naturally resort; and thence the missionaries could make their way into the heart of a boundless heathendom. None of the ordinary motives of colonization had part in this design. It owed its conception and its birth to religious zeal alone.

The island of Montreal belonged to Lauson, former President of the great Company of the Hundred Associates; and his son had a monopoly of fishing in the St. Lawrence. Dauversière and Fancamp, after much diplomacy, succeeded in persuading the elder Lauson to transfer his title to them; and as there was a defect in it, they also obtained a grant of the island from the Hundred Associates, its original owners, who, however, reserved to themselves its western extremity as a site for a fort and storehouses. At the same time, the younger Lauson granted them a right of fishery within two leagues of the shores of the island, for which they were to make a yearly acknowledgment of ten pounds

of fish. A confirmation of these grants was obtained from the king. Dauversière and his companions were now *seigneurs* of Montreal. They were empowered to appoint a governor, and to establish courts, from which there was to be an appeal to the Supreme Court of Quebec, supposing such to exist. They were excluded from the fur-trade, and forbidden to build castles or forts other than such as were necessary for defence against the Indians.

Their title assured, they matured their plan. First they would send out forty men to take possession of Montreal, intrench themselves, and raise crops. Then they would build a house for the priests, and two convents for the nuns. Meanwhile, Olier was toiling at Vaugirard, on the outskirts of Paris, to inaugurate the seminary of priests, and Dauversière at La Flèche, to form the community of hospital nuns. How the school nuns were provided for, we shall see hereafter. The colony, it will be observed, was for the convents, not the convents for the colony.

The Associates needed a soldier-governor to take charge of their forty men; and, directed as they supposed by Providence, they found one wholly to their mind. This was Paul de Chomedey, *Sieur de Maisonneuve*, a devout and valiant gentleman, who in long service among the heretics of Holland had kept his faith intact, and had held himself resolutely aloof from the license that surrounded him. He loved his profession of arms, and wished to consecrate his sword to the Church. Past all comparison, he is the manliest figure that appears in this group of zealots. The piety of the design, the miracles that inspired it, the adventure and the peril, all combined to charm him; and he eagerly embraced the enterprise. His father opposed his purpose; but he met him with a text of St. Mark, "There is no man that hath left house or brethren or sisters or father for my sake, but he shall receive an hundred-fold." On

this the elder *Maisonneuve*, deceived by his own worldliness, imagined that the plan covered some hidden speculation, from which enormous profits were expected, and therefore withdrew his opposition.

Their scheme was ripening fast, when both Olier and Dauversière were assailed by one of those revulsions of spirit, to which saints of the ecstatic school are naturally liable. Dauversière, in particular, was a prey to the extremity of dejection, uncertainty, and misgiving. What had he, a family man, to do with ventures beyond sea? Was it not his first duty to support his wife and children? Could he not fulfil all his obligations as a Christian by reclaiming the wicked and relieving the poor at La Flèche? Plainly, he had doubts that his vocation was genuine. If we could raise the curtain of his domestic life, perhaps we should find him beset by wife and daughters, tearful and wrathful, inveighing against his folly, and imploring him to provide a support for them before squandering his money to plant a convent of nuns in a wilderness. How long his fit of dejection lasted does not appear; but at length he set himself again to his appointed work. Olier, too, emerging from the clouds and darkness, found faith once more, and again placed himself at the head of the great enterprise.

There was imperative need of more money; and Dauversière, under judicious guidance, was active in obtaining it. This miserable victim of illusions had a squat, uncourtly figure, and was no proficient in the graces either of manners or of speech; hence his success in commending his objects to persons of rank and wealth is set down as one of the many miracles which attended the birth of Montreal. But zeal and earnestness are in themselves a power; and the ground had been well marked out and ploughed for him in advance. That attractive, though intricate, subject of study, the female mind, has always engaged the attention of priests, more especially in coun-

tries where, as in France, women exert a strong social and political influence. The art of kindling the flames of zeal, and the more difficult art of directing and controlling them, have been themes of reflection the most diligent and profound. Accordingly we find that a large proportion of the money raised for this enterprise was contributed by devout ladies. Many of them became members of the Association of Montreal, which was eventually increased to about forty-five persons, chosen for their devotion and their wealth.

Olier and his associates had resolved, though not from any collapse of zeal, to postpone the establishment of the seminary and the college until after a settlement should be formed. The hospital, however, might, they thought, be begun at once; for blood and blows would be the assured portion of the first settlers. At least, a discreet woman ought to embark with the first colonists as their nurse and housekeeper. Scarcely was the need recognized when it was supplied.

Mademoiselle Jeanne Mance was born of an honorable family of Nogent-le-Roi, and in 1640 was thirty-four years of age. The heroines of Canada began their religious experiences early. Of Marie de l'Incarnation we read, that at the age of seven Christ appeared to her in a vision; and the biographer of Mademoiselle Mance assures us, with admiring gravity, that, at the same tender age, she bound herself to God by a vow of perpetual chastity. This singular infant in due time became a woman, of a delicate constitution, and manners graceful, yet dignified. Though an earnest devotee, she felt no vocation for the cloister; yet, while still "in the world," she led the life of a nun. The Jesuit *Relations*, and the example of Madame de la Peltrie, a young Norman widow who had given all her fortune to found the Ursuline Convent at Quebec, inoculated her with the Canadian enthusiasm, then so prevalent; and, under the pretence of visiting relatives, she made a

journey to Paris, to take counsel of certain priests. Of one thing she was assured: the Divine will called her to Canada, but to what end she neither knew nor asked to know; for she abandoned herself as an atom to be borne to unknown destinies on the breath of God. At Paris, Father St. Jure, Jesuit, assured her that her vocation to Canada was, past doubt, a call from Heaven; while Father Rapin, a Récollet, spread abroad the fame of her virtues, and introduced her to many ladies of rank, wealth, and zeal. Then, well supplied with money for any pious work to which she might be summoned, she journeyed to Rochelle, whence ships were to sail for New France. Thus far she had been kept in ignorance of the plan with regard to Montreal; but now Father La Place, a Jesuit, revealed it to her. On the day after her arrival at Rochelle, as she entered the Church of the Jesuits, she met Dauversière coming out. "Then," says her biographer, "these two persons, who had never seen nor heard of each other, were enlightened supernaturally, whereby their most hidden thoughts were mutually made known, as had happened already with M. Olier and this same M. de la Dauversière." A long conversation ensued between them; and the delights of this interview were never effaced from the mind of Mademoiselle Mance. "She used to speak of it like a seraph," writes one of her nuns, "and far better than many a learned doctor could have done."

She had found her destiny. The ocean, the wilderness, the solitude, the Iroquois,—nothing daunted her. She would go to Montreal with Maison-neuve and his forty men. Yet, when the vessel was about to sail, a new and sharp misgiving seized her. How could she, a woman, not yet bereft of youth or charms, live alone in the forest among a troop of soldiers? Her scruples were relieved by two of the men, who, at the last moment, refused to embark without their wives,—and by a young woman, who, impelled by en-

thusiasm, escaped from her friends, and took passage, in spite of them, in one of the vessels.

All was ready; the ships set sail; but Olier, Dauversière, and Fancamp remained at home, as did also the other Associates, with the exception of Maisonneuve and Mademoiselle Mance. In the following February, an impressive scene took place in the Church of Notre Dame, at Paris. The Associates, at this time numbering about forty-five, with Olier at their head, assembled before the altar of the Virgin, and, by a solemn ceremonial, consecrated Montreal to the Holy Family. Henceforth it was to be called *Ville-marie de Montreal*,—a sacred town, reared to the honor and under the patronage of Christ, St. Joseph, and the Virgin, to be typified by three persons on earth, founders respectively of the three destined communities,—Olier, Dauversière, and a maiden of Troyes, Marguerite Bourgeoys: the seminary to be consecrated to Christ, the Hôtel-Dieu to St. Joseph, and the college to the Virgin.

But we are anticipating a little; for it was several years as yet before Marguerite Bourgeoys took an active part in the work of Montreal. She was the daughter of a respectable tradesman, and was now twenty-two years of age. Her portrait has come down to us; and her face is a mirror of frankness, loyalty, and womanly tenderness. Her qualities were those of good sense, conscientiousness, and a warm heart. She had known no miracles, ecstasies, or trances; and though afterwards, when her religious susceptibilities had reached a fuller development, a few such are recorded of her, yet even the Abbé Faillon, with the best intentions, can credit her with but a meagre allowance of these celestial favors. Though in the midst of visionaries, she distrusted the supernatural, and avowed her belief, that, in his government of the world, God does not often set aside its ordinary laws. Her religion was of the affections, and was manifested in an absorbing devotion to duty. She

had felt no vocation to the cloister, but had taken the vow of chastity, and was attached, as an *extern*e, to the Sisters of the Congregation of Troyes, who were fevered with eagerness to go to Canada. Marguerite, however, was content to wait until there was a prospect that she could do good by going; and it was not till the year 1653, that, renouncing an inheritance, and giving all she had to the poor, she embarked for the savage scene of her labors. To this day, in crowded school-rooms of Montreal and Quebec, fit monuments of her unobtrusive virtue, her successors instruct the children of the poor, and embalm the pleasant memory of Marguerite Bourgeoys. In the martial figure of Maisonneuve, and the fair form of this gentle nun, we find the true heroes of Montreal.

Maisonneuve, with his forty men and four women, reached Quebec too late to ascend to Montreal that season. They encountered distrust, jealousy, and opposition. The agents of the Company of the Hundred Associates looked on them askance; and the Governor of Quebec, Montmagny, saw a rival governor in Maisonneuve. Every means was used to persuade the adventurers to abandon their project and settle at Quebec. Montmagny called a council of the principal persons of his colony, who gave it as their opinion that the new-comers had better exchange Montreal for the Island of Orleans, where they would be in a position to give and receive succor; while, by persisting in their first design, they would expose themselves to destruction, and be of use to nobody. Maisonneuve, who was present, expressed his surprise that they should assume to direct his affairs. "I have not come here," he said, "to deliberate, but to act. It is my duty and my honor to found a colony at Montreal; and I would go, if every tree were an Iroquois!"

At Quebec there was little ability and no inclination to shelter the new colonists for the winter; and they would have fared ill, but for the gener-

osity of M. Puiseaux, who lived not far distant, at a place called St. Michel. This devout and most hospitable person made room for them all in his rough, but capacious dwelling. Their neighbors were the hospital nuns, then living at the mission of Sillery, in a substantial, but comfortless house of stone; where, amidst destitution, sickness, and irrepressible disgust at the filth of the savages whom they had in charge, they were laboring day and night with devoted assiduity. Among the minor ills which beset them were the eccentricities of one of their lay sisters, crazed with religious enthusiasm, who had the care of their poultry and domestic animals, of which she was accustomed to inquire, one by one, if they loved God; when, not receiving an immediate answer in the affirmative, she would instantly put them to death, telling them that their impiety deserved no better fate.

At St. Michel, Maisonneuve employed his men in building boats to ascend to Montreal, and in various other labors for the behoof of the future colony. Thus the winter wore away; but, as celestial minds are not exempt from ire, Montmagny and Maisonneuve fell into a quarrel. The 25th of January was Maisonneuve's *fête* day; and, as he was greatly beloved by his followers, they resolved to celebrate the occasion. Accordingly, an hour and a half before daylight, they made a general discharge of their muskets and cannon. The sound reached Quebec, two or three miles distant, startling the Governor from his morning slumbers, and his indignation was redoubled when he heard it again at night; for Maisonneuve, pleased at the attachment of his men, had feasted them and warmed their hearts with a distribution of wine. Montmagny, jealous of his authority, resented these demonstrations as an infraction of it, affirming that they had no right to fire their pieces without his consent; and, arresting the principal offender, one Jean Gory, he put him in irons. On being released, a few days after, his compan-

ions welcomed him with great rejoicing, and Maisonneuve gave them all a feast. He himself came in during the festivity, drank the health of the company, shook hands with the late prisoner, placed him at the head of the table, and addressed him as follows: "Jean Gory, you have been put in irons for me: you had the pain, and I the affront. For that, I add ten crowns to your wages." Then, turning to the others: "My boys," he said, "though Jean Gory has been misused, you must not lose heart for that, but drink, all of you, to the health of the man in irons. When we are once at Montreal, we shall be our own masters, and can fire our cannon when we please."

Montmagny was wroth when this was reported to him; and, on the ground that what had passed was "contrary to the service of the king and the authority of the Governor," he summoned Gory and six others before him, and put them separately under oath. Their evidence failed to establish a case against their commander; but thenceforth there was great coldness between the powers of Quebec and Montreal.

Early in May, Maisonneuve and his followers embarked. They had gained an unexpected recruit during the winter, in the person of Madame de la Peltre, the young heiress who had devoted herself and her wealth to the work of founding an Ursuline convent. The piety, the novelty, and the romance of their enterprise, all had their charms for the fair enthusiast; and an irresistible impulse—imputed by a slandering historian to the levity of her sex—urged her to share their fortunes. Her zeal was more admired by the Mont-realists whom she joined, than by the Ursulines whom she abandoned. She carried off all the furniture she had lent them, and left them in the utmost destitution. Nor did she remain quiet after reaching Montreal, but was presently seized with a longing to visit the Hurons, and preach the Faith in person to those benighted heathen. It needed all

the eloquence of a Jesuit, lately returned from that most arduous mission, to convince her that the attempt would be as useless as rash.

It was the 8th of May when Maisonneuve and his followers embarked at St. Michel; and as the boats, deep-laden with men, arms, and stores, moved slowly on their way, the forest, with leaves just opening in the warmth of spring, lay on their right hand and on their left, in a flattering semblance of tranquillity and peace. But behind woody islets, in tangled thickets and damp ravines, and in the shade and stillness of the columned woods, lurked everywhere a danger and a terror.

What shall we say of these adventurers of Montreal, — of these who bestowed their wealth, and, far more, of these who sacrificed their peace and risked their lives, on an enterprise at once so romantic and so devout? Surrounded as they were with illusions, false lights, and false shadows; breathing an atmosphere of miracle; compassed about with angels and devils; urged with stimulants most powerful, though unreal; their minds drugged, as it were, to preternatural excitement, — it is very difficult to judge of them. High merit, without doubt, there was in some of their number; but one may beg to be spared the attempt to measure or define it. To estimate a virtue involved in conditions so anomalous demands, perhaps, a judgment more than human.

The Roman Church, sunk in corruption and disease when the Reformation began, was roused by that fierce trumpet-blast to purge and brace herself anew. Unable to advance, she drew back to the fresher and comparatively purer life of the past; and the fervors of mediæval Christianity were renewed in the sixteenth century. In many of its aspects, this enterprise of Montreal belonged to the time of the first Crusades. The spirit of Godfrey de Bouillon lived again in Chomedey de Maisonneuve; and in Marguerite Bourgeoys was realized that fair ideal of Christian womanhood, a flower of earth expand-

ing in the rays of heaven, which soothed with gentle influence the wildness of a barbarous age.

On the 17th of May, 1642, Maisonneuve's little flotilla—a pinnace, a flat-bottomed craft moved by sails, and two row-boats — approached Montreal; and all on board raised in unison a hymn of praise. Montmagny was with them to deliver the island, on behalf of the Company of the Hundred Associates, to Maisonneuve, representative of the Associates of Montreal. And here, too, was Father Vimont, Superior of the missions; for the Jesuits had been prudently invited to accept the spiritual charge of the young colony. On the following day, they glided along the green and solitary shores now thronged with the life of a busy city, and landed on the spot which Champlain, thirty-one years before, had chosen as the fit site of a settlement. It was a tongue or triangle of land, formed by the junction of a rivulet with the St. Lawrence, and known afterwards as Point Callière. The rivulet was bordered by a meadow, and beyond rose the forest with its vanguard of scattered trees. Early spring flowers were blooming in the young grass, and birds of varied plumage flitted among the boughs.

Maisonneuve sprang ashore, and fell on his knees. His followers imitated his example; and all joined their voices in enthusiastic songs of thanksgiving. Tents, baggage, arms, and stores were landed. An altar was raised on a pleasant spot near at hand; and Mademoiselle Mance, with Madame de la Peltrie, aided by her servant, Charlotte Barré, decorated it with a taste which was the admiration of the beholders. Now all the company gathered before the shrine. Here stood Vimont, in the rich vestments of his office. Here were the two ladies with their servant; Montmagny, no very willing spectator; and Maisonneuve, a warlike figure, erect and tall, his men clustering around him, — soldiers, sailors, artisans, and laborers, — all alike soldiers at need. They kneeled in reverent silence as the Host was raised aloft; and when the rite was

over, the priest turned and addressed them:—

"You are a grain of mustard-seed that shall rise and grow till its branches overshadow the earth. You are few, but your work is the work of God. His smile is on you, and your children shall fill the land."

The afternoon waned; the sun sank behind the western forest, and twilight came on. Fire-flies were twink-

ling over the darkened meadow. They caught them, tied them with threads into shining festoons, and hung them before the altar, where the Host remained exposed. Then they pitched their tents, lighted their bivouac fires, stationed their guards, and lay down to rest. Such was the birth-night of Montreal.

Is this true history, or a romance of Christian chivalry? It is both.

RUSSIAN AMERICA.

IN the summer of 1741, Vitus Behring, a descendant of the Danish Vikings, who roamed the seas in the search of strange lands to pillage or conquer, set sail from the Kamchatka coast on a similar mission in the service of the Russian Empire. Leaving Awatska Bay, the present site of Petropaulovski, he sailed to the southeast as far as the latitude of 46° N., when, finding no land, he turned to the northeast. On the 18th of July he sighted a rocky range of coast,—behind which towered lofty mountains, their summits white with perpetual snows,—and thus caught the first glimpse of what is now known as Russian America. The point where Behring first saw land is supposed to have been lat. $58\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$ N., and the lofty mountains were probably Mount Fairweather and its neighboring peaks.

Sailing north, the coast was soon found to take a westerly direction, and Behring skirted it for miles without stopping to explore the shores. His ship was badly damaged during the long cruise, his crew sick and dispirited; so, instead of pushing through the passage that was eventually found, he sailed homewards, skirting the long chain of islands that lie like stepping-stones between the two continents, and at last finding, with his fellow-sailors, a grave on one of the islands nearest the Kamchatka coast. He had accom-

plished his task of adding a new territory to the Russian Empire.

In 1775, the Spanish Captain De la Bodega, cruising up the Pacific coast of America to add new lands to the American possessions of the Spanish crown, reached lat. 58° N., probably in the neighborhood of Sitka. In accordance with its policy in regard to American discoveries, the voyage of De la Bodega was kept secret by the Spanish government, and only became known when the title to the coast was disputed in after years.

Three years later the adventurous British navigator, Captain Cook, having passed around the southernmost point of the American Continent, undertook to return to England by passing around its northern extremity, thus solving the question of a north-west passage by sailing to the northeast. Following the coast closely, he discovered a deep indentation, known now as Cook's Inlet, which he hoped might prove to be the long-sought passage. Having discovered his mistake, he sailed in the track of Behring along the Aliaska peninsula, passed through the island chain, and coasted up to Behring's Strait, through which he passed, and skirted the northern shore of the continent until, at $161^{\circ} 46'$ W., he was stopped by an impenetrable barrier of ice stretching northward from

Icy Cape. This was on the 18th of August. For eleven days he vainly sought a channel through the ice-field, and then reluctantly turned back, to meet his death, like his Danish predecessor, on the return voyage.

In 1826, Captain Beechey, sent out by the British government to meet Sir John Franklin, sailed through Behring's Strait, and reached Point Barrow, one hundred and twenty-six miles northeast of the farthest point reached by Cook; and there was stopped by ice. At the same time Sir John Franklin, travelling westward from the Mackenzie River, reached long. $148^{\circ} 52' W.$, or about seven and a half degrees from the point reached by Beechey from the westward.

In 1837, Dease and Simpson, two servants of the Hudson's Bay Company, reached Point Barrow from the east, and thus completed the coast exploration of Russian America. Just after Dease and Simpson had turned back from Point Barrow an expedition sent out by the Russian American Fur Company reached the same point from the west, and found the natives assembling in great numbers to kill the English explorers, who, by turning back, had escaped the dangers of which they were ignorant. The Russians, being few in number, beat a hasty retreat; and thus Point Barrow remained the *ultima Thule* of exploration on the northern coast.

From the first discovery of the coast the Russians were active in its exploration. The government encouraged expeditions in search of a northeast passage to the Atlantic, whilst mercantile adventurers examined the coast, and the numerous islands that masked it. In 1783 a commercial expedition followed the line of the Aleutian Islands and the coast down to the sixtieth parallel, finding the rocky shores swarming with the sea otter, and the land beyond full of foxes. A settlement was made on the island of Kodiak, and a fur-trade opened with the Asiatic continent. Other explorations were made north and south, with the same result

of finding valuable hunting-grounds for the fur-bearing animals. In 1799 the Emperor Paul gave permission to these several companies to organize in one, under the name of the Russian American Fur Company, and granted the power to occupy and subject to Russia all territory north of 55° not already occupied or claimed by any other nation, with the exclusive privilege of hunting and trading in all such territory. In this way a chain of trading-posts and forts was formed, stretching from Dixon's Entrance to Norton Sound. The headquarters of the company were in time removed from Kodiak Island to the island of Sitka, seventeen degrees farther east, where a considerable settlement of Russians, Aleutians, and natives was formed.

The operations of the fur-traders were confined chiefly to the islands skirting the coast, and to the immediate shores of the main-land. A lofty range of mountains slopes down to the sea from Dixon's Entrance to Cape Spencer, and beyond this the Russians did not penetrate. The country behind was hunted by the Hudson's Bay Company, and it was an unsettled question how far the rights of each company extended. By the treaties of 1824 and 1825, the Russians were confirmed in possession of the whole northwestern peninsula west of $141^{\circ} W.$, and a narrow strip of coast down to Observatory Inlet, with all the islands of the coast. A lease of the coast from Cape Spencer to the southern limit was granted to the Hudson's Bay Company for hunting and trading purposes.

The successive exploring and commercial expeditions along the coast had made its general configuration and characteristics well known, even the lonely shores of Behring's Sea having become familiar to the Russian navigator and fur-trader. Of the interior of the great peninsula which formed the chief possession of Russia on the American main-land little or nothing was known. Vague rumors came to the traders at Kodiak, in the early days of the Fur Company, of a great river

that rose in the Rocky Mountains, and, after flowing through a vast unknown territory, poured its waters into Behring's Sea. In 1819, the Russian government obtained a description of Bristol Bay, where a trading-post had been established at the mouth of the Nushagak River, and of Behring's Sea from the bay northward to Cape Romanzoff, and thus learned the existence of a large river, the Kuskokvim, which entered the sea midway between the head of Bristol Bay and Cape Romanzoff. In 1829 Lieutenant Nasilef explored the Kuskokvim a short distance, with the purpose of discovering what connection existed between that river and the Nushagak. The result of this exploration was the establishment of a trading-post, Fort Kolmakoff, on the Kuskokvim, about one hundred and fifty miles from its mouth. Between this post and Fort Alexander, on Bristol Bay, communication was kept up by a chain of rivers, lakes, and portages.

In 1833, Governor Wrangel selected the island of St. Michael, on Norton Sound, as the site of a fort and trading-post. Communication was opened with the natives of the main-land, and more definite information obtained of the existence of the large river Kvihpak, of which so many obscure reports had been received. It was a mighty river, of the source of which the natives knew nothing, except that it was far in the interior. It came from the east until within about a hundred miles of the coast, when it turned sharply southward, running about two hundred miles more, and then resumed its westward course, entering the sea by several mouths, below Norton Sound. It flowed somewhere through a heavily timbered country, for the shores below its mouths were always lined with driftwood, which supplied the natives of the coast with building materials and fuel. Several expeditions were sent down from Fort St. Michael to explore the mouths of the Kvihpak, but the shallowness of the water on the coast, and other difficulties, prevented the accomplishment of the object. Attempts were made at

the same time to open communication by land routes between Fort St. Michael and the basins of the Kvihpak and Kuskokvim, and trading-posts were with much difficulty established at a few points, the natives of the interior, different in character from those on the coast, continuing to manifest a decided hostility to the white intruders.

In 1841, the Russian government despatched Lieutenant Zagoyskin and six assistants, with instructions to spend two years in exploring the basins of the Kvihpak and Kuskokvim Rivers. In August of the following year they set out from St. Michael in seal-skin canoes, and coasted up Norton Sound to the north, about sixty miles, to the river Unalakleat, exploring the shores on the way. The season was so far advanced that no progress could be made into the interior by boat, and the adventurers returned to Fort St. Michael, where they busied themselves in preparing for a winter journey into the interior. On the 4th of December they again set out, with five sledges and twenty-seven dogs. After seven days' journeying through heavy snow-storms, they reached the village at the mouth of the Unalakleat, and ascended that river, with the purpose of crossing the mountains to the Kvihpak by the route usually taken by the natives. The continuance of heavy snow-storms frustrated their purpose, and they were compelled to turn back. The Unalakleat enters Norton Sound from the east. Its course is very crooked, but its length in a straight line is probably from sixty-five to seventy miles. A mile and a half from its mouth begins a forest, extending back from the banks about two thousand feet on either side, of alder, poplar, and fir. For six or seven miles the coast range of mountains runs nearly parallel with the river, the cliffs on the right bank being much higher than those on the left. The width of the stream at its lower part varies from a hundred and forty to five hundred and twenty-five feet.

On the 29th of December, sufficient snow having fallen, the party again set

out on snow-shoes and sledges, and succeeded in reaching the Kvihpak in about lat. $64^{\circ} 20' N.$, about three hundred and fifty miles above its mouth. Here they found a river about a mile and a half wide, frozen over, on which they continued their course northeast to the native village of Nulato, in lat. $64^{\circ} 42' N.$, long. $157^{\circ} 58' W.$, the highest point that had been reached by the Russian traders.

From Nulato, after a month's rest, they started on the 25th of February, 1843, up the Nulato River, travelling northeast seven days, cutting off the frequent bends of the stream by crossing marshy plains, and in one instance traversing a forest. Reaching the point from which a native road ran to Kotzebue Sound, Lieutenant Zagoy skin endeavored to persuade the natives to guide him to that place, but without success. They excused themselves on the plea that the time had come for reindeer-hunting, and, unless they set out at once, the village would starve. The party set out alone, finding the route marked by sticks, but, after five days' travel, were compelled to turn back for want of provisions, when they had reached lat. $65^{\circ} 36' N.$ By this route, it was ascertained, an extensive trade was carried on between the natives of the coast and those on the Nulato and the higher Kvihpak. The latter brought their furs and received in exchange the iron, tobacco, beads, and other commodities obtained by the coast natives from the Russian traders, from speculative whalers who ran up above the Russian posts to do an illicit trade in furs, or from the Asiatic natives who kept up a commercial intercourse with their brethren across Behring's Straits.

On the 3d of June, Lieutenant Zagoy skin with six men and a native interpreter, carrying provisions for three months, set out from Nulato in a large seal-skin canoe, with the intention of reaching the mountains which divided Russian from British America, and establishing the connection between the Kvihpak of the Pacific coast and the Yukon of British America, which

had been erroneously described on the maps (and still is on most maps published in the United States) as flowing into the Icy Sea through the river Colville, between the Mackenzie River and Point Barrow. On leaving Nulato, the Kvihpak, for about twelve miles, was found to be about a mile and a half wide, filled with long, narrow islands connected by sand-bars, which at low water are dry. Above the junction with the Nulato, the course of the river lay for many miles through a level plain covered with small lakes abounding in fish. Numerous streams entered from either side, and the banks were well covered with willow, alder, aspen, birch, poplar, and large firs. The woods did not extend a great distance from the river, marshy plains stretching behind them to the foot of the hilly ranges that divided the affluents of the Kvihpak from those of rivers of smaller size on either side of it. Some of these hills reach heights varying from five hundred to fifteen hundred feet, and one range, which approaches close to the Kvihpak, terminates in a round volcano, called by the natives Natagash.

Nearly two hundred miles above Nulato the expedition met with a serious obstacle to their further progress. A sand-bank stretched across the stream, over which the natives had been accustomed to carry their canoes, but which was now covered with water. The current was strong, and the party worked in vain with the oars to stem it. Not only the current, but the difficult nature of the channel, interposed obstacles that proved to be insurmountable. Too shallow in some places to be crossed, in others the deeper channels were filled with rocks and drift-wood. For hours they labored in vain to push or pull their canoe through the obstacles and against the rapid current, and then abandoned it in despair. To carry their canoe around the obstacle would have rendered necessary the cutting of a road three and a half miles long through an impenetrable forest,—a work which it was beyond the power of the expedition to accomplish. Reluc-

tantly they turned their faces homeward, and rapidly descended the river, reaching Nulato in seven days. The width of the Kvihpak, through the distance explored, was found to average about a mile.

In the autumn of 1843 the expedition descended the Kvihpak to Ikagmut, a trading-post about two hundred miles below Nulato. The river was found to be navigable for canoes the whole distance between those points, the water muddy, and the current strong in many places. The average width was a mile and a half, the depth varying from one fathom to over ten fathoms. The left bank was low, with scattered hills in the distance; the right bank high, frequently rising almost into mountains. The country was well wooded. Zagoyskin says: "Fifteen miles from Anvika the soil on the right bank changes from sand to clay. In one place it cracks. I have seen pure clean earth of different bright colors,—red, yellow, straw-color, and white, with all their various shades. This, I think, contains lead." At one point the river sweeps around the base of a group of conical mountains, two thousand feet in height, near which rises an isolated volcano of about the same height. Nearly all the tributary rivers enter from the left bank, and many of them abound with beaver.

On the 5th of November the Kvihpak was closed with ice. A few days later the natives flocked to the river to catch a small, greasy lamprey found in great numbers as soon as the river was frozen over, and remained about two weeks. To the dwellers on the Kvihpak this fish is as the white-bait is to the Londoner or the first shad to the New-Yorker.

As soon as the ice was strong, Lieutenant Zagoyskin and his party left Ikagmut and ascended the river on sledges, passing sometimes over bare ice and at other times over snow, to the village of Paymut, intending to cross the mountains to the river Kuskokvim, which near the 160th meridian approaches the Kvihpak before the latter bends to the north and the former to

the east. Ascending the river Nallik, a stream three hundred and fifty feet wide, which enters the Kvihpak from the southeast, they soon struck southward along a road that crossed a marshy plain to the mountain Tamatulit, twenty-five hundred feet high, towering above the right bank of the Kuskokvim. Leaving the mountain on one side, the road crossed a lake, entered a marsh covered with shrubbery and traversed by many small creeks, and passed through higher land to the river bank. The expedition followed the course of the Kuskokvim up to Fort Kolmakoff, a fortified trading-post in lat. $61^{\circ} 34' N.$, long. $158^{\circ} 37' W.$

The Kuskokvim is smaller than the Kvihpak, and, for a hundred and fifty or two hundred miles from its mouth, varies from seven hundred to eighteen hundred feet in width. The bends, filled with islands, gave the river a more picturesque appearance than the Kvihpak, the scenery of which is somewhat monotonous. The rocks on the right bank differed from those on the right bank of the Kvihpak, and in many places Lieutenant Zagoyskin found mica. The left bank is clothed with heavy fir-trees; and parallel with the course of the river, at a distance of twenty miles, runs a range of mountains, two thousand feet high, which divides the waters of the Kuskokvim from those of the Nashagak, which flows into Bristol Bay. Between Fort Kolmakoff and Fort Alexander, on Bristol Bay, communication is kept up by a chain of rivers, lakes, and portages.

The winter was spent in exploring the country between the Kuskokvim and the Kvihpak, which was found to be full of small rivers, and in tracing the lower portion of the Chageluk, one of the largest affluents of the Kvihpak, which runs nearly parallel with that river for some distance, and enters it near lat. $62^{\circ} N.$, long. $160^{\circ} W.$ On the 1st of May, 1844, the ice in the Kuskokvim began to move, and by the 9th the river was perfectly clear. On the 19th the expedition started up the river in seal-skin canoes. The

Kuskokvim was found to be from seven hundred to twenty-one hundred feet wide above Fort Kolmakoff, with occasional sand-bars, some of them a mile and a half wide. For nearly a hundred miles it runs between rocky cliffs, from three hundred to five hundred feet in height, covered with a dense forest; the channel is clear, and the current not so strong as that of the Kvihpak. At this point the river Hulitnak enters from the south (lat. $61^{\circ} 42' N.$, long. $156^{\circ} 50' W.$); it is two hundred feet wide at its mouth, and guarded at its entrance on the left bank by rocky cliffs from two hundred to four hundred feet high. From this point, far in the interior, could be seen a conical mountain whose top was covered with snow. A few miles up the Hulitnak the hills on the left bank give way to a marshy plain, whilst on the right side runs a chain of hills five hundred feet high.

Twenty miles higher up the Kuskokvim, breaking through the hills that line the left bank of that river above the Hulitnak, comes in the Shulkak, which, the natives say, takes its rise in a lake among the Chigmit Mountains, some of the nearest peaks of which could be seen by the expedition about fifty miles to the southward. A short distance above the Shulkak comes in the Chigvanateel, also from the south. At this point were met six canoes filled with natives. To keep on good terms with the natives, and prevent misunderstanding, — for they could conceive of no reason for the presence of a white man in those regions except to trade, — a few pounds of tobacco and some old clothes were exchanged for a large heap of beaver, otter, reindeer, and black-bear skins. The natives coveted a certain coat without sleeves which struck their fancy, but the pile of nearly two hundred valuable furs which comprised their stock was not considered an equivalent, and they were obliged to content themselves with tobacco and less prized articles of clothing.

Above these streams the Kuskokvim narrowed to about seven hundred feet, the current was slower, and the

water of a dull yellowish white. The river wound around a cape two hundred or three hundred feet high on the right bank, the left bank being about eighteen feet high, and covered with a dense forest; beyond which, in the distance, rose a chain of mountains. Higher up, a spur of the mountain chain terminated on the left bank of the river in a rocky ridge, beyond which the forest gave place to a flat meadow, or marshy plain. At the mouth of the river Sochotno, in lat. $62^{\circ} 58' N.$, long. $155^{\circ} 6' W.$, the expedition stopped, having reached about one hundred and eighty miles above Fort Kolmakoff, and about three hundred and fifty miles above the mouth of the river. At this point the natives spoke of a beautiful inland sea in the interior, somewhere between the Kuskokvim and the Kvihpak. The same story was repeated by the natives at other points on the Kuskokvim and also on the Kvihpak. It was described as a large and beautiful lake, abounding in fish, and supporting a numerous people on its banks. It was the opinion of Lieutenant Zagoyskin that the location of this lake was somewhere between lat. 63° and $65^{\circ} N.$ and long. 150° and $154^{\circ} W.$, and that it probably found an outlet for its waters by the river Haggaya into the Kvihpak.

It was the intention of Lieutenant Zagoyskin to explore the Kuskokvim to its source; but the men he had taken with him from Fort Kolmakoff were obliged to return, that they might be ready to transport goods across to Fort Alexander, on Bristol Bay. He was, therefore, reluctantly compelled to turn back, reaching Fort Kolmakoff on the 5th of June. A few days later he crossed to the Kvihpak by a chain of lakes and rivers different from that he had traversed in the winter, and then descended the Lower Kvihpak to the divergence of its several channels to the sea. The hills and forests disappeared, and at one point a chain of lakes in a flat country stretched away to the right as far as the eye could reach. The soil at this part of the river contained a layer of organic matter

from the forest, about three feet deep, beneath which was wet clay. Lieutenant Zagoyskin records no observation of his own in regard to the depth of water in the lower branches of the Kvihpak, but says that in 1833 a servant of the Fur Company ascended the Aphuna, or northern mouth of the Kvihpak with ease, and descended about thirty miles of another channel, but found the water too shallow to enable him to reach the sea. On reaching the sea, Zagoyskin sailed up the coast in his canoe, keeping about half a mile from the shore, as sand-banks and rocks farther out made navigation dangerous, and reached Fort St. Michael on the 21st of June, after two years of difficult and perilous exploration.

In the winter of 1860, Robert Kennicott, a young American naturalist of fine promise and of undaunted resolution, though of delicate frame, entered the Russian American territory from the British line, above the Yukon. He had come, the last part of the route alone, from the head of Lake Superior, by the way of the chain of lakes and the Mackenzie River, through the vast wilds that lie between Lake Superior and the Arctic Sea. On his way he had collected specimens in every department of natural science, and these specimens, numbering thousands, and weighing tons in the aggregate, were taken at each trading-post by the Hudson's Bay Company, and transported free to Canada, where they were again taken, without pay, by the express companies, and delivered to the Smithsonian Institute, under whose auspices he was travelling. The Hudson's Bay Company had poached on the manor of the Russian Fur Company, and about sixty miles beyond the boundary, just at the fork of the Porcupine and Yukon Rivers, Kennicott found a trading-post, Fort Yukon, in charge of an old Scotchman, who, with his wife and a jovial Roman Catholic priest, together with some *voyageurs* and Esquimaux, formed the settlement. Here Kennicott remained all winter, gathering hundreds of specimens, and gaining all the information possible from the

natives in regard to the course of the Yukon, about which uncertain reports existed at the fort. Among the important discoveries was that of the breeding-place of the canvas-back duck,—the eggs of which, never before seen by a naturalist, literally covered acres. Here, too, he found the nests and eggs of the beautiful Bohemian wax-wing,—the only place where its eggs have ever been found. In the spring he set out on his homeward journey, still gathering specimens as he went; and on his return commenced reducing the results of his observations to writing, when he was interrupted by another call to the field of duty.

In pursuance of a design to connect the American and European continents by a telegraph line through Northern Asia, the wires of the Western Union Telegraph Company were extended northward through Oregon and Washington Territories to Vancouver's Island, and thence it was proposed to carry them northward through British and Russian territory to Behring's Strait. Carried by a cable through the Strait, or some part of the Kamchatka Sea, it was designed to then push the line through Siberia to meet the Russian government lines coming eastward from St. Petersburg. The route through the British possessions above British Columbia, and the whole interior of Russian America, was entirely unknown. It was determined to make the survey by two parties, one keeping northward from Vancouver's Island, and the other proceeding by sea to the vicinity of Behring's Strait, and then going eastward and southward, to meet the party coming north. The information obtained in regard to the "great river" of Russian America, led to the hope that the party could ascend it from Behring's Sea to Fort Yukon, and then follow its course southward through British territory,—the party coming north keeping the same route to the place of meeting. A small steamer, the "Lizzie Horner," was purchased in San Francisco, and put on board one of the vessels of the expedition, with

the design of ascending the Kvihpak in her as far as possible. The services of Major Kennicott had been secured for the command of the expedition by way of Behring's Sea, his previous visit to Russian America, and his profound scientific knowledge, peculiarly fitting him for the task.

On the 10th of July, 1865, the expedition left San Francisco in the barque "Golden Gate," accompanied by the engineer-in-chief of the Company, Colonel Bulkley, in the propeller "G. S. Wright." In a month they reached Sitka, the head-quarters of the Russian American Fur Company, where they remained about two weeks, completing their arrangements and receiving the lavish courtesies of the Russian officials. On the 22d of August the expedition sailed again, steering for the outer point of the Aliaska peninsula. The islands that line the southern front of this remarkable projection were reached about long. 160° W., and at one of them, Ounga, a short stop was made. The principal features of this island were similar to most of the others in the group. Originally of volcanic origin, it has a steep front about six hundred feet in height, beyond which the land is rolling. The elevations are covered with moss interspersed with flowers, and in the depressions is a little coarse grass with small bushes. A bed of coal (lignite) sixteen inches thick was found on this island, and the Russians worked it for a short time, but ultimately abandoned it as of little value. Here, as on several other islands, a few Russians supported themselves by fishing. In running along the coast, a volcano was seen, in full activity; and others, that had in no very distant period been in eruption, were seen on the peninsula and islands. Codfish were plentiful along the route through the islands. The entrance to Behring's Sea was made through the Ounimak passage, in long. 165° W., lat. 54½ N., the depth of water at the entrance being two hundred and forty feet, and the current very strong. On the 13th of September, the expedi-

tion entered Norton Sound and rounded to at St. Michael. Kennicott and his party were landed and the vessels left, with Colonel Bulkley, for Kamchatka.

The island of St. Michael lies on the south side of Norton Sound, and is divided by a narrow channel from the main-land, and by a wider channel from Stuart's Island. It is about twelve miles across in either direction, of volcanic origin, but of no great height, the greatest elevation being three hundred feet. A good harbor affords protection against all but the northerly winds. At this point is a fort of logs and earth, mounting six four-pounders, and garrisoned by twenty Russians under Factor Stephanoff. Close to the fort is an Esquimau or Malimeet village, of ten huts, — partly burrows in the side of the hill, and partly buildings of drift-logs. A chain of similar villages extends along the coast of Norton Sound. The temperature at St. Michael is milder than at any other point on that part of the coast, a fact accounted for by its being surrounded by water, and by the current coming from the south. In summer there is a healthy, though scanty vegetation.

It was the intention of Kennicott to go down the coast in the small steamer "Lizzie Horner," to be commanded by Lieutenant Charles Pease, to the lower, and deepest, mouth of the Kvihpak, or Yukon, and in her to traverse the whole length of the river as far as navigation was possible, making surveys at the proper points. Unfortunately, that project had to be abandoned. The engineer engaged at San Francisco was grossly incompetent, and the machinery of the steamer was found to be radically defective. Fruitless attempts were made to remedy the deficiencies, and she was at length abandoned. This was a serious blow to the usefulness of the expedition. Major Kennicott changed his plan, and adopted the ordinary route of the Russian traders as high up as they went, being that taken by Zagoy-skin twenty-three years before. From Nulato he proposed to travel in the

winter by dog teams up the river to Fort Yukon.

On the 27th of September the party, numbering twelve persons, crossed Norton Sound in an open barge to the village of Unalakleet, at the mouth of the river of that name, the voyage being rendered unpleasant by a violent snow-storm, the first of the season. At Unalakleet the Russians had built a log fort, occupied by six men, and defended by two four-pounder guns. Cold weather set in rapidly, and the first work of the party was to build a fort of drift-logs, banked up with sods and gravel, and the logs chinked with moss. The luxury of a chimney was added, the mortar for which was made with mud and boiling water.

October 21st, Pease, Ketchum, and Adams, accompanied by five Esquimaux, each of whom carried eighty pounds of baggage strapped to his back, went up the Unalakleet. The thermometer marked two degrees below zero, but the river was not frozen hard enough to walk on. On the third day they reached Ulucook, a winter village of the Ingalik tribe, forty miles above Unalakleet. Here they stopped a month, buying fish and preparing it for the winter's provision of the party.

The Ingaliken are part of an Indian race occupying a middle position between the Esquimaux, or Malimeets, of the coast, and the Indians of the interior. They are the traders, roaming from the Yukon to the coast, and bartering the skins of the Indians for the traders' goods and the Esquimaux supplies. At one time they were a powerful race; but a succession of wars with the Esquimaux and the interior Indians has thinned their numbers. In their habits and customs they have become more Esquimaux than Indian, building their huts partly under ground, like the former, instead of on the surface as does the latter. The winter hut of the Norton Sound Esquimaux is built of spruce logs, split and set on edge, and is roofed in the same manner, with a square hole in the top, and the whole, except the opening in the roof, is covered with sods

and earth until it is like a low dome. About half the height of the interior is below the surface of the ground. The entrance is by a tunnel or covered gallery, about twenty feet long, communicating with a square stockade closed with a door. Inside the stockade is a circular opening to descend into the tunnel. The hut is about sixteen feet square, with logs at the sides for seats. The fire burns in the centre, directly under the hole in the roof. The furniture and kitchen utensils of the hut are composed of kettles bought of the whalers, earthen pots, like flower-pots, made by the natives, for various purposes, and a lamp, — a saucer of dried mud, filled with blubber, and with dried moss for wicking, the root of a tree serving for a chandelier. When night comes, the occupants of the hut let the fire die down, stretch dried skins across the opening in the roof, the circular entrance in the stockade, and at the doorway leading from the hut to the tunnel, thus cutting off every current of air. Then, stretching themselves with their heads to the fire, resting on logs for pillows, they sleep in an atmosphere as hot and dense as that of a slow oven.

In the centre of every village is the Kadgim, or great meeting-house. Here their work is carried on, feasts held, visitors received, and here the men sleep. Built on the same plan as the other huts, it is much larger and higher, and has a raised seat carried around its sides. It was at the Kadgim in Ulucook that Lieutenant Zagoyskin witnessed the performance of their traditional custom of "drowning little bladders in the sea," performed in honor of the sea spirit Ugiak. When Zagoyskin entered the Kadgim he found it occupied by about fifty men, who had just been washing themselves in a reeking liquid which cannot be more particularly named. The stench was overpowering and the heat suffocating, but there was no help for it. The festival then began. On a strip of moose-skin stretched across one end of the apartment were suspended about a hundred

fantastically painted bladders, taken from animals killed with arrows only. At one end of the line hung a carved representation of a man's head, and a gull; at the other end, two partridges. Threads fastened to this line were drawn over the cross-beam, and these threads were jerked so as to set the figures in motion. A stick, six feet high, bound around with straw, stood under the line. A native advanced from the group, danced solemnly before the bladders, and then, pulling some straw from the stick, lighted it, and passed it under bladders and images so as to smoke them. The stick and straw were carried outside, and all the occupants of the Kadgim indulged in a dance which lasted throughout the greater part of the day. They stripped to the waist before dancing, and, by their frantic contortions to the monotonous beat of the tambourine, kept every muscle in motion. At frequent intervals the women brought in frozen fish and strips of deer-meat, which the dancers devoured ravenously, and then resumed the dance. After eating and dancing all day in the poisonous atmosphere, they huddled on the floor at night, every man with his head to the fire, and slept till morning. Unlike the natives of Kamchatka, who have a horribly nauseating method of intoxication, the Malimeets of the American coast of Behring's Sea have no stimulating drink. Their method of getting intoxicated is to smoke tobacco and take the smoke into their lungs, which produces partial stupefaction. In one of the grand feasts some members of Kennicott's party were treated by the natives to a dish, which was accepted as the hyperborean substitute for ice-cream and strawberries, and eaten without aversion, if not with much relish. The disgust of those who indulged in the luxury may be imagined on their discovering the delectable compound to be reindeer fat, chewed to a paste by the old women, then mixed with snow and flavored with berries.

The natives on the Lower Kuskokvim have peculiar funeral observances.

When a member of the family dies, his relatives eat nothing but sour or year-old food, and do not go to the river for twenty days. They spend their time seated in one corner of the room with their backs to the door. Every five days they wash themselves, else all the relatives of the deceased would die. Before the funeral the body is carried into the Kadgim, where it is placed in a sitting posture with the feet drawn up, in a corner opposite to the door. The inhabitants of the village bring in votive offerings of skin dresses, in one of which the corpse is dressed, while the others are placed in a box with the body. The box is carried to the burying-ground and placed on four posts, near which is raised a large board painted with the figure of that object of which the deceased was most fond. In front of the board are set some articles belonging to the deceased, and his remaining effects are divided in the Kadgim. The interior natives burn their dead; and if one dies in winter, his relatives carry the body with them, using it instead of a log as a pillow at night, and burning it when warm weather comes.

The Kuskokvim natives have also a peculiar usage — suggestive of the Christmas customs of American children — of hiding articles for some time, and at a particular feast presenting them to the members of their families.

On the 8th of November the Unalakleet River froze so that it could be traversed with dog teams. The cold rapidly increased, the thermometer marking 20° below zero on the 8th of November, reaching 32° on the 19th, and on the 1st of January getting down to 40° below zero, — the lowest point noted, — with a fierce norther blowing. The dog teams were got ready, and the provisions prepared for packing, when Kennicott returned from Nulato with the discouraging information that it would be impossible to go up the Yukon during the winter. He had himself made a ten days' journey above Nulato, and found but few natives, most of them having gone northward to hunt the rein-

deer. He ascertained that there was no prospect of getting food for his dogs, and without an assurance that this could be obtained, it would be madness to attempt the journey. The winter was therefore spent at Fort St. Michael, in making preparations for the summer's work.

On the 3d of April the weather moderated, and indications of the coming spring were visible. A portion of the party set out for Grantley Harbor, with instructions to join the main body at Nulato. Ten days afterwards Lieutenants Ketchum and Pease, and Mike Lebarge, a Canadian *voyageur* attached to the party, started for Nulato. The ice was five feet thick, and the ground covered with snow, but on the bay the ice was rapidly softening, so that the party had to keep close to the shore, and sometimes found six inches of water on the surface. Next day they reached Unalakleet, rested a day, and then set out for Ulukook, walking the forty miles behind a dog-sled loaded with three bags of flour. Continuing their journey, on the 19th they struck the Yukon, about thirty miles below Nulato. On the 22d they reached Nulato, having travelled all the way upon the river, and next day were joined by the party from Grantley Harbor.

Nulato is a small native village, in which a Russian trading-post has been established, with three white men and a four-pounder iron cannon as its sole defence. During the winter two skin boats had been brought over from St. Michael for the voyage up the Yukon. The largest was thirty-five feet long and six feet wide, made of seal-skin stretched over a light framework of wood fastened with sinews. A square sail, spreading twenty yards of canvas, could be rigged. The other boat was a "baidark," or light skin canoe, with a covering of skin that fitted tightly to the skin tunic worn by the occupant of the boat, so as to be perfectly waterproof. A baidark has holes for three passengers, and in this differs from a *kyak*, which only admits one occupant. The baidark was intended for Major

Kennicott and two of his party, whilst the larger boat would carry the others, together with the provisions.

Everything was ready for the departure, and the members of the expedition were anxiously awaiting the breaking up of the ice, when a sad calamity put an end to the arrangements. Major Kennicott had for several days complained of dizziness, and a strange sensation in his head. The succession of disappointments he had experienced since his landing weighed heavily on his mind, and, combined with the effects of the arduous labors of the previous six years, had broken down both his spirit and his constitution. On the morning of May 13th he was absent from breakfast, and the Indian sent in search returned without finding him. Lieutenant Pease became alarmed, and started with Lebarge to find him. About twenty rods from the fort they came on him, lying on his back, dead. An open compass was lying by his side, and it is supposed that, after taking some observations and making calculations by tracing figures in the sand, he straightened himself up and fell instantly dead, probably from heart disease.

The death of the commander of the expedition frustrated all the plans that had been formed. Lieutenant Ketchum, as the oldest of the party, took command, and appointed Lieutenant Pease as his second. It was decided that Ketchum, with the *voyageur* Lebarge, and a half-breed, Lewis Kean, should go up to Fort Yukon in the baidark, whilst Lieutenant Pease and some others of the party should take the remains of Major Kennicott in the seal-skin boat to Fort St. Michael, by going down the river to the coast. Pease and the half-breed Kean set to work on a coffin made of boards torn from the sides of the fort, calked with candle-wick, and pitched with turpentine gum. The lining was made of some green baize found in the fort, and tacked with brads cut with shears from a strip of copper that had formed part of the sheathing of a ship's bottom. Dressed in full uniform, and shrouded

in the American flag, the body of Major Kennicott lay for three days open to the sorrowful gaze of those who had shared his later labors, (one of these had been his friend and companion in past years,) and then the face of one of whom science had great hope was hid from view. Had Major Kennicott lived to carry out his plans, completed his explorations of the extreme Northern country, and reduced his observations to writing, the scientific world would have been a great gainer by his knowledge. Unfortunately, during the six or seven years before his death he was more a worker than a writer, and the hurried notes he committed to paper will throw but little light on what he had discovered, compared with what died with him, unregistered.

On the 23d of May the ice broke up, and on the morning of the 25th, Ketchum, Lebarge, and Kean started up the river in the baidark, whilst Pease, taking with him Smith, Adams, and Dyer, and a crew of three Esquimaux, started down the river in the seal-skin boat, having with them the remains of Major Kennicott. A few miles below Nulato the ice and driftwood were overtaken in a rapid current, and a landing was made on an island to escape swamping. The voyage was continued, the party sometimes making thirteen or fourteen miles, and at others going at a more rapid rate, at one time making seventy-seven miles in a day's run. At night they found a welcome in an Indian village, or camped out on an island. On the 1st of June they took an Indian on board as a guide, but soon became suspicious that he was trying to mislead them. Following his directions, Pease steered into a wide channel which proved to be a lateral connection with the Chageluk River, and entered that river a short distance above its confluence with the Yukon, or Kvihpak. Here they came suddenly on a village inhabited by a tribe hostile to those above, and bearing a bad reputation among the Russians. As soon as the boat came in sight, it was sur-

rounded with canoes filled with Indians, whose conduct was far from reassuring. Preserving his self-possession, Lieutenant Pease opened a conversation with the chief, and made him presents of tobacco and calico, and finally of a knife, which completely won his good-will. He expressed his gratification at meeting with the first white men who had ever reached his village. When the boat was about to leave, the Indians drew up in a body to fire a salute. As Pease was not quite sure of the intentions of his professed friends, he commenced the salute by hitting a mark at long range with his rifle, and directing one of his party to keep up a continuous fire with revolvers. This exhibition of rapid firing and length of range put an end to any idea of attack on the part of the Indians, if such a purpose had been meditated.

Stopping one night at the Russian post known as "The Mission,"—the Ikagmut of Zagoyskin's narrative,—containing several houses and a church, their voyage was continued the next day, until the northern mouth of the river was reached. On the way they saw several islands covered with geese and swans, and found on one island the nest of a goose with three eggs in it. On the 5th of June, after passing through a herd of seals, the boat left the main channel for one taking a more northerly course, and ending in a narrow canal leading into the Pastolic River, which enters Norton Sound several miles above the northern mouth of the Yukon. The sea-coast was reached on the morning of June 6th, twelve days after leaving Nulato. The voyage up the coast was long and tedious, owing to baffling winds and the dangers of the reefs, the fort at St. Michael not being reached until June 15th.

Not long afterwards Ketchum and his party returned to Fort St. Michael, having successfully made the passage to Fort Yukon and back. The country from Nulato eastward was found to be similar to that lower down the river, the banks varying in height, but most of the near elevations being on the northern

side; the streams from the north were small, and those from the south much larger. The character of the timber improved, the spruce ranging from twenty-five to one hundred feet in height. There were no more serious obstructions to navigation than occur in most Western rivers, the sand-bars having, during their passage, a fair depth of water, and the rapids below Fort Yukon offering no insurmountable obstacle to a good steamer. The current was found to be very strong. The proper steamers to navigate the Yukon are stern-wheelers, with very powerful engines. At Fort Yukon a new fort had been built, about a mile and a half from the old fort, and the Roman Catholic priest who had spiritual charge during Kennicott's visit had given place to an Episcopal minister.

Late in the autumn the long-expected ship from San Francisco arrived at St. Michael, with Colonel Bulkley on board. A reorganization of the party was made. Lieutenant Pease, as the attached friend of the late Major Kennicott, was sent home with his remains, and the remainder of the party, under Lieutenant Ketchum, were ordered to retrace their steps into the interior, and carefully survey the Upper Yukon, following it, if possible, to its source, or until meeting an exploring party advancing north from British Columbia. From that party nothing has since been heard on the Atlantic side. So far as the general public is concerned, its principal work, however, was done. The Yukon had been explored from Behring's Sea to above its junction with the Porcupine. Beyond that point its course had been traced by the servants of the Hudson's Bay Company. The abandonment of the Russian American Telegraph enterprise, owing to the success of the Atlantic Cable line, has put a stop to further exploration in the interest of the Telegraph Company.

The coast line of Russian America is of two distinct characters, the line of division being the Aliaska peninsula. At the boundary line, on the Icy Sea,

the coast is low, and formed of frozen mud-banks, keeping this character coming west until Point Barrow is reached, the most northern point, a long low spit of gravel and loose sand. Going southwest, the low coast is intersected with narrow lakes, and covered with swampy moss, to the neighborhood of Cape Lisburne, a mass of limestone rocks eight hundred and fifty feet high. From this point to and around Kotzebue Sound, the coast is low and swampy, with occasional hills. Cape Prince of Wales, which forms the eastern side of the gateway of Behring's Strait, is precipitous and rocky, and is indented by Port Clarence, which has a good entrance, with ten fathoms of water, and a mud bottom. Opening also into the eastern side of the Cape is Grantley Harbor, smaller and completely landlocked, offering a perfectly secure anchorage. Below this point, the country near the sea is rolling, and the coast low and inaccessible except in certain portions of Norton and Bristol Sounds, while the sea is shallow, owing to the alluvium poured into it by the rivers and dammed back into Behring's Sea by the barrier of the Aliaska peninsula. The shore is covered with a heavy growth of moss, thrown up by the frost into large bunchy masses.

Below the Aliaska peninsula the formation of the coast is totally different. A lofty mountain range occupies the coast from Observatory Inlet to Cook's Inlet, and then sweeps around towards the Asiatic side along the peninsula. On this side the cliffs are rocky and precipitous, and descend abruptly into the Pacific, with deep soundings close to the shore. Along the greater part of the Pacific coast line of the territory extends a group, or several groups, of islands, some of large size, fifty to a hundred miles in length. The narrow strip of coast belonging to Russian America from Cross Sound to Observatory Inlet, and the coast below to Puget Sound, is masked by a series of islands so situated as to leave between them and the main-land an unbroken line of inland navigation, the most ex-

traordinary in the world. Sir George Simpson, who passed through it twice in 1841, says it is admirably adapted for steam navigation, affording a safe passage in every condition of the weather except fogs. Beyond the Copper River is another group of islands; and stretching from the mouth of Cook's Inlet to the end of the peninsula is still another group, to which the largest, Kodiak, gives its name. All these islands are of volcanic character, and in some of them along the Aliaska peninsula, as also on the main-land, volcanoes are still active. Traces of volcanic action are also found on the few islands along the coast of Behring's Sea.

The whole main-land coast up to Cook's Inlet is heavily wooded, and many of the islands also have a good supply of trees. Beyond the mountain range, near and beyond the boundary line, up to Cook's Inlet, stretches a comparatively level country, covered with grass. The islands of the Pacific coast are hilly, the rocks covered with moss, whilst in the valleys is good land, with grass and shrubs.

The rivers of Russian America are numerous and important. Going north from the boundary line of British Columbia, the first river of consequence is the Stikine, or Francis River, in lat. 56° N., which forms the principal gateway to the valuable British territory beyond, and which passes through a country rich in gold. The Stikine has two mouths, its greatest width at the principal outlet being about half a mile. It is navigable for steamers of light draught, for four months in the year, a distance of a hundred and fifty miles; and the steamer "Flying Dutchman" made several trips up it to Shakesville, a mining town one hundred and forty miles from its mouth. Twenty miles above Shakesville the Grand Cañon commences, and above that point canoe navigation is practicable for a considerable distance. The Stikine previous to entering the mountain range at the Grand Cañon drains an undulating country covered with luxuriant grass, then passes through a rich min-

eral region, and finally enters the sea between steep banks clothed with dense forests of pine and cypress. Small rivers enter the natural canals and inlets of the coast up to lat. 60° N., long. 144° W., where the Copper River enters. By this river the natives have communication with the Yukon in nearly the same longitude, the two rivers and their affluents approaching each other so closely that but short portages are made. Cook's Inlet, which cuts a deep gash in the coast line, also has its tributary streams, by which communication is kept up by the coast natives with the interior.

Above the Aliaska peninsula the first stream is the Nashagak, in Bristol Bay, reported by the natives to connect by lakes and marshes with Cook's Inlet on one side, and with the Kuskokvim on the other. The Kuskokvim, entering Behring's Sea above Cape Newenham, has been explored by Russians and natives for about six hundred miles. Its course from the mouth up is generally northeast, but, like all the rivers of the region, it is very crooked. The Kuskokvim is navigable for light-draught steamers for a great portion of its length. Its current is moderately rapid.

But the great river of Russian America is the Yukon, or Kvihpak, which had long been a mystery to British and American hydrographers, and which was never fully explored by white men until the summer of 1866. It is the Mississippi of the Northwest. The Yukon rises in the mountainous region of Pelly Banks, in British America, and runs northwest until it enters Russian America in about lat. 64° N. It continues its northwesterly direction until it receives the waters of the Porcupine from the northeast. About seventy miles above the junction with that river it threads its way through a pass in the Big Beaver Mountains, then traverses a flat country for about a hundred miles, when it again cuts a spur of the Big Beaver Mountains, and enters the system of the great northern peninsula. From this point it runs a little south

of east until opposite the head of Norton Sound, when it bends abruptly to the south to lat. 62° N., where it again turns to the west and flows into Behring's Sea. From the junction with the Porcupine to its outlet in Behring's Sea, this river is navigable for steamboats, having a depth varying from one to ten fathoms, and a width varying from a mile to a mile and a half. Its course is very tortuous. There are four known mouths, the most northern of which is obstructed by a bar on which is a depth of four feet of water, the south channel having ten feet of water at the entrance. There are other streams of less importance entering Norton's Sound and Kotzebue Bay; and the Colville, which enters the Icy Sea and was long supposed to be the mouth of the Yukon, is said by the natives to be navigable for a considerable distance.

The course of nearly all the rivers is generally a little south of west. The mountain ranges from the south cease before reaching the Icy Sea, and the great peninsula above Cook's Inlet is traversed by a number of low mountain ranges running in a southwesterly direction. In the intervening spaces between those ranges the principal rivers find their way. As a general rule the rivers wash the base of the hills on the right side, the left banks being low, and at a distance from the river frequently swampy. The southern tier of hills is, however, nearly always in sight, and spurs from it occasionally jut out on the left bank. A peculiar feature of the country is the manner in which the affluents of the great rivers interlock, or are connected by lakes; so that, whilst the peninsula can be traversed from east to west by following the line of the principal rivers, it can also be traversed from south to north by short passes through the mountains, or by ascending the smaller streams that come through the gaps in the rocky banks on the right of the rivers, and then passing by lakes and short portages to the numerous rivers flowing north into the large rivers. In this way the natives and the traders pass from the Copper

River to Fort Yukon, and from Cook's Inlet to Kotzebue Sound.

The interior of the upper peninsula is well timbered to within about a hundred miles of the coast, on the line of the Kvihpak, or Yukon, and still nearer on some of the smaller streams. The prevailing timber and the most useful is the spruce, which is frequently of considerable diameter, and from seventy to a hundred feet high. Birch grows, but not in great quantity, as far north as the line of the Kvihpak. Poplar, alder, and willow are found along all the rivers in considerable quantity. On the Pacific coast the main-land and many of the islands are covered with dense forests of pine, — the most useful of all trees, — which reach the water's edge; and in the neighborhood of the Stikine, Sir George Simpson says, is a species of cypress, which, from its durability and lightness, is almost unequalled for boat-building. The Russians have neglected to turn this immense fund of wealth to account, being fearful lest their monopoly of fur-trading would be affected by the opening of a timber trade. The pine is of the largest size and finest quality, equalling in value the famous forests of Norway. Bongard reports pines and spruces on the coast having a diameter of seven feet and a height of one hundred and sixty feet.

Russian America teems with animal life. Its seas afford the finest fisheries in the world, its rivers are filled with fish, and its woods, hills, valleys, and plains support vast quantities of fur-bearing animals and valuable birds. The waters of the North Pacific, along the whole coast from Dixon's Strait to the end of the Aleutian Islands, swarm with cod and halibut of the largest size. In 1865, Acting-Surveyor Giddings, of Washington Territory, called the attention of the Secretary of the Interior to this fact. After describing the value of the fisheries in the Strait of Fuca, he said: "Farther north, along the coast, between Cape Flattery and Sitka, in the Russian possessions, both cod and halibut are very plenty, and of a

much larger size than those taken at the Cape, or farther up the straits and sound. No one who knows those facts for a moment doubts that, if vessels similar to those used by the Bank fishermen that sail from Massachusetts and Maine were fitted out here, and were to fish on the various banks along this coast, it would even now be a most lucrative business. . . . The cod and halibut on this coast, up near Sitka, are fully equal to the largest taken in the Eastern waters."

The Legislature of Washington Territory, by formal resolution, called the attention of the general government to the great value of the fisheries of the Russian American coast, and petitioned for the adoption of such measures as would obtain for Americans the right to fish in those waters. Lieutenant Pease reports that, on the passage up, the sea near the Kodiak group of islands was found to be full of cod, a barrel of which was caught with a line as the vessel sailed through. No attempt has been made to utilize those treasures of the deep, except by the Russians on the islands and coast, who fish for their own support and that of the Indians dependent on them. Whales are numerous in the North Pacific, and also in Behring's Sea, the whalers following them up to Behring's Strait.

The rivers, from the Stikine to the highest known on the great peninsula, swarm with fish, especially with the different varieties of salmon. In the Stikine the salmon and salmon-trout are plentiful. The red salmon, or "squoggan" of the natives, weighing about four pounds, is taken in July and August, and the sea salmon—the native "kase," weighing sometimes thirty pounds—is taken from the commencement of the fishing season until late in the autumn. The rivers of the upper peninsula abound in salmon of the largest size, white-fish in immense quantities, sturgeon, pike, and mountain trout. The natives catch pike, salmon, and white-fish by spearing them, using a long-shafted spear with a loose head attached to the shaft by a short line.

They launch this spear with great dexterity, and the head, when buried in the fish, is detached from the shaft by the shock, the short line allowing play to the fish, which cannot then twist itself free. Lieutenant Pease reports spearing salmon weighing forty pounds, and pike six feet in length. The natives dry the fish in strips, which, with dried reindeer meat, form their winter provisions.

The islands on the Pacific coast have been favorite haunts of the fur seal and the sea otter, and it was from this source that the Russian Fur Company obtained the greater part of their supplies. In spite of eighty years of war waged upon them by the hunters for this company, the numbers of the seal and the otter have not been seriously diminished. Above the Aliaska peninsula, where they have been almost exempt from molestation, they are found in immense numbers. On the island of St. Paul are large numbers of fur seal, and seal of different varieties with herds of walrus swarm along the coast of Behring's Sea.

The animal life along the Yukon and its tributaries is reported by Lieutenant Pease and the late Major Kennicott to be in astonishing quantity and great variety, and the Russian explorers of the Kuskokvim and other rivers of the continent give similar reports. Among the fur-bearing animals that are found in great numbers may be enumerated the otter, beaver, mink, ermine, sable, martin, black and Arctic foxes, with some other varieties, large and small marmots, squirrels,—a red variety with very handsome fur being particularly noticeable,—lynx, wolverine, wolves, black, grizzly, and Arctic bears, muskrats,—of a different species from those found in the lower latitudes,—reindeer, and, north of the Yukon, the moose.

But, great as are the numbers and variety of these animals, the feathered life of the country is still more remarkable. The region which lies between the Rocky Mountains and Behring's Sea is the breeding-place of myriads of

birds that visit the lower latitudes during a portion of the year. The winged column that comes up the eastern slope of the Rocky Mountains from the Atlantic coast and the Gulf of Mexico, and the column that comes up its western face and the Sierra Nevada from the lower latitudes of the Pacific Ocean, meet on this spot, feast on the berries that cover the ground in profusion, raise their broods of young, and start at the end of summer on their southern tour.

The food of the flocks of geese, ducks, and other birds that make this their breeding-place is chiefly the small Alpine cranberry, a fruit smaller than the common cranberry, and not so palatable until touched by the frost, when it becomes delicious; the bog-bilberry, a favorite food for bears and geese, which grows in greater perfection here than in more southern latitudes; the empetrum; the salmon berry, resembling a large yellow raspberry, but of insipid flavor; and a blue moss-berry, growing in great quantities on a small evergreen moss.

About the middle of April the feathered visitors begin to arrive. The snow-birds come first, followed by the ospreys, gerfalcons, eagles, and gulls. Then come the geese of every variety, the ducks, and the swans. The white and black geese keep on their course until they reach the Arctic Sea, and the others settle on the rivers and marshes of the interior. As summer advances, other birds arrive, and proceed at once to the work of nesting and raising their broods. Finches of various kinds, the American robin, the yellow poll, black and yellow warblers, the tree-bunting, and other small birds of numerous species, enliven the woods during the summer months, and become the prey of an endless variety of hawks. Swallows come in great numbers, stay a short time, and leave early in August. Our cherished acquaintance, the snow-bird, on its arrival from the south, puts on gayer plumage, and sings melodiously the whole season through, although utterly innocent of

musical execution when with us. We have before mentioned the discovery by Major Kennicott, in the vicinity of Fort Yukon, of the breeding-places of the canvas-back duck, previously a mystery to naturalists. On the margin of a marshy lake, having a depth of from fifteen to twenty inches of water, they had spread platforms of sedge, and on these deposited their eggs. Major Kennicott saw acres literally covered with these eggs. Lieutenant Pease says the natives reported that the marshes along the Yukon for hundreds of miles afforded breeding-places for these ducks.

All the birds fatten rapidly on the juicy berries so plentiful in the interior. The geese especially become so fat, that during the moulting season they are scarcely able to fly, and are knocked down with sticks by the Indian children, who speedily fatten, as well as the geese. It is a season of feasting from the Rocky Mountains to the Strait, from the North Pacific to the Icy Sea.

With the first indication of coming winter the summer birds take their flight, the birds of the Atlantic and of the Pacific slopes each taking the right direction with unerring instinct, leaving the ptarmigan, the spruce-birds, chickadees, and red-birds to keep each other company in the long winter months. With the first snows come the winter visitors, the Arctic owls, and a large white hawk, seeking refuge from the more intense cold of the polar region.

While animal and bird life abound, there is no dearth of insects. Mosquitoes are more plentiful than pleasant, and afford food for the swallows and other small birds that flock thither to prey upon them. Hard-winged insects, beetles of several kinds, are numerous, and several varieties of butterfly were seen by Lieutenant Pease and by Major Kennicott hovering over the flowers that abound among the long grass and on the river-banks. Neither snakes nor frogs have been reported on the line of the Yukon.

There is little doubt that the mineral wealth of Russian America is enor-

mous. The coast range of mountains that form the territory occupied from lat. $54^{\circ} 40'$ to lat. 60° is a continuation of the Sierra Nevada chain, in which lie the gold and silver mines of Nevada and California and of British Columbia. On the Stikine River gold has already been discovered, and miners are at work. The same formation reaches across towards Asia by the Aliaska peninsula, and sends a branch towards the Icy Sea. Indications of gold have also been found in the streams of the upper peninsula. Copper is known to exist in a virgin state, similar to that of Lake Superior, on the Copper River and at points along the Pacific coast. Lieutenant Pease found a copper-bearing rock at Cape Romanzoff, in Behring's Sea. Indications of lead were discovered by Lieutenant Zagoy skin in the lower part of the Kvihpak or Yukon. Iron has been found in several places on the Pacific coast, and worked by the Russians. Coal is known to lie in large beds on the northern coast. The natives report it in different parts of the interior. On the voyage down the Kvihpak, when two days' sail below Nulato, the natives pointed out a hill on the right, and told Lieutenant Pease that coal was found there, and that it had been worked to a small extent for native use. At Ounga Island, west of the Kodiak group, a bed of coal of inferior quality, about sixteen inches thick, is exposed on the hillside, and has been worked to a limited extent by the Russians. In the Kodiak group coal of better quality has been found, and worked successfully.

The climate of the Pacific coast is much more temperate than that of the same latitudes on the coast of the Atlantic. The observations of Baron Wrangell at Sitka, for a period of ten years, gave a yearly mean of 46.4° . This, in lat. $57^{\circ} 3'$ N., is a mean temperature four degrees warmer than that of Portland, Maine, in lat. $43^{\circ} 40'$ N., and six degrees warmer than that of Quebec, in lat. $46^{\circ} 49'$ N. Iluluk, on the Aliaska peninsula, in lat. $53^{\circ} 52'$ N., has a mean temperature of 39.7° , the same as that of

Williamstown, Vt., in lat. $44^{\circ} 7'$ N., and four degrees warmer than that of Copper Harbor, Lake Superior. At Sitka, it is said to rain nearly, if not quite, every day in the year. The harbor is always open, and there is not sufficient ice for the use of the inhabitants. Along the Aliaska peninsula, solid and clear ice is obtained for the supply of the markets of the Pacific coast. On Sitka and the islands of that group the valleys afford abundant grass for animals, and the settlers keep some cows and horses. Vegetables, such as potatoes, turnips, cabbages, and radishes, are raised with ease, and come to perfection. Potatoes are raised also at Cook's Inlet, in lat. 61° N., though they will not ripen at Kamchatka, ten degrees farther south, thus showing the great difference in temperature between the east and west coasts. At St. Michael, in Norton Sound, lat. $63^{\circ} 28'$ N., the occupants of the post cultivate a small garden, and raise turnips and radishes. The experiment has not been tried in the interior, but success would not be improbable, as the country abounds in edible roots. The temperature falls as the distance from the coast is increased. The yearly mean at Ikagmut, on the Lower Yukon or Kvihpak, in lat. $61^{\circ} 47'$ N., long. $161^{\circ} 14'$ W., about one hundred and fifty miles from the coast, was 24.57° . At Fort Yukon, about six hundred miles in a straight line from Behring's Sea, the yearly mean was 16.92° , in lat. 64° N. At Ikagmut mercury froze in February and March on several years. As the mean of ten years' observation, ice forms on the Kvihpak November 4th, and breaks up May 23d, the river being free of ice about June 2d. The average period during which the river remains closed is two hundred days.

In many places, if not throughout the main-land, "ground ice" is found at a varying depth. In winter the soil freezes solid, and in summer thaws out to a depth varying from a few inches to several feet, below which lies the permanently frozen subsoil to the depth of several feet. Zagoy skin relates that, in

digging a well at St. Michael, alternate layers of ground ice and a fatty clay were passed through; and Lieutenant Pease reports having dug at St. Michael, in August, to the depth of thirty inches, when ground ice was reached. At Ikagmut, Zagoyskin reports the soil thawed to the depth of seven inches only. In exploring a route for the Russian American Telegraph line in lat. 55° N., long. 126° W., Major Pope reports that ground ice can be found at any time of the year at a depth of six or eight feet below the surface, and the surface soil usually freezes to the depth of two feet in the winter, leaving an intervening stratum of unfrozen soil from four to six feet thick. The "ground ice" does not prevent the growth of vegetation. The roots of trees do not penetrate it, but spread as on the surface of a flat rock. In the frozen soil of Kotzebue Sound, in the mouths of the Kvihpak, and in Bristol Bay, are found large deposits of fossil ivory, similar to that found in Siberia, and a considerable trade has been carried on in this article of commerce.

The inhabitants of Russian America are estimated at five or six thousand Russians, mostly settled on the islands of the Pacific coast, and about fifty or sixty thousand Esquimaux and Indians. The natives are divided into numerous tribes, varying greatly in their habits and traditions. The Esquimaux occupy the coast and the lower part of the rivers having their outlet in Behring's Sea. Differing greatly from each other in many of their characteristics, they differ still more as a whole from the Esquimaux of the Arctic regions to the eastward of Russian America. They live by fishing, and hunting the reindeer. The natives of the interior, classed by Richardson as the Kutchins, and known to the coast natives as Koh-Yukons, and by other names, are of a totally different race, dressing more like the Indians of the lower latitudes, with an outer dress of furs for winter wear; adorning themselves with beads, which constitute their wealth; and building

their winter houses on the surface, instead of partly under ground, as do the Esquimaux. They live by the chase, and trade occasionally with the British factor at Fort Yukon, and, by means of the Ingaliken, with the coast natives and the Russians. They have an enmity towards the Russians, and have several times surprised their posts and slaughtered the occupants. For this reason the Russians have not penetrated far into the interior. The Americans attached to the telegraph expedition found no difficulty in dealing with them, and Lieutenant Pease says he has left many friends among both Esquimaux and Indians.

On the Pacific coast and islands there are other tribes, those belonging to the Kodiak and Aleutian groups being allied to the Esquimaux of Behring's Sea, and the natives of the Sitka group and coast, the Tchilkats, being evidently related by language and habits to the tribes of the Upper Yukon. By long contact with the white settlers and the sailors visiting the coast, they have become degraded and debauched. The men are semi-slaves to the Russians, working for the nominal wages of twenty cents per day. The women are very dissolute.

By treaty made during the present year, the whole of the Russian possessions in North America are ceded to the United States, in consideration of the payment of seven million two hundred thousand dollars in gold, the cession including the islands in Behring's Sea, as also the whole of the Aleutian Islands, leaving to Russia only Behring's Island and Copper Island, off the coast of Kamchatka. By the terms of the treaty, all the franchises and leases granted to corporate bodies or individuals, of whatever nation, terminate on the transfer of the territory. The known wealth of the territory in fish, fur, and timber, and its probable mineral wealth, have already been set forth. To what has already been said may be added the opinion expressed in Blodgett's *Climatology of the Northwestern Districts*: "It is most surpris-

ing that so little is known of the great islands, and the long line of coast from Puget's Sound to Sitka, ample as its resources must be even for recruiting the transient commerce of the Pacific, independent of its immense intrinsic value. To the region bordering the Northern Pacific the finest maritime positions belong throughout its entire extent; and no part of the west of Europe exceeds it in the advantages of equable climate, fertile soil, and commercial accessibility of the coast. The western slope of the Rocky Mountain system may be included as a part of this maritime region, embracing an immense area from the forty-fifth to the sixtieth parallel, and five degrees of longitude in width. The cultivable surface of this district cannot be much

less than *three hundred thousand square miles.*"

The greater part of this valuable territory, on the main-land, belongs to Great Britain; but only about four hundred miles of the British possessions front on the coast. An outlet for the remainder was provided by the leasing from the Russians of the strip of main-land up to Cross Sound. Sir George Simpson, who, as Governor-in-chief of the Hudson's Bay Company's territories, visited the coast up to that point, mentions the lease with great satisfaction, adding, that "this strip, in the absence of such an arrangement as has just been mentioned, *renders the interior comparatively useless to England.*" The Russo-American treaty of 1867 puts an end to the "arrangement."

AMONG THE COMEDIANS.

THE players are no longer "the abstracts and brief chronicles of the time." The Associated Press, the telegraph, and "Our Own Correspondent" have usurped their functions in this behalf, and so far their occupation's gone. Yet we should not the less worthily bestow them; for where dignity, self-respect, and honor go hand in hand with genius in the person of the player, he still has claims akin to those of the poet whose passion, feeling, and humor he interprets.

We are not of those who hold that the stage is in its decadence; that all the great players went out about the time the grandfathers of the present generation ceased to frequent the theatre. There are many noble actors still upon the stage, and few have been more richly endowed with those talents which are the life and honor of the theatre, than the players who are altogether of the present time. There is an old fellow, garrulous as ourselves, occupying the adjoining desk

in our down-town office, whose mind is a storehouse of pleasant recollections of the players who fretted their brief hour upon the stage in his prime. "They are all gone now," he says, regretfully, as if all good acting and the glory of the drama had gone down into their graves with them. The Siddons, Kemble, and Kean delighted the town in his London days, but the name on which he lingers longest is that of "Old Jefferson," our own "Old Joe," whom he saw later, — a famous actor then, as any of the last generation of play-goers will tell you. Yet with all our memories of his excellence still fresh, and after carefully weighing all contemporary criticism, we are disposed to believe that his son, "Young Joe," is at least his worthy successor.

Those who contest the palm with him are Mr. John Sleeper Clarke, sometime pupil of Mr. Jefferson, Mr. John E. Owens, and William Warren, son of that great William Warren, manager and comedian.

The style of acting of each, if not always original, is marked by strong personal characteristics; and as regards Mr. Jefferson and Mr. Owens, they may be fairly considered from their impersonation of one or two characters. Whatever natural powers or acquired abilities they possess are best shown in the rendition of certain parts of vivid individuality which they have made peculiarly their own. Mr. Owens seems almost inseparably connected with Solon Shingle, and Mr. Jefferson may be content to allow his fame to rest upon his personation of Rip Van Winkle.

It is an accepted dogma in dramatic art, that whatever is presented on the stage must necessarily be measurably enlarged and exaggerated, or, as it were, looked at through a mental as well as a material lorgnette; that in no other wise can the fictions of the stage be made real to the senses of the spectator. In consequence of the actor's belief in this theory, he is apt to represent all shades and degrees of passion through the medium of exaggerated tone, stride, and gesture. And indeed it seems without the bounds of reason to suppose, that, should the tragedian speak the words of Hamlet in his ordinary tones of feeling, he would very adequately express the sublimity and weirdness of Hamlet's griefs, doubts, and struggles, or show, as in a mirror, the subtle depths of his nature. And yet, after witnessing the rendition of the character of Rip Van Winkle by Mr. Jefferson, we are disposed to think that, if he who enacted Hamlet possessed the genius of this comedian, he might show us such a portrait of the Dane as no one has seen since Betterton, without exaggeration of tone or robustious action, charmed the town in that part.

In the play of "Rip Van Winkle," the scant material of Irving, borrowed by him from the German, is eked out by the skill of the dramatist into a play of moderate excellence, but admirably adapted to display Mr. Jefferson's peculiar powers.

From the moment of Rip's entrance upon the scene,—for it is Rip Van Winkle, and not Mr. Jefferson,—the audience has assurance that a worthy descendant of the noblest of the old players is before them. He leans lightly against a table, his disengaged hand holding his gun. Standing there, he is in himself the incarnation of the lazy, good-natured, dissipated, good-for-nothing Dutchman that Irving drew. Preponderance of humor is expressed in every feature, yea, in every limb and motion of the light, supple figure. The kindly, simple, *insouciant* face, ruddy, smiling, lighted by the tender, humorous blue eyes, which look down upon his dress, elaborately copied bit by bit from the etchings of Darley; the lounging, careless grace of the figure; the low, musical voice, whose utterances are "far above singing"; the sweet, rippling laughter,—all combine to produce an effect which is rare in its simplicity and excellence, and altogether satisfying.

The impersonation is full of what are technically known as *points*; but the genius of Mr. Jefferson divests them of all "staginess," and they are only such points as the requirements of his art, its passion, humor, or dignity, suggest. From the rising of the curtain on the first scene, until its fall on the last, nothing is forced, sensational, or unseemly. The remarkable beauty of the performance arises from nothing so much as its entire repose and equality.

The scene, however, in which the real greatness of the player is shown in his "so potent art," is the last scene of the first act. It is marvellously beautiful in its human tenderness and dignity. Here the debauched good-for-nothing, who has squandered life, friends, and fortune, is driven from his home with a scorn pitiless as the storm-filled night without. The scene undoubtedly owes much to the art of the dramatist, who has combined the broadest humor in the beginning with the deepest pathos at the close. Here there is "room and verge enough" for the amplest display of the comedian's power. And the opportunities are no-

bly used. His utterance of the memorable words, "Would you drive me out like a dog?" is an unsurpassed expression of power and genius. His sitting with his face turned from the audience during his dame's tirade, his stunned, dazed look as he rises, his blind groping from his chair to the table, are all actions conceived in the very noblest spirit of art.

In a moment the lazy drunkard, stung into a new existence by the taunts of his vixenish wife, throws off the shell which has encased his better self, and rises to the full stature of his manhood,—a man sorely stricken, but every inch a man. All tokens of debauchery are gone; vanished all traces of the old careless indolence and humor. His tones, vibrating with the passion that consumes him, are clear and low and sweet,—full of doubt that he has heard aright the words of banishment,—full of an awful pain and pity and dismay. And so, with one parting farewell to his child, full of a nameless agony, he goes out into the storm and darkness.

The theatre does not "rise at him": it does more,—gives finer appreciation of the actor's power; it is deadly silent for minutes after, or would be, but for some sobbing women there.

After a scene so effective, in which the profoundest feelings of his auditors are stirred, the task of the comedian in maintaining the interest of the play becomes exceedingly onerous; but Mr. Jefferson nowhere fails to create and absorb the attention of his audience. One scene is enacted as well as another; and that he not always creates the same emotion is not his fault, but that of the dramatist. The player is always equal to the requirements of his art.

The versatility of Mr. Jefferson's powers is finely shown in the scene of Rip's awaking from his sleep in the Catskills, and in those scenes which immediately follow. Here he has thrown off his youth, his hair has whitened, his voice is broken to a childish treble, his very limbs are shrunken, tottering, palsied. This maundering, almost im-

becile old man, out of whose talk come dimly, rays of the old quaint humor, would excite only ridicule and laughter in the hands of an artist less gifted than Mr. Jefferson; but his griefs, his old affections, so rise up through the tones of that marvellous voice, his loneliness and homelessness so plead for him, that old Lear, beaten by the winds, deserted and houseless, is not more wrapped about with honor than poor old Rip, wandering through the streets of his native village.

Exactly wherein lies Mr. Jefferson's chief power it is not easy to show. With the genius inherited from "Old Joe," he possesses a mind richly stored, a refined taste, and that rare knowledge of his art which teaches the force of repression as well as expression. Mr. Jefferson is also a close and conscientious student. The words that flow from his tongue in such liquid resonance seem the very simplest of utterances. And so they are; but it would be interesting to know how many hours of study it cost him to arrive at that simplicity which is the crowning charm and secret of success. Why, in the very speaking of his daughter's name in the last scene,—in that matchless appeal to her for recognition,—"*Meenie, Meenie,*"—there is a depth of pathos, tenderness, and beauty that charms like music, and attunes the heart to the finest sense of pity.

There is but one other artist within our knowledge possessing the rare facial mobility or expression of Mr. Jefferson, whose features are at all times the running commentary of the text. In the momentary pauses between sentences, or even parts of sentences, his face foretells the coming bursts of humor or pathos, as surely as the overcharged summer sky presages the lightning's flash. The wide blue eyes and the nervous, sensitive mouth are as illustrative of the artist's power as the utterance of the most sonorous passages.

This actor, whose every movement is full of an indescribable grace, seems never to attitudinize. Whatever he

does appears to be the one most natural thing for a man so situated to do. Indeed, we are disposed to think, after all, that the exquisite beauty and excellence of Mr. Jefferson's acting lie mostly in the fact that he has subdued it to the very complexion of nature. In Rip Van Winkle, he utters words which have the power to summon from the heart the profoundest emotion; yet they are spoken in no louder tone than any quiet gentleman would use at his own fireside. The voice is ever exquisitely controlled, and in its utterances there is that depth of feeling which makes it fit to be, as it were, the echo of "silver-tongued Barry," who long ago made the air of the theatre musical with the speeches of amorous Romeo.

While Mr. Jefferson is essentially an American actor, (and by that we mean imbued with the dramatic spirit of the new nation,) he has formed his style so thoroughly upon that of the best old English players, that he is almost the only young American actor retaining the excellence of that old school, whose followers were quiet, modest, learned gentlemen off the stage, and matchless actors on it. His range of characters is as wide as that of any contemporary comedian, embracing almost everything in comedy, from his exquisite delineation of the pathetic story of Caleb Plummer, in "The Cricket on the Hearth," to that of the broadest of broad farce, Diggory, in "The Spectre Bridegroom." And they are all full of that simple tranquillity, propriety, and freedom from exaggeration, which characterize the true artist. None other, however, is so marked by his peculiar excellence as his Rip Van Winkle.

In speaking of Mr. John Sleeper Clarke as the pupil of Mr. Jefferson, — as he was in the last seasons of the Old Chestnut Street Theatre in Philadelphia, — we are not certain that he will feel especially grateful for being so designated. Nor is he altogether Mr. Jefferson's, or any one's pupil, if by that he is understood to be merely a blind

follower of another's method. As an imitator or copyist of other actors he fails to disclose the extent of his abilities. When he relies entirely upon his own conception of character, he is always correct, admirable, irresistible. But when he attempts parts that Mr. Jefferson often played, during the seasons in which they were together, Mr. Clarke plays them only in such a manner as to show how inferior the imitation is to the original. Again, as Toodles, or as Dr. Ollapod, Mr. Clarke, amusing as he undoubtedly is in these characters, painfully reminds us of the late Mr. Burton, whose stage "business," dress, and manner the later actor reproduces to the minutest particular. But, however closely followed, it is not Burton, who was the drollest of comedians, whose figure was sacred to comedy, whose voice had unrivalled unctuousness of humor, whose face was Momus's mask in all its entirety. Fun of the deepest and broadest dwelt in his eyes, and played in every line about his generous mouth. Too broad the humor often was, bordering on coarseness, nor always stopping this side of vulgarity, — conveying often a double, foul meaning, with a leer that made the spectator laugh, even while he grieved for offended taste and decency. Mr. Clarke is never vulgar, never a buffoon; his voice lacks that rich flavor which was the charm of the elder actor. His face has not the other's breadth of expression, nor, in certain phases, its power. Burton's was not the face of a gentle, kindly nature, while Mr. Clarke's is a face suggestive of a frank and generous heart; and when a smile breaks over it, it becomes as pleasant to look upon as a broad summer landscape. This very refinement and tenderness in it are what will prevent him from ever successfully appearing in those parts of low comedy in which we have been accustomed to see Burton perform.

Mr. Clarke's power as a comedian chiefly lies, and is shown to the best advantage, in characters which he has solely created. Take, for example,

his rendition of Salem Scudder, Bob Tyke, Waddilove, and De Boots, — parts which, for his fame's sake and the public's entertainment, he plays less frequently than he should. The first of these impersonations is a pure creation of his genius, — and the same remark will apply equally well to the last two, — full of the finest conceptions, and played with such exquisite judgment and meaning as to place him among the first of living players. In that scene in "The Octoroon" where he has the struggle for life with the brutal overseer, whose knife he has wrenched from his hand, and whom he is pressing to the earth with his knee fixed on his breast, he rises above the ruffian the very picture of retributive justice. At first it seems right that he should kill the murderous scoundrel, and he tells him in those low, thrilling tones that he feels tempted to do it. "Then why don't you?" asks the surly woman-whipper. Nothing can be finer, fuller of dignity and repressed power, than Salem Scudder's reply, which is so spoken as to seem the protest of all mankind against the Devil's code of law, the bowie-knife and pistol: "Because," he slowly, almost regretfully, says, — "because the spirit of civilization within me won't let me do it." And as he says it, the spectator can see that "the spirit of civilization" is having a tough struggle with that wandering Yankee for the slave-driver's blood; but civilization conquers, and he removes his knee, letting the miscreant go. The whole scene is exquisitely rendered, and is worthy of the highest commendation. As Bob Tyke, another eccentric character, not strictly belonging to comedy, he displays throughout the same rarely beautiful traits of restrained power. But we are afraid that Mr. Clarke considers these characters beneath his care, and they are falling out of his *répertoire*; yet they are, as he plays them, portraits strong as a Titian drew.

As an instance of his quality in a different line of comedy, let us take his Waddilove, that wretched fat boy, bor-

rowed in all his loutish, sleepy entirety by the dramatist from Dickens. It has been said of Jack Bannister that he did not go out of himself to take possession of his part, but put it on over his ordinary dress, like a *surtout*, snug, warm, and comfortable. Sometimes, as we have hinted, Mr. Clarke puts on a character over his dress, and, peeping through it, we catch glimpses of the rare repose and quaint humor of Jefferson, or the broader action of Burton; but when he dons the baggy, buttony breeches of Waddilove, he is so encased, wrapt up, and buried out of sight in the character, — the actor's identity is so lost, — that his own mother would fail to recognize her son in that stupid, blundering fag of the school. Will any one who has been so happy as to witness this matchless performance ever forget that baggy, baddish boy on his return from his egg-stealing expedition, when, with that thick utterance and egotistic leer of triumph over the despoiled chickens, he recounts his exploits, and, thrusting his hands into his pockets to bring forth the plunder and the proofs of his valor, finds the eggs smashed to pulpy juiciness? Will any one who has seen that sorely driven fag, we ask, ever forget his face at that supreme moment of discovery, or how he drew his fingers slowly out, dripping, yellow, unsavory, his countenance for one moment blank as a sheet, unmeaning as the face of an oyster, then suddenly clouded with a look of dismay, of imbecility so absolute, so absurd, that to look at it was sufficient to bring the tears into our convulsing laughter? The expression of broad farce can go no further than this.

Mr. Clarke plays so many parts, and plays them all so well, that it is not necessary to enter into detail concerning them. He differs from Mr. Jefferson and Mr. Warren in that he has not the delicacy of conception, the quiet and exquisite force of execution, which distinguish the acting of these great artists. Mr. Clarke's humor is spontaneous, its effects are electric, while

Mr. Jefferson arrives at the same results from a mental review of the merits of the situation, by profound study of all its salient points, and, above all, through the medium of that something called genius, inherited from his father. Mr. Clarke, when not playing in imitation of others, is never still, his very ears and scalp are instinct with motion; he is never graceful, he is amusing out of the fulness of life, enjoying his own acting as keenly as his audiences do, and showing in his face and walk and gesture that he does so. Mr. Jefferson is always graceful, always unconscious of himself and of his audience, and only conscious of his author.

It is more years ago than we care to remember, since we crossed over into the east side of the city of New York, one night, to see a young actor, who was drawing vast crowds to the "Old Bowery," personate a noble fireman, named Mose, in a drama sacred to that classic locality and the temple of ever-dying Kirby. We are happy to say that the "noble Fireman" of that day—probably from his close resemblance to the "noble Savage"—has almost disappeared from the earth. We imagine that Colonel Wilson had a good deal to do with his extinction, and, so far, we are that gentleman's debtor. The drama was called "The New York Fireman," when played in that city, but it found a new name wherever the young actor in question was invited to produce it. The actor was John E. Owens, a favorite comedian with Baltimore audiences. The drama was altogether a very bad drama, not elevating in its tendencies even to the audiences of that neighborhood,—not largely calculated to raise either their dramatic taste or their morals; yet there was something in Mr. Owens's portraiture of the New York Rough, so excellent, natural, and marked, that there was no reason for astonishment in the crowds he drew to witness it. It might be a very bad specimen of a man, yet it was as true to its order as one brick from a Philadelphia house is

to the entire building. As he played it, Mose was a jolly butcher-boy, generous, impulsive, chivalric, somewhat addicted to waving the American flag, slang, running "wid de machine," and "going" with Elizer; in fact, he was as devotedly attached to that young person as Jacques Strop to Robert Macaire, or Harlequin to Columbine. Another thing to which he was addicted, and which slightly conflicted with his general nobility of character, was "free fights," in which he "put in big licks," and which, to use an expression of his own, not elegant but terse, he "gassed" about rather more than befitted a modest gentleman. He also affected a red flannel shirt, a black beaver hat—about which was a band of crape—jauntily perched over his left ear, and black pantaloons tucked into frightful boots. The fashion in which Mose wore his hair, very short behind the ears and very long before, was unknown to the barbers on the west side of the town. These forward locks were soaped, and he used them with peculiar emphasis, by twisting them around his fingers, whenever he desired to give weight to his utterances. In short, the Mose of real life was an unmitigated nuisance, whom it was well to abate, and in the drama he was never an agreeable character to us; yet for a number of years the announcement that Mr. Owens would appear in that part at the Bowery, or at any other theatre in the country, would attract audiences for months together.

On the night mentioned, when we went over into the Bowery,—having to fight our way to our seat through a surging mass of human beings who blocked up the corridors and the street without,—Mr. Owens also performed a broad comedy part in the farce of "The Wild Indian," which performance, we are compelled to say, was not a success. We had seen Mr. Burton in the same character only a few evenings before, and that stoutish gentleman, whose oily humor "larded the lean earth" as he walked, played it out to a different conclusion. But we said of Mr. Owens,

that night, "His is a true genius, real and strong, though just now it is groping in the dark."

A good many years passed away, and Mr. Owens seemed to have departed with them. Mose, Elizer, and Jakey grew to be only shadowy memories, even in the Bowery. The once noble fireman was dead and buried, — buried out of sight and mind, "deeper than e'er plummet sounded."

When Mr. Owens emerged again, it was not at night, before the foot-lights, but in the broad light of day. His audience this time were some Alpine guides, who, gathering about him, beheld the amiable comedian once more waving the American flag, after the fashion of the old Bowery days, but now from the highest attainable point of Mont Blanc. Having thus asserted his nationality, he came down again, and in concert halls showed us some well-painted pictures illustrative of his ascent, and, in a pleasant, gossiping way, told us how it was done.

But one night Mont Blanc, like Mose, failing to attract, Mr. Owens gracefully closed his remarks, and rolled up his pictures and buried them in a long, coffin-like pine box among the useless properties and rusty traps that fill the cellar of the old Front Street Theatre. And there they lie to this day.

But where was Mr. Owens? Was he buried along with the decaying pictures of Mont Blanc? No concert or lyceum-hall proprietor smilingly welcomed him, no manager announced his first appearance in blank years. Where was Mr. Owens? A great many curious people, hangers-on of the theatres and others, asked that question without eliciting any very satisfactory reply, until one day a rumor made its way up from the City of Monuments, that the comedian had retired to his farm for study, and had developed a rather eccentric affection for his overseer, an old fellow who served as a type of the shrewd Yankee farmer, drifted away from his moorings, down East, — a man somewhat partial to his ox-team, to apple-sauce, lawsuits,

and reminiscences of his grandfather, who had fought in the war of the Revolution.

Dropping into the Broadway Theatre one evening, in the winter of '65, we had confirmation of the truth of this rumor; for there, upon the stage on which the elder Wallack and a host of noble players had shone, we saw that same old Yankee ox-driver, descendant of Revolutionary sires. Perker was the name by which we knew him in the days of the Baltimore farm, but in the Broadway Theatre he was known as Solon Shingle. No matter what his name, however, it was Perker we saw, — Perker from broad-brimmed felt hat to the somewhat too large cow-hide boots. Ox-team, old white coat, tobacco, impertinent curiosity, queer speech, and all the rest of that old fellow's physical and mental fibre, were there reproduced before us. It was not the dress only that Mr. Owens had slipped on over his own, but he had crept into the very nature of the man, catching the trick of moving each spring and lever of his thought, habit, and feeling. In the same degree, and just as Mr. Owens's Mose was a living photograph of the noble fireman, as he existed in the eyes of the Bowery audiences, was Solon Shingle a literal translation into comedy of Perker, who was typical of the uncouth, litigious, maundering countryman. Both were marked by the same excellences; both were strong, fibrous developments of common nature, and characters such as no living American player but Owens could elaborate.

In "Solon Shingle" the groping genius of the comedian had found light. It was not, as we were forced to admit, a pure genius; the light was somewhat dim, and not unmixed with some grossness of conception and execution; yet for more than two years this character was in Mr. Owens's hands the delight of the theatre. "Solon Shingle" became a tangible reality, whose personal identity was gravely discussed by old and young, from the Points to the Avenues. Everybody went to see him, and

everybody admired the personation. New York had often seen finer displays of dramatic wit, and had not taken especial note of them either. New York had seen Charlotteushman, Burton, Blake, Matthews, Brougham, Walcott senior, Mark Smith, and Charles Fisher all together in "The School for Scandal," one of the most brilliant comedies of the theatre, and it had not crowded the house for one night as it did later for hundreds of nights to see the performance of a single artist, in probably the very worst-written play that was ever put upon the stage.

"Solon Shingle" was not an inspiration of art, but rather a faithful copy from a peculiarly marked original, and just so far was it an artistic triumph. Mr. Jefferson evolved and developed the character of Rip Van Winkle from a purely poetic conception, that had no existence except in the mind of the dramatist and in the genius of his interpreter. Its humor, pathos, and passion were, until Mr. Jefferson's rare talents moulded them into shape, dim and intangible as Irving's weird legend, or as the mists that enwrapped the sullen Catskills. With Mr. Owens it was different: he had the man he impersonated to sit to him for his picture, and the popularity and the merits of the performance rested upon the sure foundation of its wonderful fidelity to nature. As a copy, it was as exact as a photograph, or as a landscape thrown upon a blank wall by the camera obscura, and almost as cold. There was perfection alike in the dress, the uncouth action, the awkward, rolling gait, suggestive of following the plough and straddling furrows, the shrewd, inquisitive habit, and the quaint *patois*, as true to the original in the pronunciation of each syllable as in the whole. And to attain this fidelity of accent was a greater difficulty than Mr. Jefferson had to overcome in reproducing the guttural dialect of Rip Van Winkle. Mr. Jefferson had simply to adhere to certain well-known principles in following the peculiarities of the Dutchman's

language; but the oddities in Mr. Owens's case were all arbitrary; and consequently not only each word, but all its parts, became a matter of individual study, into which the entire performance resolved itself, — a profound study for the reproduction of the personal identity of one man standing as a type for many.

But excellent as the study was, justly admired as it was, there is one thing that will be remembered concerning it, — while it excited praise in abundance, it seldom shook the audiences of pit and boxes from their propriety by virtue of its intrinsic drollery. There were, indeed, some points that convulsed the house, yet they were confined to things not humorous in themselves, but in their frequent repetition and exaggeration by the comedian. As, for instance, his ever-recurring reference to that "bar'l of apple-sars," — his as frequent utterance of "Jess so!" — or his making that very peculiar ejaculation in sitting down. And the way in which this latter action was accomplished was one of the best assurances we saw of the actor's power. The slow drawing up of the dragging coat-tails, his feeble gropings for the arm of the chair, his letting himself down to within an inch of the seat, then, when the bent old legs would bend no more, his suddenly dropping into it like over-ripe fruit from a tree, — this action and the scene in the witness-box, often gross and in bad taste as they always seemed to us, were the finest points he made. The first he weakened by too frequent recurrence.

In the whole performance we recognized the same merits, and only those, which once made his personation of another character the delight of equally crowded houses for quite as extended a period. In both characters exactly the same rare powers of reproduction, the same excellences and defects, were elicited. And from these we conclude that Mr. Owens's talents lie exclusively in detecting and seizing the salient points of an individual nature, and producing

therefrom a copy faultless, "rounded, whole" as the original. It is not only bodily eccentricities that he copies,—for if his powers ended here, he would be simply a clever mimic; but he catches the very trick of the original's process of thought, and takes the measure of his entire mental capacity. His talents lead him no further. His wit is of that dry and saturnine sort which is provocative more of admiration than laughter: it does not tickle the heart, but appeals to the mind. There is in it nothing of the generous, broad spontaneity of Clarke, or the genial delicacy of Jefferson and Warren. The baggy trousers of Waddilove would smother him in their comic folds, the quaint humor and exquisite pathos of Rip Van Winkle would strike him dumb, while the courtly grace of Warren's Sir Peter Teazle could never be touched by him. In Mose, as in Solon Shingle, no mobility of countenance, no music of voice, was required, for there were no phases of passion to depict, no words to grapple tender pity or stir the heart to laughter; and happily so, for Mr. Owens's face is not expressive, and his voice is cold, unsympathetic. Of his features, his eyes alone are fine, and they are dark, quick, lurid. His powers are limited, but within that limitation they shine pre-eminent; though he plays only a few parts with even excellence, yet in those few he has no rival.

But while Rip Van Winkle, Waddilove, and Solon Shingle deluge the theatre with laughter, there is standing at the wing, soberly regarding them, and, let us believe, sincerely rejoicing in their triumph, an actor who has come down to us from another generation of the theatre. He is dressed to-night for the part of Sir Peter Teazle. No, he *is* Sir Peter,—the very living embodiment of that amorous, peremptory, irascible, kindly, courtly old nobleman. But, as we said, he belongs to a former age of the theatre; he is a living link connecting an earlier generation with the present, and an exponent of that rare old school of legitimate comedy,

which has left few followers, and no devotee so ardent as himself.

The youngsters of the theatre of to-day, wrapped about and blinded by their own success, say of that "old school," that it not only lacked inspiration, but decried it; that its teachings led its followers into a thousand errors of the head, while they permitted the heart to have nothing to do with the matter in hand; that it was cold, artificial, and, if not quite upon the stilts, only lately descended from them. As if we could forget that among the followers of this school were Rufus Blake and Charles Bass, and are John Gilbert, and he who to-night enacts Sir Peter Teazle! William Warren is son of that William Warren to whom the American theatre is more largely indebted than to any other actor, the contemporary of Cooper, Jefferson, Wood, and Francis,—founder, too, of the Wood and Warren company, which played "The Castle Spectre" before George Washington. In the days of that old school there were giants; and has this last generation any greater masters of our emotions than they were? Do any of our young men act from the heart more absolutely than Rufus Blake did? is there another such a Jesse Rural as he was? another such a "Last Man" as Charles Bass? such another gallant, courtly Lord Ogleby as John Gilbert? or such another Sir Peter Teazle as William Warren? Has the new school, which flouts the old, furnished any successors to them in these grand parts? If so, we have not seen them.

But Rufus Blake and Charles Bass are scarcely remembered now, though the grass has been green above their graves but a few years. Oblivion is the price the actor pays for his hour of triumph. No history embalms him; no poet sings pæans to his memory when he is dead and gone. We know some old players who once held the undisputed allegiance of the theatre, poor and neglected now, hanging like ghosts about the stage, haunting the scenes of their old triumphs, and taking eleemosynary benefits, now and then, to

lighten their load of years and poverty. And sorrowful enough it is to see these old fellows, who, in the fulness of their youth and strength, so often set the benches in a roar,—fellows of infinite jest once, but dumb now as the gibing tongue of Yorick.

But of this sort is not William Warren, as honorable now in the character of Sir Peter as he was in his youth in that of Charles Surface. He is one of the four great comedians of the American stage; not the least of them, either, but introduced here at the end only because he is of a different method from those of whom we have spoken,—one of that class to which he, like Joseph Jefferson, is allied by birth, education, and tradition.

Until within a few years, the country was familiar with only the fame of this great artist; for the city of Boston, which absorbs genius as New York absorbs wealth, recognized his powers, and year after year kept him perforce. And measurably he was satisfied to remain, for his audiences were of that cultivated, critical character capable of appreciating his excellence, and liberal enough to reward it. Not only that, but they have a test of worth in that rather crooked city of notions that is not so widely recognized elsewhere in this country of universal equality. They estimate a man there by his moral and intellectual fibre, and, if he bears the test, he is alike honored, whether he be preacher or player. There, a man is not necessarily a social Pariah because he interprets the poets. The cleverest actor of a Philadelphia theatre recently retired from it in the meridian of his days. "Not that I do not love my profession," said he, "but because my family are socially ostracized on account of it." This gentleman, having studied law, is now satisfactorily respectable. In Boston he would not have been obliged to make the sacrifice.

Two years ago Mr. Warren made a starring tour among the principal theatres of the country, and his success was unbounded, and as gratifying to

the artist as it was complimentary to the taste of his audiences.

The crowds who gathered to witness his impersonations then will not soon or willingly forget his manifold excellences, nor fail to remember the rare finish, beauty, and felicity of his acting in such parts as Sir Peter Teazle, Dr. Pangloss, Dr. Ollapod, Paul Pry, Bob Acres, or Sir Harcourt Courtly. It was not alone the general perfection with which his art clothed these characters that made them so satisfying and pleasing, but there was in every tone and gesture, and in every article of his dress and make-up, such a conscientious study of detail, as to win for him the highest praise from the most refined and critical audiences. And these parts, it will be remarked, are, without exception, legitimate comedy, in which intelligence and feeling alone assist the artist to their proper development; in either of them mere farcical buffoonery would be only less than sacrilege. With two exceptions these parts are played by Messrs. Jefferson, Clarke, and Owens; but the last two gentlemen are impotent to grasp their subtle meaning and profound humor, or to turn them to wise results; and, indeed, even Mr. Jefferson, in whose acting the old-school excellence is so prominent a feature, does not approach Warren nearly enough in these characters to discompose the elder comedian.

In the name of the drama we wish here to record a virtue of this sterling actor: *he never mutilates a play*. There are some players, and Mr. Clarke is one of them, who, in playing certain characters, cut out all the brilliancies of dialogue from the parts of those who are on the stage with them, and thus shine more refulgently from the obscurity forced upon their fellow-artists of the scene. But Mr. Warren, sincere in his respect for the drama, secure in his strength, and "founded as the rock," gives to each actor the full measure of the part, curtails him or her of nothing, and yet shines pre-eminently above them all by the pure

light of his genius. It is this generous regard for others that secures him the esteem of audience and actors.

Outside of purely legitimate comedy, Mr. Warren has some specialties in which as an artist he stands alone and invincible, and these parts are often in the range of lowest comedy or broadest farce. And if they do not afford the same degree of intellectual pleasure that we find in his Sir Peter Teazle and kindred performances, they serve to stretch our laughter to the very "top of our lungs," and their whimsical oddities show us how generous and versatile a thing his genius is. His Sir Peter, with its dignity, repose, gentleness, magnanimity, and plaintive tenderness, is a portraiture satisfying, altogether finished, and complete. But as Jeremiah Beetle, in "Babes in the Wood," Mr. Sudden, in "Breach of Promise," Jonathan Chickweed, in "Nursery Chickweed," or as Mr. Go-lightly, in "Lend me Five Shillings," he stands apart from his fellows, and altogether inapproachable. He has all the exuberance and natural drollery of Clarke, all his farcical buoyancy, and to these he adds that traditional old-school finish, which stops nowhere this side of perfection, and which Mr. Clarke and Mr. Owens have not at all. Mr. Warren's audience cannot reason about the manner in which he plays these parts: they can only laugh and be merry over their exquisite funniness. In these characters there is the contagion of laughter in his face, gait, eyes, gesture, and voice.

But as if his genius were "general as the casing air," Mr. Warren, while he compels our admiration in these parts, forces us to acknowledge the breadth of his powers in a purely eccentric part,—that of the poor French tutor in "To Parents and Guardians." And here his French scholarship stands him in good stead. In this impersonation a genius that he seldom develops shines pre-eminent,—that rare genius which makes the actor master of our tears. The whole performance is so quiet, so thoughtful, so profound in

its pain and so subdued in its joy at the end, that, through all the old tutor's sorry blunders and eccentricities, we cannot laugh at the stupid figure; or if we do, tears underlie our mirth, and while the smile trembles on the lip, the eye grows dim with pity. So ample is Mr. Warren's power, and with such tenderness does he cast over Tourbillon's ludicrous side the mantle of the old exile's griefs and sorrows, that we can see in him, not the scoff and gibe of the school, but the sorely stricken parent, recovering at last his long-lost child. There is something beautiful in this performance, (lifting it up almost to the height of Mr. Jefferson's Rip Van Winkle,) and Mr. Warren has imparted to it a dignity and grace which only a profound genius could bestow.

In like manner he has taken from "Masks and Faces" a third-rate part, that of Triplett, and made it of almost the first importance in the play. No one who has seen it can forget the exquisite display of humor and pathos in this impersonation. And it is in such characters, where deep feeling alternates with whimsical oddity, that his rare facial expression has full scope. His voice is adapted with exact fidelity to the look, and to such perfection is this carried, that a blind man might almost know his expression from the emphasis of his words.

Whether in the grace and high-bred courtesy of Sir Peter, the cowardly bluster of Bob Acres, the pathos of Tourbillon, or the drollery of Peter Dunderketty, this great artist of the old school has no superior in the new one. Mr. Jefferson, in the assurance of a genius pure, steady, and true, may contest the day with him upon his own ground, and excel him off of it, but Mr. Jefferson's method is more than half composed of the same characteristics which altogether distinguish Mr. Warren's.

The talents of these actors are alike in great measure inherited, for their fathers in the early days of the American theatre contended, shoulder to shoul-

der, for the applause of the town, night after night, for long years. William Warren, comedian and manager, died in a hale, prosperous old age, almost in sight of the theatre, while old Joe Jefferson, his long-time comrade, true to his love for nature in the evening of his days as in their morning, turning his back upon the tinsel of the stage and the gloom of the city, took up his staff, and wandered away to where the fields were green and the birds sang; and so wandering, he came at last to a little village among the mountains of Pennsylvania, where rippled the blue waters of the Susquehanna; and there he rested for a while, died, and was laid away in a favorite corner of a little churchyard; and ten years after John Bannister Gibson, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania, came to the grave of his old friend, laid thereon a decent slab, and wrote for the

grand old comedian an epitaph, full of beauty and feeling.

We cannot take leave of these great artists, who, no less through their "so potent art" than through the daily beauty of their lives, lend honor to the drama, without expressing the profound sense of our obligation for the pleasure they have time and again afforded us; and in this we do but echo the voices of the many thousands whom they have delighted.

The comedians are of the true knight-errantry,—they correct all errors, reward all virtue, punish all wrong, between the rise and fall of the green curtain. They are good geniuses who scatter our cares, delay the coming wrinkles that threaten our brows, and out of the plenitude of their exuberant life so gild ours with laughter that we make friends with fortune and sit down with content.

REVIEWS AND LITERARY NOTICES.

Thrilling Adventures of DANIEL ELLIS, the great Union Guide of East Tennessee, for a Period of nearly Four Years, during the great Southern Rebellion. Written by Himself. With Illustrations. New York: Harper and Brothers.

Mosby and his Men: a Record of the Adventures of that renowned Partisan Ranger, John S. Mosby, etc. By MARSHALL CRAWFORD of Company B. New York: G. W. Carleton & Co.

The Shenandoah; or, The Last Confederate Cruiser. By CORNELIUS E. HUNT (one of her officers). New York: G. W. Carleton & Co.

THE field is vast, yet we think it would be hard to find among modern publications three other books so foolish as these. They are all written in that King Cambyes vein which is agreeable to the sunny Southern mind, and which, for a few pages, amuses the Northern reader, and forever thereafter pitilessly bores him. The interest is perhaps longest sustained by Mr.

Crawford, whose aberrations of mind, of morals, and of grammar are in the end less tedious than the fourth-rate sentimentality and sprightliness of Mr. Hunt, or the unsparingly eloquent patriotism of Mr. Ellis. Mr. Crawford tells us that for seven years before the opening of the war he was a clerk in the Treasury Department at Washington. When the Rebellion began, he resigned before the oath of allegiance could be offered him, and he exults somewhat that, though other Southern-minded clerks took the oath, "their truculency [*sic*] did not save them." He went South, and got a place in the Confederate Treasury,—where, if the pay was insecure, there could not have been a great deal of work; and later he joined Mosby's command. He is not a man capable of writing the history he attempts, and his book is not an intelligible narration of events. It is nothing, indeed, but a confused reminiscence of the forays of Mosby and his men,—now upon helpless Union farmers, now upon small detached bodies of Federal troops, now upon

pigs and chickens. All events are alike important to Mr. Crawford, and he exults as much in a raid upon a farm-yard as in the capture of armed men. Whether the Mosby rangers fight or fly, they are, to his mind, equally valorous; and if ever they meet with a gallant foe, it is but to display a more heroic courage. The book is illustrated with the portraits of some of the eminent men celebrated, which form a rogues' gallery of such frightfulness that the reader instinctively buttons his pocket and looks to the fastenings of his window-shutters. These pictures have the characteristics of faithful likenesses.

Mr. Hunt is a writer of more intelligence than Mr. Crawford, but of nearly the same moral obliquity. Some small remorse he does feel now and then at the spectacle of burning whale-ships and merchantmen; but then remorse is a luxury in which the predatory frequently indulge themselves without the least interruption of their accustomed pursuits; and Mr. Hunt appears to throw in his expressions of regret as much for the sake of the poor literary effects he admires as from any real feeling. He has no doubt that the career of the Shenandoah, whose crew never brought her within view of an armed foe, and only used her as a means to steal chronometers and set defenceless vessels on fire, was a noble career; and he is quite unconscious what a pitiless comment on the whole shameful farce it is, that the commander of the Shenandoah should at last run away with her officers' money.

We regret these histories of Mosby and of the Shenandoah, because we think them calculated to do great mischief. They will go into the hands of a generation at the South which ought to be taught, if not repentance for the late Rebellion, at least a sense of what was truly heroic in the Southern people during the war,—their courage in the face of danger, their stubborn endurance, their devotion. There can be no hope for the South until it is ashamed of the cruelty, the rapacity, and the bravado which such books applaud.

We suspect that Mr. Ellis, the Union Guide of East Tennessee, did not himself write the story of his thrilling adventures, though it is told in his name. There is much in its general literary character which might lead us to attribute it to the historian of "Mosby and his Men," if the political tenor of the book did not so loudly forbid the supposition. If Mr. Ellis really wrote

it, and if his conversation in the private circles of refugee life at all resembled its style, we can only wonder that any fugitives under his charge ever came into our lines alive.

President Reed of Pennsylvania. A Reply to Mr. George Bancroft and others. February, A. D. 1867. Philadelphia: Howard Challen; John Campbell.

It is well known to the students of American history that during the political contests which arose from the adoption by Pennsylvania of a new constitution the character of President Reed was bitterly assailed. Foremost among the assailants was his former friend, General Cadwallader, who in an elaborate pamphlet accused him of an intention to desert the cause of his country in the critical December of 1776. In 1842 a new attack was made upon the memory of President Reed for the purpose of injuring his grandson, William B. Reed. This attack was made in the form of letters communicated under the signature of Valley Forge to "The Evening Journal" of Philadelphia, and bearing the names of General Smith of Baltimore, General Wayne, and Sergeant Andrew Kemp. Those letters, although proved to be forgeries, were republished in 1848 and 1856. The last edition contains a reprint of the Cadwallader pamphlet. Mr. John C. Hamilton, in his "History of the Republic of the United States," revives the accusations of the pamphlet, and Mr. Bancroft, in his recent volume, adds new accusations based upon a passage in the manuscript Diary of Count Donop. It is to meet these accusations that the pamphlet before us was written.

In this defence of his grandfather, Mr. William B. Reed enters into an elaborate examination of the Cadwallader pamphlet, relying in part upon the opinions of Washington and Greene, but chiefly upon evidence drawn from letters written by Cadwallader in 1776-77, which, contradicting the statements of his pamphlet, show that his memory had misled him upon some important points to such a degree as to raise grave doubts of the propriety of accepting it upon any; and also upon an affidavit of John Bayard, in which he expressly denies the opinions and statements attributed to him in the pamphlets. The answer seems to us complete.

The remainder of the reply is devoted to Mr. Bancroft. We shall not attempt an analysis of this part of Mr. Reed's publication, for we trust that every student of our Revolutionary history will read it for himself; but we will give below Mr. Bancroft's assertions, and the authority upon which he bases them. The Italics in the extracts from Mr. Bancroft show the passages which he prints with marks of quotation, as if taken from Reed's letters.

The reader will remember that in the summer of 1776 a question arose as to the powers of Lord and General Howe to treat with the Americans, and the propriety of endeavoring to ascertain the nature of the propositions the English government had authorized these commissioners to make.

Bancroft, p. 40.

"Reed, who was already thoroughly sick of the contest, thought '*the overture ought not to be rejected*,' and through Robert Morris, he offered '*most cheerfully to take such a part as his situation and abilities would admit*.'"

Reed's Letter.

"If it [Howe's communication] can be improved in any respect, either to gain time, or discover the true powers these commissioners have, or in any other way, I shall most cheerfully take such a part as my situation and abilities will admit, and *as may be directed*. . . . The Declaration of Independence is a new and very strong objection to entering into any negotiation inconsistent with that idea. But I fancy there are numbers, and some of them firm in the interests of America, who would think an *overture ought not to be rejected*, and if it could be improved into a negotiation which could secure the two points mentioned above, would think the blood and treasure well spent. . . . I have no idea, from anything I have seen or can learn, that, if we should give the General and Admiral a full and fair hearing, the proposition would amount to anything short of unconditional submission, but it may be worth considering whether, that once known, and all prospect of securing American liberty in that way being closed, it would not have a happy effect to unite us into one chosen band, resolved to be free or perish in the attempt."

It is from these passages that Mr. Bancroft has drawn the conclusion that Reed was "thoroughly sick of the contest," and

"offered most cheerfully to take such a part [in the negotiation] as his situation and abilities would admit." By what means he has arrived at such a conclusion it might be indecorous to say. We pass to the Diary, premising that the part which we have italicized has not been printed by Mr. Bancroft.

Bancroft, p. 229.

"The Donop Diary, which is remarkably precise, full, and accurate, alludes to Colonel Reed as having actually obtained a protection. This statement, though made incidentally, is positive and unqualified."

Donop's Diary.

"*The reports about the enemy were so confused that he would not listen any more to them.*" (It is apparently an aid or secretary who writes.) "*Nevertheless he would report that it was reported to him that, during his stay at Mount Holly on the 19th inst., 1,000 men via Haddonfield, and 700 via Morristown, had been marching against Mount Holly, for the purpose of attacking the two battalions at the Black Horse; [that] General Mifflin had advanced with one corps on the route leading to Morristown to the bridge three miles from Mount Holly, but had done nothing except to destroy the bridge entirely; [that] Colonel Reed, having received a protection, had come to meet General Mifflin, and had declared that he did not intend any longer to serve; whereupon Mifflin is said to have treated him very harshly, and even to have called him a damned rascal.*"

If the reader will bear in mind that none of the movements said in this report to have taken place on the 19th, 20th, and 21st of December did take place, he will scarcely doubt that Count Donop was right in saying, that "the reports about the enemy were so confused that he would not listen any more to them." By what process Mr. Bancroft has disentangled the web, and discovered that, at the point in which Reed comes upon the scene, the confusion becomes order, and the untrustworthy trustworthy, we shall not attempt to say.

We might extend our examination, and give even stronger proofs than these of the singular latitude which Mr. Bancroft assumes in the use of historical documents. But this subject has already been brought before the public in the pamphlet in defence of General Greene, and in Mr. Amory's de-

fence of General Sullivan. It is not by garbled extracts or contemptuous denial, that writings, based as these are upon documents of unquestionable authenticity, are to be met. If Mr. Bancroft's ninth volume is to stand as the true history of the decisive period of our Revolutionary struggle which it covers, he must give document for document, and proof for proof, for every point which has been called in question by each and all of the adversaries whom his undocumented assertions have raised up against him.

The clearness, precision, and good taste of Mr. Reed's pamphlet will commend it to the confidence of the reader. We are glad, too, to bear our testimony to the self-control with which he has spoken of his opponent. It is no easy task to give calm expression to warm feelings, or defend the sacred memory of an ancestor against charges of treason, without using harsh language. Mr. Reed has not used it.

A Historical Inquiry concerning Henry Hudson. By JOHN MEREDITH READ, Jr. Albany: J. Munsell.

AMERICANS are usually supposed to live in the present and the future, and to discard the past as a worn-out garment. But if the tide sets this way, there is nevertheless a strong undertow, which, from whatever cause it proceeds, is a phenomenon very marked and noteworthy. No people are more addicted than Americans to rummaging among genealogies, and tracing out the sources of surnames, as a very copious literature to be found on the shelves of historical and genealogical societies can attest. Moreover, a very large proportion of what little the country has achieved in literature belongs to the department of history. We have a profusion of histories of all kinds, good, bad, and indifferent, and "historical collections" without number, — many of them hasty, crude, and superficial, and some, too, evincing the most thorough accuracy.

The work which furnishes the text of these remarks is a most scholarlike and admirable example of a species of investigation which lies at the base of all accurate and trustworthy history. Its subject is a

discoverer who holds a conspicuous place in the early annals of this continent, but whose life has nevertheless been wrapped in an almost impenetrable obscurity. We hold it to be a duty, when so much that is trivial, crude, and superficial is daily thrust before the public, — often, too, in an imposing garb of elegant typography, — to call attention to a volume embodying the results of a genuine research concentrated on an object truly historic, and producing results of a real interest and value.

Those not versed in the secrets of surnames will be surprised at the derivation of Hudson's name, thus: "Many persons called Roger and Rogerous occur as tenants in Domesday. From it are formed Rogers, Rodgers, Rogerson, etc., and from its nickname, Hodge, we get Hodges, Hodgson, Hodgkin, Hotchkin, Hotchkiss, Hotchkiss, Hodgkinson, Hockins, Hodson, *Hudson*. The Norman patronymical form is Fitz-Roger, and the Welsh Ap-Roger, now Prodger."

Mr. Read traces the descent of the navigator Henry Hudson from the eminent merchant of the same name who was the founder of the Muscovy Company, and one of the leading spirits in that course of mercantile adventure which, in the sixteenth century, resulted in discoveries so glorious to the British name. It was the effort to retrieve the waning commerce of England by finding a Northwestern or Northeastern passage to the riches of India, and by opening a trade with the then barbarous empire of Russia, that gave the first impulse to the vast maritime growth of England. With these schemes are connected the names of Willoughby, Davis, the Cabots, Frobisher, the elder Hudson, and — at a later period — his more famous descendant. Among those who invested their property largely in these bold schemes of commercial enterprise appear the principal nobility of the kingdom, assuming for the nonce the character of merchants, and setting at naught the feudal prejudice which held trade derogatory to the character of their order.

The most interesting part of the book is that which relates to the voyage of Hudson in the service of the Dutch East India Company, but we have no space to dwell upon it.





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